F. 4. 15. Art.

ALMAHIDE;

OR, THE

Captive Queen.

An Excellent New

ROMANCE,

Never before in Engliſh.

The whole Work.

BIBLIOTHECA REGIA MONACENSIS

Written in French by the Accurate Pen of Monſieur de Scudery *Governour of* NOSTRE DAME.

Done into Engliſh by *J. Phillips* Gent.

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MDCLXXVII.

P. 15. Art.

TO THE

HONORABLE

Thomas Thynn Eſq;

SIR,

THE *moſt admir'd* Horace *would not venture into the world, before he had courted his* Mecœnas. *Which he does in ſuch language, as teaches me to apply my ſelf to Nobility and Generoſity. Of which two tranſcendent Qualities, when Fame aſcertains me the firſt Hereditary to Your ſelf; and Experience has taught me the latter; the choice I have made can never prove diſadvantageous to my Judgment. I whiſper'd this to the fair* Almahide; *and ſhe reply'd, that in regard ſhe had been in* France *under the protection of* Madamoiſelle, *the Grandchild of* Harry *the Fourth; I had done her right to obtain her the Patronage of a Deſcendant from the Noble* Botevils *in* England, *no leſs renowned for being a Branch of that Ancient Line of the Famous* Momorancy's.

The lovely Queen has attending on Her a Train of Knights and Ladies; ſuch, as for their Virtues and Extraction, were the Ornaments of their Nation. Who when they ſhall behold the pleaſing Paradiſes of Long Leate, *will accompt themſelves far more happy in their exilement under Your ſhades, then in the Bowers of* Granada. *They come with Premeditated Diſcourſes, knowing they are to be ſcann'd by a more than ordinary Judgment. Yet ſtill in acknowledg-*

acknowledgment of Your Generosity, their business is only to divertise their Benefactor. Wherein if they obtain their end, I as their Interpreter, shall have this advantage, to have gain'd, by the means of so many Illustrious Persons, the Honor and the Liberty of Subscribing my self

SIR,

Your most Humble

and Devoted Servant,

J. Phillips.

ALMAHIDE,

ALMAHIDE,

OR,

The Captive Queen.

PART I. BOOK I.

THERE was nothing to be heard but the diſmal cry of *Arm, Arm*, in every Street of the great and magnificent City of *Granada*, when all the People thronging out of their Houſes, raiſed ſo horrible and confuſed a Tumult, that would have terrified the moſt undaunted Courage: Fire and Sword every where began to rage, and the Beams of the Sun glittering upon the burniſh'd Steel of the Moors Targets, dazled the eyes of the beholders, like the luſtre of ſome great Star. They go, they run, all things are in a hurly burly in that diſtracted City; their Steeples ſounded with the diſmal noiſe of the Alarum Bell, the Women at the Windows and in the Balconies weeping, with their Hair about their Ears, rear'd both their Eyes and Hands to Heaven, making ſuch loud and lamentable Complaints, as made the very Caverns of the Mountain *Elvira* eccho back their Cryes. Upon the Walls of the ſtrong and magnificent Caſtle of the *Halambre*, or Palace of the laſt Kings of *Granada*, were to be ſeen ſeveral diſplayed Enſigns fluttering in the Wind. Nor were there fewer to be diſcovered upon the Forts *Vivalbululut*, *Vivataubin*, and thoſe other which were called the *Vermilian* Towers. As many Banners were alſo to be deſcryed waving in the Air upon the Caſtle of *Alhayzin*, and upon the *Alcaçar*, or ancient Seat of the firſt Kings of the *Moors*, that croſs'd out of *Africa* into *Spain*. All the Walls of theſe Caſtles, as well as of the City, ſeem to be lin'd with armed Souldiers. They alſo ſtood as thick upon the Gates of *Elvira*, *Alcaçave*, *Azetuna*, *Comares*, and *Aliziers*. For the two potent Factions of the *Abençerrages* and *Zegris*, at that time divided and armed all the Illuſtrious Families, and all the People of *Granada*. The firſt had drawn up a great Battalion near the Gate of *Vivalinaçan*. The others had got together a numerous Body in the wide Street of *Zacatin*. The *Gomells*, *Maças*, and *Vanegues*, as the moſt zealous Adherents to the *Zegri's*, were alſo the firſt in Arms in the New *Piazza*: And the *Maliques*, the *Alabez*, the *Almoradis*, the *Gazulls*, and the *Alaguezes*, taking the *Abencerrages* part, were no leſs diligent to plant themſelves in the *Elvirian* Street. The *Alarbes*, the *Benarages*, the *Abenamars*, and the *Alatares* were ranged together in the *Piazza* of *Algives*. The *Almadanes*, *Almohades*, the *Sarrazins*, *Langetes*, and *Azarques* ſhewed themſelves before the Port of *Fachalance*. The *Alarites*, the *Zulennes*, and the *Almanſors*, ſtanding Neuters, fortified themſelves with Barricadoes of great pieces of Timber, near the *Elvirian* Gate. The old King *Muley Hazen*, who ſaw the Kingdom which he had ſurrendred to his Son in ſo great danger, was abed in the Caſtle of the *Albazin*, not ſo

ſick as grieved and vexed; and the ambitious Prince *Audalla*, with delight beheld thoſe great diſorders from the top of that Caſtle, hoping to make advantage of the ruine of his Brother, which he foreſaw through the hatred and animoſity of both Factions. In the mean while *Boaudelin*, King of *Granada*, beholding the Tumult from the top of the *Alhambra*, was very much diſturbed; ſeeing his Crown and Territories in the hands of Fortune, and himſelf at the ſame time ſo dangerouſly expoſed, he had not power to retain thoſe ſighs, which the moſt reſolute of men could not have ſtopped, had they been in his condition; Oh holy *Alla*, cryed that afflicted Prince, and thy great Prophet, whom thou haſt commanded us to acknowledge, ſince by your Power that long ſucceſſion of Kings has reigned, who have weilded the Scepter of *Granada* which I now enjoy, and ſince it was by your Eternal Decree that the firſt of thoſe great Kings came out of *Africa* into *Spain*, that he conquered the nobleſt part thereof where I now reign; and that his Crown, worn by ſo many Royal Heads, is now come to be ſetled upon mine, ſuffer not your own Works to be deſtroyed; or, to pray more juſtly, ſuffer not *Granada* to deſtroy *Granada*, which perhaps neither *Caſtile* nor *Aragon* could do. Extinguiſh the fire of Civil Diſſention, that devours all this Noble Kingdom: Or if my Blood be required to appeaſe it, O holy *Alla*, O Great Prophet, I offer it freely to appeaſe your Wrath. On the other ſide, the Queen obſerving the Tumult out of a Balcony of Jaſper Stone, that ran all along the length of her Apartment, was no leſs troubled than the King her Husband; and ſeeing a Slave that was valued by her for more than one reaſon, depart the Caſtle, her diſquiet ſo much the more increaſed. Nevertheleſs the preſence of *Morayma* her fair Siſter, of *Fatima*, *Cadiga*, *Aldorina*, and *Lyndarache*, who kept cloſe to her, mitigated ſome part of her grief, and obliged her to conceal under the Publick Calamity the particular fear which ſhe had. Thus lifting up her Eyes to Heaven, and whiſpering to her ſelf, O God, ſaid ſhe, that ſeeſt in my heart, what no perſon but thy ſelf beholds, ſave him that has ſaved me; turn thy Eyes upon him, who has opened mine to know thee; and defend him from thoſe Perils which I foreſee his Courage will expoſe him to. Thou knoweſt the purity of my thoughts, thou ſeeſt it apparently in my Soul; thou knoweſt here is nothing of impure or diſhoneſt mixed with the true fire, which that preſerves and cheriſhes; for if thou diſcovereſt the leaſt criminal thought in my mind, exterminate me, to ſave him for whom I make my Prayers. He is gone without queſtion to fight againſt the Illuſtrious *Almoradis*, from whom I am deſcended; Save him, ſave him, ſave the King, ſave the Kingdom: but if thou requireſt a Victim, I dare preſume to tell thee, that I offer a pure and innocent Sacrifice in my own Perſon, and that I offer it freely unto thee. After theſe words the Queen retired from the Balcony, attended by all the fair *Moors*, not being able longer to endure neither the glittering nor the noiſe of thoſe Arms, which, as ſhe believed, threatned a life that was ſo dear to her. In the mean while *Rodoric de Narve*, Governour of the Fortreſs of *Allore* and Captain General of the Arms of *Spain*, being a Priſoner of War, beheld all theſe People in Arms from one of the *Halambre* with an indifferent eye. Only curioſity obliged him to enquire of an old Domeſtick Servant of the Queen, the Names of the Captains of the ſeveral Troops, that he ſaw march by at the foot of thoſe magnificent Walls. Then it was that the brave and generous *Abindarrays*, Governour of the City of *Granada*, and the moſt Illuſtrious of all the *Abençerrages*, after he had embodied the whole Force of his Party, thus expreſſed himſelf at the head of all his Troops.

The Speech of Abindarrays *to his Friends.*

"ILluſtrious and invincible Aſſociates in a "good Cauſe, whom either Kindred or Al- "liance fixes to the Intereſt of the *Abençerra-* "*ges*, againſt the *Zegris*: And you generous Ci- "tizens, that out of the pure motives of Ver- "tue are alſo of the ſame Party, behold the "Fatal Moment wherein it behoves us at "length to bring down the Pride of our Ene- "mies, to learn them to live in Peace, and not "to moleſt us. There is no Perſon among us "ignorant, that the Friendſhip wherewith you "favour the Noble and Royal Houſe, of which "I am the meaneſt, is the only Cauſe of that "immortal Hatred, which has rais'd the Envy "of that proud Family, not able to endure "the Grandeur of mine. Thus valiant and "couragious Friends, it is your work to de- "fend your ſelves, in defending us, ſince we "ſhould not have incurred the Hatred of thoſe "Cowards, had we not had your Love. I "know they are ſo vain as always to leave it in "mind, that the *Zegris* are deſcended from the "Kings of *Cordoua*; but they forget that the "*Abençerrages* are of the true Lineage of the "Kings of *Morocco*: So that were their Extra- "ction certain, it would be far inferior in dig- "nity to ours. Moreover you are to under- "ſtand, that in the preſent occaſion that now "has cauſed us to take Arms, they have been "the Aggreſſors; for you know that in a Com- "bat meerly in ſport, they armed themſelves "under their Masking Habits, and perfidiouſly "wounded the Noble *Malique Alabez*, who "not ſuſpecting any Enemies, took no care to "provide for his own defence. Seeing then "that the Dignity of our Extraction, the Ju- "ſtice of our Cauſe, and our own Valour be- "friend us, we cannot ſo much as doubt of Vi- "ctory: For this very day Fortune and Vertue "will both fight together, to the end we may "triumph over Injuſtice and Envy. Come on "then invincible Friends, Come on moſt faith-

"ful

"ful Citizens, let us haſten to the Encounter; "that is to ſay, let us go and ſeize an immor- "tal Crown; and let the World ſee that we "know how to make a War, for the ſolid eſta- "bliſhment of Peace.

No ſooner had the Noble *Abindarrays* concluded thoſe laſt words, but all together clattering their Scimitars againſt their Shields, they teſtified by that warlike noiſe, that they deſired nothing more than to fight: Inſomuch that the confuſed ſounds of their Voices aſcending all at a time into the Air, eccho'd the word *War* even to the other end of the great City of *Granada*. Upon the noiſe whereof *Mohavide*, Chief of the Faction of the *Zegris*, judging well that he had no time to loſe, and that infallibly the Enemy was coming towards him, drawing forth his Scimitar, and in a threatning manner lifting up his Arm, and turning his Face upon that Great Body which he commanded, with a Countenance full of Anger and Fury, while his Eyes ſparkled with fire, he thus beſpake them in a few words.

Mohavide's *Speech to thoſe of his Party.*

"'TIS with Tears of Blood that diſtill ra- "ther from my Heart than Eyes, that "I am obliged to tell you, Valiant and Real "Friends, that it is time to look to our ſelves, "ſeeing that Honour once being loſt, is ſel- "dom or never recovered. In ſome particu- "lar Combats the *Abençerrages* have had ſome "advantage over the *Zegris*; but this is that "which we muſt repair in a General Conflict. "The ſubtilty of our Enemies, by means of a "cowardly Complaiſance, and an affected Ci- "vility, has ſeduced and gained the Hearts of "our Enemies, which they have armed this "day againſt us. But it becomes us by one No- "ble Action to puniſh both our Enemies and "the People; that they may underſtand as "well what they are, as what we are, and from "thence come to know their duty. For my "own part I ſhould think my ſelf not worthy "to have deſcended from the Kings of *Cordova*, "had I that lowneſs of Spirit to endure any one "above me. And I am aſſured that thoſe "among us, whoſe Anceſtors have ſwayed "Scepters as fair as mine, will be of my opini- "on, and never think a lower thought. It is "now ſome time ſince that our two Factions "have troubled the repoſe of particular Per- "ſons, and the Publick tranquillity. In a "word, we muſt either dye or vanquiſh; and "this I know, that if you imitate my Example, "we ſhall overcome and not dye. No more "words then; but to the Encounter.

Away to the Battel, they replyed Rank by Rank, every one that followed *Mohavide*, and at the ſame inſtant you might hear a Charge ſounded, as well among the Troops of the *Zegri's*, as among thoſe of the *Abençerrages*. The Clarions, Hoboys, Trumpets, Drums, and Kettle-Drums infuſed of a ſudden Courage into the moſt timerous Spirits: And thoſe two great Bodies, moving both at the ſame time, began to march toward the great *Piazza* of *Vivaramble*, where was to be their Field of Battel. That fair and ſpacious *Piazza*, that was only accuſtomed to Turnament and Paſtime, as Running at the Ring, Barriers, encountring the Wild Bull, and ſuch other Noble Exerciſes, as were brought out of *Africa* into *Europe*, by the *Moors* that conquered the Kingdom of *Granada*, was then juſt becoming the bloody Theatre of a more horrid Spectacle, and of Combats far more criminal. Already both the one and the other Army, for their number was ſufficient to give them that Title, began to come in view of that magnificent *Piazza* of *Vivaramble*, and the firſt Ranks of both ſides beheld each other fiercely advancing with their Pikes charged; at what time all the different Orders of Religious *Moors* that were in the City, came forth in two long rows out of the Great Moſque. The firſt that appeared were thoſe that the *Turks* call *Sacchaz*, with their Embroidered Pouches, their large Girdles, and their Bauderics all overlaid with pretious Stones: In one hand a Goblet of *Damaſcus* work enriched with Agazs and Calcedons; in the other a Mirrour embelliſhed with Gold and Turquoiſes. After theſe went the *Alphaques*, wearing Bonnets, Mantles, and Buskins of Palm Leaves of two Colours intermixed: Then the *Marabous*, wrapt in Tygre Skins, with their long broad Knives in their hands: Next to theſe the Pilgrims of *Mecca*, in Surplices of ſtreaked Cotton of divers Colours, and upon their ſhoulders carrying a Black and Green Cloth, embroidered with a Silver Creſcent: Behind them followed the *Emirs*; they being the Kindred of the Prophet *Mahomet* wore a Green Turbant which was their peculiar priviledge; they wore a Cloak with Sleeves, over a long Veſt, girt with a Girdle fringed and tufted with Gold. Next to theſe came they that lye altogether in Booths covered with Boughs, clad with Bear-Skins, carrying in their right Hands a great Golden Candleſtick, and leading a tame Deer in the left, having a Collar and a Bell of the ſame Metal about his neck, to which was faſtened a little Cord of Tiſſue and Gold. The *Torlaques* came after them almoſt naked, covered only with two Kid-Skins, the four feet whereof were tyed with a Knot upon their Stomachs; upon their Heads they wore Bonnets of an extraordinary height with very large pleats. To them ſucceeded the *Dervis*, half naked like the former, only wearing a Ram Skin with the Wool on: In their Ears they wore Pendants of Yellow and Carnation Jaſper, a Hatchet in their Girdles, and a Knife in their Hands, wherewith they cut themſelves, to the end that with their Blood they might obtain an end of the Civil War, which they begged of God and their Prophet. To theſe ſucceeded the *Calauders*, with Iron Rings in their Ears, Noſes, and Arms, as a mark of that perpetual Vow of Chaſtity

which they make; thoſe auſtere Votaries were only clad with a ſhort Tunic without a Sleeve, plaited with Horſe Hair, with a Cap upon their Heads bordered about with the ſame Hair. After theſe followed the *Giomailliers*, with long Hair like Women, wearing a Purple Tunic, girt with a Girdle of Tiſſue of Gold; at the two ends whereof hung little Bells of the ſame rich Metal; they carried the ſame alſo upon each Leg and in their Ears, with a Lyons Skin upon their Shoulders, two of the Paws being faſtned under their Chins, and the long Tail trailing upon the ground. Laſt of all came the *Cadileſquers*, carrying the *Alcoran* in their Hands; their Gowns were of ſad Grey Sattin, furr'd with Ermins, and their Veſts of plaited Cloth of Gold. All theſe Religious *Moors* ſang thoſe Prayers which are called *Açala* in the *Arabic* Language, and croſſing the *Piazza* of *Vivaramble* from one ſide to the other, they made as it were a living Barricado between the *Abençerrages*, and the *Zegris* their Enemies. The reſpect which the *Moors* have for them, for ſome time ſuſpended the Animoſity of both Parties: When the chiefeſt of the *Cadileſquers*, whom the *Moors* call their *Mufti*, having cauſed a very profound ſilence to be made, addreſſing himſelf aſwell to the *Abençerrages* as the *Zegris*, thus endeavoured to appeaſe them both.

The Mufti's *Speech.*

"WHAT evil Dæmon, the Enemy of *Granada*'s Glory, Arms her this day "againſt her ſelf, and inſpires her with that "bloody fury, that precipitates her to tear out "her own bowels with her own proper Hands? "Noble *Abençerrages*, do you not ſee your Bre-"thren among the *Zegris?* And you Gene-"rous *Zegris*, behold you not yours among the "*Abençerrages?* Do you not conſider both the "one and the other, that your Native Country "being common to both, you are both obliged "to defend it, not to deſtroy it: and that you "deſtroy it, in deſtroying your ſelves? Would "you that the ſame Fame, that has reported "you Invincible over all the Earth, ſhould ſtig-"matize you for Parricides through all the "World; and that Poſterity ſhould look upon "you only as Monſters, not fitting to have "been ever born; more worthy of thoſe Tra-"gic Tombs that you will open for your ſelves, "than of thoſe ſtately Palaces of which you "deprive your ſelves? Moſt unreaſonable as "ye are, Think you thoſe Great Princes and "Generous Warriors, that, coming out of "*Africa* into *Europe*, made all *Spain* tremble, "think you that they founded the great King-"dom of *Granada* for you to overturn it? Can "you caſt your Eyes upon thoſe goodly Caſtles "of the *Alambre*, *Alcaçar*, *Albayzin*, and *Vi-"vambulutt*, or can you behold this very *Piaz-"za* of *Vivaramble*, encompaſſed with ſuch "magnificent Architecture, and not tremble "at your Civil War, which expoſes all theſe to "ruine; when Poſterity ſhall look among the "Graſs for thoſe ſtately Towers, that now "conceal themſelves among the Clouds? Fear "you not the Ghoſts of thoſe great *Moors*, leſt "they ſhould riſe out of their Magnificent "Tombs to upbraid your madneſs? Or do you "not already hear their Complaints and Moans, "do they not already pierce your Hearts, and "with languiſhing ſighs accuſe you of blindneſs "and ingratitude? But are ye as blind as "deaf? Do you not ſee your Wives and Chil-"dren, who ſtretch forth their Hands towards "you, and with Tears and Cryes beg and ſup-"plicate for their own preſervation, while "they pray you to preſerve your ſelves? So "that if you will not give ear to the powerful "Voice of Nature, hear at leaſt that of Ho-"nour. Conſider that *Caſtile* and *Aragon* covet "nothing more than the ruine of the King-"dom of *Granada*, and that you fight for "them, in fighting againſt your ſelves; and "wherefore do you do that your ſelves, which "they could never do? What has your King "committed, that you ſhould tear his Crown "and Scepter from him thus, and pull him from "his Throne? Are you Accomplices with *Fer-"dinand* and *Iſabel?* Or do you fight againſt "the *Moors* that the Chriſtians ſhould Triumph? "If yet your Country, your Wives and Chil-"dren, the Living, the Dead, if Shame or Ho-"nour will not move ye, be however perſwa-"ded by Religion, which the moſt barbarous "People always hold in Veneration. Behold "the holy Law of the *Alcoran* here in my hands, "and which the holy *Alla* committed into the "Hands of his Prophet. Behold the *Cupolas* of "thoſe Moſques, that ſeem to crown this No-"ble City, and conſider that all this will be "ranſack'd and ruin'd, if you will not be per-"ſwaded by me; or if you liſten farther to "that Fury that counſels and incenſes your "Animoſity. But be adviſed brave *Abençer-"rages*; be adviſed moſt generous *Zegris*; and "you moſt Illuſtrious Families that adhere to "either Faction, take heed; conſider you the "miſled and blinded People, whom their Di-"viſions divide: Throw away your Arms, em-"brace and love; quench the fire of anger and "Malice; re-kindle that of Friendſhip; and "extinguiſh thoſe fatal Flames that threaten "both the City and the Kingdom: Let us eve-"ry where light the Bonfires of joy, in teſti-"mony of our thanks to the holy *Alla*, and his "Prophet *Mahomet*, for the beginning of a "Peace, and the concluſion of a War.

No ſooner had the *Mufti* done ſpeaking, but a confuſed and humming noiſe was to be heard in both the Armies, and a ſwift ſenſe of compaſſion in an inſtant flew from Rank to Rank, wherewith the moſt remorſeleſs and hard-hearted were in ſome meaſure touch'd: The Women and Children began to cry, from their gilded Balconies, *Peace, Peace.* Many alſo among thoſe fierce and irritated Squadrons re-eccho'd *Peace, Peace*, in their turn. And the Noiſe at length extending to the very Caverns of *Elvira*, and the ſnowy Mountain, the hol-

low

low. Hills resounded *Peace, Peace.* The Noble *Abindarrays*, as compassionate as he was courageous, perceiving himself mov'd by the Cryes and Tears of the People, dropping the point of his Scimitar, As much wrong'd and injur'd as we are, answer'd he, it shall not be our fault that Peace is not concluded. But *Mohavide*, with his Eyes sparkling with fury and fire, reply'd, that only Victory should make Peace. We must then have both by your Defeat, reply'd *Abindarrays.* And at the same moment they all advanc'd with their Pikes charg'd, and cover'd with their Bucklers, let flye their slender Javelins and Arrows; and the Clarions, Trumpets, Drums, and Kettle-Drums began to sound a Charge on both sides, and to excite Anger and Terrour in the hearts of the Common Souldiers. The Religious *Moors* seeing their pains and perswasions fruitless, fled away in great disorder, and shutting themselves up in the Principal Mosque, left the *Piazza* free for the enraged Combatants. Then the Troops join'd, Battalions advanc'd against Battalions, and they disputed a long time Front to Front, both for the Ground and Victory. The *Abençerrages* undertook the *Zegri's*, the *Alabes* singled out the *Gomeles*, the *Almoradi's* the *Maça's*, the *Benarages* the *Vaneges*, and all the other Noble Families fought one against the other, contesting for the Advantage with equal Courage. Twenty times the *Abençerrages* drave the *Zegri's* to the farther end of all the *Piazza*; and twenty the *Zegri's* beat back the *Abençerrages.* Threats and Grones were confus'd with the clattering noise of Arms, that sparkl'd under the fell blows of the Combatants: and while heaps of dead and wounded, broken Swords and batter'd Shields fell pell mell together, the old Men, Women, and Children (the miserable Spectators of that horrible Tragedy) leaning over the Balconies, with their arms expanded, pierced the Skies with their redoubled Lamentations. In the mean time the renown'd *Abindarrays* press'd hard upon *Mohavide*, insomuch that the Captain of the *Zegri's* made but a faint resistance; more than three times he owed his life to his Turban and his Buckler, all his nimbleness not being able to defend him from the desperate blows of his Adversary. Yet he laid on so thick, that *Abindarrays* himself stagger'd, as immoveable as he was; so that the Victory was a long time doubtful between those two Valiant Persons: But at length the former discharged so terrible a blow upon the Head of the other, that he tumbled almost dead at his feet; nor did he question but that he had been so, considering the abundance of Blood with which the Earth was overflown where this Champion lay without motion. The fall of the Captain put the whole Squadron into disorder, of which the Noble *Abindarrays* making his advantage, broke in by degrees, and at last wholly routed it; and then went to share the same terrour among the other Troops. *Mahardin Alyhamet* and *Aly Barrax* felt the keenness of his Weapon, and if *Chazan* had not stopped him, he had farther improved the advantage of his Victory. The invincible *Abenamin* signalized himself in that fatal day, and knowing that the fair *Lindarache* beheld him, he performed wonders extraordinary. The generous *Amat*, Chief of the Family of the *Maliques Alabes*, though he carried his left Arm in a Scarf, by reason of a Wound which one of the *Zegri's* had treacherously given him, did not forbear to make his right Hand so formidable, that nothing could withstand him. The nimble *Zelebin*, Chief of the *Abencabars*; the stout *Albayalde*, and the undaunted *Orthogule*, Chief of the Family of the *Reduans*, seemed to fight out of an emulation who should perform the noblest Acts, while every one of those great Captains, being neither Victors nor Vanquished, yet every one did Miracles. While things were at this pass, the lovely Slave, that the Queen beheld as he went out of the *Alhambre*, shewed himself in the *Piazza*, in the midst of the Tumult, and taking up the Buckler and Scimitar of one that was slain, he put himself into the first Rank of the *Almorades*, from whose Illustrious Race the fair Sultaness was descended. But that miraculous Captive soon changed the face of things, and so prodigious appear'd his Valour, that the Courage of others was but a shadow of his. I come, said he to the Father of the Sultaness, to let you see that my Hands have not always worn Fetters, and to make you confess, that Slaves, like my self, have learnt the art of serving their Master: Concluding those words, the Noble Captive, whose Ancestors had been Kings, covering his Head with his Buckler, and rearing his Scimitar, flew among the Enemies of that Party which he had chosen, and breaking in like Lightning through the closest of their Ranks, he overturn'd whole Squadrons, as the Wind levels the weaker Reeds: At every stroke of his Scimitar there fell either a Turbant or a Head; no Buckler was strong enough to resist the flaming Steel which he carried in his Hand; all Men flye or dye whereever he appears. But *Mohavide* at length being come to himself, ashamed of being worsted, resolved to regain his Honour or dye: To which purpose giving new Orders for the rallying of his scattered Troops, he returned to the Charge full of Anger and Indignation, and his Example restoring Courage to the most affrighted, he renewed the Combat, and encountred the Valiant Slave. But the Noble *Abindarrays*, who observed the incomparable Valour of that lovely Captive, seeing him in that danger, ran to dis-engage him. Then the Strength and Courage of those two Hero's inciting them to a reciprocal Emulation; and Despair restoring new force and vigour to their Enemies, they renewed the Fight with more Fury and Bloodshed than ever. In the mean time the King of *Granada*, beholding from the top of the Castle the obstinacy of those fierce Combatants, was possessed with that Grief, which no Person but himself could express. And though the Dignity of his Person, and the Majesty of his high Degree, obliged

liged him to keep it close in his Breast, however it appeared in his Eyes. But Prince *Mussa*, who had the honour to be his Natural Brother, observing his disturbance, and the Danger that threatned his Kingdom, took the liberty to speak to him. Sir, said he, violent Dangers require Remedies proportionable to their Extremities, which though they may be attended by some Hazard, however we must not omit to make use of them. Your Kingdom is lost, and perhaps your Majesty it self is lost, if you suffer the loss of those that now fight in the *Piazza* of *Vivaramble*: All that is Great and Noble in *Granada* is now engaged in this fatal Conflict, and if you lose them, what will you have left to oppose against your Enemies? But what can I oppose against their Madness? reply'd the King. A Courage greater yet than that, answered the Prince, together with a Constancy that may astonish them, and make an impression of Respect. My opinion is, that your Majesty should go forth with your Guards, and cause these Madmen to lay down their Arms, by virtue of that respectful Fear, with which the Presence of a Soveraign awes revolted Subjects. They are engag'd in Fight, 'tis true, but not against your Person; and though they have forgot themselves, they will however remember who you are. On the other side, your Majesty sees yonder a considerable Body that remains Neuter. Them your Majesty may Command, and by their Assistance reduce the rest to Obedience. To preserve a Throne, we must betake our selves to Fortune; and when we venture for the upholding of a Scepter, we cannot think we do too much in expoling our lives to some Hazard. Come on then, Brother, answered the King of *Granada*, let us try with what Issue Fate has resolved to favour our Endeavours. Your Counsel is too generous not to follow it; and as a King without Subjects is no more a King, let us either preserve our own, or lose our selves. Having said those words, the afflicted Prince left the *Alambre*, and attended by his Guards, Prince *Mussa*, and all those Persons of Quality and Souldiers that were in the Castle, with his Mantle Royal upon his Shoulders, his Scepter in his Hand, and his Crown upon his Head, he rode forth of the Gate of the *Elvira*, where the *Alarites*, the *Zulemes*, the *Almansors*, and the *Alhamanes* lay within their Barricadoes. Noble and Prudent Subjects, said the King when he came near them, who are no way guilty of the Crimes nor Madness of these Tygres that tear and devour one another, will you not assist me to reduce them to Reason, and to appease a Tumult so dangerous; or else to punish them if they persist in their obstinacy? Sir, we are ready to follow whereever you command us, answered the Valiant Souldiers, and whether it be to Parley or Fight, we are for either, as the Service of our King, and the Good of our Country shall require. Upon these words the King, after he had returned them thanks, marched with all speed toward the *Piazza* of *Vivaramble*. But while those compassionate Champions are going where pity call'd them, the Sultaness being in the Balcony belonging to her Apartment, with Eyes that overflow'd with Tears, beheld the new danger to which the fair Slave was again expos'd; and mixing tenderness with the fear she had left she should see the fall of a Person whom she so highly valued, Nature and Love caused her to suffer that which it is impossible to express. Alas, said she, I behold all that I love, and all that I ought to love, in the extremity of danger, and though I am not in the Battel, yet I find my Heart wounded. Every blow levell'd at my Father, falls upon me; and every one that falls upon the Noble Stranger, whom I have caused to be put in Chains, pierces to the very bottom of my Soul: Every Sword that I see lifted up against them, seems to be a Thunder-bolt ready to fall upon my Head; and though the Misfortune which I may suffer be doubtful, yet the Evil which I endure is certain. Alas! said she, they that never saw Persons so dear in Perils so great, are not capable of my Grief: For to know whether they love any one beyond their own Lives, it is necessary for them to see those Persons whom they love, in those apparent Dangers wherein I behold them. O Barbarians, that kill me where I am not; spare me there, and kill me where I am; and if your Fury be capable of any Pity, suffer it only to change its Object: Turn the points of your Darts against my Heart, which you have already mortally wounded in a thousand places; and turning it from that which this Heart loves more dearly than it self, content your selves either in Compassion, or out of Pride, with a Crowned Victim. But these Monsters of Cruelty understand not my Complaints; but without striking they assassinate me. Dear Father, where do you expose your self? Dear Slave, where dost thou expose thy self? Beloved Persons both, where do you expose me? O God! One drop of your Blood is of more value than all my Tears; and to spare one, I would give both all my Tears and all my Blood, and that with all the joy imaginable. O Generous Captive that hast made a Queen a Captive! Those Heroick Actions which I see thee perform instruct me what I should lose in losing thee; though by the loss of thee I should gain a Crown. She would have utter'd more, but at the same fatal instant seeing a hundred Scimitars lifted up against the Head of her beloved Slave, she turn'd away her Eyes with horrour, and retired out of the Balcony, not able to endure an Object so terrible. However she returned again some few moments after, not being able to brook the uncertainty of an Event that went so much to her Heart. But the Queen was not the only Fair One which that obstinate Conflict tormented; for the charming *Aldoradine*, the amiable *Lindarache*, and a hundred other Ladies, were too much concerned for the Generous *Abindarrays*, the Valiant *Abenamin*, and many other Noble Persons that were engaged in the Fight, that the Royal Sultaness might not want partakers with her in her affliction.

Insomuch

Inſomuch that all that day of Blood and Fire all the Beauties of *Granada* looked pale and wan, and Fear poſſeſſed their Hearts, being the inſeparable Companion of Love. In the mean time *Rodoric de Narve* having been the Witneſs and Admirer, from the top of the *Alambre*, of the great Actions of the lovely Slave, and the matchleſs Proweſs of *Abindarrays*, enquired their Names of the old Domeſtic Servant of the Sultaneſs. Sir, ſaid he, you have Reaſon to deſire the acquaintance both of the one and the other. For beſides that their Noble Qualities extol their worth, there are ſome things ſo extraordinary in their Adventures, that they may well merit the Curioſity of a Perſon of your Quality and Wiſdom. I am not only curious as to what concerns them, reply'd the Generous *Spaniard*, but all the reſt of thoſe renowned Perſonages in the Court of *Granada*; and therefore in regard you are a Perſon of great Knowledge, and of great Quality in this Court, I cannot imagine any one more proper to ſatisfie my Requeſt; at leaſt if the Confidence we have of each other, our ancient Friendſhip, and my Intreaties may prevail upon you to make me this Recital. 'Tis moſt certain, Sir, reply'd *Fernaud* (for that was the Name of the elderly Slave) that few people better underſtand the Intrigues of this Court than my ſelf; ſo that if ſuch a rehearſal might avail to ſhorten the tedioufneſs of your Impriſonment, I could give you a pleaſing Divertiſement, for more than an ordinary time. It ſhall be the firſt Favour that I will requeſt, ſo ſoon as Affairs ſhall be reſettled, and then I hope you will remember the Promiſe you have made. I ſhall remember, anſwered *Fernaud*, and in regard I know your Prudence ſo well, and that you have honour'd me ſo long ſince with your Kindneſs, I ſhall not ſcruple to truſt you with my Life and Fortune, in truſting you with ſo great a Secret.

In the mean time the King attended by all thoſe Troops which we have already mentioned, came at length to the *Piazza* of *Vivaramble*; Immediately his Preſence infuſing an awe into the fierceſts Combatants of both Parties, he procured a deep ſilence; and doubling their Ranks to the Right and Left, he fiercely rode into the ſpace between, and lifting up the Scepter which he held, *Remember your ſelves*, ſaid he, Abençerrages, *and you* Zegri's, *that you ought to have no other Enemies than mine: Then throw away your Arms, and embrace each other: This is that which your King commands you.* The awe of thoſe Expreſſions, upheld by the ſplendour that attends on Crowns and Majeſty, wrought ſo powerfully at that time, that they all obey'd the Princes Command: They threw down their Arms, they embraced each other, and filled the Skye with loud Shouts and Acclamations, for joy of ſo ſudden a Reconciliation. Only the revengeful *Mohavide* was to be excepted, who not daring to ſhew more marks of malice in his Looks, conceal'd his hatred in his Heart. In the mean time, after the King had cauſed the wounded to be provided for, the broken Arms and dead Bodies to be removed out of the *Piazza* of *Vivaramble*, to the end there might remain no ſign of that Civil Broil, he returned to the Caſtle of the *Halambre*, with all the Inſtruments of War ſounding before him, and through the midſt of the loud Acclamations of thoſe People whom he had ſav'd. The King was attended by *Muſſa*, *Abindarrays*, *Abenamin*, *Arthogule*, *Mahonçad*, *Malique Alabez*, *Albayalde*, *Almanzor*, and all the Nobility of *Granada*, who without ſhewing any more of factious Animoſity were intermix'd together. But the King was no ſooner enter'd into the Apartment of the Sultaneſs, (who came to receive him at the top of the Stairs, to congratulate his happy ſucceſs) but *Mohavide* alſo appear'd all bloody and in a rage, pulling along after him the lovely Slave, as it were by force, and *Morayzel*, Father of the Sultaneſs, who held the Slave by the other Hand, and ſeemed to oppoſe the violence of the former: An *Alfaquy* (whom *Mohavide* had ſuborned) went before them, with the *Alcoran* under his Arm; many of the Friends of both following in much diſorder, and making a tumultuous noiſe. Upon the ſight of that ſurprizing Object the Sultaneſs grew pale, and fetching a deep ſigh from the bottom of her Heart, ſhe breath'd forth another upon the Captive himſelf, who beheld the Grief of that Princeſs in her Eyes, and gave her no leſs to underſtand his own by his Looks, that were full of a mixture of love and ſadneſs. In the mean while the Preſence of the King having impos'd ſilence upon the enraged Crowd, the ſuborn'd *Alfaquy* taking his turn; *Sir*, ſaid he, *'tis not* Mohavide's *Intereſt, but the Good of my Country that brings me hither, the Honour of my King, and of our great Prophet, and the Glory of the holy* Alla *himſelf. This Slave ought to be put to death, by an expreſs Article of our Law, the words whereof are theſe,* LET EVERY SLAVE THAT IS SEEN WITH ARMS IN HIS HAND BE PUT TO DEATH. *Now, Sir, he has not only been found with Arms in his hands, but he has made a moſt horrible ſlaughter; his offending Scimitar has butcher'd not only a great number of your Subjects, but of your moſt Noble and Valiant Subjects. In ſhort, Sir, an Action ſo bold and cruel, if not puniſh'd, may prove to be of dangerous Conſequence. For all the City and the whole Kingdom of* Granada *being full of Slaves, what may not theſe Domeſtic Enemies preſume to attempt, if permitted to handle Arms? The deſire of Liberty is natural to all men, and the hatred which the Chriſtians bear the* Moors, *is no leſs natural to them. Thus, Sir, the intereſt of the People and your Kingdom, the intereſt of your Majeſty, the Law violated, the cryes of blood, the injured Prophet, and the offended* Alla, *equally require the death of that preſumptuous Slave. In a word, you are to make no farther queſtion thereof, nor is it at your Majeſties choice, but only to chuſe his Puniſhment.*

When the *Alphaqui* had done, a confuſed muttering noiſe was to be heard through every part

part of the Great Assembly; and all the while they laboured to silence it, the Sultaness suffered those Torments, which my Expressions cannot represent, and which the imagination hardly can conceive. But their silence renewing, on a sudden the sage *Morayzel* in answer to the wicked Priest, *Sir*, said he, *your Majesty, has too much Wisdom not to discern at this time between Cunning and Sincerity, the appearance of Reason, and Reason it self; the Law ill expounded, and the Law well understood; the Right of Nations and Natural Equity, which is a Law above all other Laws: This* Alfaqui *would make us believe that it is not the interest of* Mohavide *that brings him hither, lest he should not oblige us to believe him; I question it not, for at the same time I believe it is his own Interest that makes him speak, that Covetousness renders him Cruel, and that his Eloquence is mercenary. In short, had he not been suborn'd, he would not have been so vehement, he would have listned to Pity as well as Rigour, he would have shewed us the accused Slaves Reasons, as well as the Arguments of his Enemies; and had he remember'd his Profession, seeing that Justice was on his side, he would have ended rather in Mercy than Punishment. But how comes this great Politician hither? Who gave so much boldness to an obscure Person, born among the lowest of the People, to make such a noise with those great words of Country and the King? What presumption is this in him to talk of the Interest of Kings and Crowns before Us descended from the Race of Kings, and whose Ancestors themselves were Kings? 'Tis for those that every day expose their lives for the service of their King and Country, to argue upon Affairs of State, and the Concerns of their Prince; and not for this simple Priest, whom it would better become to study the* Alcoran *in his Mosque, than to come into your Palace with his false Maxims. True it is, we have such a Law wherein the same words are written, which he has recited; but we must not take those words according to the strictness of their signification as he does. The Prophet* Mahomet, *our great Lawgiver, ordained, That* A SLAVE SHOULD DYE IF WEAPONS WERE FOUND IN HIS HAND, *that is to say, if they were found in his hand to do mischief; for else by the false Consequence which this ignorant Doctor would draw from that ill expounded Sentence of our Law, should a scrupulous Slave rather suffer his Master to be assassin'd, than touch a Weapon in his defence, because our Law forbids him? Would it not likewise follow, that the same Slave must rather let the King be assassinated, than touch a Weapon for the preservation of his Prince? Your Majesty without doubt sees too well the dangerous Consequences of so inconvenient a Doctrine, and you are too just to condemn a Generous Captive, who only took up Arms to defend his Master, not only from one single Adversary, but from an innumerable company of Enemies that assaulted him: So that if you punish good deeds, what is that but to authorise those which are bad? And seeing that Natural Equity permits them to love themselves above others, will not all the Slaves in the World sooner suffer their Masters to perish, than hazard their own lives for their preservation? But the only Question here is, whether the Slave did well or no: For if he did well, the more Valiantly he behaved himself the more Honour is his due, and this lewd Preacher thinking to have made an Invective against the Slave, has made a Panegyrick in his praise. Besides, Sir, as this ignorant* Alfaqui *has been but a bad Arithmetician in counting the dead, he has prov'd not a jot more skilful in reckoning the number of the living. He would make us afraid of our own Shadows: For those Fantomes which his crackt Imagination have represented to his Fancy, have strangely deluded his weak Judgment. In short what proportion is there between our Slaves and Us, that we should have so much Reason to fear them? For how numerous soever they may be in the Kingdom of* Granada, *do they not come short of the* Moors? *In my opinion we have more Reason to apprehend, should we cruelly put to death this Captive, lest those of his Nation should measure the same Cruelty to those of our Country. Is it because we have been always Victors? Is it because we shall be always Vanquishers? Or is it because neither* Arragon *nor* Castile *can shew so much as one* Granadine *in their Fetters? But this Adviser to Blood and Fire can give no account of that. And therefore it is for Us that know better, to make a serious reflexion upon the importance of such an Action. The Christians are our Enemies, but the Christians are Men; and Humanity obliges us to some Compassion of their Misfortune. Your Majesty is too good and gracious to proceed otherwise. And I am assured that if your Clemency stop not the course of Justice, those insolent words wherewith this wicked Orator concludes his Harangue, will bring that Thunderbolt upon his own head, which he labours to direct upon another mans, and teach others to speak with more respect before their Kings.* No sooner had *Morayzel* concluded his Answer, but a fresh humming of confused Voices sounded through the whole Assembly, while every one delivered softly their opinion concerning the two Speeches, according as they were enclined to this or that Faction. The Friends of *Abencerrages* had already given their Suffrages for the Delivery of the Valiant Slave, before the King had declared his judgment. But they that took part with the *Zegri's*, concluded the *Alfaqui's* Reasons to be invincible, and made no question but that the Captive would be condemn'd. In the mean while, the King waiting to see an end of the Tumult, examin'd within himself the weight and weakness of what he had heard. And being willing to keep the balance even between those two Opinions and those ancient Enemies, he endeavoured to give a just Sentence, and not to pronounce any thing unworthy of a King. The Question was nice and knotty enough for him to suspend his judgment. Seeing on the one hand the rigour of the Law, on the other compassionate Humanity. The one seem'd to require the death of the Slave, the other demanded his life. The former was backt by the Prophets Authority, the latter supported by Nature, that in some measure knits and associates all men together.

On

On the one hand the Conſequences were to be feared, the Sequel on the other hand to be dreaded. If Juſtice pleaded in his Heart, Clemency was not mute. If the Dead and Living of the *Zegri's* Faction perſwaded him to Puniſhment, the Dead and Living of the *Abençerrages* Party begg'd for Mercy. If the Blood that was ſhed ſeem'd to cry, the noble Valour of the Captive was as eloquent. If the Prince feared to provoke one Faction, he had as much reaſon to take care how he diſguſted the other, being both ſo powerful. If the one were his Subjects, the other were the ſame. If Honour ſollicited him in behalf of the Valiant Stranger, the Peace of the People pleaded againſt him. If the Repreſentation of one great Action flatter'd him, the Viſion of a ſubverted Throne affrighted him. If the Captive *Moors* importun'd him for a Chriſtian Captive like themſelves, the free *Moors* the *Maça's Vanegues*, and *Gomeles* mov'd no leſs earneſtly againſt him. If his Alliance with *Morayzel* enclined him to mildneſs, the fury of *Mohavide* left nothing undone to render him ſevere: If on the one ſide he ſaw a Precipice, on the other he fancied an Abyſs. And in the midſt of this incertainty, the Fortune of the poor Slave hung in the equal balance of Life and Death. In the mean time the Sultaneſs Queen, that in the Eyes of the King perceived the irreſolution of his Thoughts, felt her own Heart tormented with an exceſſive terrour; while out of the fear of anothers death, ſhe her ſelf was continually dying. She fancy'd to her ſelf that ſhe already ſaw the Blood of the lovely Slave ſpilt upon the ground, and to free her from the particular imagination of ſo horrid a Spectacle, ſhe would willingly have ſhed all her own. All that is in Love of ſad, tender, and doleful was rally'd together in her Heart at that very fatal inſtant of time. And her afflicted Heart ſeeking by the aſſiſtance of her Eyes, for ſome conſolation in the Eyes of her beloved Slave; and labouring to paſs through them even to the bottom of his Heart; the encountring of their mutual Glances, was the occaſion that a Captive's Grief reached to the very Soul of a Queen; as the Deſpair of a Queen paſs'd to the Soul of a Captive: while Love at the ſame moment, by that exchange of Souls and Hearts, ſeem'd to raiſe a Trophy of Crowns and Fetters. O God, ſaid the Sultaneſs, rearing her Eyes to Heaven, O God! in whoſe hands are the Hearts of Kings, and who alſo beholdeſt the purity and innocence of that Affection which poſſeſſes mine, inſpire with pity that Prince who is my Husband, though I am not his Wife; and ſave him who gave me to thee, and to whom I have ſurrendred my heart. But while the King and the Sultaneſs thus reaſoned in their private thoughts, and that all perſons were in ſuſpence, in expectation of what the Prince would ſay; upon a ſudden the Slave turning himſelf toward the King, *Sir*, ſaid he, with an admirable reſolution, *nothing but evil Actions ought to urge us to Repentance, and in regard I have done nothing but what is juſtifiable, all thoughts of Repentance are far from me. Pardon preſuppoſes a Crime, therefore as I have offended none, I beg no Pardon of any. No, Sir, I have done nothing which I did not think I ought to have done, and which I would not have done again, were it yet to do. I ſaw my Lord and Maſter aſſaulted; I defended him: Was it a Crime to defend him? Were it one, I am aſſur'd that none of all thoſe that ſeek my life would have been troubled, had all their Slaves offended like me. When I was a Maſter and had Slaves, I labour'd to do what became me; now that Fortune has made me a Slave, and given me a Maſter, I have not changed my opinion, in changing my condition. I have the ſame Heart bound in Fetters, which I ſhould have had upon a Throne. Equality is the true Character of Vertue. And every Perſon endu'd with Courage ought ſo to wear his Chains, as to ſhew himſelf worthy of a better Fortune. For your Laws as I am ignorant of them, ſo can I not be accounted an Offender againſt them; but had I known them, I confeſs I ſhould not have preferr'd them before the Dictates of Reaſon, which tell me 'tis the duty of a Slave to defend his Maſter. As I have found mine worthy of my ſelf, I endeavour'd to make my ſelf worthy of him; and that which he now does for my ſake, ſufficiently juſtifies what I was ſeen to do for his ſake. As to what remains, I do not fear Death ſo much, cowardly to beg for Life: Nor am I ſo much in love with Life, as to fear to Dye. Your Majeſty therefore may pronounce a Decree, of which I ſhall not complain, let it be what it will.* Thou haſt pronounc'd it thy ſelf, moſt generous Slave, cry'd the King, for my own Reaſon would condemn me, ſhould I condemn thee to Puniſhment. Thou art more fit to weild a Scepter, than to wear Chains; ſo that if thou never dyeſt, 'till by the Command of *Granada's* King, thou wilt be as immortal as thy Honour. Live then and be free; *THE LAW PERMITS IT; THE PROPHET APPROVES IT; AND THE KING COMMANDS IT.* The King had no ſooner pronounced theſe favourable words, but a modeſt joy appear'd briskly ſhining in the Eyes of the Sultaneſs; a prudent and moderate gladneſs in the Captives Looks; rage and fury in the Countenance of *Mohavide*; and much content in the Face of *Morayzel*; chearfulneſs among the *Abençerrages*, trouble among the *Zegri's*, and ſhame in the Forehead of the mercenary *Alfaqui's*. Were it not, ſaid the King to the *Alfaqui*, but that I am unwilling to intermix Sadneſs with the Publick Joy, I would teach you to meddle with thoſe things that belong to your Profeſſion, and to ſpeak as you ought to your King and Maſter. After he had ſo ſaid, he diſmiſs'd the Crowd, and retir'd to his own Apartment.

In the mean time, the Veil of Night having now covered all things, you might have ſeen from the top of the *Alhambre* ſeveral flaming Bonfires, more numerous than the Banners that flutter'd in the Wind all the Day long. All the Caſtles, all the Streets, and all along the Walls of that Magnificent City, diſplay'd a new Day in the midſt of Night to the neigh-

bouring Countries, and adjoining Hills; while the warlike Inſtruments of all ſorts, every where reſounded the Publick Joy, and the People fill'd the whole City with Cries and Shouts of Exultation.

All this while *Rodoric de Narve*, who being a Priſoner upon his Paroll, had his liberty to walk without a Guard all over the Caſtle of the *Halambre*, no ſooner ſaw the Battel at an end, but he deſcended from the top of thoſe Towers, where he had beheld it all the while, together with the elderly Slave, that had entertain'd him in Diſcourſe, and had told him the Names of all the moſt Illuſtrious Gallants that were engaged in the Fight; and meeting the King at the top of the Great Stairs, he followed him to the Apartment of the Sultaneſs. So that having been a Witneſs of what fell out there, and having alſo heard the Speech which the Noble Slave made to the King, it augmented his Curioſity to underſtand the Adventures of his Life. Inſomuch that as ſoon as the King had diſmiſſed the Multitude, he retired to his Chamber, attended by the ancient Domeſtic of the Sultaneſs; and having commanded all his Servants out of the Chamber, he requeſted the Slave to perform his Promiſe. Sir, I am ready to acquit my ſelf, anſwered the Slave, and by the importance of thoſe things which I have to relate, to let you underſtand the entire confidence which I repoſe in your Prudence. Then *Rodoric de Narve* making a new Proteſtation of perpetual ſilence: the Captive after he had paus'd a while, to retrieve the remembrance of what he had to ſay, thus began his Story.

The Hiſtory of MORAYZEL, SEMAHIS d'ALMADAM, *the Sultaneſs Queen, and the Slave.*

THOSE Renowned Perſons, whoſe Story I am to recite, are ſo highly exalted in the Quality of their Condition, that to relate their particular Adventures, I muſt be forc'd to rehearſe the General Hiſtory of *Granada*. For this Reaſon I muſt not omit to tell you, that this great and famous City that bears the ſame Name, was founded by a fair Princeſs, the Daughter of King *Hiſpan*, in a Plain near the Mountain *Elvira*, ſome two Leagues diſtant from the place where now it ſtands, and where at this preſent is ſituated the Village call'd *Albolut* in the *Arabic* Language. In proceſs of time the People not finding themſelves conveniently ſeated there, rebuilt this City in the place where now it ſtands; that is to ſay, near the Snowy Mountain, between two pleaſant Rivers that ſpring not from any Fountains, but only from the melted Snow, that all the Year flows from the top of the Mountain; the firſt of theſe Rivers is called *Genel*, the other is named *Darro*. The one produces pure Gold, the other very fine Silver; but of theſe things I ſhall ſay no more, in regard that Perſons of your Condition cannot be ignorant of the Geography of *Spain*, if you are not already better inſtructed than my ſelf. Nor will it be leſs ſuperfluous to trouble your Memory with what your Eyes have ſo often beheld, ſince the Fortune of the War brought you hither. Give me leave then to tell you, that after the *Moors* had croſs'd the *Streights* of *Gibraltar*, out of *Africa* into *Europe*, upon the Shores of which two neighbouring Continents ſtood the famous Pillars of *Hercules*, and had conquer'd all *Spain*, and founded ſeveral Kingdoms in the fair Provinces of that Kingdom, *Mahomad Alhamar* eſtabliſh'd the Seat of his Empire in this famous City: Here alſo many Noble Families fix'd themſelves under his Dominions; as the *Abençerrages*, deſcended from the Kings of *Morocco*, the Great *Miramolin* being their Anceſtor: The *Zegri's* from the Kings of *Cordoua*; the *Almorades* from thoſe of *Tremeſen*, being the Progeny of *Abenraho* and his two Brothers: The *Gomeles* from the Kings of *Velez* and *Gomere*: The *Maças* from thoſe of *Algier*: The *Vanegues* from the Kings of *Fez*: The *Maliques Alabez* from the Kings of *Cuco*: The *Gazuls* from the Kings of *Thunis*: The *Alarbes* from the Kings of *Oran*. Beſides ſeveral other Great and Noble Families, that follow'd the Fortune of that King, and fixing themſelves under his Dominion, acknowledg'd him for their Soveraign. Twenty Kings ſucceſſively deſcending from *Mahomet Alhamar*, have ſway'd the Scepter of *Granada*, till the Reign of *Muleyhazen* the preſent King, who was forc'd for the preſervation of his Kingdom, to ſurrender his Crown to *Boaudalin* his Son, ſurnam'd the Short, and with that all the Power which he now enjoys. Certainly, Sir, they who look upon the *Moors* as *Barbarians*, becauſe they came originally out of *Barbary*, plainly demonſtrate their ignorance; for aſſuredly we muſt acknowledge that this Court abounds with all the Politeneſs and Courtſhip imaginable. And that their Balls, their Maſques, their Maſquerades, their courſing the wild Bull, their running at the Ring, and all thoſe other Sports and Divertiſements that we uſe in *Spain*, were brought in by the *Moors*, wherein they are moſt abſolute Maſters. Muſick alſo and Poetry are in great eſteem among Perſons of the beſt quality; beſides that the amorous and liberal Genius of that Nation, inclines them to Bravery and Magnificence, and to be Faſhionable and Sumptuous in their Habit, as much as can be imagin'd. But more than all this, although the *Punic* Faith has always had as bad a Report as the *Grecian*, yet the *Moors* of *Granada* are very exact in their Words and Promiſes; ſo that unleſs it be the *Zegri's*, and their Adherents, who ſtudy rather the crafty than ſincere Rules of Policy, the reſt are no leſs honeſt than couragious. As for the Ladies of *Granada*, you ſee what their Wit and Beauty is;

and

and how far they are from ſenſe or reaſon, that make no diſtinction between the *Moors* aad *Negro's*; for all the Women of this Nation are of a light Brown hue, and their Complexion is as fair, ſmooth, beautiful, as the faireſt *Spaniſh* Ladies are accuſtom'd to have. They are not generally very tall, yet inſtead of that they are well limb'd, rarely proportion'd; and there is ſo much grace in their deportment, in their Gate, and in all their Actions, that it is impoſſible to ſee 'em without Admiration, or without either being in Love, or elſe feeling thoſe firſt Commotions that ordinarily proceed from Love. They are courteous, civil, and obliging; and though Love be not always in their Hearts, it always reſides in their Eyes; the gloomy Fires that ſparkle in them, have an obſcure Luſtre that is very dangerous. For theſe terrible Creatures have certain Black Eyes ſo piercing, that there is no reſiſtance proof againſt them. Now, Sir, at the beginning of *Muley hazen's* Reign, *Morayzel Almoradi*, Father of the Sultaneſs, was the Morning Star of *Granada's* Court; there being few that could contend with him for the firſt Degree of Merit. He was fair, well proportion'd, and had a great Wit; that is to ſay, a pleaſing Wit, ſuch as gains the Affection of Hearts, as ſoon as a larger Capacity. And I aſſure my ſelf, that by the Majeſty of his Countenance and his Perſon, that ſtill appears, you may eaſily conceive, what was then the comly Grace and Beauty of his Countenance. However although he were very Courtly, yet he was not then much given to Courtſhip; for notwithſtanding the univerſal Inclination which the *Moors* have to Love, and the Natural Propenſity to that Paſſion, which proceeds from the Climate and their own Conſtitutions, yet his Heart was always at Liberty; inſomuch that he was called the *Fair Inſenſible*. He was Courteous and Civil among Ladies, but never in Love; and whatever Ambuſcado's they laid to inſnare his Liberty, he ſtill preſerv'd his Freedom. All Perſons were amaz'd at it, and ſometimes he admir'd at it himſelf, and oftentimes examin'd himſelf from whence ſuch an indifferency ſhould proceed, eſpecially at thoſe Years when the moſt indifferent are concern'd. Is it, ſaid he, a Vertue or a Vice? Is it an Exceſs or a Defect of Reaſon? Haſt thou Eyes, or art thou blind? Is it an effect of thy Pride or thy Humility? Doſt thou owe thy Freedom to thy Contempt of thy ſelf, or thy Diſdain of others? The firſt perhaps does not ſeem agreeable to Reaſon; the ſecond leſs. Flatter not thy ſelf *Morayzel*; and ſince thou wilt not betray thy ſelf, conſider with thy ſelf whether it be out of any poorneſs of Spirit, or out of Vanity, that thou art ſo inſenſible: and whether thou negleſteſt thus all ſorts of Conqueſts, by reaſon of their difficulty, or becauſe they are too eaſie to obtain. Is it poſſible, ſaid he, that in ſo great a Court there ſhould not be one Lady ſurpaſſingly beautiful? Is there not one worthy of thy Love? Then calling to mind the ſeveral Beauties of the Court; The young *Algadire*, ſaid he, has ſhe nothing in her Eyes that ſparkles and pleaſes? The Complexion of the amiable *Zambrine*, has ſhe nothing that is excellent? The Lily whiteneſs of the noble *Deſpine*, does not that dazle thee? *Alicola's* Vermilion, does not that delight thee? The Lips and Teeth of *Miriane*, have they no Charm? The lovely Face of *Meladine*, has that nothing that pleaſes? The Breaſts and plumpneſs of *Ameſabeg*, are not they worth thy taking notice of? The lovely Hands and Arms of the charming *Donique*, will not they move thee? The Shape and Majeſty of *Lidice*, do they not attract the Eyes of all the World? *Zelebine's* Diſdain, does that damp thy Courage? The ſweet Temper of the amiable *Naſile*, is not that ſufficient to move thee? The ſprightly Humour of *Tamarate*, will not that ſport thee into Love? The ſerious Gravity of the prudent *Caramante*, will not that gain thy Reſpect? The ſublime Wit of *Oſmane*, has that no abſolute Power? The moderate and equal Temper of *Alemate*, does not that always pleaſe alike? The Mirth and Conceits of *Myrize*, are not they pleaſant and ſharp? The Eloquence of *Alabee*, knows not that how to win a Heart? The harmonious Voice of *Liparis*, will not that allure the Souls of all that hear her ſing? The languiſhing Looks of *Emine*, cannot they inſenſibly inſinuate themſelves? The Vertue of *Betulite*, has that no Power? The Generoſity of *Enoramira*, is not that to be admir'd? The Nobility of young *Iſa*, is not that enough to ſatisfie an ambitious Spirit? The Riches of *Ziliole*, are not they ſufficient to ſatisfie the moſt Covetous Perſon in the World? And are there not others in the Court, that have thoſe Charms I know not how to expreſs, whoſe ſecret Power is more terrible than all thoſe viſible Beauties? Yes without doubt there is all this in *Granada*, and therefore ſince all this will not move, conclude with thy ſelf that thou art rather a Statue than a Man, and that thy Inſenſibility is as reproachful as it is extraordinary. I hate my ſelf for not being in Love, and yet I know not how to Love. I underſtand full well the difference between Deformity and Beauty; yet neither Beauty nor Deformity have more power over me one than the other. Were I blind or ſtupid, I had then no Reaſon to wonder at my ſelf. But being neither ſtupid nor blind, how can Men chuſe but wonder to ſee me carry my ſelf as if I were both together? Finding then no Reaſon for what thou doſt, nor no Obſtacle neither in the Object, nor in the Power to act, conclude *Morayzel*, conclude that thy Hour is not yet come; and that though thou art not yet in love, thou art not therefore to believe that thou art never to be enamour'd. Thus was *Morayzel* arguing with himſelf, when one of his Friends, named *Almadan*, came to intreat him to make one in a Combat of Canes which he had deſign'd for the divertiſement of a fair Lady, that was nam'd *Semahis*, with whom he was paſſionately in Love. *Morayzel* ſmil'd when he had heard his Requeſt, and in anſwer to his Friend, Dear *Almadan*, ſaid he, I ſhould be as little prudent

as you, and perhaps far leſs, to put my ſelf for nothing to a tedious trouble, and to tire my Brains all of a ſudden for Devices, Habiliments, Foot-Cloaths, Capariſons, and all the reſt of that ſumptuous and unprofitable Furniture, that is made uſe of in Maſquerades and Cane-Combats. For my part, I find that my Repoſe is much more ſatisfactory than all that Trouble, and that in theſe kind of dead Comedies, if I may ſo call them, it is better to be a Spectator than an Actor. But, ſaid *Almadan*, though all that you ſaid were true, do you look upon it as nothing, to have the Honour to delight ſo many fair Ladies, that behold the Gallantry of ſuch a counterfeit Encounter? Were I in Love like you, reply'd *Morayzel*, queſtionleſs I ſhould highly eſteem it: But my Heart making no difference between thoſe fair Ladies, of whom you ſpeak, I do not feel the Generoſity of other good Citizens, that carries them to ſacrifice themſelves for the Publick. And therefore I beſeech you let me alone, happy in my Repoſe; and as I have no ſhare in your Paſſion, take it not amiſs that I refuſe to ſhare in your Trouble. But uncomplaiſant Friend, reply'd *Almadan*, how know you but that your Magnificence, your Noble Carriage, and Courtly Addreſs, may win the Heart of ſome one among thoſe fair Ladies, whom you will quickly find the art to pleaſe, though it be an art ſo difficult to find? But (reply'd *Morayzel* ſmiling) how know you but that ſhe whom I ſhall pleaſe, may be the ſame that you labour to delight? Believe me *Almadan*, ſaid he ſmiling, and purſuing his Advice, take heed, and do not expoſe us both to ſuch a troubleſom hazard: for all this may; and all Evil that may be ſhun'd, ought to be avoided. I will put it to the venture, reply'd *Almadan*, laughing as well as he, though it were only to abate your Pride, and let you ſee the Conſtancy of the Lady: Come and handle your Arms, and own your ſelf to be her Champion. When I have once taken them up, reply'd *Morayzel*, I am not ſo eaſily perſwaded to lay them down again: 'tis my Friendſhip that now ſpeaks, but you will find that ſilent if once I begin to liſten to Love. I will be content with what Fortune pleaſes, reply'd *Almadan* embracing him; in the mean time I earneſtly intreat you not to deny me the Favour which I beg. I wiſh, when I have given you my conſent, ſaid *Morayzel*, that you may have always Reaſon to eſteem it ſo, and that you may always believe it to be ſuch. But happen what will, ſaid he, laughing out once more, remember that I refus'd to be of your ſide, and that you compell'd me to it. After thoſe words the two Friends parted, having agreed upon the method and time of the performance; and both of them wholly employ'd themſelves in the preparation of all things neceſſary. About eight days after, all the Court being in the Balconies and Windows of the *Piazza* of *Vivaramble*, the People ſtanding all about the Rails, and the Lady for whom the Divertiſement was deſign'd, and who was to reward the Victor, being plac'd in a particular Scaffold, cover'd with Cloth of Gold, her ſelf magnificently habited; firſt there entred into the *Piazza*, from the Street of *Elvira*, twenty four Perſons, that ſounded Clarions, Trumpets, and Haut-boys, habited in Linen Caſſocks, interwoven with Gold and Flame-colour, the Crupper-Cloaths of their Horſes, and the Streamers of their Inſtruments being of the ſame, making all the Arches of the *Piazza* ſound with their Harmony: Twenty four Carts follow'd them, gilded and painted with Flame-colour, all laden with Reeds, painted and gilded, which are long and ſtiff Bulruſhes, about the length of Launces. Immediately after them rode *Almadan* alone, at the head of twenty four Knights, all mounted and apparell'd like himſelf, after the moſt gallant and ſumptuous manner in the World: They were clad in Caſſocks of Cloth of Gold, embroider'd with Flowers of emboſs'd work, the one part Gold, and other half Flame-colour. Their Buskins and their Crupper-Cloaths were of the ſame; and the fore-part of their Buskins were faſten'd upon their Legs with Buckles of pure Gold. Their Scimitars, the Hilts and Scabbards whereof were of maſſie Gold, ſet with Rubies, hung in ſix Chains of Gold enamell'd with Red, that were join'd together upon the top of the Right Shoulder with a Lyon of maſſie Gold. Upon the top of their Turbants they had great Plumes of Flame-colour'd Feathers, powder'd with ſpangles of Gold, and faſten'd with a great Roſe of Rubies. Their Bucklers were Vermilion gilded, in the middle whereof was painted Mount *Etna* cover'd with Smoak and Fire, and round about the edge in Letters of Gold NEVER TO BE QUENCHED. *Almadan* held in his Right Hand one of thoſe painted and gilded Reeds, with a lofty Countenance, and the grace of his Poſture moſt incomparable: His Spurs, the Bit, and Forehead-piece of his Horſe were Vermilion gilded, with a great Plume of Flame-colour'd Feathers powder'd with ſpangles of Gold. The Horſe was of the Turkiſh Breed, all Coal-black, but ſo proud, ſo ſtately, and ſo fierce, that the Fire ſeem'd to ſparkle out of his Eyes every curvet he made. After this fair Troop had taken a turn about the *Piazza*, they rank'd themſelves in good Order on the ſame ſide where they entred. By and by from another Quarter enter'd four and twenty, with Drums and Kettle-Drums, the Warlike Sound whereof drew the Spectators to look that way. Their Caſſocks, Crupper-Cloaths, and Banners were of Cloth of Silver: After them follow'd twenty four Carts ſilver'd over, and drawn by Black Horſes in Cloth of Silver Harneſs, the Carts being all full of Silver Canes. Behind them rode *Morayzel* alone, with a Cane beſet with Diamonds in his Right Hand, but ſo well mounted, with ſuch a noble Aſpect, ſo gracefully fix'd in his Saddle, that he out-did all the reſt: His Caſſock, Buskins, and the Crupper-Cloath of his Horſe were embroider'd with Silver Trophies, the Compartiments and Flowers whereof were ſtudded with Diamonds and Pearls. The Hilt, Scabbard, and Chains

Chains of his Scimitar, were beſet all over with Pearls and Diamonds, as well as his Spurs and the Forehead-piece of his Horſe. In his Turbant he wore a Black Plume of Feathers powder'd with ſpangles of Silver, faſten'd with a Roſe of Diamonds, in the middle whereof was ſet the Figure of a great Heron: A Plume of the ſame Colour pompouſly play'd upon the maſſie Silver Forehead-piece of his Horſe, and fifty Toſſels of Pearls and Diamonds hung on both ſides the Harneſs upon the Head and Buttocks of a Barb as white as Snow, the moſt ſtately Beaſt, and beſt ſhap'd in the World. His Buckler was of maſſie Silver, with a great Serpent of Pearls and Diamonds lying in folds, without any other Figure but a Heart of Diamonds in the middle, without either Darts or Wounds: Out of the Serpents mouth there came a black Liſt with this Motto TOO HARD TO BE PIERC'D. All the Squadron were mounted and habited much at the ſame rate. After they had made a turn about the *Piazza*, they ranked themſelves juſt againſt their Enemies Front to Front. By and by the Trumpets, Clarions, Haut-boys, Drums, and Kettle-Drums ſounding a Charge, both Squadrons ſtarting at the ſame time with their Canes advanc'd, they met after a ſwift and eager Courſe: At the ſame inſtant the Canes flew in Shivers againſt their Bucklers. The Squadrons thus mix'd, diſ-ingaging themſelves again, and wheeling off took new Canes, and charg'd one another again with freſh Force and Vigour. Sometimes you might ſee all thoſe that wore the White Colours in one Line, and all thoſe in Flame-Colour in another, when both Parties making a half turn, *Morayzel*'s Squadron got into the place of *Almadan*'s, and thoſe of *Almadan*'s Troop into the place of *Morayzel*'s. Sometimes both Colours appear'd equally intermix'd from one end to the other, with an Art that ſeem'd to be without Art; and by and by every Knight turning the Crupper of his Horſe inward, they not only chang'd the Colour, but gave a new form to the order of the Combat. Sometimes the Flame-Colour'd Troop drave back the other; then the White Squadron reſuming Courage drave the other farther back again, while the Duſt and pieces of Canes flew about in the Air. But amongſt all thoſe Champions *Morayzel* and *Almadan* ſignaliz'd both their Courage and Activity: Sometimes they rally and put in order their diſperſed Troops, and brought them on again to the Combat; ſometimes *Almadan* ſeeing his own that were fartheſt from him give way, haſten'd thither, re-incourag'd them, and let them ſee the force of his own ſtrength. Then *Morayzel*'s Party having the ſame misfortune, he was forc'd to do the like, and flying like a Bird from place to place, chang'd the Fortune of the Combat whereever he came, reſtoring ſtill the Advantages which his own had loſt. But always the two Noble Captains of each Squadron met Hand to Hand againſt each other, breaking like Glaſs the ſtrongeſt and biggeſt Canes that were given them againſt one another's Bucklers. And now they had almoſt emptied their Chariots, when the Example of *Morayzel* redoubling the Vigour of his Troop, notwithſtanding the ſtout reſiſtance of *Almadan*, made his Party give way with ſo much confuſion, that there was no hopes of rallying them again. Then it was that the fair *Semahis*, ſeeing the Defeat of her Champion, was inwardly ſo inraged at it, that I am not able to expreſs her Vexation. On the other ſide, the comly Grace, the Activity, the Strength of *Morayzel* caus'd him to be admir'd by her; for the Honour which he had got pleaſing her War-like Heart, her Anger more incens'd her againſt her Vanquiſh'd Lover, than her Hatred urg'd her againſt the *Fair Inſenſible* that overcame him. Ah, ſaid ſhe to her ſelf during thoſe troubleſom minutes, feeble *Almadan*, thou art not worthy of my Affection, for *Morayzel*'s Valour gives me to underſtand that I may make a better Choice. He makes thee retreat, he defeats thee, he makes thee flye in diſorder; and all this before me. Ah! thou canſt never tell how to Love, that know'ſt how to Fight no better in the Preſence of thy Miſtreſs, and ſo feebly to reſiſt a Perſon that contemns the Effects of Love. But while that afflicted Beauty made thoſe Reflections to her ſelf, the diſconſolate *Almadan* that beheld the flight of his Party, and ſaw himſelf born away by the ſtream of thoſe that fled, curbing the Bridle of his Horſe, all bath'd in Sweat and Fome, and returning toward *Morayzel*, with a forc'd and ſour ſmile, Ah dear Friend, ſaid he, with a mournful utterance, ſince thou art not in Love as I am, content thy ſelf with thy Advantage, and be not the cauſe of thy Friends Deſpair, by compleating thy Victory before his Miſtreſs. Thou ought'ſt to have believ'd that Friend, reply'd *Morayzel*, when he gave thee good Advice: But upon the place of Combat, he ſees nothing but his Enemy, to whom he can yield no Advantage, ſo long as he Encounters him with his Arms in his Hand. Upon that he Charg'd him afreſh with ſo much Fury, and was ſo vigorouſly ſeconded by his own, that he drave the unfortunate *Almadan* and his Party to the very foot of the Scaffold where the fair *Semahis* was plac'd, and ſtill more ſprightfully purſuing, he gave not over 'till he had driven him quite out of the Barriers; from whence, according to the Laws of Combat among the *Moors*, it was not permitted him to return to a new Charge. The Victor then, after he had taken breath, and reduc'd his Squadron into order, advanc'd at the Head of his Party, the Drums and Kettle-Drums beating before him, to the Foot of the Scaffold where *Semahis* ſate, and bowing to the Pommel of his Saddle with an admirable Grace; Fair *Semahis*, ſaid he, Fortune at length has forſaken your Champions, and has caus'd them to loſe an Advantage, which we ſhould not have diſputed ſo long with them, had they been in our Condition, and we in theirs. We are come then to demand our Reward, the hope whereof ought to have render'd them invincible, and it is in your

power

power to grant it us, if you think us worthy of it. Noble *Morayzel*, ſaid ſhe moſt obligingly, you are worthy of all, and I ſhould be as unjuſt as my Champions have been unfortunate or feeble, ſhould I refuſe you the Guerdon which your Valour has ſo bravely merited. With that ſhe took from off her Shoulders a moſt ſumptuous Scarf of Cloth of Gold, and put it about the Silver Cane which *Morayzel* had in his Hand, and held out to receive it; and then bowing a ſecond time, he return'd her Thanks for ſo ſignal a Favour, both with his Lips and Eyes at one time. Generous *Morayzel*, ſaid ſhe bluſhing, you know that the Laws of Combat permits the Victor to give his Prize to that Lady which he accompts the faireſt of all the Aſſembly, and therefore make uſe of your power without any fear of offending me. Divine *Semahis*, ſaid he, I ſhall not go far to find that Perſon that you ſpeak of; for if I have not prophan'd this lovely Scarf in receiving it, I will return it to the ſame Hand that gave it me, not being able to imagine any other ſo fair as ſhe: Saying theſe words he made her a moſt profound obeyſance, and kiſſing the Cane in his Hand, he preſented her the Scarf. That ſurprizing Action made the Balconies ſound with Admiration and Joy, while all the People ſhouted below; but the miſerable *Almadan* that ſaw all this from the other ſide of the Barriers went away in deſpair, and retir'd quite aſham'd. In the mean while the pleaſing Tumult being appeas'd, *Semahis* took the Scarf, and putting it a ſecond time upon the top of the Silver Cane, *Morayzel*, ſaid ſhe, having given this Scarf before to the moſt Valiant, I now return it to the moſt Civil Knight in the World: Nor is the Lady to whom you gave it leſs obliged to you for your Civility, than if ſhe had kept it. This Courtly Proceeding having raiſed a new Tumult of Acclamation and Applauſe, *Morayzel* could return no other anſwer, than by bowing with a lower Reverence, and beholding the beautiful Lady with Eyes full of languiſhing and acknowledgment, and ſomething more inſinuating; and ſo tying the Scarf about his Arm, he returned in good order out of the Palace of *Vivaramble*, through the great Street of *Zacatin*, attended by his Knights, and follow'd by his Carrs, and the *Moreſco* Inſtruments ſounding before him. But the Evening coming on apace, and nothing to be ſeen again, the whole Court and all the People retir'd; and all the reſt of the Night was ſpent in diſcourſing of that ſurprizing Adventure, between the Fair *Semahis* and the Gallant *Morayzel*. Aſſoon as he was retir'd to his Chamber, and in his Bed, and that Darkneſs, Silence, and Solitude permitted him to recollect himſelf, and to call to mind the ſeveral Paſſages that had fallen out, among all the pleaſing Apparitions of the Combat and Victory, the Image of the Fair *Semahis* was yet more welcome and delectable. His Fancy repreſented her ſuch as he had ſeen her in the midſt of the Feſtival; that is to ſay, with a thouſand Graces and a thouſand Beauties, that had dazled his Eyes, and touch'd his Heart. He thought he alſo heard thoſe obliging words which her fair Lips had pronounc'd, he left not one tittle unrepeated; he review'd the Noble Air with which they were enliven'd. Afterwards labouring to retrieve his thoughts from that conceited and perplexing Reſemblance, he ſuffered his Fancy to wander among Idea's more confus'd, and as they grew one after another, giving them but a ſlight entertainment in his Mind; he endeavour'd by ſubverting them to eradicate the remembrance of the Angelical *Semahis*. He labour'd to thruſt her among the Crowd of his other Thoughts, and to envelop his Reaſon and her Reſemblance in the dull Vapours, that as he ſlept aſcended into his Brain: But whatever he could do, he could not compaſs his intention, for that gliſtering Reſemblance ſtill ſeparating it ſelf from the reſt, ſtill preſented it ſelf before him. And when he ſhut his Eyes that he might not behold it; then it was that he ſaw it beſt: For his Thoughts being looſe from all other Objects, were fix'd inſeparably upon that. If he turn'd upon one ſide to avoid it, the fair Apparition got before him, and he beheld it on the other. If he turn'd himſelf as he lay before, there again ſtood the Charming Ghoſt that gave him more delight than terrour. And without finding himſelf ill, he perceiv'd the ſame diſturbances which accompany the worſt of Diſtempers. He ſigh'd, without knowing the cauſe of his ſighs; and no ſooner had he ſo much time as to wonder at his firſt ſigh, but another follow'd it, that increas'd as well his wonder as his pain. A confus'd mixture of Delight and Grief always accompany'd that fair Idol that poſſeſs'd his Thoughts; and though he could neither count himſelf happy or unhappy, yet he found that he was both together. What do I do? Who am I? Who have I been? Or, what ſhall I be? thus he queſtioned with himſelf: What Evil is this that I feeel? Or am I troubl'd with the Evil which I feel? What would this perſecuting Reſemblance have with me, that it haunts me thus? Rather what would I have my ſelf, that I complain of ſo ſweet a Perſecution? Yet this Pleaſure is accompany'd with a great deal of Pain, ſaid he. However, added he immediately, this very Pain is attended with no ſmall Delight. Oh that *Semahis* ſhould be ſo Charming to day, then cry'd *Morayzel*; but was ſhe not ſo yeſterday, cry'd he? queſtioning with himſelf. Alas I know nothing, anſwer'd he immediately. But this I know, that I felt not that yeſterday for her ſake, that I feel to day. But whence proceeds this wonderful Change? muſt I enquire the Cauſe from my ſelf, or of her? Is not ſhe the ſame as before, or am not I the ſame I was? Has ſhe alter'd her Countenance, or have not I the ſame Eyes I had? I know that I always lookt upon her to be beautiful, but I am no leſs ignorant that that Beauty could never make any impreſſion in my Mind, and that ſhe never yet troubled my Repoſe. What would then this Reſemblance, as fleeting as fair, have with me, thus to purſue me?

And

And what would I have with that, who am ſo far from baniſhing it out of my heart, that I ſhould there retain it with the utmoſt of my power ſhould it endeavour to forſake me? Hah! no, no, *Morayzel*, that which thou ſay'ſt is not true, that which thou doſt think, is impoſſible. Thy Inſenſibility is too well and too univerſally known, to ſuſpect thy Humour; and aſſuredly thou art ſtill the ſame which thou haſt been ſo long time. Certainly thou dream'ſt, *Morayzel*, thou dream'ſt without doubt; and all this is but an idle Viſion, an Illuſion troubleſome and pleaſing that torments and flatters thee in thy ſleep. But, unhappy *Morayzel*, added he, I believe thou cheateſt thy ſelf, while thinking to undeceive thy ſelf. Thou art awake without doubt, thou art awake, for the impreſſions of ſleep cannot be ſo lively, nor ſo penetrating. Whence then proceeds this diſquiet as viſible, as the cauſe thereof is obſcure? Wilt thou love *Semahis*, thou that never didſt love any thing before? and haſt already ſeen her ſo often, yet never wert inamour'd? Hah! no, no, ſo great a Change is impoſſible. As *Semahis* is ſtill *Semahis*; *Morayzel* is ſtill *Morayzel*. And certainly he can nothing love, as he never yet lov'd any thing; yet thou feeleſt however all that, which they ſay, they are moſt ſenſible of who are deepeſt in love. Thou art diſquieted with Anguiſh and Care, with Grief and Joy: Thou haſt but one Object, and that always before thy Eyes; thou wouldſt expel it from thee, but canſt not; or to be more ſincere, thou art not willing. Thou complain'ſt of thy Evil, yet would'ſt not be cur'd: Thou ſhut'ſt thy Eyes againſt the Viſion that purſues thee, but open'ſt thy Heart to receive it. Ah, no longer diſſemble the Truth; thou art in Love, *Morayzel*, thou art in Love: And what is more ſtrange, thou begin'ſt where others end; for thou art already infinitely in Love. But as unreaſonable as thou art, what Fruit of thy Love canſt thou hope for? *Almadan* has prevented thee, *Semahis* is engag'd, ſo that thou haſt much to fear, but little to hope. However my hopes are in my fears, reply'd he, for ſince they ſay that Love is never without hope, certainly I am in Love, for I find that I have hope. But preſumptuous as thou art, upon what foundation doſt thou ground thy hope? *Semahis* hardly knows thee. *Semahis* beholds the Fire which ſhe has kindled in *Almadan*'s Heart: But *Semahis* is ignorant how thine burns. All this is true, reply'd he; but if my Eyes deceive me not, *Semahis* Eyes have ſpoken ſomething to my advantage. Ah thou flatter'ſt thy ſelf, unreaſonable Man, for thy Eyes never yet having ſpoke to her in that dumb Language, who could give her to underſtand thy Paſſion? Nature and Love, anſwer'd he, they that are the moſt knowing Teachers. And beſides, ſhould my Eyes deceive me, it were ſufficient that *Semahis* is ſo amiable that I muſt love her; though for that Reaſon it is not neceſſary that I ſhould love her. Here he ſtopt a while to wander from one Thought to another; and afterwards reſuming his Diſcourſe with a great ſigh, But unjuſt *Morayzel*, ſaid he, in having a reſpect to *Semahis*, ought'ſt thou not to have a regard to *Almadan*? Is it for Love to extinguiſh Friendſhip? Is the Quality of a Friend compatible with that of a Rival? and doſt thou not bluſh at thy Injuſtice? Does not Natural Equity inſtruct thee, not to do that to another which thou would'ſt not that others ſhould do to thee? But this Moral Philoſophy, cry'd he, is too weak to encounter ſo ſtrong a Paſſion. If I ought to love *Almadan*, I ought not to hate my ſelf. And before I reſpect his Intereſts, does not the moſt ſevere and rigorous Rule of Juſtice permit me to look after my own Concerns? But though it ſhould forbid me what it permits; is not *Semahis* fair enough to excuſe a Crime ſo reaſonable? Without doubt ſhe is: Nor are *Almadan* and *Semahis* ſuch Perſons, that a Heart can pretend to ſtudy, when the Queſtion is put which ſide to take. In a word, *Semahis* is infinitely Amiable, and it behoves me infinitely to love her, and inſtead of amuſing our ſelves in vain, and warring with our ſelves, we muſt labour to overcome the rigour of that fair Perſon, if her Eyes have not ſpoken truth. With this reſolution the amorous *Morayzel* at length fell aſleep, after ſo violent an Agitation; his labour caus'd his repoſe. And while he lay awake in his dream, the fair Viſion of *Semahis* appear'd again to confirm him in the reſolution which he had taken. But while this great tempeſt rag'd in the Soul of that new Lover, the Heart of the newly enamour'd Lady was no leſs diſturb'd. For in regard ſhe had never but a ſlight Kindneſs for *Almadan*, nor was engag'd to him either by Promiſe or Inclination, and that ſhe had endur'd his Paſſion out of a meer complaiſance, it was not able to hold out againſt her madneſs at the Defeat of the one, and the Honour of the other. It is not *Almadan* whom they have vanquiſh'd, ſaid ſhe, pondering upon his Diſhonour, it is thou that carrieſt the ſhame of his feebleneſs, and the diſgrace of his Flight. Indiſcreet as he was to mount thee upon ſo high a Theatre, to the end thy Bluſhes might appear at the greater diſtance, and all this in the Face of all the Court. And which is more cruel, in the ſight of thoſe that envy thee, wert thou expos'd to an inſupportable affront, to behold the Flight of him that call'd himſelf thy Champion, and to ſee that his Flight ſhould cover his Impreſs that had little truth in it, wherein he would have ſhewn the greatneſs of his Flame. Ah! thou never hadſt a Lover more imprudent, or more preſumptuous. One more in Love had been more Noble; and the preſence of the beloved Object might have been ſufficient to have given thee the Heart which thou hadſt not, and to have made thee overcome thy Adverſary, inſtead of being vanquiſhed by him. What wouldſt thou have done in real Fight, that behav'dſt thy ſelf ſo ill in a counterfeit Encounter? Or what effectual aſſiſtance can I hope for from thee, who know'ſt not to defend thy ſelf againſt an Enemy that aſſaults thee only in ſport? But ſince thou hadſt ſo little Courage, how hadſt thou the Confidence

to look ſo high as the enjoyment of my Affection? Was the Conqueſt of my Heart, an Enterpriſe to be undertaken by a Coward? Or didſt thou think me weaker than thoſe Reeds wherewith thou wert defeated? After ſuch an unfortunate raſhneſs hadſt thou the boldneſs ſtill to ſee my face? Could'ſt thou endure the ſight of me, or didſt thou think that I could ſuffer thine? How much ſhould I have been aſhamed, had not he that overcame thee been as civil to my Perſon, as he was terrible to thee? My Scarf had then appear'd about the Arm or Neck of ſome other Lady, and I had been ſeen to dye either through vexation or deſpite. Fortune has without queſtion repair'd thy fault, yet thou art no leſs guilty, and it behoves me ne'er the leſs to hate thee. Oh Heavens! that the oppoſition of Contraries ſhould diſplay as well the one as the other; that thy little Courage ſhould add ſo much luſtre to the vigour of thy Enemy. That thou ſhouldſt do him a kindneſs by challenging him; that he ſhould be oblig'd to thee! did he not know that the Obligation proceeds from the Intention? What Activity, what Vigour did he not ſhew in the Combat! How charming, how graceful does he appear when he ſpeaks! How equally terrible is he as well when he Courts, as when he Fights! Alas I dare not preſume to ſpeak it; and I cannot tell whether it be not too much to think of it. Alas! that *Morayzel* ſhould be amiable, and yet not know how to love! but he glories in being Inſenſible. Nor can I think that I who never minded any ſuch thing, can have ſo ſpeedily overcome a Perſon, that all the Ladies of our Court could never Vanquiſh with all their cunning. No, no, *Semahis*, flatter not thy ſelf with ſuch a pleaſing Chimera; never dream of vanquiſhing others, only take a care of being vanquiſh'd thy ſelf. Then let us forbear to talk any longer of an Enemy ſo terrible. Yet what do I ſay? Let us talk of him rather ſo much the oftner, that we may the better beware of him: Forgetfulneſs is however a great Remedy againſt that which I fear. There is ſo much need of it to avoid a Precipice, that we are always to make uſe of it: But an Evil that pleaſes is more to be fear'd, ſaid ſhe; yet that fear hinders me from avoiding it; for he that walks not carefully upon a Precipice is ſure to tumble. O *Semahis*, *Semahis*, thou talk'ſt ſo much of *Morayzel*, that I am afraid thou wilt talk too much of him at length, and that there is ſomething conceal'd in the bottom of thy heart, that thou know'ſt not what it is, or that thou would'ſt not know were it in thy power. Much after this manner was this fair Perſon reaſoning with her ſelf, while the deſperate *Almadan* on the other ſide, after he had breath'd forth a thouſand ſighs, endeavour'd to appeaſe his Grief with his Complaints: O Coward, ſaid he to himſelf, ſince thou wert ſo feeble, faint-hearted, as to ſuffer thy ſelf to be vanquiſh'd, canſt thou preſume to ſee thy *Semahis* Face again? The long time ſince thou didſt firſt begin to ſerve her, has it not taught thee yet to know her? Haſt thou not found by continual experience, that her fiery, noble, and proud Diſpoſition is ſenſible of nothing but Honour, and that there is no other means to move her? How then will ſhe receive thee this day that thou haſt none, and that in loſing thine, thou haſt depriv'd her alſo of her own? Think'ſt thou her proud and haughty Spirit can ever pardon thee, for having expos'd her Scarf to be worn by ſome other Lady than her ſelf? Or think'ſt thou ſhe can ever forget, that ſhe beheld thee not only not vanquiſh, not only vanquiſh'd, but baſely preſerving thy ſelf by Flight. Ah flatter thy ſelf Unfortunate, rather more Guilty than Unfortunate *Almadan*; for certain it is that ſhe will never pardon thee this fault, and that proceſs of time is defective in number of years to deface the remembrance thereof. The cruel Viſion of her Shame and thy Defeat, will be always hovering before her mind; for thou art reduc'd to that miſerable extremity, that thou canſt deſire nothing more advantageous to thy ſelf, than to wiſh that ſhe may forget thee, to the end that ſhe may forget the ſhame which thou haſt brought her to, and the infamy which thou haſt brought upon thy ſelf. No, no, many effectual ſervices, though thou ſhould'ſt be ſo fortunate as to perform them, will in her incens'd Heart never repair the injury which I have done her in this counterfeit Combat. Thou know'ſt that all Ladies are generally proud, particularly *Semahis*, the haughty *Semahis*, is prouder than all the reſt. Thou know'ſt that all Women are given to Revenge, and therefore that thou art only to ſuffer the hatred of that beautiful Perſon; and which is more unſupportable than her Hate, thou muſt ſuffer her Contempt. Nor canſt thou have the ſad comfort to accuſe her of injuſtice; for how exceſſive her Reſentment may be, thy Heart will always tell thee privately, that hers is juſt, and that thou nothing ſuffer'ſt but what thou haſt deſerv'd. Moſt indiſcreet and narrow-ſighted *Almadan*, That which thy deluded Fancy repreſented to thee as advantageous, is that which has happen'd to thy diſadvantage; thou haſt met with ſhame, where thou thought'ſt to have met with Honour; thou haſt encounter'd Deſpair, where thou thought'ſt to have met with Satisfaction; and thou haſt been the blind Artificer of thy misfortune, and the cauſe of my Ruine: Who oblig'd thee to that unhappy Combat, to which thou thy ſelf didſt make the Challenge? who forc'd thee to chuſe *Morayzel*, who has overcome thee, who perhaps might'ſt have prov'd a Victor, hadſt thou choſen any other? Thou didſt intreat him, thou didſt perſwade him, nay thou didſt force him to fight thee: That is to ſay, thou haſt ruin'd thy ſelf, thou haſt loſt thy ſelf, thou haſt diſhonour'd thy ſelf; thou haſt alſo loſt *Semahis*, not having preſerved the leaſt grain of Hope. After theſe words, his Mind perplexed with thoſe cruel thoughts, inveloping it ſelf with Melancholy and thick Vapours, awhile remain'd as it were buried in their baneful obſcurity; ſo that he ſeem'd to have ſuffer'd ſo much, that his ſufferings ſeem'd to be almoſt

at

at an end. At length a Ray of Hope piercing through that thick Cloud, and reſtoring new Vigour to him; But, ſaid this afflicted Lover, what likelihood is there that all this ſhould befall me? Why ſhould I ſo really grieve for that which is perhaps but only imaginary? Is it poſſible that *Semahis* ſhould be ſo unjuſt as to make no difference between an Encounter in jeſt, and a real Combat? Is not this Noble Recreation common in *Granada*; and are there not every day to be the Victors and the Vanquiſh'd? Are the firſt to be ſeen without beholding the latter? And all thoſe that Fight with an intention to win, are they not expos'd to the hazard of being overcome? Is ſhe the only Lady in the Court whoſe Champion has not carried away the Prize? Can ſhe be ignorant, that they who do what lyes in their Power, perform to the utmoſt of their Duty? and that after they have done their utmoſt, it belongs to Fortune to make out the reſt? That great and wonderful Wit with which Nature has endow'd her, will not that inſtruct her to diſtinguiſh between an Innocent Unfortunate, and a Guilty Wretch? and teach her that the moſt rigorous Laws never oblige Men to things which are impoſſible? that the Will only makes the Crime? and that the Perſon not being voluntarily vanquiſh'd, cannot be an Offender, though it be not in his power to overcome. But though the Defeat were Criminal, does ſhe not believe the Vanquiſh'd ſufficiently puniſh'd thereby? Does ſhe account as nothing the terrible Anguiſh of the Vanquiſh'd, or can ſhe think it fair to inſult over their Misfortunes, inſtead of chearing and condoling their Miſhap? On the other ſide, I confeſs that had I been Vanquiſh'd by a Rival, the Conſequences of my Defeat might have prov'd fatal; but being Overcome by an Inſenſible, that never was in love, nor can love any thing, what have I to be afraid of? But alas, anſwer'd he, fetching a deep ſigh, who is he who aſſures thee that *Morayzel* cannot love? Is it becauſe *Semahis* is not fair enough to be belov'd? Is it becauſe that he who never was inamour'd, never may be? rather may not this Misfortune befall thee, and ought not the Unfortunate to ſuſpect all things? Fear every thing, Indiſcreet and Unfortunate *Almadan*. For in ſhort Fame begets Eſteem, Eſteem creates Friendſhip, and Friendſhip encreaſes Love. Thus art thou not only in danger leſt *Morayzel* ſhould love *Semahis*, but which is more inſupportable, leſt *Semahis* ſhould love *Morayzel*. But *Morayzel* is thy Friend, cry'd he: Alas the Unfortunate have no Friends, added he ſoon after: And ſingle Friendſhip is always too weak to reſiſt Love. Thy own Paſſion ſufficiently teaches thee how far the fair Eyes of *Semahis* extend their Power; nor does *Morayzel*'s Victory render her invincible: She has lov'd thee, ſhe may love him: He may love her, as thou haſt lov'd her. Thus conſidering all together, *Almadan*, thou haſt very little to hope, much to fear. Alas with what Face can a Vanquiſh'd Perſon go to viſit a Lady of her pride? how can he take the boldneſs to dream of ſeeing her again? nay how can he conceive a ſingle thought of ever ſeeing her again? He that would ſuffer death to enjoy that pleaſure, may well abide the ſhame, rather than deprive himſelf of it. Though ſhe coldly receive, though ſhe contemn me, though ſhe prove void of pity, I will well endure the utmoſt rather than not ſee her. Her incens'd Eyes are a thouſand times fairer than any other Eyes: And for the Heart of *Almadan*, her Coldneſs, her Anger, her Contempt, are to be preferr'd before the moſt obliging Favours of all other Ladies. Let us viſit then once more that Fair Incens'd, ſo juſtly provok'd; at leaſt let us dye at her feet, to puniſh our ſelves, and ſatisfie her Revenge. After this manner, Sir, the Unfortunate *Almadan* inſtead of ſoothing it, excited and incens'd his Deſpair, when the Day-breaking found him invelop'd with the ſame Grief wherein the fading Evening had beheld him. In the mean time *Morayzel*, whom Love had hindred from ſleeping, aſwell as *Almadan*, though the cruelty of their Diſturbances were moſt evidently different, perceiving the Hour of Complement at hand, at what time Cuſtom as well as his own Inclination, oblig'd him to give *Semahis* a Viſit, he left the Palace to diſcharge himſelf of a Duty that ſo extremely pleas'd him. Love teaching him from that day forward, that Lovers ought to be neatly trimm'd, and that they ought to be never negligent or careleſs in their Habit before their Miſtreſſes, unleſs it be to move them to pity: To which purpoſe he had taken ſuch care in the Morning, that there was nothing in all his Apparel that was not Courtly and Magnificent. His Veſtment was of Blue Sattin, embroider'd with Palm Leaves of Gold, which being entertwin'd one with another, made certain void Ovals, in the middle whereof were the Ciphers of *Semahis* amiable Name. This Veſtment being not very long was button'd all before and down the Sleeves, with great Buttons made of Goldſmiths Work, beſet with Blue Saphirs. The Sleeves reach'd but to the Elbow; and that part of the Veſtment, as alſo round the Arm, and the lower part of the Skirts, was guarded with a large row of the ſame Saphirs: Over that was a Tunic of Cloth of Silver, with fair large Sleeves, that reach'd down to his Knees: This Tunic was embroider'd all over with the ſame Palms and the ſame Ciphers: And all the lower part of the Tunic and Sleeves, together with the narrow Ruffs which *Morayzel* wore about his Arms and his Neck, were border'd with a Needle-work Lace of Gold. His Garters were of a pale Blue Silk, enterwoven with Gold behind; and his Buskins of Blue Satin, embroider'd with Palms of Gold, button'd before with a row of Blue Saphir Buttons. The Hilt and Scabbard of his Sword of Goldſmiths Work, glittering with the ſame Rubies, as were the Chains wherein his Scimitar hung. His Turbant was of the fineſt Cotton Linen which the Eaſt afforded, all the Folds and Pleats whereof were adorn'd with Strings of Saphirs. A great Plume of Blue Feathers play'd up and down upon the left ſide of his Turbant, faſten'd with a long

Jewel of Blue Saphirs. And after all this *Morayzel* wore the fair Scarf of Tiſſu'd-work, which *Semahis* had given him, ty'd upon his Right Arm in a great Knot. He was mounted upon an *Iſabella* Barb, the Nobleſt that was ever ſeen, and which ſeem'd to own ſome part of his fiery Pride to the ſumptuouſneſs of his Harneſs of Blue Satin, all embroider'd with Palms of Gold and Ciphers, and edg'd with Gold Fringe. This Magnificent Lover thus habited was attended by a dozen Slaves, clad in Breeches, Caſſocks, and Bonnets of Cloth of Silver, their Collars and Fetters of maſſy Gold. Theſe carried twelve Baskets full of all the Flowers which the Seaſon of the Year afforded, Eſſences, Powders, and Perfumes, and all ſorts of Toys which the Courtiers were wont to preſent to their Ladies: For the Cuſtom of the *Moors* requires that the Victor ſhould acknowledge the Favour which he receives, by making an Acknowledgment anſwerable. With all this Magnificence *Morayzel*, after he had attracted the Eyes and Admiration of all *Granada*, lighted at the Palace of *Abençazin*, Chief of the Family of the *Almohades*, deſcended from the Kings of *Goulette*, and the Father of the fair *Semahis*. That venerable ancient Peer attended by *Vorſava* his Wife, who was of the Family of the *Azarques*, which was one of the moſt Illuſtrious in *Granada*, and attended by his Domeſtick Servants, received him very civilly at the Gate, and after mutual Complements conducted him to his Daughters Apartment, according to the Cuſtom of the *Moors*; his Slaves going before him that carried the gilt Vermilian Baskets. But when they drew near *Semahis* Chamber Door, Generous *Morayzel*, ſaid *Abençazin* ſmiling, we are come to years ſo unfit for ſuch a piece of Courtſhip as this, that I will rather attend you here, than wait on you farther to diſturb it; for ſuch is the diſcretion of the Knight, and the modeſty of the Lady, that there is no place left for any ſcruple. Upon theſe words they ſtopp'd, and the Ceremonies on their part being agreed to, *Morayzel* enter'd juſt after his Slaves, making a moſt reverent Obeyſance, according to the *Mooriſh* Faſhion; that is to ſay, bowing very low with his Body, laying his left Hand upon his Turbant, and his right upon his Heart, and crying *Salamalec*, or, Peace be with you, in the *Arabic* Language. The Fair *Semahis* was in a Chamber hung with Velvet after the manner of the *Turks*, from the top to the bottom embroider'd with Gold, and branch'd work of a Carnation Colour: She ſate upon a Couch, cover'd with one of thoſe large and rich *Perſian* Tapeſtries which the *Moors* call *Alcatiffs*, and all the Couch rais'd about three ſteps, border'd with ſquare pieces of Cloth of Gold, one above another. Twelve young Virgin-Slaves ſtood on both ſides of the Couch in Veſts of white Satin, lac'd with Silver Lace; ſo ſhort as to leave their Arms and Legs half naked, their Fetters being Vermilion'd and Gilt, with a white Veil ſtreak'd with Gold and Vermilion breaded with their Hair. Immediately *Morayzel*'s Slaves being upon their Knees, before *Semahis*, the comly Captives came forward and took the Baskets which they carried. After which both one and t'other rank'd themſelves on the right and left hand, giving the inamour'd *Morayzel* free liberty to ſee and admire the incomparable *Semahis*. She had on a Cimarr, of Cloth of Silver, embroider'd with natural Flowers, the ſhadowings whereof were ſo wonderful, that they almoſt deceived the Eyes; for the pains of Art ſeem'd to be almoſt the work of Nature. The Cimarr being turn'd a little back with a Claſp of Diamonds, diſcover'd her Slippers or Pantophles of perfum'd Leather embroider'd with Gold, and Stockings of Flame-colourd Silk, interwoven with Gold behind and upon both ſides. Under her Cimarr ſhe wore a Tunic of white pleated Tiffany, Needle-work'd with little Flowers of Gold and Silk, the large Sleeves whereof negligently turn'd back diſcover'd the Alabaſter of her fair Hands, reviv'd by her Coral Bracelets, the Workmanſhip whereof was incomparable. At the top of this looſe Tunic ſhe wore a Ruff of Net-work of Gold, the Compartments whereof were of many Colours, which only hid the one half of the faireſt Neck in the World, with a Scarf of Tiffany of Gold, ty'd in great Puffs with Knots of Diamonds, which hanging down all before, play'd more freely upon her ſhoulders. Her Hair the pureſt Cole-black that ever was ſeen, except certain Curls that dangl'd upon her Checks, hung down like Treſſes of Agat all of one Colour, they ſhone ſo bright and lively; which being filletted with ſtrings of Pearls and Flowers, made her as it were a ſolid Crown, from the top whereof deſcended a Tiffany of Silver Needle-work with Natural Flowers, which falling down her Back to her very Legs, was ty'd to her Girdle of Diamonds upon her right Hip, with a Knot of Gold and Carnation. Her Fan was compos'd of White and Carnation Feathers. At the bottom whereof a Mirrour beſet with Diamonds, ſhewing her the faireſt Perſon in the World, inſpir'd her with a haughtineſs ſo Noble, and added ſo much Majeſty to the Charms of her Face, and to the free Air of her fair Proportion, that *Morayzel*, dazl'd with ſo many Beauties, for ſome time had not power to ſpeak; all the Faculties of his Soul being aſſembled together in his Eyes. But at length, after he had ſaluted her with a profound Reſpect and a wonderful Grace, Divine *Semahis*, ſaid he, I ſhould have thought my ſelf abſolutely unworthy the Favours which I have received from Fortune, but much more of thoſe which I have received from you, ſhould I not have come to render you Thanks, and to let you ſee my Acknowledgment: I can aſſure you alſo, Madam, that in diſcharging my ſelf of this Duty, I am led more by my own Inclinations than by Cuſtom; and what others perform out of Ceremony, I do out of a Motive far more powerful; and that though the Ceremony of the Sport of Canes be the pretence of my Viſit, your Merit is the only true Cauſe. Generous *Morayzel*, anſwer'd ſhe ſmiling very obligingly, from whomſoever I ſhould receive

receive a Complement ſo full of Civility, provided he were a Perſon of your Degree and Reputation, it ſhould never be unacceptable to me; but I confeſs that in the good-liking of the Novelty, and the ſurprize of an unexpected Favour, there is ſomething that touches me more. And that it is not a little to the Honour of *Semahis*, that I have had ſo much ſaid to me by a Perſon whom all the World calls *Inſenſible*. I cannot tell, Madam, whether the Court had any Reaſon Yeſterday to call me ſo; but I am ſure it does me wrong to Day, to think I am ſtill the ſame. So great and ſo quick a change, ſaid ſhe, will very much ſurprize all the world; for I believe there is nothing but the Sea, that ever chang'd out of ſo pleaſing a Calm into ſo violent an Agitation. On the contrary, Madam, ſaid he, all Extremes comply at length: And for that Reaſon, becauſe I did not love Yeſterday, therefore I love infinitely to Day. But, ſaid ſhe, ſmiling with a kind of diſdain, I have not heard of any excelling Beauty that is lately come to the Court; and for thoſe that have been there for any time, every one knows your Power and their Weakneſs. But, Madam, anſwer'd *Morayzel*, blind Folks that are cur'd, oft-times ſee far more clearly than they that never ſaw before. Thoſe Miracles are very rare, anſwer'd *Semahis*, nor do I remember that our great Prophet himſelf ever did any like it. And for my part I believe that thoſe that are born blind, are certain to dye without ever ſeeing. But, *Morayzel*, anſwer'd ſhe, I am not to entertain you with this Diſcourſe; your Honour ought to inſpire thoſe that converſe with you, with nobler thoughts; for when we are in company with a Victor, we ought to ſpeak to him only of his Victory. Infallibly, Madam, you cannot look upon me as any ſuch Perſon, for I know too well that I was vanquiſh'd yeſterday. I believe, anſwer'd ſhe, that *Almadan* would be willing that all the World ſhould believe that which you tell me. I will conſent with all my Heart, ſaid he; provided you believe as others do. You are a true Friend, anſwer'd ſhe, to prefer another's Honour before your own. That is, Madam, becauſe there are Defeats ſo glorious, that they are of greater value than Victories. Yet I know no Fetters, anſwer'd ſhe, that I would prefer before a Crown. Nor do I know any Crown, added he, that I would prefer before ſome Fetters. But, *Morayzel*, anſwer'd ſhe, you are too humble for a Victor. Therefore I have already told you, that I am vanquiſh'd, ſaid he. If that be true, ſaid ſhe, why do you wear my Scarf? That is only becauſe I hope to Overcome, Madam, ſaid he, having to deal with an Enemy more formidable than *Almadan*. At theſe words, knowing that Viſits of Ceremony ought never to be long, he roſe, and having fully concluded with his Eyes, what his Tongue had begun already to declare, he made a profound Obeyſance to the fair *Semahis*, whoſe Eyes alſo ſpoke certain things which her Lips had not utter'd. After that he departed out of the Chamber, attended by all his Slaves, and returning to the Door of that Apartment, *Abencazin* and *Vorſava*, who ſtay'd for him, were again ready to receive him. Inſomuch, that having in vain refus'd the Civility which they tender'd him, he was conſtrain'd at length to ſuffer them to accompany him down the Stairs into the Court, according to the Cuſtom of the *Moors*, where being remounted, he retir'd to his own Palace as he came, that is to ſay, with the admiration and applauſe of all the People. But he retir'd ſtill more enamour'd than he was when he parted from her. For ſeeing that Hope nouriſhes Love, his Love was confirm'd, and he had Reaſon to hope from the favourable Looks of that fair Princeſs: He conſider'd as well the one as the other, but however he always enclin'd to that which was moſt pleaſing to his Mind, after he had weigh'd both. That *Semahis* ſhould be ſo lovely, ſaid he, but that it ſhould be ſo dangerous to love her! What a happineſs it is to wear her Chains, but that they ſhould be ſo weighty! How beautiful they are, *Morayzel*, ſaid he again; but, *Morayzel*, added he, take heed their luſtre be not mortal, like the glittering of Lightning. Perhaps ſhe will never love thee, ſaid he: And yet perhaps ſhe may love thee, reply'd he again. And then the happineſs of ſo great Reward may well deſerve the Pains which we undergo in the Enterpriſe. But grant that ſhe ſhould love ſome particular Perſon, added *Morayzel*, perhaps it would not be thy ſelf that ſhould prove ſo happy; but who tells thee thou canſt not hope for any ſuch priority? Her fair Eyes have diſcover'd to me ſomething, I know not what to call it, in the brightneſs of her Looks, which ought to be a good Omen, or like the Flame of a happy Prediction. But perhaps thoſe Eyes are flattering Mirrours, that change the Object, and repreſent what they have not. In the midſt of theſe wavering and uncertain Thoughts the inamour'd *Morayzel* compos'd a certain ſort of Verſes, which the *Moors* call *Quibes*, the *Spaniards Couples*, the *Italians* and *French Stanza's*; which, in regard you perfectly underſtand the *Arabick* Tongue which is the Original, I will repeat them in the ſame Language, to the end you may the better underſtand their force and vigour. So ſaying, *Don Fernando* repeated them, ſuch as we have tranſlated them.

Stanza's.

SAY mighty Love, love's Semahis, *or no?*
For only thou, that knowſt her heart, canſt know.
If this vaſt Empire thy vaſt Power obeys,
Make known thy Power, as ſhe her Charms diſplays.

The lovely Preſent which her Hand returns,
Speaks my Reſemblance in her Heart engrav'd:
And that I am on fire, as now ſhe burns;
I ſhall be one day Crown'd, though now Enſlav'd.

Yet her Diſdain my Reaſon doth confound,
I know not what to think, nor what believe.
My Honour ſuffers, and my Joys are drown'd;
And thus my matchleſs Pains find no reprieve.

Yet from her Lips ſuch pleaſing Language flows,
That ſhe revives my drooping Hopes once more:
And while ſhe charms me with ſuch Joys as thoſe,
My Griefs abating, Jealouſie reſtore.

Yet from her Eyes her Pride my Love exil'd,
And yet her Glances ſeem'd to call me back:
Thus nobly cruel, and as nobly mild,
She both delights, and puts me on the Rack.

Ah rigorous Doubt! the Torment of my Mind!
'Tis but one Doubt which I deſire to know;
But ſurely Love is dumb as well as blind!
Ah tell me Love, loves Semahis, *or no?*

Thus, Sir, while *Morayzel* argu'd with himſelf, whether the fair *Semahis* lov'd or no, that Charming Beauty was no leſs plung'd and perplex'd with the ſame Debate. *Morayzel*'s Reſemblance ſtill hover'd about her; the ſound of his Voice, if I may ſo ſay, ſtill eccho'd in her Heart. She revolv'd in her Mind all the Graces of his Perſon, and the ſharpneſs of his Wit; ſhe repeated to her ſelf all the obliging Expreſſions, which he had utter'd in Publick: And examining all his Words and all his Actions, ſhe labour'd nicely to diſtinguiſh between what he aim'd to perſwade her to, and how far ſhe was willing to conſent her ſelf. Not ſo faſt, *Semahis*, ſaid ſhe ſighing, not ſo faſt; and leſt thou ſhouldſt repent of what thou doſt, have a care of what thou art going to do. Thou think'ſt that *Morayzel* loves thee; but believe it not becauſe thou would'ſt have it ſo, or becauſe thou lov'ſt him thy ſelf. Doſt thou not know, that the Eyes and the Heart do not always ſpeak the ſame thing? Alas, becauſe that *Morayzel* would make thee believe that he loves thee, art thou therefore neceſſarily to conclude that *Morayzel* loves thee? He is a Man, he is Young, he is a Courtier; yet as a Courtier, as Youthful, and as a Man, thou ought'ſt to ſuſpect him. Perhaps thou tak'ſt a meer Civility for a real Paſſion; and upon a meer Suppoſition thou buildeſt Caſtles in the Air: Thou dream'ſt while awake, and purſu'ſt the pleaſing Chimera that flyes from thee. Ah, *Semahis*, where is thy Haughtineſs? where is thy Courage, O *Semahis?* Haſt thou loſt that and thy Pride together? Were there any Perſon that heard thee, thou would'ſt ſay no; but ſeeing there are none that over-hear thee, canſt thou have the power to deny it? Or though thou ſhould'ſt aver it, could'ſt thou ſay 'twere true? Take heed what thou ſay'ſt, for fear of uttering that which is falſe, while thou think'ſt to tell the truth. What avails it for thee to diſſemble? *Morayzel* appear'd too lovely for thee to deſpiſe him. So that after thou haſt reckon'd up all the Thoughts of thy Heart, whether of eſteem, good-will, acknowledgment, or Friendſhip, nay moſt affectionate Friendſhip, I fear thou wilt find at length that all theſe Names are not proper to the buſineſs, but that thou muſt give it ſome other Appellation. The other however is too terrible for me to dare to pronounce it. Let us therefore forbear to give it that Name which is moſt agreeable, but let us ſatisfie our ſelves with knowing only this, that it is neither intimate Friendſhip, nor ſingle Friendſhip, nor Acknowledgment, nor Good Will, nor meer Eſteem, but ſomething beyond all this. Thou know'ſt however that *Morayzel* is Inſenſible, one that yet never lov'd any Perſon in the World; yet thou canſt not but know that he may love, ſince he has a Heart, and that Heart may have entertain'd thy Image, ſince there was none there before. But fooliſh *Semahis*, how can he love to day, that lov'd not yeſterday at all? But timerous *Semahis*, if thou didſt not love him yeſterday, how canſt thou love him to day? Wherefore is it thy deſire, that the one ſhould be more impoſſible than the other? Or if thou know'ſt the one to be true, wherefore would'ſt thou that the other ſhould be falſe? Does thy Mirrour tell thee that thou art not worthy to be belov'd? Or if it ſays that thou art amiable, why would'ſt thou not believe that he loves thee? No *Semahis*, no; never ſtand to conſider, if it be only thy Pride, thou muſt believe it. If it be true that thou art to be belov'd (there is no body hears thee *Semahis*) I am of opinion he muſt love thee. That which cauſes thy imbecillity, makes thy excuſe; for the Merit of *Morayzel* is the faireſt Apology that can be utter'd in thy behalf. But *Almadan* loves thee, *Semahis*; what then! *Semahis* loves not *Almadan*, and therefore ſhe ought not to forſake that which ſhe loves, for that which ſhe does not value. In ſhort, Honour belongs to the Victor, Diſgrace to the Vanquiſh'd: Fortune will have it ſo; and I am reſolv'd to obey Fortune. While theſe thoughts poſſeſs'd her, and that her Fancy was wholly taken up, with the bright Idea of Victorious *Morayzel*, *Almadan* enter'd; but pale, penſive, and forlorn; and ſuch a one as indeed he ought to have been, to ſerve for a Foil to his Rival, and to ſet off the pomp of his Triumph. So ſoon as he had perform'd his Obeyſance to *Semahis*, that ſhe had return'd him his Complement, that ſhe had caus'd him to take a Seat, and was ſeated her ſelf in her ſumptuous Couch, they both ſeem'd to be alike incumber'd in their thoughts. They remain'd a long time ſilent: and though they had both of them a large ſhare of Wit, they demean'd themſelves ſo at that time, as if they had been altogether ſtupid. *Almadan* ſought to diſcover *Semahis* Heart in her Eyes: *Semahis* endeavour'd to conceal them from him, in looking downward. If the one were aſham'd of his Defeat, the other was not a little troubl'd at her Diſgrace. *Almadan* thought to himſelf, that a vanquiſh'd Lover was but in a bad poſture to appear before his Miſtreſs. And *Semahis* thoughts told her, that a forſaken Lover had juſt cauſe to complain. So that the Knight and the Lady being almoſt alike perplex'd, alike obſerv'd a long and deep ſilence. But at length having very much ſtruggl'd with himſelf; Madam, ſaid he, with a trembling and guilty utterance, I come to ſee whether *Morayzel* have not vanquiſh'd me more than once: Whether by his firſt Victory he have not

obtain'd

obtain'd a ſecond; and whether his good Fortune have not given him the advantage of triumphing over me in another place beſides the *Piazza* of *Vivaramble*. I cannot tell (reply'd *Semahis* bluſhing ſomewhat, and holding her Fan before her Face to hide the little alteration) why you ſhould ask me any ſuch Queſtion: For if *Morayzel* have vanquiſh'd you a ſecond time, you know your ſelf more News than *Semahis* can tell you. However I would willingly be ignorant of it always, anſwer'd he, though it were true that ſuch a Misfortune had befallen me. To deſire things impoſſible, anſwer'd ſhe, ſeems to me to be an unreaſonable wiſh: For I believe 'tis no eaſie thing for any Perſon to hide his own Diſgraces. Yet if they could conceal it from others, it would be no ſmall Conſolation to them in the midſt of their Misfortune; for I find by my ſelf, that the Misfortune that becomes publick is a ſecond Misfortune, and greater than the former. But that whereof you ſpeak, reply'd *Semahis*, is not of this nature: for it was not ſo ſecret, but that all the Court beheld it. But that whereof I ſpeak cannot have had ſo many Witneſſes, ſhould it be true that it has really befall'n me. The Diſgrace will be then the leſs, ſaid ſhe; and for that Reaſon you will the ſooner forget it. There is no Conſolation, reply'd he, can revive me after that; for that only Misfortune is of greater force than my Conſtancy. Nevertheleſs, anſwer'd ſhe, methinks that if I had been the Knight, and that my Defeat had been in the midſt of ſo many Theatres, and Balconies fill'd with ſo many Illuſtrious Spectators of both Sexes, I ſhould have taken it more to heart, and have look'd upon the *Piazza* of *Vivaramble* as a place more dreadful than the Snowy Mountain, or the craggy *Elvira*. Ah, Madam, anſwer'd he, is it fair to inſult over an unhappy Perſon, and taunt him with his Diſgrace? Rather were it not more humanely civil to afford him ſome Condolement? The latter is without doubt more pleaſing, anſwer'd *Semahis*, but the former is more profitable. The one flatters only the Offender, and entertains him; the other may perhaps amend him, with a little upbraiding, or at leaſt hinder him from falling into the ſame Misfortune again. You are very Good and very Charitable, Madam, anſwer'd *Almadan*, to have ſo ſevere a Compaſſion: But by what I find, your Favours are Chaſtiſements, and thoſe Chaſtiſements very harſh; and I ſufficiently apprehend, that it is not with the Unfortunate, that the fair and unjuſt *Semahis* takes part. Victory, ſaid ſhe, is ſo famous an Honour that it cannot but be acceptable to me. And I muſt confeſs, I find it to be far more noble to abide with the Victorious in the Field of Conqueſt, than to fly with the Vanquiſh'd. Yet in my opinion, it ſhould be more generous, not to change with Fortune; for fear of being blind and unjuſt like her. But, anſwer'd *Semahis*, they who never embrac'd any Party cannot be called Deſerters: And if they intend not to ſtand Neuters, if their Eyes be good, they will chuſe the faireſt Scarf; and if they be Wiſe, they will follow Fortune and Victory, upon whom Honour always attends. I will leave you then in the midſt of your Trophies, ſaid *Almadan*: And ſo ſaying, he went out of her Chamber, with an unſpeakable Deſpair. The Unfortunate Lover, who had falſly flatter'd himſelf with a confidence of being belov'd by her, endur'd this cruel Converſe with that bitterneſs of ſpirit, as threaten'd him with death. And his Deſpite perſwading him, that the Pride which he had ſeveral times found in that fair Perſon, was no other than the Effect of her Inconſtancy, he call'd himſelf a hundred times raſh and inconſiderate for having lov'd her, and as many times faint-hearted for loving her ſtill. Nor did he leave any endeavour unattempted to diſ-engage his Love, and cure his Folly. But whatever he could do, he lov'd always the more, and his Diſtemper the more increas'd. But after he had long bewail'd his unhappineſs in Proſe, he made his Complaint in Verſe, to try whether the Charms of Poeſie would lull his Torments to reſt; or waken that drowſie Pity that lay ſleeping in the Soul of *Semahis*. Behold, Sir, then how he employ'd his time.

INgrateful Semahis, *how unjuſt art thou,*
Whoſe rigour would my ſtrength command
The force of Fortune to withſtand,
Reſolv'd the Whimſies of her Power to ſhew?
With all my ſtrength in fatal Fight I ſtrove,
My Rival though my Friend did prove;
And tedious did the Conteſt grow
Betwixt his Honour and my Overthrow.
At length if Fortune overcame,
Chide my hard Fate, and not my Valour blame.

'Tis brave Reſiſtance does the Champion right,
And not the bare Event of Fight:
That Honour purely is his own;
This by the fickle power of Chance is won.
The Nobleſt Valours are not always found
With like ſucceſs in Combat crown'd.
Fortune ſometimes forſakes their Fame,
And therefore though they loſe their Valours claim,
Yet while their Courage bravely ſtrove,
The Vanquiſh'd to the Victors equal prove.

Thus cruel Object of my bitter pain,
The ill ſucceſs of my defence
Is but the viſible pretence
That hides the real Cauſe of your Diſdain.
But more than once have I already born
The Yoke of your tyrannous ſcorn,
And try'd your Humours frequent change;
So frequent, that to me it ſeems not ſtrange.
Semahis *from her Cradle thus,*
Will to her Tomb continue tyrannous.

But who is he that can reſiſt her Charms?
Enough t'unhinge the Heavenly Frame;
And when her Eyes dart forth a Flame,
Reaſon too weak in vain affords us Arms.
For I foreſaw the Miſchiefs Fate deſign'd,
The diſmal Precipice I view'd,
And her ſmall love ſoon underſtood,
Yet her unkindneſs vainly prov'd ſo kind:

The treacherous Woman was ſo fair,
That the blind only could avoid the ſnare.

Then ſee no more the lovely Homicide,
Her Charming Beauties think not on,
But mind her Cruelties alone:
She's fair, 'tis true, but with a treacherous Pride.
Prevent then, O my Heart, the fell Decree
That pleaſes Her, but ruines me:
And ſince thy Woes are ſo extreme,
Exile thy ſelf, before ſhe baniſh thee.
Prevent thy doom and ſcorn to breath
To her beholding for thy cruel Death.

Theſe were the Stanza's that *Almadan* made, to try if he could aſſwage the Rigour of the Uncompaſſionate *Semahis*. But he was as unfortunate in his Verſe as in his Proſe: They might pleaſe her Fancy, but they did not at all move her Heart, and if ſhe were conſtrained to give them her Approbation, ſhe refus'd them her Pity. So that the merit of the Work contributed nothing to the merit of the Author. However according to the Cuſtom of *Granada* upon ſuch occaſions, the ſame day all the Court at ſeveral Hours came to viſit the fair and cruel *Semahis*, to condole with her for the Diſgrace of her Champion. But ſhe was already ſufficiently ſatisfied in reference to that; for *Morayzel*'s merit had e're that perform'd what they intended. There was at the ſame time a Lady nam'd *Deſpina*, another call'd *Algadira*, a third *Arbolea*, and another named *Mirana*. Now the Courtſhip of *Granada* not permitting their Lovers to fail of being there alſo; there appear'd in the ſame Company a Noble *Moor*, call'd *Zaniel*, enamour'd of the firſt; *Machmut* a Servant to the ſecond; *Zizim*, who admir'd the third; and *Iſhmael* paſſionately in love with the laſt. After the uſual Complements at ſuch Meetings, the Diſcourſe began upon the occaſion of the Viſit: By what I find, ſaid the fair *Deſpina* ſmiling, we ſhall have no great need of our Eloquence to perſwade you to bear patiently the Diſgrace of your Champion. For your great Heart has ſpoken to it ſelf, all that we had intended to utter. 'Tis for the Vanquiſh'd to afflict themſelves, bravely anſwer'd *Semahis*, and not for them that Triumph'd. For if it behoves me to be aſham'd of what *Almadan* did, what *Morayzel* afterwards performed was as much to my Honour. Indeed, reply'd *Zaniel*, he ſoon gave the World an opportunity to diſtinguiſh your Fortune from that of the Unfortunate and Miſerable, by returning back your Scarf into the ſame Hands; for by ſo rare a piece of Courtſhip, he happily prevented the ſeeing your Favours in the Hands of another Lady. But if what *Morayzel* did, reply'd *Algadira*, ſurpriz'd the whole Court; what *Semahis* acted produc'd no leſs amazement. The Lady, reply'd *Semahis*, could by no means do leſs for the Knight; for his Wit and Civility well deſerv'd the Favour. However it were, ſaid *Iſhmael*, I met another but lately as ſad, as he is well contented. And though I were not yeſterday at the Palace of *Vivaramble*, I underſtood by his melancholy, that he was not the Victor. For my part, reply'd *Miriane*, I pity all thoſe that are Unfortunate; and as I highly eſteem *Morayzel*, I am no leſs ſorry for *Almadan*. You are too good by half, ſmartly reply'd *Semahis*; for thoſe that merit their ſhame are not to be pitied, how great ſoever it be. However, added *Machmut*, in regard the Event of Combats, whether real or feigned, in ſome meaſure depend upon Fortune, methinks you do amiſs to confound the Unfortunate and the Crime together, and not to excuſe the Vanquiſh'd, conſidering he was a Lover. But ſuppoſe, ſaid *Semahis*, that this vanquiſh'd Perſon, be both ways concern'd, for I hold them both incompatible. However I am of opinion (anſwer'd *Algadira* laughing) that you ſhould endure them both together. They ſhall very earneſtly importune me firſt, reply'd *Semahis*; nor do I believe that I have ſo much patience. Well then, added *Deſpina*, ſince by what you ſay, and by what *Almadan* has done, we have no ground to believe, but that you are highly dear to him, and he very indifferent to you; I would fain know which is the beſt, either to love and not be belov'd again, or to be belov'd, and not return affection. Ah! ſaid *Arbolea*, the Queſtion that *Deſpina* hath put is moſt certainly very nice and ſubtle. 'Tis alſo as difficult to reſolve, added *Zaniel*, for there are many Arguments to fortifie both Opinions. It is the fitter to be examin'd, ſaid *Miriane*, beſides that it affords a moſt excellent ſubject for Diſcourſe. For my part, ſaid *Machmut*, I cannot imagine any thing more tyrannous, than for a man to know, by the teſtimony of his own Heart, that he is abſolutely in love, and to ſee himſelf repaid with indifferency or ſcorn. And I, reply'd *Semahis*, cannot conceive any greater perſecution, than to be always troubled with the ſight of him whom we never deſire to ſee; and to find continually before our Eyes an Object that has not the art to pleaſe them. However, added *Zizim*, 'tis a terrible Torment to be all Ice, and meet with nothing but Fire. But I am perſwaded, anſwered *Miriane*, that it is no leſs inſupportable, to hear People talk of thoſe things wherein the hearer is no way concern'd. Alas! reply'd *Iſhmael*, it is yet far more rigorous, not to be permitted the liberty to ſpeak. Oh what a pleaſing Divertiſement it is, reply'd *Arbolea*, to hear the continual Grones, Sighs, and Accuſations of Lovers; and, as Grief is contagious, to become ſad among the ſad, without taking any part in their affliction. Thoſe Actions which you ſpeak of are very tedious without queſtion: but it is but a ſport in compariſon of that, when a Perſon pays nothing but Reſpect, and receives nothing but Contempt; to offer nothing but Praiſes, and receive nothing but Injuries; to ſacrifice both his Heart and his Soul, and to ſee both his Soul and his Heart refus'd. All that is true, ſaid *Semahis*, but in regard that Time is the moſt precious of all things in reference to love, I cannot imagine any thing more hateful, than to employ and waſte

waſte it in Diſcourſes that are diſtaſteful. Ah! fair *Semahis*, reply'd *Machmut*, you little know what horrible Torments an Unfortunate Lover undergoes; when he perceives that he is forc'd to importune and beg, when his Rival takes little or no pains. In ſhort, added *Zizim*, as Jealouſie is the worſt of all Miſchiefs, and the moſt difficult to be cur'd, I believe there is no Affliction to be compar'd with it. What think you then, reply'd *Deſpina*, of that intolerable Conſtraint which ſome are forc'd to put upon themſelves, when one of theſe loathſom Perſons that you mention are the Cenſurers of all their words, and the Spye upon all their Looks; they muſt be always upon their Guard, neither ſpeak too much nor too little, to have their Eyes always upon the Ground, like thoſe that are in a brown ſtudy, and either to look upon nothing or only upon them. This is not all, added *Semahis*, for thoſe unreaſonable Perſons will pretend to ſee that which they never ſee, will pretend to diſcover that which they cannot apprehend, and by virtue of an Art of conjecturing, as falſe as the Phyſicians, will read the very thoughts, and to injure themſelves by injuring others, they advance themſelves like bad Soothſayers, and raſhly judge of their Miſtreſſes and their Fortune. Moſt fair, yet cruel *Semahis*, reply'd *Zaniel*, moſt amiable *Deſpina*, moſt charming *Algadire*, moſt perfect *Miriane*, your Wit makes me admire, but it convinces me not at all; for we muſt always believe, that to love without being belov'd again, is a thing leſs to be endur'd, than to be belov'd without a return of affection. Deſpiteful *Zaniel*, reply'd *Semahis*, nimble *Machmut*, ſubtle *Iſhmael*, and eloquent *Zizim*; your Malice is very ingenious, but it amazes me no more than it deceives me: for without changing my opinion, I have always thought and ever will believe, that it is a greater trouble, to be belov'd and not to love, than to love without being belov'd. Thus theſe amiable Perſons divertiſed themſelves, parting after ſome little other Diſcourſe of the ſame Nature, without being able either to decide the difference, or to agree upon ſo pleaſing a Conteſt. In the mean time *Morayzel* making advantage of his Rivals Diſgrace, omitted no opportunity of advancing himſelf upon his Ruines. He appear'd faſhionable, ſumptuous, liberal, and magnificent, and as he was a great Maſter in the Art of humouring Ladies, he pleas'd them infinitely. He would not cloy *Semahis* at firſt with too frequent Viſits: He carried himſelf cunningly; he order'd it ſo that his Company ſhould be deſir'd, and oftentimes depriv'd himſelf of that ſatisfaction which he coveted, that afterwards it might appear the more ſubſtantial. He ſpoke nothing that might give offence, he left nothing unutter'd which he thought would pleaſe her humour. He paſſionately admir'd her, and facetiouſly extoll'd her. He courted her more with his Looks and Sighs, than in Words and Proteſtations. Sometimes he diſcovered a little of his Paſſion; afterwards he opened his mind a little more, and by and by reſtraining himſelf of a ſudden, he left her to conjecture the reſt. At laſt this great Maſter in the Art of Love, found the way to inſinuate himſelf ſo dextrouſly and ſo inſenſibly into the Heart of *Semahis*, that without making thoſe open proteſtations of Love, which are frequently very hazardous, and without extorting from her any exact confeſſion of a reciprocal Paſſion, he knew ſo neatly how to go the fartheſt way about, to come to the place at which he aim'd, that he found her engag'd, before ſhe perceiv'd it her ſelf. Inſomuch that before *Morayzel* had ſaid any thing, or deſir'd her to utter any thing of her mind, ſhe found her ſelf abſolutely diſpos'd to hear any thing, or ſay any thing with an entire Freedom. After this her Lover more frequently viſited her; and having nothing more to fear, nor nothing more to act, he gave himſelf wholly up to the tranſportations of his Paſſion, and made a full diſcovery of his Flames to *Semahis*, to the end he might have a full view of hers. Then they became inſeparable: Their Perſons were almoſt like their Hearts: inſomuch that all the Court ſtood in admiration, to ſee a Pride ſo haughty overcome ſo ſoon, and an inſenſible Contemner of Love grown ſo quickly ſenſible. True it is, that their Pleaſures did not long remain uninterrupted. For the Unfortunate *Almadan*, as much vanquiſh'd as he was, could not overcome his Paſſion, and therefore rather choſe to be troubleſome to that lovely Society, than to let them reſt in quiet. He obſerv'd the Looks of his Rival, who was his Friend; he endeavour'd to dive into the very bottom of his Miſtreſſes Heart; and it may be ſaid, that never any man ſo much injur'd others, nor did ſo much unkindneſs to himſelf. Sometimes the remembrance of *Morayzel*'s Inſenſibility gave him ſome ſmall hope, and made him think that he deceiv'd himſelf, and that he took the meer ſport of his Fancy, and a ſingle Courtſhip, for a true Affection. But that which he ſaw as ſoon deſtroying what he thought, he at length reſolved to ſatisfie himſelf, by ſpeaking ſeriouſly of the buſineſs to *Morayzel*. To this purpoſe, he ſought an opportunity to meet with him in private, and at length finding him alone near the Fountain of Laurels; he ran to him with his Arms open, My dear *Morayzel*, ſaid he, I muſt confeſs that you deſerve another Prize: For you know ſo well how to feign to love, that there is no Perſon in the Court nor in *Granada*, that is not very much deceiv'd in you, unleſs it be *Almadan*, who is too really perſwaded of your Friendſhip to believe it. You had ſpoken the truth, anſwer'd *Morayzel*, had you ſaid that no Perſon was more deceiv'd than *Almadan*; for moſt certainly my Affection for *Semahis* is beyond the Love of any Perſon in the World. Hah! my dear Friend, reply'd he, what you ſay can never be true; for they who are inſenſible can never love. 'Tis very true, anſwer'd *Morayzel*; but the Reaſon is, becauſe they who love not know not what Love is. 'Tis too many years ſince you have been of this opinion; now to alter it, reply'd *Almadan*; for the natural

tural inclinations of a man are too powerful, eſpecially when fortified by Cuſtom, ſo ſuddenly to yield to change. Methinks, ſaid *Morayzel*, I ſhould know my own thoughts better than you, and that you ought to believe me upon my word, for in this Affair wherein we are now concern'd, it far ſurpaſſes teſtimony. Ah no, no, reply'd *Almadan*, the thing can neither be true, nor be believ'd, nor is it poſſible. You will find it however both poſſible, eaſie to be believ'd, and true, reply'd *Morayzel*; and you will find that I ſpeak truth alſo. Still what you ſay, reply'd *Almadan*, can never be; for in ſhort, you have not always lov'd this admirable Beauty. Yet all this while ſhe has not chang'd, ſhe is what ſhe was, for *Semahis* was ever *Semahis*. I muſt acknowledge it, reply'd the other Lover, but *Morayzel* is no longer *Morayzel*. But whence ſhould ſuch a ſurprizing alteration proceed? reply'd *Almadan*. From the Influence of ſome Star; from the force of Deſtiny; from the Beauty of *Semahis*; and it may be from your Misfortune and mine, ſaid *Morayzel*. You are too prudent, reply'd *Almadan*, to engage your ſelf in a fruitleſs Deſign; and perhaps not underſtanding how I am concern'd with *Semahis*, you may as much be ignorant of your own intereſt. Though I underſtand not your good Fortune, anſwer'd *Morayzel*, I am not ſo much convinc'd of the Malice of my own, but that it may be capable to aſſiſt me in ſo fair an Enterpriſe. For though the Religion of the *Moors* ſubmits very much to the power of Deſtiny, I am perſwaded that in Love the Inclination claims the moſt prevailing force, and that good Management is more efficacious than either, according to the ſentence of one of the moſt knowing *Arabians*, that *a wiſe man commands the Stars*. Beſides you well know the common opinion, that Love and Wiſdom are incompatible: And therefore never ſo ſtrictly examine your Friend, in the condition wherein he is, what he would do in the condition wherein he is not. Quietly then enjoy the Heart of *Semahis*, which you would ſo pleaſantly give us to underſtand to be at your devotion, and give me the liberty to ſurrender mine to whom I pleaſe; and ſince it is a thing which you cannot hinder, do it freely. You ſay there is a right underſtanding between you and *Semahis*, conſequently you know that it fares ill with me. Why ſhould you be afraid of a Rival ſo inconſiderable? Fear and Love are never aſunder, anſwer'd *Almadan*. Let 'em alone then together, reply'd *Morayzel*. But ſince you call your ſelf my Friend, ſaid the jealous Lover, call to mind our Friendſhip and do nothing that may injure it. I ſhall never attempt it, reply'd the other; but to begin at the original of this Friendſhip, as there is no Perſon loves others better than he loves himſelf, and in regard we always love our ſelves in the firſt place, and always ſomewhat more than other men, you ought not to think it ſtrange, that I follow the General Cuſtom, eſtabliſh'd by Nature, and as ancient as the World; or that I take more care of my own Intereſt, than of what concerns you, and perhaps ſomething more. But unjuſt Friend, ſaid *Almadan*, was not that a cruel thing that I my ſelf ſhould deſire you to aſſiſt me in that unlucky Combat, and that that ſport ſhould cauſe my ruine in earneſt? Though it ſhould be ſo, anſwer'd *Morayzel*, it was not my fault, and you can only blame your ſelf; for you know well that you your ſelf compell'd me to it; and that I forewarn'd you of all that has happen'd thereupon. 'Tis very true, ſaid *Almadan*, but I knew not that you would be in love with *Semahis*. I knew it not my ſelf, reply'd *Morayzel*, and that ignorance excuſes me for the fault I have committed; if it be true that I have committed any. But let us talk more ſeriouſly of a thing of this importance, added *Almadan*. The more ſeriouſly we talk, reply'd *Morayzel*, the leſs ſatisfaction you will receive: For if I am not in love, you need not be troubled at my ſeeing *Semahis*; but if I am inamour'd, how can you hope that I ſhould ceaſe to viſit her? While they were upon this Argument, they were interrupted by five or ſix of their Friends, and the reſtleſs *Almadan* took his leave, as little ſatisfied as when he came firſt of all. True it is, that the doubt which troubled him was not long unreſolv'd, for *Morayzel*'s continual attendance upon the fair *Semahis*, the perpetual perſecution wherewith the preſence of his Rival tormented him, and the inſupportable coldneſs of his Miſtreſs, gave him ſufficiently to underſtand that his conjectures were not ill grounded; that his fear was founded upon Reaſon; and that ſince he lov'd *Semahis*, conſequently he could not be a Friend to *Morayzel*. On the other ſide, in regard that Fortunate Lover could never come into the preſence of *Semahis*, but he found *Almadan* there, his friendſhip turn'd to diſ-kindneſs, and his diſ-kindneſs into hatred: And the fair *Semahis* not being able to diſcourſe her dear *Morayzel* by himſelf, began likewiſe to have a perfect antipathy againſt *Almadan*, as being the perſon that depriv'd her of her freedom. Now it falling out that theſe three Perſons met one day all together, to the great inconvenience of each other, the natural fierceneſs of *Semahis* encreas'd by her preſent diſappointment: Upon my Faith, ſaid ſhe, I wonder whence proceeds this humour of the *Moors* of *Granada*, to be ſo indulgent to their Women, beyond thoſe of *Argier*, *Fez*, *Tunis*, and *Morocco*; for, for my part I ſhould be better contented to be ſhut up in the fartheſt part of a Seraglio, than to be expos'd, as all the Ladies of *Granada* are, to be troubled with a thouſand impertinent Viſits, only that they may enjoy ſome which pleaſe their humours. She muſt be very nice and dainty indeed (anſwer'd *Almadan*, finding himſelf nipp'd to the quick) that can brook nothing but what pleaſes her fancy; and would deprive her ſelf of all things that are delightful, to free her ſelf from thoſe things for which ſhe has no kindneſs. This is indeed an infallible mark of the niceneſs of the fair *Semahis* humour: And therefore in regard ſhe ſo exactly

and

and judiciously distinguishes between what things are good or evil, pleasing or displeasing, merit and presumption, we must not wonder that she censures the Custom of *Granada*, that makes no difference between Qualities so repugnant, and obliges them to endure the various conditions of all sorts of Persons. For my part, said *Semahis*, I understand not the behaviour of those kind of Persons, that are never absent from those places where they are so little welcome; and where they can find but little divertisement, unless it be their pastime to disturb the Society of others. That divertisement, Madam, is not so small, reply'd *Almadau*, as you imagine: For they that know how to love, knowing as well how to hate, I dare presume to tell you, that it is as great a satisfaction to interrupt the pleasures of others, as it is for a man to seek his own content in the company of those he loves. This Language of yours, reply'd *Morayzel*, not only savours of malice, but of injustice and simplicity: For where a man has no hatred at all, it is too much, and where he has a perfect hatred, it is too little. Add to this, said *Semahis*, without giving the other leave to answer; that an Offence committed to no purpose is a base and unworthy transgression; for to do a thing which serves to no other end, than to render a man more detestable, is not this to act against himself, and does it not shew his want of Judgment? 'Tis so common a thing for men to lose their senses in great Misfortunes, said *Almadau*, that a weakness which is universal among all men, ought not to imprint a blemish upon the esteem of a particular person. The Examples of other mens faults are no Authority for us to follow; for though all the world were guilty, they of whom we speak can never be innocent. In short, said *Semahis*, Example does not change the Nature of a thing; for what is evil is always so; because they have many accessories in the same Offence. You have propounded an Argument, Madam, that I shall not contradict: but if the single trouble of a displeasing Visit deserve to be so much condemn'd, there are other Crimes that can hardly be pardon'd. Persons such as you and I are, said *Morayzel*, casting a sour look upon him, should leave these nice Questions in Morality to be resolved by the *Cadilesquers* and *Alphaquis*, for we are not learned enough in the interpretation of the *Alcoran* to decide them. They are Transgressions so visible, reply'd *Almadau*, that if I may so say, the blind themselves may perceive them. They are Actions that have so fair a Gloss, reply'd *Morayzel*, that many times they blind the Eyes of those that believe themselves to be most quick-sighted. I advise you, *Almadau*, said *Semahis*, not to encounter an Enemy so formidable, for you have already had the experience of his Victorious Arm. But as *Almadau* was about to return an Answer to so close a nip, *Semahis* Mother enter'd: and changing the subject of the Discourse, hinder'd that from falling out, which would inevitably have happen'd; and for some time, out of respect, suspended the anger of those two chafed Rivals. But as Fire will not be long e're it break forth, these two furious Adversaries not being able to suppress the Flames of their incensed Rage, after a short Discourse full of indifference, and Expressions interrupted, they took their leaves, and went forth at the same time. When they were in the Street, they walked both together, with their Eyes fix'd upon the Ground, in a deep silence and meditation. After which *Almadau* of a sudden lifting up his, more enflam'd with Fury than before, and beholding his Rival with sparkling Eyes, yet full of Hatred and Despair, But *Morayzel* (said he) making a stop, *Semahis* seems to understand that you have been a real Victor over me; and she speaks in that manner, as if her prejudic'd Fancy took that which was but a meer Sport for a real Combat. However I am never the less perswaded, but that there is a great difference between the one and the other; between a Person that defends himself with a Reed, and an Enemy that attacks him with a sharp Scimitar. I am not of your opinion, reply'd *Morayzel*, (as furiously as himself) for on the contrary, I believe, that provided our Weapons be alike, as they were then, I shall overcome as well as I did before. That shall be soon apparent, reply'd *Almadau*. For provided you will meet me to Morrow Morning, about Sun-rising, at the *Fountain of Pines* in the Plain of *Granada*, with a Horse, a Shield, and Scimitar, we shall soon see whether I can overcome my Conquerour, or whether he must still vanquish me. I must be certainly dead, if I meet thee not. I shall be very much deceiv'd if my second Victory do not maintain the Honour of my first. Upon these words they parted, and their dispute ended in reciprocal Glances, more threatning far, than the most furious of their Expressions. Having employ'd some part of the Night in preparing themselves for the Combat; the Sun no sooner appear'd upon the top of the cold Mountain *Alpucharres*, but *Morayzel* came alone to the *Pine-Fountain*, before his Rival. Now in regard those two brave Hero's rightly conjectur'd that they should infallibly come to handy-strokes, and for that the *Moors* of *Granada*, who are great Courtiers, always intermix love and war, they were both careful to provide an Equipage sutable to the present condition of their Fortune, the Colours and Impresses whereof might express the conditions of their minds. *Morayzel* did not then make use of that Furniture, the whiteness whereof was as it were the lively Emblem of an Insensible Heart, that vaunted it self incapable of receiving any impression. Nor was his Buckler the representation of his prejudicate obstinacy as before. The fierce Champion was mounted upon an *Andaluzian* Courser, of a dark Sorrel Colour. The long Coat which he wore over his Armour, and the Crupper Cloaths of his Horse were of Green Velvet, embroider'd with Silver, with a large Plume of the same Colour, with which the wind play'd upon the left side of his Turbant.

bant. Upon his Shield was painted an Eagle, that ſeem'd to ſoar toward the Sun, with this Motto in *Arabick*, THITHER I HOPE TO REACH. No ſooner was *Morazel* arriv'd near the famous Fountain of Pine-Trees, famous for ſo many Encounters, but *Almadan* appear'd, in an Equipage far different from what he wore at the Sport of Reeds. For notwithſtanding that Unhappy Lovers Heart were ſtill on fire, he had forſaken the Colour; for to repreſent Deſpair, his Caſſock and the Crupper-Cloth of his *Spaniſh* Horſe were of *Fueille-mot* Velvet, embroider'd with Gold, with a large Plume of the ſame Colour in his Turbant. Upon his Shield was painted the Picture of Death between two Lions, juſt preparing to Fight, with this Motto in *Arabick*, FOR ONE OF THE TWO. So ſoon as *Morayzel* perceiv'd him, he ſoftly advanc'd to meet him; and being come near him, *Almadan*, ſaid he, the firſt Advantage of the Combat is already mine, ſince you are come hither after me to the place of your appointment. Your having that ſignifies little, reply'd the other, ſo the laſt be mine. And having ſo ſaid, not to loſe time in idle words, they ſeparated one from the other about thirty or forty Paces, and with their Scimitars in their Hands, and their Shields upon their Arms, ſtarting both at the ſame time, they met like two Thunder-Clouds; the Earth trembled under their Horſes feet, and the Duſt riſing in a great Miſt, ſeem'd to hide them like two Thunder-claps in a Cloud. And the firſt time *Morayzel* making a ſloping ſtroke with his Scimitar, *Almadan*'s Buckler prov'd too weak to defend the force of the blow that entred quite through it, and the keen edge of his Damaſcene lighting upon his Head, cut the Buttons of his *Linnen* Turbant, which falling upon his Face very much annoy'd him, during the remaining part of the Encounter. On the other ſide, *Almadan*'s Blow falling perpendicular, *Morayzel* nimbly bowing his whole Body, cover'd himſelf under the full compaſs of his Buckler; ſo that *Almadan*'s Scimitar, though the blow were ſmart and ſtrenuous, only ſtruck fire upon the Steel, with a great noiſe, doing no other harm. But it far'd otherwiſe with thoſe two Champions, immoveable in their Saddles, upon the ſecond Encounter; for *Morayzel* made ſuch a blow at his Adverſary, that he cut his Buckler in two pieces; and *Almadan* made ſo ſevere a blow at him, that having cut away a good part of his Rivals Plume, he made him reel in his Saddle. Then it was that *Morayzel*'s colour encreaſing with his rage and ſhame, and inflam'd with anger to ſee an Adverſary make ſo long a Reſiſtance, whom he thought to have been nothing ſo formidable, feigning to ſtrike at his Head, while the other rais'd his Buckler to defend that part, he directed the blow which he intended with ſo much fury upon his left ſhoulder, that he gave him a deep wound, and at the ſame time got clear without any hurt; then making another turn, encourag'd with the Blood which he ſaw run down his Rivals Coat of Armour: Hitherto, ſaid he, I have the laſt Advantage as well as the firſt. But thou ſhalt not have it long, cry'd *Almadan*, grown deſperate at his miſchance, and with that throwing his Buckler behind him, and taking his Scimitar in both hands, he made ſo terrible a blow, that after he had cut away a good piece of *Morayzel*'s Buckler, the edge of his *Damaſcus* Blade enamell'd his Adverſaries Green Caſſock with Red in the ſame place where he had been wounded himſelf. But *Morayzel* perceiving the Blood to trickle down, and ſeeing his Rival naked, anſwer'd his Enemies blow with another upon his right Thigh, which caus'd a Vermilion ſtream to colour the ground. Then the equal fury of thoſe two fierce Combatants, having in vain tranſported them to win the Crupper one of another, and to ſeek an hundred other Advantages, inſtead of ſtriking as before, they join'd again, and letting go their Scimitars, they laid hold one of another with their hands, and after they had both aſſay'd to throw one another out of the Saddle, their Horſes chafed as well as they, and giving a bound one at t'other, the two enrag'd Adverſaries fell to the ground both together, without leaving their hold; but they preſently got upon their feet, and recovering their Scimitars and maim'd Bucklers, they began a freſh Combat on foot. But it was ſoon ſeen that the ſtrength and nimbleneſs of *Almadan*'s Horſe was the chiefeſt cauſe of his ſo long Reſiſtance: For *Morayzel* preſs'd upon him then ſo vigorouſly, that he forc'd him to retreat in great diſorder, and he ſtunn'd him with ſo many blows, that at length he fell in a Trance at his feet, by reaſon of his loſs of Blood. If thou canſt riſe, ſaid the Victor, I permit thee to do it. So that he aſſay'd two or three times in vain, but fell as often down again upon the Graſs, with a ſtrange deſpair: Thou haſt overcome me *Morayzel*, cry'd he, bewailing himſelf; but it is not my Heart which thou haſt overcome, for it is not in Nature to vanquiſh it. With that he ſwounded abſolutely away, and *Morayzel*, thinking him dead, took his Scimitar as the remarkable teſtimony of his Victory. And remounting his own Horſe, which was engag'd againſt his Rival with his Feet and his Teeth, he gave order to ſome of the next Inhabitants to look after the Valiant *Moor*, and to take order for his Burial. From thence he retir'd to his own Palace, where he was viſited by all his Friends, and caus'd his wound to be dreſs'd, which was not very dangerous. The Company had no ſooner left him alone, but overjoy'd for his Victory, he ſent one of his Slaves to lay his Rivals Scimitar at the feet of the fair *Semahis*, writing to her withall much to this effect.

The

The Inamour'd Morayzel *to the Incomparable* Semahis.

"I Have overcome, Madam, but how could "I chuſe but overcome, ſince it was my de- "ſign to pleaſe you? There is no Enemy that "can reſiſt me, ſo long as that Honourable "Thought poſſeſſes me. And as I can never be "without thoſe Thoughts, I am always aſſur'd "to win. Poor *Almadan* has made the firſt "Tryal: But I ſend you his Scimitar, rather as "a proof of your Power, than a mark of my "Valour.

The Fair and Haughty *Semahis* very acceptably receiv'd a Preſent of that Nature. And after ſhe had enquir'd of the Slave the particulars of the Combat, which he had learnt from his Maſters Mouth, ſhe related them again to her Friends, and immediately return'd this Anſwer.

The Fortunate Semahis *to the Valiant* Morayzel.

"I Muſt acknowledge that the Way which "leads to Honour is the ready Path to my "Heart; for he muſt never be Vanquiſh'd that "Overcomes that. Doubt not therefore but "that your Victory pleaſes me, and that I give "the Triumpher liberty to hope that he may "pleaſe me too. Let him therefore quietly re- "poſe himſelf upon his Trophies, his Palms, "and Laurels, 'till his Wounds are cur'd, and "then let him come and receive the Crown "which he deſerves from the hand of

SEMAHIS.

You may judge, Sir, whether *Morayzel* were not overjoy'd at the receipt of this obliging Letter: For Joy being the moſt ſucceſsful and powerful of all Remedies, it wrought with that efficacy upon him, that in a few days he was in a condition to give his Viſits to the Fair *Semahis*, which he was not wanting to perform.

In the mean while they who were ſent by *Morayzel* to ſeek for *Almadan*, who was ſuppos'd to be dead, reported him to be alive; but caring ſo little for life, that his Deſpair did all it could to kill him. Nevertheleſs the virtue of the Medicines, and the ſtrength of Nature recover'd his Body, maugre his own unwillingneſs. But the Diſtemper of his Mind was ſtill the ſame; for not being able farther to pretend to the Haughty *Semahis*, after his ill ſucceſs, nor being willing to ſhew himſelf to the World after ſo great a Misfortune, he confin'd himſelf to the horrid Caverns of the Deſart *Apulcharres*; where he ſtill lives, if that may be ſtil'd a life, which is rather to be call'd a lingring death. But upon his departure, he made theſe following Verſes, and left them publick to the World.

Stanza's.

LONG we ſtrove, but We muſt yield;
My ill Fate has loſt the Field:
And now to Death is my recourſe:
Thou that others Vows doſt ſlight,
Others Fear, but my Delight,
Lovely Death ſhew ſome remorſe;
And a Wretch undone to ſave,
O're th' Unhappy cloſe my Grave.

Thou alone canſt me relieve;
For to dye I only live;
Other Joys are but a Pain:
Th' ungrateful Maid has choſe again.
And new Laws muſt be obey'd;
He Triumphs, but ſhe Betray'd:
For Semahis *and Fortune's Power*
Both forſook me the ſame Hour.

Fly from Heav'ns all-chearing Light,
And where Night and Care reſide,
Thy Misfortunes tamely hide:
In thoſe Horrours that affright
Nature's ſelf, prepare a Cell
Where Deſpair and Thou may dwell;
And the Shades of Sepulture
From her Eyes may thee ſecure.

But Thou fierce and cruel Maid,
Who my Love haſt thus betray'd:
And whoſe Pride would have me dye;
Thoſe dark Shades come thou not nigh;
Leſt thy Preſence more affright,
Than thoſe Shades more dark than Night:
For now, howe're I did adore thee,
Tygres I prefer before thee.

Love had too powerfully ſeated it ſelf in the Hearts of thoſe Renowned Perſonages, to be baniſh'd thence. So that *Morayzel* being now wholly at his own diſpoſal, in regard that *Homut Almoradi* was already dead, as well as *Brahide Alabez* his Mother, he made ſute to the famous *Abençazin* and *Vorſava*, for the abſolute enjoyment of the Beautiful *Semahis*, that incomparable Virgin having firſt given him full permiſſion. And indeed there was that Equality in their Fortunes, that the Generous *Abençazin* and *Vorſava*, knowing the great Affection that *Morayzel* had for *Semahis*, and the perfect Love that *Semahis* had for *Morayzel*, could not find any obſtacle that might gainſay ſo equal a Match; and therefore they granted the happy Lover whatever he deſir'd. I ſhall not ſtand to repeat the Joys which tranſported thoſe two Illuſtrious Lovers,

when they underſtood the happy tidings; nor to relate all thoſe tender and obliging Expreſſions, which they redoubled upon that pleaſing occaſion. Let it ſuffice to tell you, that at length they were married with all the pomp and ſolemnity that the high Quality of their Perſons required, and that they found in their Marriage all the content and ſatisfaction that they could hope for from their Love, their Merit, and their Virtue. But, Sir, I am afraid I have abus'd your favourable attention, and that the tediouſneſs of my Relation has rather been a trouble than a divertiſement; and therefore I beſeech you to tell me freely, whether my fear be vain or no; that I may defer the latter part of my Rehearſal till another time.

Fernando de Solis (for ſo was the ancient Captive nam'd) having ſo ſaid, broke off his Relation. But *Roderic de Narva*, aſſuring him, that the longer his Diſcourſe was, the more he would prolong the ſatisfaction which he receiv'd in the rehearſal of matters ſo pleaſing and delightful, he went on with his Story. Sir, ſaid he, I muſt tell you then, that the firſt Year of this Marriage had ſcarcely finiſh'd its courſe, when the fair *Semahis* preſented *Morayzel* with a Daughter, which was the Sultaneſs that now ſits upon the Throne of *Granada*. We may aver that Love and the Graces were born with her, and that they are not adorn'd with more Beauty, than appear'd in that wonderful Infant from the firſt Hour that ſhe came into the World. Nor can I imagine but that you eaſily believe me, ſince your own Eyes have ſeen the miraculous luſtre of her Beauty; which was then but the Portraicture in little of what now it is. But, Sir, by reaſon the *Moors* are deſcended from the *Arabians*, and for that the *Arabians* have been always the moſt knowing People in Aſtrology, the *Granadines* generally addicted to follow their Forefathers, endeavour to pry into the hidden Obſcurities of Future Events, by the light of Judicial Aſtrology; ſo that *Morayzel* being no leſs curious than all the reſt of his Countrymen, took notice exactly of the Year, Month, Day, Hour, and Minute of his Daughters Nativity, to whom he had given the Name of *Almahide*. And there being at that time in the Court of *Granada* an ancient *Arabian*, call'd *Cid Hamut*, in great Reputation for the Art of Fortune-telling, *Morayzel* apply'd himſelf to him to ſatisfie his Curioſity. And as if his Liberality could have chang'd the Poſition of the Stars, or have bought their propitious influence upon his Daughter, he gave the Aſtrologer moſt coſtly Preſents, that he might oblige him more diligently to mind his Art. The aged and experienced *Arabian*, very diligently examin'd the Horoſcope: And after he had as exactly examin'd the Poſition of the Heavens, and rais'd the Scheme of her Nativity, he carried it to *Morayzel*, and being ſhut up alone with him in his Cloſet; Sir, ſaid he, I am none of thoſe Impoſtors, that inſtead of ſearching after the truth, and judging really by the Stars at the Verity of things to come, only ſeek to pleaſe thoſe that give them Money, and who without any regard to their Honour mind only their Profit. For my part, as I am a Perſon of better Principles, I go not that way to work; for I intend to diſcover what ever my Art has reveal'd, as well the bad as the good Fortune of your Daughter. And I dare preſume to aver that it is no more than what you your ſelf might read in the very Heavens, and among the Stars themſelves, were you there to obſerve it. For the Mathematical Sciences, of which Aſtrology is the moſt noble, conſiſting only in Demonſtration, are certain and infallible, provided the Artiſt be no more deficient than the Art. For the forty eight Conſtellations, and the twelve Golden Signs of the Zodiack, give a moſt certain light to thoſe that read them as they ought. In ſhort, Sir, the Stars aſſure me, that the Perſon whoſe Fortune you conſult, ſhall be *very Prudent, yet very Amorous; that ſhe ſhall be at the ſame time a Maid and a Woman, a Virgin and Married, Happy and Unhappy, a Mahumetan and a Chriſtian, Innocent and yet thought Guilty*; and which is yet more ſtrange, *expos'd to the hazard of being burnt alive*. However, Sir, whatever manifeſt Contradiction may ſeem to be in all this, I do moſt certainly aſſure you the truth of every tittle, though I do not underſtand, nor can imagine by what means or ways it ſhall come to paſs. For ſo large is my Experience of the undoubted Truth of Aſtrology, that I would ſuffer Torment to maintain the Verity thereof, though I do not rightly apprehend it. Now, Sir, it belongs to your Prudence, patiently to undergo what you cannot prevent, ſince the Decrees of Deſtiny are unalterable; and therefore you muſt bear them with a Courage worthy the Grandeur of your Condition. But I muſt tell you, to give you ſome comfort in reference to thoſe miſchiefs which are not yet come to paſs, that the ſame Stars that threaten your Daughter ſo many Misfortunes, and ſeem to intermix ſo many Diſcomforts with her Joys, aſſure me however, that *ſhe ſhall dye better contented than ever ſhe liv'd, and that in the midſt of the Ruines of a Throne, and the Overturnings of a Kingdom, her Love and Innocency ſhall be her Conſolation for the loſs of a Crown, that Fortune ſhall deprive her of.* The *Arabian* then ceaſing to ſpeak, put the Brave *Morayzel* into as great an Aſtoniſhment, as the ſubject of his Prediction was extraordinary, who recollecting in his Memory all things that had been told him, indeavour'd to diſſipate thoſe obſcure Clouds that darken'd his Mind, and to penetrate into the obſcure and confuſed Abyſſes of the *Future*, which hides from us things to come, 'till proceſs of time bring them to light; but finding that his Underſtanding wander'd in thoſe dark Labyrinths, and that the more his Thoughts were intreagu'd in the windings of theſe Meanders, he was ſtill the farther from getting out again, mainly ſtrugling with himſelf, and ſummoning up together all the Faculties of his Soul, that he might not make a vain attempt: What ever

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muſt be my Daughters Fate, ſaid he, we muſt in ſhort expect it with patience, and without going to meet our Misfortunes, by thinking too often upon them, we muſt prepare to receive them as becomes us when they happen. *This Wiſdom and this Love, This Maid and Woman, This Married Woman and Virgin, This Queen and Slave; This Wife of a King, and Wife of a Slave; This Fortunate and Unfortunate; This Innocent and Criminal. This Virgin deliver'd to be burnt, This Maid ſet free; This Mahumetan and Chriſtian, and this Queen without a Kingdom, who is contented however without it:* All this, ſaid he, being above my Reaſon, obliges me to look down, and to be led in blindneſs by that quick-ſighted Power, that diſpoſes of the Fortunes of Men, and manages the Affairs of the whole World. Not that, to ſpeak as I think, whatever you have taught me can be any Chaſtiſement for that which I would know; for though our Law, and our Prophet chain the Wills of all men, as I may ſo ſay, to the Decrees of Deſtiny, I muſt acknowledge that I am troubled to apprehend that Fatal Neceſſity which compels me to do that which I would not; which carries me whither I would not go, and renders good and evil Actions indifferent; ſince all the good or ill that we can do cannot change the immutable Order of Nature. That which you ſay is Blaſphemy in the mouth of a *Muſſelman*, ſaid the aged *Arabian*; for the holy *Alha* is ſo wiſe, and men ſo imprudent, that his Power is never more uſeful to them, than when it leaves them not to their own Conduct, but is it ſelf their Guide and Director. For it were to put a Sword into a Madmans hand, to give that fatal Liberty to the power of People whoſe Paſſions diſorder their Manners every hour; whereas otherwiſe all things being guided by Wiſdom and Goodneſs, that can never change, and by a Providence that ſees the end before we can ſee the beginning, it conſequently follows, that the General Order of Nature muſt be better diſpoſed and governed, than by the imprudent Conduct of Man. For as the Firſt Cauſe never does any thing but what is juſt and good, that which to us ſometimes appears to be evil, is not always ſo; which is the Reaſon, that the Misfortune of a Particular Perſon ſometimes occaſions the Publick Happineſs. Therefore it only pertains to him that ſees all things to govern the whole: And for Man that ſees little or nothing, to believe that he can do nothing. However it can never come into my Thoughts, that I muſt let a Ship periſh in a Storm, without ſo much as handling one Rope, becauſe I know the Veſſel has a Pilot to ſteer it. There is no Compariſon which is not defective in ſomething, reply'd the knowing *Arabian*; nor does yours, how true ſoever it may ſeem, abſolutely correſpond: For a Pilot who is in the Steerage cannot be at the Prow at the ſame time; and therefore it is neceſſary that the Mariners ſhould help him. But the holy *Alha*, who ſees all things, and who is preſent every where, has no need of our feeble aſſiſtance in the Government of the World. However it be, reply'd *Morayzel*, I will oppoſe, as much as in me lyes, the terrible Evils that threaten me. And you ſhall infallibly find, reply'd *Cid Hamut*, that whatever you do to hinder thoſe Events, will but rather haſten them forward than drive them back: And thereby you will be convinc'd of the certainty of my Art: There you alſo underſtand that God is God, and that you are but Man. Having ſo ſaid, the old *Arabian* departed, after he had made his Obeyſance to *Morayzel*; who remaining alone in his Cabinet, began to walk about in a profound Meditation, and to revolve in his Memory thoſe things which *Cid Hamut* had told him; Alas, ſaid he to himſelf, how far ſhort is the Wiſdom of Man! how little does it foreſee of that which is to come! I thought that in Eſpouſing *Semahis* my Good Fortune had been beyond compare, and the Honour of my Poſterity certainly eſtabliſh'd. But, if this *Arabian* ſpeak truth, I am in danger to ſee the ruine of my own Family. And though that ſhould never happen, yet ſhall my Repoſe be continually diſturb'd by this conceited Prediction, that will never let me be at reſt ſo long as I live. But then in anſwer to himſelf again, ſaid he, Perhaps this *Arabian* may be deceiv'd; and that I afflict my ſelf with a real Trouble, for an Evil that will never come to paſs; that I am diſturb'd with a Chimera, that perhaps will never have any other being than in my Fancy, and that I make my ſelf unhappy out of a fooliſh fear of what is to come. For in ſhort, Truth is always the ſame, ſhe has never but one Face; but this Aſtrologers Prediction has two: My Daughter, ſaid he, *ſhall be very Wiſe and very Amorous.* How can he ſubmit to allow of things ſo incompatible? If ſhe be very Amorous ſhe will never be over Wiſe, and if ſhe be Wiſe ſhe will never be over much addicted to Love. But, added he ſighing, the Extravagancy of his Conceits ſteps yet a little farther into Impoſſibilities: For he aſſures me, that this Infant ſhall be at the ſame time a *Maid and a Woman, a Virgin and Married.* Should I not be as fantaſtical as his Prophecy, ſhould I make a ſerious Reflection upon a Dream ſo extravagant? Or if I ſhould ſtand to examine an Accident that can never be in this World? Then ſighing, and making anſwer to himſelf again, How is it poſſible that this Aſtrologician ſhould have gain'd ſo fair a Reputation, if he ſpoke nothing but Lyes? I cannot tell, added he, but I can never conceive how poſſibly that the ſame Perſon ſhould *be a Slave and a Queen, the Wife of a Slave, and the Wife of a King*; Crowns and Fetters have too great an Antipathy to be worn by the ſame Perſon. And there is too great a diſtance between the low condition of a Slave, and the exalted ſtate of a Throne, for me not to believe him a Lyar that foretels any ſuch Event: For a Slave may become a King, and a King a Slave through the revolution of Affairs, and Conſequences of bad or ill ſucceſs; but to be both the one and the other at the ſame time, this is that which

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no mortal can conceive. He adds, *my Daughter ſhall be Fortunate and Unfortunate*. I had rather he had told me that the Day and the Night are the ſame thing: For this very incompatibility alone makes me ſuſpect him altogether; yet he maintains what he ſays, with that Conſtancy that makes me tremble; ſo that if he liv'd among the Stars he could not ſpeak more confidently. But alas! added *Morayzel*, behold another thing more dangerous, yet more impoſſible; for he ſays that *ſhe ſhall be a Mahumetan and a Chriſtian*. How can this be? Is the Prophet of the *Muſſelmen* and Chriſtians the ſame? Can *Mahomet* accord with him whom our Enemies adore? Nevertheleſs though I ſee no Reaſon for all this, the great Knowledge of the *Arabian*, the great Judgment that appears in what he has ſaid, make me fear ſomething; though I apprehend not what I fear. Again, how can any Perſon be *innocent and guilty*, both at the ſame time? And if my Daughter be a Queen, and conſequently above the Law, how can ſhe be in danger of that horrible *Puniſhment by Fire*, with which this Southſayer threatens her? Yet if I ought to believe him in one thing, why ſhould I not believe him in the reſt? But he threatens us withall *with the Overthrow of a Kingdom*. But if it be the Kingdom of *Granada*, which this unfortunate Infant muſt ruine; if it be ſhe that muſt forſake the Religion of her Fathers, would it not be better to ſtifle her in the Cradle, than to hazard our Religion and the Kingdom in her preſervation? Ah! unfortunate *Morayzel*! if thou bend'ſt thy Ear to Reaſon, ſhe is loſt; if thou hearken'ſt to Nature, thou canſt neither deſtroy nor ſave her. Find out then, ſaid he, the middle between theſe two Extremities; that if this Thunderbolt muſt fall, it may fall far from the Kingdom of *Granada*: It behoves thee to ſend this fatal and dangerous Infant to the Kingdom of *Argier*, where thy Relations are ſtill in great Power; and when ſhe ſhall be grown up, to marry her in *Africa*; for it is better that my Race ſhould return to the place of their firſt Original, than ruine a Kingdom, which has coſt the *Moors* ſo much Blood in the Conqueſt. Strengthen then thy ſelf, *Morayzel*, in a reſolution ſo agreeable to Reaſon; and ſacrificing thy own particular Intereſt to the General Good, remove from thy ſight this fair and unfortunate Infant, before thy Affection increaſe as ſhe grows in years, and that thy Paternal Love too much abound. Being abſolutely reſolv'd upon this rigorous Exilement, ſo ſoon as *Semahis* recover'd her health, he went to her Chamber; and giving her to underſtand his Grief and his Fears, he conjur'd her to prefer, as he did, the preſervation of her Country before the company of her Daughter, and not to withſtand in vain the unalterable Reſolution which he had taken. At firſt the tenderneſs of her Sex and Natural Affection, rais'd a very powerful Obſtacle to hinder ſuch a rigorous deſign; and above all Ambition the predominant paſſion of that Princeſs, that coveted nothing more than to ſee her Daughter a Queen, though to the ruine of the Kingdom. But in regard that *Semahis* had a great Wit, while ſhe remember'd that ſhe was a Mother, ſhe forgot not that ſhe was a Woman. So that at length ſhe gave way to that ſevere Reſolution, though it were with a ſtrong Reluctancy, and a Deſpair equal to her Unwillingneſs. And thus Complaiſance and Love joining with the Publick Intereſt, which all brave Souls prefer before particular advantage, *Semahis* yielded to *Morayzel*'s deſire, and he ſent to prepare a Veſſel at the Port of *Tariffa*, to tranſport this innocent Exile. So ſoon as he underſtood that the Veſſel was ready, he ſent her from *Granada*, accompany'd with her Mothers and her own Tears to the Port, where without any other Train than her Nurſe, and four Slaves, whereof I was one, we preſently embark'd: And having croſs'd the famous *Streight* of *Gibraltar*, we kept along the Shore of *Mauritania*, making directly for *Algier*. But before I give you a particular Accompt of our Voyage, it behoves me to paſs out of *Granada* into *Andaluzia*, and looking a good diſtance of time backward, to give you an account of a particular Caſualty, wherein happen'd a medly of Accidents, the moſt wonderful in the World. I muſt tell you then, that ſome three or four years before the birth of the little *Almahide*, *Don Pedro de Leon*, Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, and *Inez* of *Aragon* his Wife, being without Children till then, had at length a Son, whom they call'd *Ponce*, which is a Name common in *Spain*, and gave him the Title of Count of *Pegnafiel*. The extraordinary Beauty of that Infant redoubling in *Don Pedro*'s Heart the tenderneſs of affection, which only Nature infuſes into the Breaſts of all Parents, inſpir'd him alſo with a deſire to know what would be the future Fortune of the Child, and for that purpoſe to conſult ſome able Aſtrologer. To *Tolelo* therefore he comes to ſatisfie his curioſity; and addreſſing himſelf to an Aſtrologer named *Fadrique*, who had a great Reputation in that Art, he requeſted him to calculate the Nativity of the Illuſtrious *Ponce de Leon* his Son. But this Profeſſor of the Celeſtial Sciences took not the ſame way that *Cid Hamut* went; for inſtead of imitating the *Arabians*, *Chaldeans*, *Egyptians*, and *Hebrews*, he followed the method of the *Greeks* and *Latines* in raiſing the Scheme: However they were like two Paths that met at the ſame Place. For after he had foretold the Duke that his Son ſhould be a Perſon of an extraordinary Wit and Courage, he aſſur'd him withall, that if he took not a great care of him 'till his twentieth year, he ſhould infallibly be a Slave. *Don Pedro* being ſtrongly perſwaded of the truth of that Prediction, recompenc'd the Artiſt very magnificently, and return'd home not a little ſatisfi'd in his Journey. But to make the beſt uſe of the Advice which he had receiv'd, and that he might not expoſe his Son to ſo tedious a Misfortune, he remov'd him at a great diſtance from the Sea, and from the Court, which was then at *Sevil*; and confin'd him to a fair

Houſe

Houſe which he had in *Andaluſia*, which was called the *Fontana's*, by reaſon of the delicate Waters that are near it, reſolved not to ſuffer him to ſtir from thence, 'till the unlucky Influence of the Conſtellation were over; and there to educate him in all the Noble Exerciſes, which it became a Perſon of his Rank to underſtand, as being of the Blood Royal, both by the Father and Mothers ſide. But before I go farther in this particular, abſolutely neceſſary to be known, for the better underſtanding this Hiſtory, we muſt return again to Sea: Know then, Sir, that we were already in ſight of *Ceute*, not far from *Algier*, when we unfortunately met with a Pirate of *Baramede*, who kenning us by the Building of our Ship, and the Flag which ſhe wore, that the Veſſel belong'd to the *Moors*, made all the Sail they could after us, and coming up with us, commanded us to yield. And while the Sea-men, who were already poſſeſs'd with a ſudden fear, were conſulting what to do, the Pirate gave us a Broad-ſide, which bringing our main Maſt by the Board, and raking the fore-part of the Ship, put us into ſuch a condition, that we could neither flye nor defend our ſelves, had we had any ſuch intention. Whereupon the Pirate boarded us, and though they found no Reſiſtance they made a great Havock among our Men, killing the miſerable Creatures that made no defence, ſo natural is Cruelty to thoſe Sea-Monſters. For my part, as my Extraction oblig'd me to have more Courage, and for that I had been always kindly us'd by my Patron, I labour'd to the utmoſt of my power to ſave his Daughter; but all in vain; for I was laden with new Fetters by thoſe infamous Robbers. It was to no purpoſe to tell them that I was of the ſame Religion; for in regard that wicked ſort of People have none at all, and that all Nations are their Enemies, and lawful Prize, without any diſtinction of Colours or People, they forc'd me to run the ſame Misfortune with the *Moors*, and compell'd me to partake of their Irons, whatever I could ſay to free my ſelf. But before, when I ſaw by the looks of our Mariners and Souldiers, that they intended to make no defence, I beſought them, as alſo the Women that attended the young *Almahide*, by no means to diſcover to the Pyrates the Quality of the Infant; for fear leſt they ſhould proportion her Ranſom to the Greatneſs of her Birth, which might prove a hindrance to her Liberty. I order'd them therefore to ſay that ſhe was the Daughter of a rich Merchant of *Tariffe*, who being in *Algier*, where he was reſolv'd to fix his Family, had ſent for her upon the Death of his Wife. For although the little *Almahide* were very richly dreſs'd, yet in regard the *Moors* of *Granada* are liberal and magnificent, quite contrary to the humour of the *Africans*, the Story ſeem'd to be the more probable, nor did it fail to take effect. In ſhort, all our *Granadines*, and our Slaves, prov'd ſo faithful, that the Pirates were deceiv'd, believing the innocent and dutiful untruth which they were told, and which I ſeconded as well as they. But, Sir, how deceitful is Humane Prudence! and how often do we contrive ill, when we think to contrive for the beſt! That which I intended for the ſecurity of the Fair and Unfortunate *Almahide*, occaſion'd that perhaps which did her the greateſt Injury: For the Pyrates not perceiving any great hope of Ranſom, took out of our Veſſel all that was in it, into their own; and after they had ſunk our Ship, they hoiſted Sail and ſtood away from the Coaſt of *Africk*. You may eaſily gueſs, Sir, at my Grief, and how much they were afflicted that were invelop'd in my Misfortune. Having a fair Wind, in a few days we ſail'd all along by the Coaſt of *Spain*, and after a very proſperous Voyage we put into Harbour in the Pirates place of retreat. This was, Sir, about ſix or ſeven Miles from the Coaſt of *Normandy*, right over againſt the high Sandy Hills of *Jobur*, remarkable for ſeveral Mines, and other ſubterraneal Curioſities, in an Iſland well inhabited, call'd the Iſland of *Origni*, where theſe Pirates had made certain Cottages and ſecret Habitations among the Sands and Rocks, wherein they hid their Booty. There it was that in a little Harbour made, and ſhelter'd by a great Rock in the form of a Half-Moon, that the Pirates unladed their Prizes, and reſted themſelves after their great toil and labour at Sea. They were in all about a hundred, or a hundred and twenty, Men and Women. But their Countenances were all ſo rude and ſavage, their Hair ſo long and untrimm'd, their Habit ſo extraordinary and conceited, that I muſt acknowledge I was not a little taken with ſo ſurprizing an Object, though it were mix'd with ſo much terrour. Theſe Pirates had ſome kind of little Gardens, fenc'd only with Stones heap'd one upon another, without any Mortar; and certain Fields till'd by the Slaves which they take, the Grain and Fruit whereof, together with what they bring from Sea, and the Fiſh which they get, ſerves to feed theſe Clowniſh and Cruel People. Yet, Sir, that ſavage Habitation is not without its Beauty as well as its terrour; for after you have croſs'd ſeveral great Sandy-Hills, there appears a Great Marſh, Green, Freſh, and Moiſt, whoſe ſtanding yet very clear waters, are full of Oſiers, Ruſhes, and Flags; on the other ſide of the Marſh was a riſing Ground in the form of a Semi-circle, cover'd with Pines, Cypreſs, and Fir-Trees; and at the Foot of thoſe high Trees, among Rocks ſpread over with Moſs, roſe ſeveral Fountains, which flowing along in little ſtreams with a pleaſing murmur to the feet of thoſe Rocks, bubbled up again, ſometimes all cover'd with a white Froth. Inſomuch that it ſeem'd to have been ſome ſtately yet rural Amphitheatre, prepar'd for the Repreſentation of ſome Paſtoral; ſo well did Nature deſerve to be imitated by Art in that place. Several ſorts of water Fowl were alſo to be ſeen, ſwimming and diving continually in thoſe clear waters, as Herons, Cranes, wild-Geeſe, Duck, and Teale. In ſhort, Sir, ſince we had the Misfortune to be exil'd from all

correſpondency with the World, Fortune could not have bleſs'd us with a more pleaſing Retirement, beſides that the Beauty of the young *Almahide* was more prevalent, than the natural ſternneſs of thoſe Sea-Robbers, which caus'd us to be far more gently us'd than we durſt preſume to expect. True it is, that in regard the greateſt part of thoſe People accuſtom'd to get their living by Fire and Sword, did not remain long at a time in the Iſland, but were continually coming and going, there were very few but the Women left at home, which being a Sex naturally compaſſionate, we receiv'd more aſſiſtance from them, than we could have otherwiſe expected from People without Breeding or Humanity. But by reaſon there were no Veſſels that had any Traffick with this Iſland, nor no Paſſage-Boats from thence to the Continent, it was impoſſible for us to hear any News from *Granada* in that Deſart, or by any means to give intelligence of our Condition. In the mean while the Years and Seaſons going about, *Almahide* imperceptibly grew, not only in Height, but in her Wit and Beauty alſo; there was an unexpreſſible Charm that accompany'd all her Actions; and when ſhe ſpoke, it was with a Grace beyond compare. The Innocency of her Age, and the vivacity of her Apprehenſion made the ſtrangeſt intermixtnre in the World; and if ſometimes ſhe could not hide the natural Acts moſt proper to Childhood, ſometimes again ſhe ſhew'd that ſtrength of Reaſon, which might have become riper Years. Her Slaves had made her a Robe after the *Mooriſh* Faſhion, of the coſtly Swathing-Cloaths, which were made uſe of in her Cradle. In that magnificent Garb you would have taken her for the Queen of the Iſland, ſuch was her Majeſtick behaviour, though it had been as big as *England*, or as pleaſant as *Cyprus*. I labour'd ſometimes to give her a taſte of ſome things in our Religion; but whether it were that I knew not enough to inſtruct her ſufficiently, in a ſubject ſo ſublime; or whether it be that the Parents do infuſe ſomething of their own Faith into the Souls of the Children which they beget; Or whether it were that ſome one of her Slaves having forſaken his Religion among the *Moors* privately taught her to be in love with the *Mahumetan* Religion, and to have an antipathy againſt ours; Or whether the Hour of her Converſion were not yet come, or were elſe reſerved for him that was to be more dear to her; I could do no good at all upon her, ſhe remaining conſtant in the Errour, wherein ſhe was not much better inſtructed. I diſcover'd to her as much as I deſir'd to diſcover; and indeed ſuch was the pregnancy and clearneſs of her wit, that they ſoon dazled mine. However I thought it not fitting to let her underſtand the Nobility of her Birth, her years not appearing capable enough to be intruſted with ſo great a ſecret. So that although I knew that ſuch a knowledge elevates the Mind, and proves an incitement to brave Exploits, yet we told her no more than what we had made the Pirates believe. True it is that Nature inſtructed her better than we could as to what concern'd her Condition; for ſhe had infus'd into her ſuch Noble Inclinations, and ſomething in her thoughts ſo exalted and ſo much above the Vulgar, beſides the excellency of her Perſon, that ſhe appear'd to us no leſs majeſtick in thoſe homely Cottages, than we beheld her afterwards upon the Throne of *Granada*. She was now about eight years of age when thoſe Infamous Pirates returning from cruiſing about the Seas, without any Prize conſiderable, and finding her infinitely more fair at their return, than when they put to Sea, out of that madneſs which an unprofitable Voyage had infus'd into their covetous minds, they bethought themſelves of the moſt treacherous deſign, that ſuch an inferiour wickedneſs could have imagin'd; for they contriv'd to put on *Turkiſh* Habit, and to carry the *Turks* Colours, and then to ſell that Beautiful Infant at *Conſtantinople*, to thoſe that were intruſted to provide for the Grand Signior's Seraglio. To which purpoſe they had contriv'd to put the little *Almahide* into Chriſtian Habit, and were reſolv'd to have thrown her Nurſe, her Slaves, and my ſelf into the Sea, as they ſail'd along. For though her Infancy was at preſent ſome remora to their hainous deſign, yet they were perſwaded that they who bought her would be glad to ſtay a few years, that they might afterwards preſent her the more fair Preſent to his Highneſs. I was therefore much amaz'd, when the Pirates one morning, having fitted their Veſſel ſome few days before, commanded me to embark, together with the young and beautiful *Almahide*, with the like order to the Nurſe and the reſt of her Slaves. I muſt needs acknowledge, that in regard Cuſtom gives a ſecond Nature, and becauſe thoſe Places where we have been reſident for any long time, become almoſt our Native Soil, the beauty of that charming Solitude caus'd me to ſigh when I was about to leave it; and when I was at Sea, I could not chuſe but look back toward the Shore, with ſome kind of ſorrow. All the Pirates Wives accompanied the young *Almahide* to the Veſſel, nor could they behold her take ſhipping without Tears in their Eyes, notwithſtanding all the ſeverity and ill nature, to which, through the wildneſs of their Habitations, or the barbarous and cruel Diſpoſitions of their Husbands, they had been accuſtomed. As for the Noble and beautiful Infant, though ſhe anſwer'd their Tears with a great deal of tenderneſs, yet ſhe appear'd with a reſolution beyond her Sex or Age; and ſhe ſate upon the Quarter-Deck with ſo much Majeſty and ſo much Authority, as if it had been ſhe that had commanded the Ship, and that they who commanded her had been oblig'd to obey her. Having a fair wind, and all our Sails abroad, we ſoon loſt ſight of the Iſland of *Origni*, together with the high Rocks of *Jobur*, that made the Continent look all over white; and keeping a left-hand Courſe, I perceiv'd by the knowledge I had in the Card, that we ſail'd directly Eaſtward,

Eaſtward, though I knew not whither we were bound, nor what deſign the Pirates had, whatever Conjectures I endeavour'd to make. But my doubts were ſoon clear'd; for after the firſt day of our dubious Voyage having cunningly engag'd one of the Pirates Slaves in a private familiarity, he advertis'd me ſecretly, and aſſur'd me, of the abominable deſign which his Maſters had. You may imagine, Sir, in what a ſad condition I then was, and whether it were poſſible for me, had I had a Heart of Braſs, not to have been diſturb'd at the apparition of ſo great a danger, and which appear'd to be altogether ſo inevitable. But beſides the Natural Motion of ſingle love, which Nature infuſes into all Men of Reaſon, upon ſuch occaſions, if ever there were the ſame occaſion, my Pity of the inhumane and ſhameful Deſtiny of the Innocent, made me more afraid of her Honour, than of my own life. At this terrible pinch of time, Sir, the charitable Slave and I employ'd all our time and all our ſtudies in the ſearch of ſome means or other to ſave our ſelves. And in regard the deſire of liberty is no leſs prevalent in the heart of men, than the fear of death, the Charitable Slave labour'd with equal diligence to my ſelf, to the end we might make our ſelves Maſters of our Maſters, and to be reveng'd of thoſe cruel Tyrants for the wickedneſs of their purpoſe. But notwithſtanding all the contrivances of our imagination it was abſolutely impoſſible for us to think upon any thing that pleas'd us to our Minds, or that afforded us the leaſt ſhadow of Hope. For in ſhort we were but two, and they were fifty; we were naked, and they well arm'd. And for that thoſe Corſairs are in continual fear, their Vigilance is alſo equal to it; ſo that they kept a perpetual Watch upon the Deck; and beſides that, we were both ſhut up, the Chriſtian and my ſelf, under Hatches, in the Lower Deck. However I reſolv'd not to dye without ſelling my life at a dear rate; and therefore having renew'd my thanks to my diligent Friend, as likewiſe my promiſe of a moſt ſtrict and faithful ſilence, I dextrouſly ſtole a Cutlaſs out of their Magazin, which I hid in my Hamock, being reſolv'd to attend with patience the iſſue of this fatal Adventure; and endeavouring to ſeek from Heaven that ſuccour which the Earth could not afford, thither I lifted up my Eyes and Heart together, and I begg'd with ſucceſs, that which I prayed for without hope. In the mean while we kept on our Courſe, and the wind being ſtill fair, after we had left *England* upon the right hand, and had kept along by the Shore of three or four Provinces of *France*, we began to make the Coaſt of *Spain*, and to draw near that famous Streight that ſeparates it from *Africa*. All this while I was ready to dye with pity, when I beheld the lovely little *Almahide* walking upon the Deck, who without minding the fierce and terrible Looks of theſe covetous Pirates, ſometimes play'd with their Cordage, ſometimes with their Weapons, which ſhe would try to take out of their Hands, but with ſo fair a Grace, and with an Air ſo Gallant and ſo Charming, as would have eaſily mov'd any other but ſuch brutiſh and ſtupid Hearts, as the Sea and their own Crimes had harden'd. And therefore we ſoon found that Heaven it ſelf was mov'd, and that my Prayers were heard. For on a ſudden the Air began to grow dark, the Sea began to roar, and the Winds let looſe from the Snowy Mountains began to lift up the Billows, rattle the Tackling, ſwell the Sails, and make the Veſſel crack with the violence of the Waves that daſht againſt it. The Pilot endeavour'd to caſe the Ship by giving way to the Tempeſt, turning the Helm ſometimes to the right, ſometimes to the left: But the Tempeſt at length growing ſo violent, as to prevail beyond the reſiſtance of Art; ſuch was the noiſe of the Winds, Rain, Hail, and Thunder, that the Mariners not being able to hear one another, nor to obſerve the words of Command, were forc'd to looſe their Sails, quit the Helm, and ſuffer the Ship to drive at the pleaſure of the wind and waves. A thouſand times the full-ſwol'n Billows toſs'd our Ship into the Sky, and as oft the broken Surges tumbled her down again into an Abyſs of water. And though Night had now uſurp'd the Empire of the Day, ſometimes in the midſt of a profound darkneſs that admitted no uſe of ſight, the Flaſhes of Lightning on a ſudden ſo fill'd the Cloudy Air with nimble and contorted Flames, that they diſcover'd the black Mountains of Water, and the white Hills of Froth, that heap'd one upon another, and rolling one over the other in their rapid motion ſo furiouſly daſht againſt the Ship, that there was little other Hopes but that they would have ſwallow'd her up; while thoſe nimble Fires being ſpent, of a ſudden return'd thoſe terrible Objects into their firſt diſmal obſcurity, in which they were conceal'd before. One blaſt of wind blew us forward, another backward, one threw us to the right, another toſs'd us to the left; another puff more humourſome than theſe twirl'd the Ship about in leſs than a Quarter of an Hour. The Sea it ſelf fetch'd as it were deep ſighs from the bottom of the hollow Rocks, enough to frighten the moſt undaunted courage, while the winds whiſtling among the Tackle, and between the Hatches, added a moſt dreadful ſound to the former noiſe. All the Maſts crackt and ready to break, ſeem'd to groan under the ſtrength of that Dæmon that inviſibly ſhook them. All the Skye and all the Sea ſeem'd to be one mixture of Fire, black, white, and blue: The confuſion whereof would have call'd to mind that of the Chaos, had a mans thoughts been free enough to have recollected the Reſemblances. While the waves of the Ocean lifted themſelves up into the Skye, there fell from the Heavens as it were another Sea; ſo that our Unfortunate Veſſel toſs'd between thoſe two Seas, and at the ſame time cover'd with the Flames and Flaſhes which the Thunder darted forth, it was an even Queſtion whether we were to periſh by water or by fire; or whether we ſhould be buried in the flames or in the waves. All

this while I ſtood upon the Quarter-Deck, holding the little *Almahide* by the Hand, who fearleſs of the Danger ſhe was in, held only a little faſt about me, and ſometimes ſhut her Eyes to avoid the ſight of a light ſo diſmal. In the interim a prodigious ſouſe of the Sea having broken down part of the Prow, at what time the Thunder had beat to pieces ſome part of the Poop, the Water began to pour in at both ends. Then the Mariners began to ſend forth loud and lamentable Cryes, and at the ſame time the Unfortunate Veſſel ſtriking againſt the point of a Rock, broke in ſhivers like a piece of Glaſs. And the mercileſs Waves devour'd pieces of Tackle, Sails, broken Planks, ſplit Maſts, and Seamen all together. Here, Sir, there was a diſmal Interval, of which I can give you no account; for though I then held the little *Almahide* by the hand, I neither knew what became of her, nor of my ſelf. For in that horrible Shipwrack loſing ſight and judgment, feeling and knowledge, I cannot compare my condition then, to any thing more truly than to a long ſwoon, or rather a ſhort death. Thus being forc'd to leave a void ſpace in my Relation, which I know not how to ſupply, I muſt begin again from that happy moment, when opening my Eyes, and recovering my Reaſon I found my ſelf caſt upon the Sand of the Shore, with my Hair and Cloaths all ſoak'd in the Sea-Brine, and ſo weary that I could hardly ſtir my ſelf. Yet endeavouring to riſe, I ſaw when I was half up, a great part of the wreck of the Veſſel all about me, Weapons, broken Planks, heap'd one upon another, half cover'd with Sand, ſometimes in the water and ſometimes out, according to the flux and reflux of the Waves. I could perceive alſo moſt of the Pirates dead, or not far from being ſo. But all with countenances full of terrour, wherein the horrour of violent death had rather augmented than diminiſh'd that cruel and barbarous fierceneſs, which uſually accompany'd them in their life time. But as much brought down as I was with grief and wearineſs, the remembrance of young *Almahide* renew'd my ſtrength; I got up though not without ſufficient pain, and ſupporting my ſelf with a piece of a broken Pike, began to ſeek among the dead, for that which I ſhould have dy'd to have found there. I remember'd all the Pirates Faces, as well as our Slaves, and the Nurſe of young *Almahide*; but I could neither find the lovely Infant, nor any thing that belong'd to her, nor any part of her Cloaths. I ſought her two or three times in all places, but found her no where. There was not a Hillock of Sand or a Heap of Sea-weed, which I did not remove with my piece of Pike, to try if I could meet with that fair and unfortunate Virgin. But all my diligence prov'd in vain; yet not finding the Body of the charitable Slave, no more than the Childs, I flatter'd my ſelf to think that it might be that he had ſav'd her together with himſelf, and that he had carried her to ſome Houſe near the Shore. But this conceit prov'd but half a truth; for I never heard any thing more after that concerning the Slave. Though I am apt to believe that Heaven was ſo juſt as to ſave him, to reward thoſe good intentions which he had to have ſav'd me. I went then to a place where I might look the fartheſt about me, and to try whether I could underſtand into what Region Fortune had thrown me. Scarce had I obſerv'd what I ſaw, but I perceiv'd *Cades*, and the Royal Port, and conſequently I found that the wreck had thrown me upon the Coaſt of *Andaluſia*, that is to ſay into my own Country. Comforted with the joy of ſo delightful an Object, I got, by the aſſiſtance of ſome *Fiſhermen*, to *Medina Sidonia*, a Dukedom which appertains to *Don Pedro de Leon*, where meeting with a Friend that I knew, he furniſh'd me with all things neceſſary to go to *Palma*, which was the place of my Birth, having left off my Slaves Habit, and taken other Cloaths more ſutable to my Quality. But, Sir, though I had laid my deſign how to write to *Granada*, as ſoon as I got home, to the end I might give *Morayzel* to underſtand the ſad Misfortune of his Daughter, ſo many accidents took up all my thoughts, that it was an impoſſible thing for me to acquit my ſelf of my Duty. In ſhort, I underſtood when I came to *Palma*, that the long abſent have few Friends: For while I remain'd a Slave my Father dy'd; and that they to whom he ow'd Money had got his Eſtate into their Poſſeſſion, none of my Kindred either ſtirring to oppoſe them, or minding to give me notice thereof; and that thoſe faithleſs Creditors had ſo intangled my Affairs, that all days of my life would not ſuffice to diſincumber them. In this troubleſome conjuncture wherein I knew not what to do, nor what would become of me, underſtanding that *Don Pedro de Leon*, and *Inez* of *Arragon* his Wife, were returned from *Sevil* ſome few days before to their ſtately Houſe call'd the *Fontaines*, which is not far from *Palma*; and well knowing the great love which that Grandee always had had for my Father, and that he had alſo ſeen me perform ſome warlike Exploits, which had created in him a good Opinion of me, I reſolv'd to pay him a viſit, to try whether by his means and credit I could obtain an Employment ſutable to my Quality, either in the Court of *Ferdinand* and *Iſabell*, or in the Army, or in his own Houſe. To *Fountaines* therefore I went; and as ſoon as I had made known who I was, and the end of my coming, I was brought into the Room of Preſence, where *Don Pedro* ſate, together with *Inez* of *Arragon* his Wife, and *Ponce de Leon* their Son. But, Sir, I was not a little ſurpriz'd at my entrance, when I ſaw the fair and young *Almahide* ſitting upon a Couch of Velvet between theſe two illuſtrious Perſons, who both made extremely much of her. This ſurpriſe was ſo great, and the joy which I received thereby ſo exceſſive, that it not only diſcompoſed me, but interrupted my Diſcourſe; but ſtriving with my ſelf, and ſuppreſſing the firſt motion, by the aſſiſtance of ſecond thoughts: Sir, ſaid I to *Don Pedro*, making him a very low

low Reverence, to anſwer the Reſpect which he ſhew'd me, in riſing and moving toward me with his Hat in his hand; not having forgot how much my Father was devoted to the ſervice of your Excellency, nor how you were pleas'd to honour him with your Friendſhip, nor thoſe other Favours wherewith you were pleas'd to grace him in the Army, I thought alſo that your Excellency might remember all theſe things; and that neither the loſs of my Father, nor the long time of my Slavery having chang'd my Diſpoſition, the Effects of Nature and Fortune had not wrought any alteration in your Mind, being too Noble and Generous to degenerate in the leaſt. So that founding my Hope and Confidence thereupon, I was no ſooner arriv'd at *Palma* but I came to *Fontaines*, to aſſure your Excellency that I am no leſs than my Father devoted to your ſervice. You have good Reaſon to believe, reply'd *Don Pedro*, embracing me, that I neither forget the vertues of the dead, nor the merit of the living; and if you ſhew me wherein I may teſtifie ſo much to your advantage, you ſhall find what I ſay to be true. In the mean time you have greatly oblig'd me with this Viſit; but to ſpare you that labour, I hope you will make my Habitation your Home, as long as you ſtay in *Andaluſia*; and that forgetting it to be mine, you will only remember it to be yours. As I was about to make anſwer to thoſe obliging expreſſions, ſo agreeable with my intentions, and the preſent Condition of my bad Fortune, the little *Almahide* roſe from her Seat, and running toward me, Ha, *Fernaud*, ſaid ſhe, with a grace incomparable, how glad am I to ſee you again! and that you ſhould come to divertiſe your ſelf in a place that ſo much pleaſes me, being a thouſand times more pleaſant than the Pirates Iſland. But *Almahide*, anſwer'd I ſmiling, as you find that *Fontaines*, and the Iſland which you mention are very different, ſo you ſee a great diſtinction between the Inhabitants of both places; and this difference ought to teach you to ſpeak with more reſpect in the preſence of their Excellencies, than before the Pirates. I underſtand, what you ſay, reply'd ſhe; but I underſtand as well that the Perſons of whom we ſpeak, being neither ſo terrible in their Looks, nor ſo fierce in their Diſpoſitions, neither ſo negligent in their Hair, nor ſo odd in their Habit, neither ſo clowniſh in their Speech, nor ſo rude in their Behaviour, I have no reaſon to be ſo much afraid of them as of the other. But *Almahide*, ſaid I, you confound Fear and Reſpect. They are ſo like, reply'd the Innocent and Lovely Child, that I neither know nor can diſtinguiſh the one from the other. And when you taught me the *Spaniſh*, which I now ſpeak, I remember you often told me then that I was to fear nothing but Vice, ſo that I ſhould injure thoſe Perſons whom you ſpeak of ſhould I take them for that. No, no, *Fernaud*, ſaid *Inez* of *Arragon*, who took great delight in the natural ingenuity of that young Perſon, what ſhe does and what ſhe ſays proceed only from her Pride; for though we bought her from thoſe that found her half dead upon the Sea ſhore, yet will ſhe not wear a Chain of Diamonds, that I would have put about her Neck, for fear ſhe ſhould be taken for what ſhe is, and be accounted a Slave. The Lovely Child bluſht at theſe words, and with a pretty diſdain in her Looks, the moſt taking in the world, Madam, ſaid ſhe, 'tis very true what you ſay, but *Fernaud* having always taught me, that Liberty is a very great Happineſs, I ſhall never willingly loſe it. It is not as you pleaſe, reply'd the Duke, only to hear her diſpute, for I have given you to my Son, and I aſſure you, if you forget that you are his Slave, he will remember that he is your Maſter. Ah, Sir, ſaid *Ponce de Leon*, who had not yet ſpoken, that Title ſeems too ſevere for ſuch a Perſon; and therefore ſince you have given her to me, and that ſhe is at my diſpoſal, permit me to give her her liberty, and inſtead of naming her my Slave, to call her my Free-Woman. Call me neither one nor t'other, ſhe ſmartly reply'd, for though I ſhould rather chuſe a Maſter of your years, than one that were older, yet would I rather have none at all. Speaking this with an innocence that made me laugh: But *Almahide*, ſaid I, though I agree with you, that you have made a very judicious choice, in chuſing *Ponce de Leon* for your Maſter, in regard that being ſo young and beautiful, he is fitter to be belov'd than fear'd; yet I cannot think it to be at your election, whether to ſerve or not to ſerve, ſo that if he be ſo generous and noble to give you your freedom, you ought to be ſo grateful as to kiſs the Hand that ſets you free. Rather ought I to kiſs hers, anſwer'd the young and Courtly *Ponce de Leon*; Let us do neither one nor t'other, anſwer'd *Almahide*, retiring to her place. In truth, ſaid the Duke, ſhe is ſo lovely and ſo ſprightly withall, that my Son will rather be her Slave, than ſhe his Captive. Upon thoſe words he went out of the Chamber, where we were, into a great Gallery, and took me along with him. When we were alone, and walking together; I ſee, *Don Fernaud*, ſaid he, ſtopping and turning toward me, that you are acquainted with this young *Almahide*, and that you can better inform us who ſhe is, than they that brought her hither to me, who could tell me nothing, but that they found her upon the Sea ſhore among the remainders of a wreck, among many dead People that ſeem'd to be Pirates. That which *Don Pedro* told me, put me into a great perplexity, for to tell a Lye to a perſon of his Quality, as I had told the Pirates; and eſpecially to a perſon whoſe protection I hop'd for, was that which I very much ſcrupled; and to diſcover the real Quality of that young Child, I was afraid would do her an injury, inſtead of proving to her advantage; and for me to occaſion her to be laden with more Chains, who deſir'd nothing more than to ſet her altogether at Liberty: So that after I had paus'd for ſome time, I reſolv'd to follow that courſe which I thought with my ſelf would be the moſt lucky. Sir, ſaid I, I am in deſpair of ſatisfying

your obliging Curioſity to the full, while you endeavour to inform your ſelf certainly of the Birth and Parents of young *Almahide*. For as all Oaths ought to be kept inviolably; having made a Promiſe to them who intruſted me, not to diſcover her Extraction, and that for very weighty Reaſons, which concern only them themſelves, I know your Excellency is too generous to urge me to a breach of my truſt, or ever to command me to betray a Secret committed to my breaſt, by thoſe to whom I owe my life. All that I can ſay without offence is, that the young Lady is nobly deſcended, and that if Fortune had thrown her into the power of Perſons leſs Illuſtrious than your Excellency, they might have expected a very great Ranſom by her Captivity. That which you tell me, ſaid the Duke, concerning her Nobility, I no way diſtruſt; for there is ſomething ſo great, ſo lofty, ſo majeſtick in that little yet wonderful perſon, that it is impoſſible for her to be meanly born, but that her condition muſt of neceſſity be very Noble. So that I am ſo far from blaming your diſcretion, that I infinitely commend it, and find my ſelf oblig'd no more to mention this Affair. And indeed the Dutcheſs and I are ſo far in love already with her prodigious Wit and Beauty, that I would willingly be ignorant all my life time who ſhe is, for fear I ſhould be oblig'd to reſtore her. Only tell me if you can without violating your word, whether ſhe were born among the *Moors*, as her Habit ſeems to teſtifie; or whether you have apparell'd her in that diſguiſe for ſome ſecret deſign. She was born among the *Moors*, anſwer'd I, and of Parents ſo Vertuous and Honourable, that if your Excellencies knew them, you would ſay they were Parents worthy ſo lovely a Daughter. Toward the concluſion of that Parley, *Don Pedro* fell into a diſcourſe of War, asking me many Queſtions concerning Fortifications, and the Mathematicks, as alſo concerning my Travels, and the ſeveral Courts of Princes which I had ſeen; and finding that I had ſome skill in all thoſe things, I was very contentedly ſurpriz'd, when moſt obligingly ſaid he, *Don Fernaud*, I remember your firſt words which you ſaid to me, wherein you told me of the Friendſhip which your Father had for me, and how ready you were your ſelf to ſerve me; and therefore as I cannot forget my kindneſs to both, it ſhall be your fault if we fail to give reciprocal Teſtimonies one to another of our Love and Eſteem; while on my part, I truſt you with the Government of my only Son, more dear to me than any thing in the World, whoſe Tutor is lately dead; and you for your part do me the favour to receive it, and the juſtice to believe that there is nothing in my power, or within the compaſs of my Reputation at Court, from whence you may not expect thoſe advantageous effects of my acknowledgment, that you ſhall never repent of your having ſo ſenſibly oblig'd me. Sir, ſaid I, the Honour to ſerve your Excellency is reward enough of it ſelf, and ſeeing that my paſſionate devotion to your Family and Perſon is the only Portion which my deceaſed Father has left me, I beſeech you to believe, that with as much reſpect as joy I accept the Honour of which I never thought my ſelf worthy, though I ſhall endeavour faithfully to diſcharge it. But becauſe I will not deceive you, added the Duke, I muſt tell you that for very weighty Reaſons I will have my Son educated only in this Houſe, without removing into any other place, ſo that I cannot tell whether ſo tedious a Confinement will agree with your diſpoſition. True it is that *Fontaines* is no frightful Priſon, and therefore perhaps may ſeem the leſs irkſom, and beſides the Dutcheſs and I reſiding often here, our Preſence may render your Receſs the more ſupportable. And after all, merrily ſaid he, while we leave you here the little *Almahide*, under the Government of certain Women, 'till her riper years have attain'd the full perfection of Knowledge, as well to accompany *Ponce de Leon*, as for her own divertiſement, you will in the ſame place enjoy both your Diſciple and your beautiful Scholar. Sir, anſwer'd I, I ſhould not think my ſelf ill at eaſe, even in *Thebayde* it ſelf, were it there only to ſerve your Excellency: and indeed you are too gracious, to be ſo careful for my ſake. Then having made him a ſolemn Promiſe of eternal ſilence in reference to whatever he ſhould communicate to me; he told all thoſe important Reaſons which I have already mention'd: that is to ſay, all thoſe Predictions of the Aſtrologer of *Toledo*, concerning the Fortune of his Son. Then he advis'd with me, what Maſters to have under me for the inſtruction of the Count of *Pegnafiel*; and renewing his Embraces, he return'd into the great Chamber, whither I follow'd him. The Duke taking the Dutcheſs aſide, told her all that he intended to do. At leaſt I ſo conjectur'd by the behaviour of that Lady; for ſhe turn'd toward me, and very obligingly beholding me, ſhe ſeem'd to approve by the motion of her head, what the Duke had inform'd her; which oblig'd me to anſwer her with a profound obeyſance. After which the Duke commanding me to draw near, the Dutcheſs with a low Voice ſpent ſome time to talk to me concerning the humour of her Son, and what courſe I ought to take in order to his more proſperous Education, concluding in Commendations and Promiſes, which I anſwer'd with Compliments. The Duke turning toward his Son, and uſing the language of a kind Father, *Ponce de Leon*, ſaid he, pointing to me with his hand, behold here another Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, and another Father. Be no leſs dutiful to him than to me, if you intend not to diſpleaſe me; and conſider that while the one gave you only your Being, the other gives you Worth and Learning, if you are to make any difference between us, you are to give the precedency to him. Sir, anſwer'd he, with an admirable Grace, I ſhall labour to merit the incomparable choice which you have made in my behalf, by endeavouring to render my ſelf worthy the Noble Title which I bear;

bear; and to become a juſt and honeſt man, that I may not prove a diſgrace to my Maſter, who without doubt is a Perſon of integrity himſelf, ſince you have made choice of him. Sir, anſwer'd I, your mind is ſo Nobly and Honourably diſpos'd, that you have nothing to do but to conſult with that, for the obtaining whatever it concerns you to know. And if it be my Duty to lay before you great Examples, I need ſeek no farther than among your own Renowned Anceſtors; where you may find enow to inſtruct you to be the moſt juſt and honeſt Perſon, and the greateſt Captain in the World. The Duke then turning himſelf toward the little *Almahide*, who heard us without ſaying a word, I am very confident, ſaid he, that you will not be troubled that *Don Fernaud* is to ſtay at *Fontaines*, with your Maſter, where you are likewiſe to remain. He cannot tarry with my Maſter, diſdainfully ſhe made anſwer, in regard I have none. But you may be certain I am very glad he is to ſtay with your Son: For I love *Fernaud* very well, neither do I hate *Ponce de Leon*, nor does my reſidence at *Fontaines* at all diſpleaſe me. You would do him an injury to hate him, anſwer'd the lovely Boy, bluſhing, for he has other thoughts for you. And I an affection no leſs tender for him, ſaid ſhe; but then only *Ponce de Leon* muſt tarry, and that troubleſom Maſter muſt be gone, whom I ſhall ne're endure. No, no, anſwer'd the Dutcheſs, laughing, to take down that young Pride, we will e'en ſend her back again, to live among the Wrecks of the ſplit Veſſel, where they that brought her hither firſt found her. Provided I may be free, I would rather chuſe to live there, than a Slave in your Palace. But his Palace is ſo fair and pleaſant, reply'd I, that if your Excellency does not remove her farther ſhe will return again. And therefore in my opinion, it were better to ſend her into the Pirates Iſland, where ſhe liv'd ſo long time together. Ah *Fernaud*, ſhe preſently reply'd, I did not think you would have been againſt me: But after all, the Pirates Iſland is no ſuch deformed place; and provided you will keep me company thither, and that *Ponce de Leon* will follow us, we can diſpenſe with the reſt. I will moſt willingly follow you, anſwer'd that miraculous Youth, beholding her with Eyes full of love. But ſhe will there make you a Slave like her ſelf, merrily reply'd the Duke. Alas, if his Chains be no heavier than mine, reply'd *Almahide*, he will not be overcharg'd. In ſhort, Sir, I ſhould never make an end, ſhould I repeat all thoſe gentile, witty, natural Expreſſions, and Sayings of the young *Almahide* at that time. Inſomuch that the Duke and the Dutcheſs, who both admir'd her, began to love her no leſs than their own Son, and to ſhare their affection equally between them. In the interim I return'd to *Palma* for ſome few days, as well to ſend all my Goods to *Fontaines*, as to ſeek out ſome means how I might write by the way of *Sevil* to *Granada*, to the end I might free *Morayzel* and *Semahis* from that continual grief which afflicted them for the loſs of their Daughter, who could not imagine but that ſhe had periſh'd by ſome Shipwrack; having neither heard from her or me, ſince we firſt parted from them, though it were then ſome years ſince. Nor was I deceiv'd in my thoughts, as I learn'd afterwards, for they hearing not a ſyllable of the return of the Veſſel from *Tariffe*, nor receiving any News from *Algier*, ſent an expreſs Meſſenger thither, who return'd with as little ſatisfaction. Their trouble and their fear redoubling upon the return of that Meſſenger, they diſpatched others to *Ceute*, *Fez*, *Tunis*, *Morocco*, and to all the Sea-Port Towns along the Coaſt, and under the Protection of the Catholick Kings Paſs-port, they made a diligent enquiry in all the Ports and Roads of *Spain*; but all this laſt ſedulity and induſtry of theirs prov'd to no more purpoſe than the firſt; ſo that at laſt they were conſtrained patiently to expect what Time would produce, the only Remedy for ſo deep a ſorrow. Not knowing then what to think, whether the Prediction of the *Arabian Cid Hamut* were a truth or an impoſture, which they now miſtruſted altogether. But, Sir, though I gave them to underſtand by a Letter that their Daughter was not dead, yet did I not diſcover that ſhe was in *Andaluſia*, and conſequently not far from them, becauſe that in regard I had always an intention to inſtruct her in the Chriſtian Faith, I reſolv'd to take as much time as I thought neceſſary for ſo great a work. Eſpecially not being ignorant that *Morayzel* and *Semahis* intended both at firſt that their Daughter ſhould not return in haſte, which made me think it little to the purpoſe for them to know the place of her Exile. Beſides all this, a ſecret forboding, of which I knew not the Cauſe, compell'd me to take that courſe whether I would or no. So that neither dating my Letter, nor mentioning the place from whence I wrote, I thought it enough to give them an imperfect joy, which was however more than ordinary, as afterwards I underſtood. True it is, that joy continued not long either with *Morayzel* or *Semahis*. But *Semahis* was the Perſon chiefly diſturb'd, for that fair and ambitious Lady did not only deſtroy her own, but the Peace of the Kingdom withall. She made uſe of the Charms of her Wit and Beauty, the more eaſily to obtain her ends. She allur'd new Lovers that ſhe might make them Rebels; ſhe cheriſh'd deſire in ſome, and hope in others: and robbing them all of their hearts, without engaging her own, ſhe caus'd her ſelf to be belov'd, though ſhe were not in love her ſelf: and of the Croud of her Idolaters, ſhe compos'd a numerous and dangerous Caball; which did not a little perplex *Muley-hamen*, and his chief Favourite; though he had obtain'd the Sirname of *Juſt*, and his Chief Miniſter were one of the braveſt men of his time. She extended her Conqueſts beyond the Kingdom of *Granada*, for ſhe made uſe of Strangers as well as the Kings Subjects; while two great Ambaſſadors minded more the courting of her Favour, than to manage the King

their

their Maſters Affairs. You may eaſily conjecture by the ruines of her Beauty what ſhe was at that time; her Proportion was the moſt goodly and ſtately in the World, and though I have often ſaid that ſhe was fierce and haughty, yet had ſhe that ſweetneſs in her Eyes, which temper'd that fierceneſs, and diſguis'd her Ambition; ſhe had a fire in her Eyes, yet was it ſuch a fire, whoſe Flames were very mild and gentle; and it might be eaſily ſeen, that when ſhe infinitely pleas'd, ſhe had ſome deſign in pleaſing. Her whole Countenance was charming, her Mouth exactly proportion'd, and all the Graces hung upon her Lips when ſhe ſmil'd; and her Hair of a Colour to ſet off her Complexion, and the lovely Whiteneſs of her Skin: Her Neck, Arms, and Hands ſurpaſſingly White, and beautiful to exceſs, whether for Plumpneſs, Colour, or Form: Her Air, her Deportment, her Gate, ſo noble, ſo free, and full of Majeſty, that that alone ſufficiently teſtifi'd the Grandeur of her Birth. For what remains, her Wit was no leſs charming than her Body; ſhe was courteous, could flatter and inſinuate; and it was no wonder that ſhe was belov'd by a great Queen, that was ſo amiable beyond compare: She was eloquent, of a jovial humour, ſhe underſtood the World and the Court better than any Perſon of her time; ſo that if the Hiſtory of Affairs had been loſt, it might have been recover'd by her Memory. On the other ſide, though *Morayzel* had not the greateſt Wit in the World, as well before his deafneſs as after, yet he had however ſo comly a Preſence, which together with his Civility, that was hereditary to him, very much aſſiſted the ambitious *Semahis*, in acquiring Creatures and Confederates; and beſides that his Magnificent Table gain'd him as many Friends, as the Eyes of his Princeſs allur'd Lovers. But the Wit and Policy of that fortunate Miniſter of State, which I have already mention'd, countermin'd all her Plots, and overthrew all her Deſigns: So that it was thought expedient that ſhe ſhould depart the Kingdom. Though where ever ſhe went, Love and War was the Effect of her Reſidence. I beg your pardon, Sir, for having gone ſo much out of the way, to deſcribe this great and famous Beauty; for I thought this Digreſſion not inconvenient, in regard that *Semahis* not being now what ſhe was, you might behold her in all her ſplendour. Nor do I forget that I left off at the place of my Nativity. At length then having taken what order I could about my Unfortunate Affairs, I left *Palma* and return'd to *Fontaines*; where I found all *Ponce de Leon*'s Maſters arriv'd. And a few days after the Duke and Dutcheſs return'd to the Court, after they had again recommended to me the Education of their Son, with all the earneſtneſs that might be: They alſo left the young *Almahide* at *Fontaines*, under the Tuition of certain Women, to accompany *Ponce de Leon* at ſuch Hours, wherein he was not employ'd either in his Studies or his Exerciſes. Thus I began in the pleaſanteſt place of the Earth the Education of the moſt lovely Children in the World, and ſaw thoſe Beauties grow up among the Flowers, that quite eclips'd their Natural Colours, with their extraordinary brightneſs. And here it was that young *Ponce de Leon* began to learn thoſe Arts, which render'd him afterwards one of the chiefeſt Ornaments of his Age and Country; and which have added to the wonderful Beauty of his Body, the rare Beauty of a Wit no leſs miraculous. Never was obſerv'd ſo great and ſo ſudden a progreſs as he made in all his Noble Exerciſes. His moſt ſerious Studies began to be his moſt pleaſing Divertiſements: He took delight in toiling, inſomuch that this matchleſs Youth advancing in Knowledge, after ſo unuſual a manner, and making himſelf perfect in all things to which he apply'd himſelf, became in a ſhort time the aſtoniſhment of the World, and the Maſter of his Teachers. On the other ſide, the young *Almahide* was no leſs admir'd by all thoſe that ſaw her growing Beauties: Every day added new Graces to her Charms; while the prodigious luſtre of her Eyes was all this while eclips'd by the bright ſhining ſplendour of her Wit. Thus in regard the ſtricteſt Friendſhip moſt aſſuredly proceeds from reſemblance, and that if we ſhould ſeek for the Original of Sympathy we ſhould find it in Conformity; for theſe Reaſons the extraordinary Merit of *Ponce de Leon* did not fail to produce the uſual Effects in the Heart of the young *Almahide*; and her extraordinary Endowments wrought no leſs powerfully in the Heart of *Ponce de Leon*. They were always together, thoſe that went about to ſeparate them they never could endure. What pleas'd the one never fail'd to pleaſe the other; and that which the inclinations of the one had an averſion to, was always quite contrary to the others humour. Young *Ponce* was courteous, civil, and complaiſant to her; he was faſhionably clad, very careful and diligent; and conſidering his behaviour, you would have taken him for his Slave's Slave, and have ſaid that they had exchang'd their condition. The Flower that follows the Son is not ſo punctual to the Rules of Nature, as *Ponce*'s Eyes were exact in obſerving *Almahide*: And as ſhe was the only Deity which he ador'd, he never fail'd to offer to her the Firſt-Fruits of all the Flowers that grew in the Gardens of *Fontaines*; he pick'd and cull'd them, and made her Garlands and Noſegays; nor did this young Lover, before he knew what a Lover was, omit any thing whereof Love is generally the Teacher, ſo great a Maſter is Love. He was obſerv'd ſometimes to ſigh, before he knew what to ſigh for: He felt himſelf poſſeſs'd with Fear and Reſpect before he knew the Cauſe either of his Reſpect or Fear. And that ſtrong Paſſion preventing time, whoſe motion is ſo ſwift, caus'd him to act in an Age wherein he was as young and beautiful as Love; and might have been taken for Love himſelf, like other Perſons of far riper years. But if *Ponce de Leon* created within me ſo juſt a cauſe of wonder, certainly *Almahide* younger than he, gave me much more ground

of

of admiration. Nor could I ever 'till then perceive how far the Inſtructions of Nature would reach, when they meet with a Soul fit to entertain them. That young Beauty, as innocent as ſhe was, began not only to conſult her Mirrour oftner than ſhe was accuſtomed, but alſo to view her ſelf in the Fountains; and ſurely it was in the Water that her Eyes firſt learnt to dart forth Flames. *Almahide*, without doubt, knew not as yet how well *Ponce de Leon* pleas'd her; but ſhe knew well that ſhe had a diſpoſition to pleaſe him. And though her judgment did not preciſely diſtinguiſh between the affection which ſhe had for him, and the paſſion which he had for her; however a hidden and powerful Inclination inſenſibly ſeiz'd her, and fix'd her to the Object, which was only agreeable to her. And it was a long time that ſhe lov'd, before ſhe knew what it was that was call'd Love. The leaſt things which *Ponce* did to pleaſe her, oblig'd her to the higheſt pitch; ſo that when ſhe loſt the ſight of him, ſhe ſeem'd to loſe all her delights; and for that the Innocence of her Age had not yet taught her thoſe ready and ingenious diſguiſes, wherewith Ladies are wont to conceal their real Paſſions, ſhe no ſooner ſaw him again, but her Looks betraying her Heart, they appear'd as full of joy as fire; and redoubling their ſparkling luſtre, her reſplendently ſhining Eyes darted a thouſand Flames from that Flame that conſum'd her. Not but that the Natural Modeſty of her Sex, and the noble haughtineſs of her diſpoſition, ſometimes enclos'd that lovely fire as in a Cloud: But it broke forth from time to time, as the Sun breaks through the Miſts that obſcure it; and notwithſtanding her ſecret reſervedneſs, that ſecret fire appear'd ſometimes, whoſe heat ſhe felt, yet knew not what it was. Yet that was no impediment to hinder this Slave from acting like a Queen; and that ſhe did not ſeem to have put her Fetters upon him, who by right ought to have made her wear his Chains. This Miſtreſs of her Maſter commanded inſtead of obeying, and her imperious Beauty changing Servitude for Soveraignty, impos'd thoſe Laws which ſhe was not able to ſubmit to. But while the Love, the Wit and Beauty of this charming Couple, encreas'd as it were out of envy to the Flowers, and that the Graces grew up with them, and bare them company in their Sports and other Actions, the Duke and Dutcheſs made ſeveral journeys to *Fontaines*, and were always equally ſatisfi'd of the progreſs of their Son, and *Almahide*, and in the pains which I took to inſtruct them. As for the Infancy of that Love, they were ſo far from diſapproving it, that they were extremely pleas'd to behold it. For the Innocent paſſion of theſe two lovely Children became the paſtime of their Wit, and their pleaſing divertiſement. The equality of their Merit alſo gain'd in their Affection: And I can aſſure you, that they were no leſs fond of the young *Almahide* than of their own Son. Nothing diſpleas'd *Inez* of *Aragon* but the *Mahumetan* Religion of that charming *Moor*. But whatever ſhe could do, together with my own endeavours, it was impoſſible to undeceive that young Lady, or to extirpate thoſe firſt impreſſions of a belief ſo far diſtant from Reaſon; all our Arguments were in vain, nor could all our Perſwaſions overcome or convince her. But whether it were that our Arguments were too ſerious or too auſtere for her years; or that the moſt pleaſant Phyſick works with greateſt eaſe, or that the Phyſician whom the Patient fancies, adds to the ſtrength of the Phyſick, ſhe continu'd obſtinate in her opinion, 'till the young *Ponce de Leon* undertook what we had in vain attempted; and by virtue of his wanton Theology, (if I may uſe the words without being thought prophane) fully converted his fair Infidel, and made her underſtand the Truth, by laughing at her Fabulous Opinions. Mark then, Sir, how it fell out: Not being ignorant that Hiſtory was one of the moſt noble and moſt profitable parts of Knowledge, that became a Perſon of Quality, I fail'd not to inſtruct the young *Ponce* therein: Nor had that wiſe Tutreſs of Humane Kind any Accidents remarkable, which I did not recommend to the conſideration of her Illuſtrious Diſciple. Thus while I labour'd to give him a general inſight into the Manners, Cuſtoms, and Religions of all the People in the World, I forgate not to lay before him the Hiſtory of the *Turks*, and therein to let him ſee the Extravagancies of the *Alcoran*. Inſomuch that the amiable Teacher, finding one day the young *Almahide* alone, near one of thoſe lovely Fountains that adorn the Garden of the Palace where we reſided; Fair *Almahide*, ſaid he, very pleaſantly ſmiling, the three Keys of Oriental Pearl, which the Book of the *Azear* gives into the Hand of your Prophet, would do far better in yours. For ſuch a noble Ornament would far better become you than him. Sir, anſwer'd ſhe very ſeriouſly, jeaſt not I beſeech you with thoſe things; but give more reſpect to a Perſon whom ſo many Nations deifie. I do not wonder, ſaid he, at that Adoration: For a Perſon that in his Cradle made all the Idols of the World of *Negro's* that they might appear black, well deſerves ſo great an Honour. And certainly the miraculous Birth of your Prophet, is a thing very rare and extraordinary; for had not Lucifer known how to ſwim, he had been in great danger to have been drown'd, when the other Angels threw him into the Sea. I have already told you, anſwer'd ſhe, that things of this nature are not ſo ſlightly to be lookt upon; for in ſhort they are too much above us, for us to ſuffer our feeble Reaſon to advance it ſelf and peer into their Myſteries. But fair *Almahide*, ſaid he, if our feeble Reaſon cannot travel ſo far and ſo high on Foot, ſhe may make uſe of *Alborac Mahomets* flying Horſe, who was without queſtion begot by *Pegaſus* in the Fire; then will ſhe ſee that you deſerve far better, than that old *Arabian* Dotard, to carry in your Hands the Propheſie, the Laws, and Victory; ſince it is eaſie for you to foretell, that all People will adore you above him, that your Laws though never

never ſo ſevere will be obſerv'd more religiouſly, and that Victory will follow you whereſoever you go; there being no Heart upon Earth that can diſpute for Victory with yours, or would if it could. You have ſpoken much like a Courtier, reply'd *Almahide*, but no leſs prophanely withall; nor can I tell whether I am my ſelf to hear you ſo patiently. In ſhort, anſwer'd *Ponce de Leon*, I advice your *Mahometan* zeal to arm it ſelf in defence of the prodigious Birth of your Prophet, when the Birds, the Winds, and the Clouds ſtrove who ſhould nurſe him; the one deſirous that he ſhould be fed by their Rapines, to make as great a Robber of him as themſelves; the other to nurſe him with Perfumes, like the Pagan Idols; the laſt, that he might always drink without eating, like an Hydropic Prophet. Hah! really, ſaid ſhe, laughing when it came to her turn, yet endeavouring to check her mirth, your diſcourſe is not to be endur'd, and therefore if you will not hold your peace, you will compel me to be gone. This is not all however, ſaid he, (holding her by the Coat) for I have ſo many fine ſtories to tell you, that I cannot keep in for my life: In brief, ſaid he, was it not a wonderful thing to ſee *Alla*'s young Envoy, after his breaſt had been cut open, and his heart pierc'd through and through, to be ſo ſuddenly cur'd again only with Snow, wherewith they waſh'd his Entrails, and preſently to be as well as if he had never ail'd any thing? Did ever Chirurgery perform a nobler Cure than that? And all thoſe that practiſe in this Art, are not they all ſtrangely ignorant in compariſon of theſe that cur'd, or rather rais'd him from the dead? 'Tis true the Author does not ſay that he was dead, yet after all that cutting and ſlaſhing, the young Prophet could not but live in a ſad deal of pain; yet you cannot but know, that the delicate Youth was nurs'd by the *Seraphims*, 'till being grown up he became one of the greateſt Thieves in the World. Do you not fall into an Ecſtaſie every time you ſee him in a fit of the Falling-ſickneſs? Do you not admire that ſubtilty of a diſeaſed perſon, that impoſes his Infirmity upon the World for a Miracle, and the deficiency of health for an Inſpiration? The Pigeons which he taught to feed, and not to ſpeak, in his Ear; was it not an Invention becoming the Policy of a Mountebank, and the ſottiſhneſs of the People? And are you not reſolv'd ſtrongly to maintain, that it was the Spirit of the great *Alla*, that dictated the *Alcoran*; a Book more falſe and leſs rational than the Fables of *Eſop*, which *Fernaud* has taught us. For my part, ſaid *Almahide*, I know not what to anſwer, but I know this that I am reſolv'd to believe all that is there. 'Tis very well done of you *Almahide*, reply'd he, for the ſtory is ſo probable, that I do not wonder you ſhould give ſo much credit to it. But do you approve the Abſtinence of that Holy Perſon who had three Wives at a time? Or would you be content that a Perſon that lov'd you, in imitation of him, ſhould have three Miſtreſſes? As for that, ſaid ſhe laughing, I believe it is a thing that would no way pleaſe me. I admire at that, ſaid *Ponce*, when you have ſo fair and undeniable an Example. As for what remains, have you not a great deſire to take a Pilgrimage to *Mecca*, to viſit the Tomb of that Great Prophet hanging in the Air? And to authoriſe that Fable, will you not deny that the Adamant attracts Iron, or that he can keep it hanging there without a Miracle? Suppoſe I demand of you, how you came by this Law? will you not ſwear to me that your Prophet receiv'd it at the hand of an Angel? written upon the Skin of the Ram that *Abraham* ſacrific'd inſtead of his Son *Iſaack*, after he had been fed forty years in Paradiſe? Do you not believe the Reſurrection of Sheep in honour of that Ram? Do you not believe that the Earth is born upon a Bull's Horn, and that the cauſe of all Earth-quakes proceeds from its being hung up in that manner? Have you not a deſire to drink of that Fountain in Paradiſe which is called *Alcanzar*, and is in breadth and length threeſcore and ten thouſand days journey? Can you endure the Fountains that belong to this Palace, after you have beheld in you Fancy that magnificent Sea-Fountain? Have you not a deſire to ſee that Inviſible Hall, which is lockt with ſeventy thouſand Keys, being ſeven thouſand Leagues in length? Do you not long to be at the marvellous birth of that prodigious Infant, that is to come out of *Citron*, that ſhall ſtick to a Diamond-Table all of one Stone, threeſcore and ten thouſand days journey in length? More than this, Divine *Almahide*, you that are ſo modeſt, how can you endure the beaſtlineſs of your Prophets Paradiſe? How can you endure to ſee all the filth of your unclean Prophet, which I am aſham'd to ſpeak of? True it is, that according to what he teaches you, perhaps your Modeſty may have no cauſe to complain; for no Woman is to enter in there, no more than into the Moſques; for all thoſe that are there to be ſeen, were on purpoſe to be there. So that it ſignifies little for the poor *Almahide* to be the faireſt Perſon in the World, for ſhe ſhall never for all that ſee her Prophet, nor his Imaginary Paradiſe; and as haughty as ſhe is, ſhe muſt be content to be among the lower ſort. Will ſhe not have pity upon the unhappy Angel that is ſtifled, or can ſhe well conceive how ſuch a Puniſhment can be inflicted where there is no body? no leſs than how the Deity ſhould impoſe ſo ſtrange a Command? Would you not be afraid ſhould any Perſon riding upon *Alborac* take you up behind them? a Horſe that every ſtep croſſes a whole Plain? Fear you not thoſe deaf and dumb Angels, that having no underſtanding lay on without mercy? Or would you not be afraid of that other tall Angel, which is a thouſand Ells high? Or of thoſe other Angels having ſeventy thouſand heads apiece, and every head a thouſand Horns, and every Horn ſeventy thouſand Knobs; and below them ſeventy thouſand Faces, and every Face ſeventy thouſand Mouths, and every Mouth ſeventy thouſand Tongues, ſpeaking ſeventy thouſand Languages,

Languages, in which they praiſe God ſeventy thouſand times a day? Do you not expect to hear the Cock crow in Heaven, to which all the Cocks upon Earth anſwer two or three times every Night? Do you not aim to ſee that Angel compos'd of Snow and Fire, that makes ſuch a long Prayer? or that other Giantlike Angel that carries the World in his hand? In ſhort do you not flatter your ſelf with an ill grounded hope, to mount upon *Alborac*'s back to the firſt Heaven made of Silver, thence to that of burniſh'd Gold, thence to that of Cryſtal, thence to that of Emralds, ſo to that of Rubies, thence to that of Topazes, ſo to that of Saphirs, and thence to that of Diamonds; and thus to travel through the nine Heavens into a Country of Precious Stones? But *Almahide*, as the Myſteries of this Religion are fooleries, the Morality thereof is no leſs unjuſt; that puts all to Fire and Sword, expoſes all to Pillages, accounting nothing inviolable or ſacred; and referring all to Deſtiny, makes little difference between Good and Evil, giving a liberty of enclining to that which is moſt pleaſing, how criminal ſoever, allowing for an excuſe that Abſolute Neceſſity that hurries and conſtrains all Men. After that the Noble Youth, enſpir'd without doubt from Heaven, argu'd with her concerning our Faith. And having laid before her as it were a magnificent draught thereof, in oppoſition to the Extravagancies of Turciſm, Ah, fair *Almahide*, ſaid he, will you not open your Eyes to behold ſuch viſible Truths; and are you not aſham'd to have follow'd ſuch ſtrange Chimera's? Yes moſt Noble *Ponce*, ſaid ſhe, I am aſham'd: But I deſire that the future may repair the ſhame of what is paſt; for I am now no longer a Mahumetan. I cannot, Sir, expreſs the joy of that youthful Lover, when he heard the fair Proſelytes anſwer: He came running to me to give me notice thereof; who thereupon ſending word to the Duke and Dutcheſs, they came on purpoſe to *Fontaines*, both equally glad of ſo happy a change; and thus after they had more fully inſtructed and confirm'd her, the fair *Moor* became a Chriſtian. Thereupon according to the Cuſtom of *Spain* that gives Children many Names, *Don John d'Avendagne*, and the Dutcheſs, baptiz'd her *Iſabella*, *Aminta*, *Inez*, the firſt of theſe Names was the Queens, the ſecond and third in relation to the Dutcheſs her ſelf. And having ſo done, thoſe three Noble Perſons returned to *Sevil*, leaving the two young Lovers at liberty, in their pleaſant ſolitude. From that time forward *Ponce de Leon*'s Love began to take a deeper root; and young *Aminta*'s Paſſion (for ſo henceforward we ſhall call her for ſome time) though ſhe kept it more conceal'd, yet was it not the leſs violent. On the contrary, that Fire ſo ſtifled redoubled its heat, and the conformity of their Religion ſeem'd to have augmented the force of their Inclinations; *Ponce* lov'd her the more for the reſpect ſhe had to his Religion, and *Aminta* more tenderly affected him for having freed her from the Errours of her own. In the Interim, how great ſoever their content might be to ſee one another continually, their pleaſant humours by degrees became more dull, and more diſcompos'd: For there aroſe in their minds a kind of melancholy cloud, which in ſome meaſure eclips'd the briskneſs of their familiarity, and almoſt quite deſtroy'd that lively alacrity that render'd their Society ſo pleaſing. The one ſeem'd more contemplative, the other more reſerv'd; and both as it were in emulation one of the other ſigh'd and ſuppreſs'd their ſighs, manifeſting the diſorder of their Souls, while they labour'd to conceal it: Their Eyes reciprocally darted certain Beams of a dim light, betraying the faireſt ſadneſs in the world. And with a dumb Eloquence they ſpoke without ſaying a word, what they durſt not ſay when they ſpoke; yet what they underſtood without ſpeaking. A hundred times the Noble Lover open'd his Lips, to make known the violence of his Paſſion to the Cauſe of his Love, and a hundred times the Illuſtrious Lady was about to open hers to let *Ponce* underſtand what ſhe deſir'd to conceal from her ſelf. But the Reſpect of the one, and the Modeſty of the other prov'd an equal hindrance to both, while at the ſame time they both beheld the ſame diſcompoſure in their minds. This affable and candid familiarity, which they had cheriſh'd from their Infancy, began to change as they grew in years; and both obſerving each other more narrowly than they were accuſtom'd, yet according more and more lovingly together, they ſaid the leſs, but thought the more: And thus their Friendſhip became more circumſpect, but far more myſterious. Unfortunate *Ponce*, ſaid he to himſelf one day, what is it makes thee dream thus? What doſt thou do? or what is it that thou thinkſt to do? Haſt thou forgot who thou art? Doſt thou no longer remember what *Aminta* is? Haſt thou loſt thy memory both in relation to thy ſelf, as well as to what concerns her? Haſt thou forgot, I ſay, that thou art of the Race of Kings, and that thou know'ſt not but that ſhe may be born a Slave? Haſt thou loſt the remembrance of thy own Story, that thy Anceſtors have worn Crowns, and that ſhe ſtill wears Fetters? Canſt thou be contented to accept of Chains from a hand which is it ſelf enchain'd? Carefully examine thy ſelf, conſult well thy own Reaſon, deſcend into the bottom of thy Heart, and there obſerve its moſt ſecret Motions, ſurprize it in the midſt of its moſt ſecret meditations, and labour to find out, whether a thing ſo little probable can be true; and whether it be poſſible that thou ſhouldeſt be the Slave of thy Slave. Hah, no, no, nothing of all this can be poſſible: Love proceeds from ſympathy, ſympathy proceeds from reſemblance; and what reſemblance can there be between *Aminta's* condition and mine. Poor ſpirited *Ponce de Leon*, added he ſighing, art thou ſo inſenſible of Glory that thou yieldeſt ſo much to Love? does it become thee to loſe thy liberty for the ſake of one that is not free her ſelf? Canſt thou be ſo weak to loſe thy Honour with thy Freedom, and render thy ſelf

the talk of the World, and the ſhame of thy Houſe? Hah, no, no, Nature has given thee a Heart that never was capable of any ſuch baſeneſs: And ſurely the Crowns of my Anceſtors haunting my Fancy, will hinder me from converſing with Chains. Beſides, ſhould the lowneſs of thy Spirit make thee forget theſe things, will thy Father forget them as well as thou? Though thy Paſſion blind thee, canſt thou imagine it can alſo blind him, who is free from the heat of love? that he ſhould conſent to an alliance of Chriſtian Blood with the Blood of the *Moors?* that he ſhould conſent to a Marriage that will overwhelm him with ſhame? Flatter not thy ſelf, unfortunate *Ponce*, nothing of all this can happen: Theſe pleaſing Chimera's will deceive thee, if thou art ſo raſh to follow them; and thoſe Phantaſms will vaniſh, after they have abus'd thee. But is not all this becauſe thou judgeſt of *Aminta*'s Heart by her Fortune? becauſe thou think'ſt her as low as her condition? or becauſe thou fooliſhly imagin'ſt, that it is no difficult thing for a Free Perſon to triumph over a Slave? Hah! unreaſonable as thou art, ſaid he purſuing his Complaint, ſhould'ſt thou have ſuch a capital thought, with what hope wilt thou nouriſh it? Know'ſt thou not the noble haughtineſs of that incomparable Perſon, who, as much a Slave as ſhe ſeems to be, behaves her ſelf more like a Queen than a Captive? that ſhe ſpeaks to thee as if ſhe ſpoke from a Throne? who by virtue of a Majeſty that dazles thee breeds reſpect in thy Heart, inſomuch that there all thy deſires dye. Doſt thou not ſee the luſtre of her tranſcending Beauty ſhine through the obſcurity of her bad Fortune? Does not the innocency of her carriage manifeſt the harmleſneſs of her Soul? And doſt not thou perceive in thine, all the innocency and purity that a Paſſion which is only ſincere and noble can inſpire? Quench then this Paſſion without ground or hope: And ſince that Love cannot live without hope, baniſh all hope, that thou may'ſt live without being in love. At thoſe words the irreſolute Lover ſtopt a while; and ſuffering his Fancy to wander among a multitude of ſad thoughts, the thick Vapours ſo over-clouded it at laſt, that he took no farther care to diſ-ingage it. But at length the bright reſemblance of *Aminta*, diſſipating thoſe Miſts of Melancholy that obſcur'd his Reaſon, after he had chear'd his over-laid Heart with a few ſighs, he began again to reaſon with himſelf after another manner: But inſolent, or rather impious that thou art, how hainouſly, how unjuſtly haſt thou preſum'd to ſpeak of *Aminta?* What Puniſhment can ſuffice to chaſtiſe thee, for making a Complaint ſo void of Reaſon? How could'ſt thou contemn a Perſon that inſpires thee with ſo much Reſpect, and that only with the twinkle of an Eye makes thee tremble and fear her? Art thou ignorant that Eſteem is the inſeparable Companion of Love, and that we are not to have low thoughts of that which is above us, and indeed above all the Earth? Doſt thou not alſo know that *Aminta* is noble? that ſhe wears a Character of Greatneſs in her Face, in her Air, in her Deportment, and in all her Actions, plainly convincing that ſhe is ſomething more than what *Fernando* diſcovers, and that his ſilence in this particular is an undoubted Argument, ſince it cannot be the meanneſs of this divine Virgin's Extraction, that obliges him to conceal it; conſidering her lofty Preſence and Aſpect which all the World admires? No, no, this Incomparable Maid was never born among the Vulgar; for all the Rules of Phyſiognomy muſt be falſe, if her Extraction be common. Add to this, that it is yet more impoſſible, that ſuch lofty Inclinations as hers, and Vertues ſo reſplendent, could ever derive their being in the midſt of Vulgar Obſcurity. But though all this that I preſume to think were true, do I not know that Love equals all things? that it confounds Scepters with Sheephooks, Crowns and Fetters? that the diſtinction of Conditions proceeds from the Imagination of Men, and the capricious Humour of Fortune? and that all is but an airy notion of Reaſon, without any effectual or ſolid ground? whereas the ſublime Qualities of *Aminta* are viſible and real, and not only ſo, but far ſurpaſſing all others. And when thou wert ſo cruelly unjuſt, to remember that the fair *Aminta* was a Slave, why didſt thou not as well remember, that it might be thy hard Fate? and that ſuch a Slave as ſhe deſerv'd to be a Queen? Haſt thou forgot that *Achilles* lov'd *Briſeis*, who was a Captive as well as ſhe? and that *Titus* lov'd *Berenice*, who was a Slave like her? Is it becauſe thou think'ſt thy ſelf more famous than *Titus*, or more renown'd than *Achilles?* Or that thy unjuſt and audacious pride can think to raiſe thee above thoſe Hero's, by debaſing *Aminta?* Canſt thou fear to miſtake, *Ponce*, in following ſuch great Examples; or canſt thou bluſh at that, which Hero's and Emperours thought no ſhame? Indeed how canſt thou be ſo blindly raſh, to call thy ſelf her Maſter, and her thy Slave? Knowſt thou not that from her moſt tender Childhood, her noble haughtineſs could never endure that hateful title? Nor canſt thou imagine how much ſhe would loath thee, ſhould ſhe know how irreverently thou haſt ſpoken of her? In a word, 'tis only Vertue that makes the Perſon to be eſteem'd, and not meer accidents that depend upon Fortune. And therefore the Fair *Aminta* being infinitely vertuous, it behoves me to love her infinitely. Again, *Ponce de Leon*, thou wert in the right when thou ſaid'ſt that Love proceeds from Reſemblance; but we muſt ſeek for that conformity that creates that love and ſympathy, as well in the Perfections of the Mind as in the Beauties of the Body; and not in Chimera's, no way eſſential to the Object which we deſire to love: So that according to theſe true Maxims, I hold that in matter of love a fair and vertuous Slave is to be preferr'd before an ill-favour'd Queen without Vertue. Nor does the Quality of the Women any way diminiſh the Grandeur of thoſe Families into which they are married: So that how mean ſoever the

the Birth of *Aminta* be, the Blood of *Leon* and *Arragon* is ſtill the Royal Blood. For the Royal Line is like a great River, that receives into it the leſſer Stream, whoſe Waters are no ſooner mix'd, but the ſmall River loſes its Name, while the other preſerves his own. Beſides, if my Father be not unreaſonable, he will eſteem what I eſteem; if not, it behoves me to be obedient to Reaſon ſooner than to him. For in ſhort, I love to pleaſe my ſelf, and not the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*; and being to ſpend my days with *Aminta*, and not with him, it behoves me to conſult my own Inclinations, and not my Fathers. To this I may add, that the tender kindneſs which the Duke and Dutcheſs have ſtill for the Incomparable *Aminta*, give me ſome reaſon to hope, which their vehement love of me does not a little fortifie. As for *Aminta*'s Parentage who are *Moors*, that is but a fancy; for to ſpeak the truth, all Nations are equally Noble. They have all the ſame Original; and *Hannibal*, an *African* and a *Moor*, was as renown'd, as the famous *Scipio* who was a *Roman*, and the brave *Moors* of *Granada* have won ſo much reputation in the World, that their alliance can be no ſhame. And in regard they have conquer'd almoſt all *Spain*, 'tis not for the Vanquiſh'd to deſpiſe their Conquerours. So that the Obſtacle of Religion being remov'd, as it is by *Aminta*'s Converſion, I ſee nothing that can thwart my deſires. Thus the vertue of that fair and Noble Beauty ought rather to increaſe than quench my flame; ſince that my love of her being altogether innocent, her ſublime Vertue can be no obſtacle to my Paſſion; being that which rather breeds and nouriſhes my deſire. Here the Noble *Ponce de Leon* fell again into another profound Contemplation: And after he had ſeparated the confus'd Fancies that caus'd it, he began to ſift a certain Queſtion that ſtill reſted in his mind. Thou flatter'ſt thy ſelf, ſaid he, raſh young Man, thou flatter'ſt thy ſelf; for all the Obſtacles of thy deſign may not proceed either from thy Father or thy ſelf, ſo that thy good Fortune is not yet aſſur'd. For the moſt dangerous Obſtacles may they not proceed from the fair *Aminta* her ſelf? Alas! becauſe thou know'ſt that thou lov'ſt her, is it therefore certain that ſhe loves thee alſo? To love is certainly the beſt means to be belov'd; but *Aminta* is ſo amiable, and thou thy ſelf perhaps ſo ill-favour'd, that ſhe may without injuſtice oppoſe her ſelf againſt that which ſhe diſdains, whoſe power is of ſo large an extent. Thou know'ſt how proud ſhe is, but thou alſo know'ſt how good ſhe is. 'Tis very true, ſaid he, but that was at an age, when ſhe was not what now ſhe is: She has accepted thy Friendſhip, but perhaps ſhe will refuſe thy Love; and if the mildneſs of the one pleas'd her, the violence of the other may perhaps as much diſpleaſe her. Yet I perceiv'd ſomething in her Eyes, ſaid he, purſuing his diſcourſe, that ſeem'd to promiſe me ſome ground of hopes. And in regard it is impoſſible but that ſhe may have diſcover'd in mine, ſome ſparks of that lively fire which I conceal in my breaſt, I find ſome Reaſon to be at leaſt in as much hope as fear; and to incline rather toward the former than the latter of the two. Beſides it may be her evil Fortune will perſwade her more eaſily to change for a better, when thy Paſſion ſhall make her the Offer; for the deſire of Liberty is ſo natural and ſo univerſal, that it was born with all Humane Kind, that it lives with them, and will live as long as they, and never dyes but when they dye. But alas! reply'd he ſighing, 'tis not with that that her imperious Spirit will be mov'd; ſhe is too noble and too lofty minded to be guided by any ſuch intereſt: This haughty Lady wears her Fetters, as if ſhe weilded a Scepter; ſo that if inclination works not upon her heart, I ſhall never enter there. It matters not continu'd he, for though ſhe ſhould always prove inexorable, the pleaſure only of loving her, would be ſufficient to render me happy; though I ſhould never be belov'd again, or never hope to be ſo. Then let us love this amiable and moſt precious Beauty; and ſince the misfortune of loving her is a happineſs alſo, let us be happy and unfortunate both at a time; if it be ſo that we cannot be fortunate without being unhappy. Then ſeeing we have the confidence to love her, let us be as bold to let her underſtand our love: Fortune aſſiſts the venturous, and rejects the timorous. In a word, it behoves us to dare when we love, if we intend not to love in vain. Nevertheleſs conſider the difficulty of the attempt before thou engageſt thy ſelf too far; and take heed of loſing her Friendſhip, when thou think'ſt to gain her Love. What thy kind or froward Deſtiny has determin'd, ſhall come to paſs; nor can I any longer conceal ſo great a ſecret in my Heart, and therefore upon the firſt opportunity that I can meet with, there is a neceſſity for the fair *Aminta* to know my Paſſion, that I my ſelf may know what I have to expect from Fortune. Thus, Sir, you ſee the reſolution which the young *Ponce de Leon* reſolved to take. But if his mind were troubled, the fair *Aminta* was no leſs diſquieted in her thoughts. For Love equally ſhar'd between thoſe two Noble Hearts all his Roſes, all his Thorns, all his Pleaſures, all his Pains, all his Comforts, all his Anguiſh, all his Joys, and all his Cares. The young *Aminta* by degrees became ſomewhat more cloudy, and ſomewhat more melancholy. Every moment ſhe fetch'd long and frequent ſighs, and as oft ſhe labour'd to ſuppreſs them, and to ſtifle in the birth the ſecret offspring of a Flame, yet far more ſecret. Love fix'd her Eyes upon the belov'd Object; but modeſty withdrew them again: immediately ſhe fix'd them on again, but by and by ſhe forbore to look, though ſhe had rather have forborn to live. Sometimes ſhe avoided the occaſions of ſeeing him, but ſoon after ſhe ſought his company with more delight: She choſe the moſt ſolitary Walks, where her Contemplations were deepeſt and moſt pleaſing. Her Complexion paler grown than uſually it wont to be, and her Eyes more hollow and languiſhing,

were certain ſymptoms of that ſecret Fever that burn'd her within. However her natural haughtineſs labour'd to drive it away; and to calm thoſe tempeſts in her breaſts, but all to no effect; for *Ponce*'s charming Image follow'd every day and every night, appear'd to her waking, haunted her in her ſleep; no where permitting her to be at quiet. One time among the reſt, that theſe pleaſing Contemplations were the heavy entertainment of her Melancholy, not being able to reſt, when univerſal Nature ſleeps, ſhe queſtion'd with her ſelf, whence all that watchfulneſs and diſturbance of mind proceeded: What aileſt thou unhappy *Aminta*, cry'd ſhe, what aileſt thou? Whence this perpetual diſturbance that torments thee, and will permit thee no repoſe? What ſtrange alteration is this in thy condition? Rather is thy Fortune in a condition to change? Or if it may change, can it be otherwiſe than for the better, conſidering to what extremities I am now reduc'd? Why then doſt thou perſecute thy ſelf in vain, and without any viſible cauſe? What conceited pleaſure canſt thou take in being the occaſion of thy own ſorrow? Is it the weight of thy Fetters that cauſes thee to complain? Alas ſaid ſhe 'tis now ſo long that thou haſt worn them, that uſe methinks ſhould make them light; In ſhort thou knoweſt that thou didſt patiently endure them, and therefore theſe new Torments cannot proceed from thy ſo long ſuffer'd Slavery. How canſt thou affect Liberty, that never knewſt what it was? And why ſhouldſt thou complain of a Slavery almoſt as old as thy ſelf; and which, to ſay the truth, is very eaſie to be endur'd? Is it for the ſight of thy Country and thy Parents that thou longeſt? Alas, ſhe reply'd to her ſelf, thou knowſt not which is thy Country, nor who are thy Parents; nor is it an eaſie thing to have an affection for that which we never knew, nor to long for the ſight of that which we never ſaw. Is it the Pirates Iſland which thou deſireſt to ſee? Alas, is not the admirable Beauty of *Fontaines* far beyond the Savage Iſland of *Origni?* And the people in this lovely Palace are they not leſs terrible than the frightful looks of the Pirates? Far leſs, Alas! ſaid ſhe, fetching a deep ſigh, 'tis not then the deformity of the People here that increaſes my pain. Is it becauſe the Duke and the Dutcheſs uſe thee ill? Is it becauſe thy ill fortune has committed thee into the hands of too ſevere Maſters? Is it becauſe thy Captivity is too harſh, and thy ſtrength not able to undergo the labour? Canſt thou ſpeak it without ingratitude? Is it not on the contrary true, that thoſe illuſtrious Perſonages uſe thee rather as their Child than as their Slave? and that they could not have been more mild nor more indulgent to their own Daughter, than to thee who haſt not the honour to be ſo? Is it any ſcruple of Conſcience upon the change of thy Religion, that ſo cruelly torments thee? Doſt thou repent of thy repentance, or for having abandoned all thoſe follies of the *Alcoran*, which thy wretched Slaves had put into thy head? Ah by no means, ſhe ſwiftly reply'd, I am too well convinced of the follies that I have forſaken, and of the truth which I have embraced, to conceive ſo capital a thought. Yet once more, what is it that perplexes thee, indiſcreet *Aminta?* Thus ſhe proceeded, renewing her deep fetch'd ſighs, what muſt be then the unknown Cauſe of an Evil ſo unknown? Is it becauſe thou hateſt *Ponce de Leon?* or is it becauſe thou loveſt him too well? At theſe words ſhe ſuddenly ſtopt, ſhe forbore to argue any further with her ſelf, yet ſhe fetched a deep ſigh from the bottom of heart, in an inſtant ſhe grew pale, and immediately after a Carnation flame, if I may be permitted that expreſſion, enlighten'd all her face, and redoubled the liveline's of her complexion. She looked down upon the ground, ſhe laid her fair hands upon her Eyes and cloſed them; afraid that the darkneſs of the night had not been black or thick enough to hide her bluſhes. Therefore ſhe buried that noble and modeſt ſhame aſwell in the gloomy ſhades of night, as in a long and private ſilence. Yet in the midſt of thoſe Shades that ſurrounded her, a thouſand bright Apparitions riſing in her diſturbed fanſie repreſented to her the fair Portraicture of *Ponce de Leon*, together with all thoſe Graces that Nature and Art had beſtowed upon him. Ah feeble *Aminta*, cry'd ſhe, in a mournful tone, ſeek no farther for the cauſe of thy diſquiet, thy heart has found it, when thy lips named *Ponce*; and now too ſadly doſt thou apprehend the original of thy diſcontents. Thou loveſt him, *Aminta*, thou loveſt him, the Lord both of thy fortune and thy heart. The Chains I wear are not thy Chains alone; nor are thy viſible fetters the moſt ponderous; for the unfortunate *Aminta* is a double Slave. But how comes it to paſs, continued ſhe, that the noble pride of thy mind has not defended thy heart? Thy Infancy could not endure to hear the name of ſervitude, and can thy riper years ſubmit without reſiſtance? It ſeems that the haughty *Almahide*, and the faint-hearted *Aminta*, are not the ſame perſons, ſo great is the difference between them; but that in changing her Religion the firſt has alſo changed her humour. To what purpoſe is it to diſguiſe the truth? Thy Soul is no more free than thy Body; thy Heart wears fetters like thy Hands, and Love has enſlav'd thee like Fortune. Ah that word Love affrights me, ſhe ſtraight reply'd, it behoves me therefore to acknowledge, that if the merit of the Victor can afford any comfort to the vanquiſhed for the ſhame of their defeat, that comfort belongs to me, for certainly ſo glorious is that of *Ponce de Leon*, that nothing can be more ſublime. But alas, continued ſhe preſently after, what does this rare merit avail thee? For though thine were equal, can conformity of Virtues reconcile the difference of Eſtates? And will that difference permit *Ponce de Leon* to ſtoop to the unfortunate *Aminta?* and to wear her fetters and her chains amid the Scepters and Crowns of his Anceſtors. Hah, no, no; flatter not thy ſelf with ſuch preſumptuous thoughts, and notwithſtanding all thy pride,

pride, remember thy ſelf who *Ponce* is, and who thou art, and let not vain imaginations deceive thee. His high Degree will always contradict his Paſſion, and thy Vertue will no leſs oppoſe thine. As without queſtion he will never deſire but what becomes him, no more wilt thou deſire but what befits thee. And as thou art not ſo poor ſpirited to do any thing unworthy of thy ſelf, think it not ſtrange if he act nothing beneath his Honour. But what, continu'd ſhe, does his Eyes ſay to me, and how am I to interpret his paſſionate Glances? Still as I look upon him, I find that he always looks upon me; as I fetch one ſigh, he fetches another; nay many times his ſighs make haſte and prevent mine. He follows me every where, he gives me whatever he thinks I fanſie; he is diligent, he is complaiſant, he is reſpectful, as if I enjoy'd his Heart, and he mine; and if all this ſignifie nothing, I muſt confeſs I underſtand not what any thing means. But, too credulous *Aminta*, haſt thou forgot what thy Governeſs has oft repeated to thee, concerning the ſubtilty and falſhood of men? and wilt not thou ſtand upon thy guard as ſhe has taught thee? But who is there, continu'd ſhe, that can refrain from believing thoſe things which they deſire ſhould come to paſs? or who can have the power to preſerve himſelf from the flattery of ſuch colloguing fanſies? In ſhort, thou lov'ſt him, *Aminta*, thou lov'ſt him; and what is yet more ſtrange, thou lov'ſt him without knowing preciſely how far thou art belov'd; or whether thou art belov'd again at all. Stop there however, feeble *Aminta*, overcome thy ſelf as *Ponce de Leon* has overcome thee; and how ſmooth and eaſie ſoever the way may be that leads from Friendſhip to Love, ſtop here if it be poſſible, and let him move firſt, who ought to follow thee a long time before he have the honour to overtake thee. This, Sir, was the reſolution which the fair and haughty *Aminta* took, and for ſome days the Pride of the Miſtreſs, and the Reſpect of the Servant, kept them both equally ſilent, while they both ſuffer'd alike. But at length the Illuſtrious *Ponce de Leon*, of one that was extremely timorous becoming ſufficiently confident, began a diſcourſe which prov'd very difficult to both. They had both for ſome time fix'd their Eyes upon the water, reciprocally beholding one another in that dancing Mirror; at what time *Ponce* with a brisk and lively aſpect; What is it, ſaid he, that you look upon, fair *Aminta*, in this Fountain? I ſee nothing but your ſelf, Sir, ſhe reply'd, unleſs it be my own reflexion and ſhadow of the adjoining Trees painted upon the ſurface of this moving Tranſparency. You may ſee ſomething elſe, reply'd he ſmiling, and I admire you have been ſo long e're you perceiv'd it. I aſſure you, Sir, reply'd ſhe, ſmiling as well as he, and ſeeming to look more diligently into the Water, that I perceive nothing but what I have told you; and unleſs you ſhew me what you mean, I believe I ſhall never ſee it as long as I live. I would rather, anſwer'd *Ponce*, that you would ſee it of your ſelf. Perhaps, reply'd *Aminta*, I ſhall hardly ſee it when you have ſhew'd it me. It is impoſſible, ſaid he, that ſuch fair Eyes ſhould be ſo defective; and for my part, I believe that they are only thoſe things which they will not ſee, which they pretend not to ſee. The Objects are ſo little, that the moſt quick-ſighted would have much ado to diſcern them. But I ſay they are ſo large, reply'd the Illuſtrious *Ponce*, that only the blind, or they that are wilfully blind can overlook them. Pray what is this great thing, ſaid ſhe, that you ſee ſo plainly, which I cannot at all perceive? 'Tis my love, fair *Aminta*, reply'd he, which you might have diſcerned in my Eyes, by looking in the water, and more than that, ſuch as it is, the greateſt in the world. Hah, Sir, reply'd ſhe bluſhing, you ſport too cruelly with my ſimplicity. Divine *Aminta*, ſaid he, I am no leſs real, than this floating Mirror is faithful. For ſo truly as it ſhews you that you are the faireſt perſon in the World, ſo truly do I find therein that I am the moſt inamour'd among men. I have already told you, Sir, anſwer'd *Aminta*, that I cannot but take whatever you ſay for the meer pleaſantneſs of your humour, and the divertiſement of your wit; which is the reaſon that I hearken to you without any attention, or being offended. Ah, fair *Aminta*, rather be offended, reply'd he, and never queſtion a truth ſo aſſured, and ſo ſeriouſly ſpoken. Sir, reply'd *Aminta*, the little fear which you have to diſpleaſe me is but a bad ſign of your Friendſhip. It is no mark of my Friendſhip without doubt, but it is a great ſign of my Love. I underſtand ſo little what you ſay, that the very name alone affrights me: And for that reaſon, merrily continued ſhe, as I care not to enter into new acquaintance, I hope you will not put me to the trouble. But, fair *Aminta*, anſwered *Ponce de Leon*, if I am not deceiv'd this acquaintance is already confirmed. And there is no other queſtion to be asked, but whether it pleaſes or diſpleaſes. The doubt which you propoſe, replyed *Aminta*, is ſtill a new indignity, and in diſcovering it to me, you have infallibly rather conſulted my Fetters than my Eyes; for men never loſe their reſpect for thoſe perſons whom they eſteem. But, Sir, ſaid ſhe, very ſeriouſly, I had thought you had been more generous and more noble than thus to confuſe the ſignification of things, and that you had better remembered the difference between thoſe that are made free and Slaves. But, continued ſhe without giving him time to anſwer, ſince you are about to revoke the gift of my Liberty, and that I muſt put on my former Chains, inſtead of gaining, you may perhaps loſe a Captive, who will ſooner beat out her own Brains with her Fetters, than brook an injury. *Aminta* was born free, and ſo will dye; for Hearts like hers always keep the Keys of their own Priſon. She ſpoke this with ſo ſmart an utterance, and an aſpect ſo loſty, and ſo full of Majeſty, that ſhe made a deep impreſſion not only of Reſpect but Fear in the Heart of *Ponce de Leon*. Inſomuch, that he preſently

riſing

riſing up and falling upon one Knee, Ah Divine and too ſevere *Aminta*, ſaid he, bowing down to her feet, interpret my words more juſtly and more favourably; and believe that *Ponce de Leon* will ever regard you more like a Queen than as a Slave, and that he will rather become a Slave himſelf, though deſcended from the Race of Kings. Engage not your ſelf ſo deeply, ſaid ſhe, with an aſpect more ſweet, raiſing him up withall, for if you will believe me, all Chains are not of an equal weight: There are ſevere as well as gentle Maſters. How rigorous ſoever mine may prove, reply'd *Ponce*, I will never complain of my ſervitude; and as all things are pleaſant that are eaſie to perform, I dare aſſure my ſelf that there is not ſo true a Slave as my ſelf upon all the Coaſt of *Barbary*, that is to ſay from *Algier* to *Granada*. Diſtance of place leſſens the Objects, reply'd *Aminta*, ſmiling; for thoſe Dungeons which the *Moors* call *Maſmarrs*, would ſeem to you more terrible than they are, were you once ſhut up in one of them. Ah, charming *Aminta*, though it be generally ſaid that there is no Priſon pleaſing, yet there is one that makes an exception from this General Rule, and renders the old Proverb untrue, which I have upon this occaſion found too juſt and reaſonable, for me not to make uſe of it. I have already told you, Sir, anſwer'd ſhe, that you know not what ſervitude means, and therefore it is for me to inſtruct you that was born among the *Moors*, and bred among Pirates. Know then, Sir, ſaid ſhe, with a lively aſpect, that he that will be a good Slave, muſt both love and fear his Maſter, he muſt have a continual deſire to pleaſe him, a continual apprehenſion of his diſpleaſure; he muſt obey him chearfully and readily, he muſt look upon his Commands as an inviolable Law, and be ſometimes beforehand with his ſervice; he muſt be humble, obſervant, and reſpectful; never contradict, whatever he thinks, applaud whatever he ſays, be ſad when he is ſad, be merry when he is ſo; abjure his own will on purpoſe to follow his, to love whatever he loves, hate whatever he hates; ſuffer his humours, bear with his anger, and receive his chaſtiſements as favours, kiſſing the hand that laid them on. Now, Sir, after all this conſider, whether you have any reaſon to deſire to be a Captive, and whether I have done you wrong to perſwade you from it. For in ſhort, the Maſters among the *Moors* have the power of life and death over their Slaves, and they puniſh them ſeverely when they grow diſobedient. No, no, ever to be ador'd *Aminta*, anſwer'd *Ponce de Leon*, all that you have ſaid affrights me not at all, nor can make me alter my reſolution. But, reply'd ſhe, 'tis not enough to take up this noble reſolution, you muſt always perſevere therein; for among the *Moors* the Slaves that break their Chains and run away, are puniſh'd to the utmoſt height of extremity, if their Repentance do not obtain their Pardon from the Clemency of their Maſters. That which you tell me now, terrifies me leſs than all the reſt, anſwer'd *Ponce*; for I will aſſure you I am ſo far from running away willingly, that you ſhall not be rid of your Slave, though you would drive him away. 'Tis time muſt make that manifeſt, ſaid *Aminta*; but for fear, ſaid ſhe laughing, you ſhould ſhew me in this Fountain ſomething that never yet was there, let us go meet *Fernand*, whoſe Meditations without doubt have been more ſerious, and more profitable than our Diſcourſe: Having ſo ſaid, they came both into the Alley where I was ſtill walking; but they ſeem'd both to be better ſatisfied than when they firſt went into the Garden. After that, Sir, the diſquiet of the one, and the ſadneſs of the other, began inſenſibly to decreaſe, and the former chearfulneſs began to overtop the dulneſs of their preſent humour, as the Sun invelopp'd in a Cloud is ſometimes ſeen to break forth with greater Luſtre. Now as in Love the firſt ſteps are ſloweſt and moſt difficult to take, the Illuſtrious *Ponce* being once in ſo fair a path never ſtopp'd. For after that firſt diſpute, that had ſo well ſucceeded, he fail'd not to venture upon many more, upon the ſame ſubject which was ſo delightful: and to beſtow all the Eloquence wherewith Nature and Art had furniſh'd him, to convince the fair *Aminta* of the greatneſs of his Paſſion. On the other ſide that amiable Beauty was no leſs ſatisfied than her Lover. And her Pride that could not ſuffer her to love alone, having now no more occaſion to upbraid her ſelf for that weakneſs, began by little and little not to think the worſe of *Ponce* for entertaining her with the Stories of his love. In the mean time, as all the *Moors* are born with a natural inclination to Poetry, the fair *Aminta* wanted not that Accompliſhment; and becauſe that Love alſo is ſtill covetous to change the Object loving into the Object belov'd; *Ponce* had a great kindneſs for Verſes, becauſe the fair *Aminta* had an affection for them. And therefore he try'd his skill, that he might pleaſe her the more; to which intent, his admirable Wit being capable to perform any task, he ſoon ſhewed his Miſtreſs the firſt labours of his growing Muſe, in the following Epigram.

The EPIGRAM.

WHAT though a heart be all on fire,
'Tis love return'd that feeds deſire,
And they that gain, as much muſt loſe;
Theſe Truths, Aminta, *did my pains infuſe;*
Love's a timorous Child, they ſay,
That by himſelf could ne're endure to play.

The young *Aminta* very much applauded his Muſe, as young as ſhe was, for the naturalneſs of his Expreſſions having a congruity with his Age, ſhe prais'd both the Work-man, and the Workmanſhip; and in thoſe praiſes return'd him the moſt noble recompence that the Illuſtrious Poet could deſire. Thus encourag'd, it was not long before he made another Eſſay; for that moſt admirable Beauty, having a voice rarely

rarely ſweet and paſſionate, one day after ſhe had charm'd him with a moving melancholy Air, he wrote the following *Stanza's* in his Table-Book, as ſhe was leaning over a Balcony, and contemplating over the purling Fountains that bubble up juſt under the Gallery belonging to the Palace.

THE Charm's inviſible, and yet
My heart is raviſh'd from its ſeat;
Her voice is ſweet, but yet the Song
Foretels me I ſhall weep e're long.

How dreadful is her Harmony!
And yet how pleaſing to the Ear!
But when her doleful accents dye,
Delighted we begin to fear.

Ah! ſhould my heart but hear her long,
I my ſelf the Swan ſhould turn;
And in the ſweetneſs of a Song
Breath out my ſoul to hear her mourn.

To deſcant on ſuch charming Air,
Would be a pleaſure paſt compare;
Reaſon, ſo well employ'd, would find
A ſtrange diverſion for the mind.

Every accent has a Story
That conſiſts of Prodigies,
While her melodious Conqueſts glory
In our ſenſes ſoft ſurprize.

Why then ſuch attempts as theſe?
Whither ſoar thy tender wings?
Liſten thou, and hold thy peace,
'Tis her Fame it ſelf that ſings.

While *Ponce de Leon* made this progreſs in Poetry, he made no leſs in the heart of the fair *Aminta*; for their two ſouls by this began to be ſo united, that nothing now could ſeparate them. He only liv'd as a part of her, ſhe only liv'd as a part of him; and by an inviſible Exchange of Souls, Minds, Hearts, and Wills, they were both become almoſt one and the ſame perſon: And you might have ſworn that *Aminta* was become *Ponce*, and *Ponce* was become *Aminta*; ſo equally were their thoughts and inclinations blended. However the haughty and reſerv'd humour of that incomparable Beauty always intermix'd ſome Thorns with thoſe Flowers wherewith Love had crown'd her Vanquiſher: For how high an opinion ſoever ſhe had of her own merit, ſhe was not certainly eſtabliſhed in her Fortune, and ſhe thought it more ſafe to fear, than not to fear at all. The luſtre of her Lover's Birth, which was known to all the world, and the obſcurity of her own, of which all perſons were ignorant, would not permit her to be certain of any thing. So that her nice and ſcrupulous Vertue ſtriving with her Inclination, cauſed her to put *Ponce's* fidelity upon the utmoſt and ſevereſt Tryals, as Gold is ſometimes refined to the higheſt exactneſs of purity. Why are you ſtill ſo conſtant, Sir, ſaid ſhe one day, to render me theſe ſervices, ſo much above my merit, and of ſo little advantage to your ſelf? Ah! cruel *Aminta*, anſwered he, how can you ask me a queſtion ſo unreaſonable? Or why ſhould you be ſo ſevere a Prophet of my misfortune? Wrong not your merit and my affection at the ſame time; and ſince the knowledge of future Events lyes ſo concealed, foretel me not ſo affirmatively what ſhall be, for you neither do nor can know. You deſerve my utmoſt, and I pay you my utmoſt, though in ſo doing, I cannot believe that I do any thing. But how is it poſſible, ſhe reply'd, for a Perſon of your Degree to brook the ratling of my Chains; or not to be aſham'd of my Fetters. Believe me, Sir, you muſt eitheir raiſe me very high, or deſcend very low: You muſt either remember who I am, or you muſt forget your ſelf. No, no, Sir, continued ſhe, Fortune hath made too great a diſtinction between you and I, that our Deſtinies ſhould ever meet. The Quality of Maſter and Slave have too little congruity to agree together, with any equality; and without that equality the union of two Hearts can never be. Therefore, Sir, let the unfortunate *Aminta* alone in the low condition of her ſervitude; entice her not to lift her Eyes towards a Dignity ſo highly exalted, whither the weight of her Fetters will not permit her to ſoar. Hah, unjuſt *Aminta*, anſwer'd the Illuſtrious *Ponce*, were it true that you were ſtill in Chains, and that I wore a Crown, there could be no inequality between us, provided our Friendſhip were ſtill the ſame. That would make an exchange of my Scepters for your Chains; and the ſame love that made a King a Captive, would make a Captive a Queen. What you ſay is moſt obliging, reply'd *Aminta*, but the unfortunate ought to ſuſpect all things. And therefore how humble ſoever I may ſeem to be in what I have ſaid; I muſt reſume my natural pride, while I tell you what I have yet further to ſay. Take heed then, Sir, continued ſhe, how you conceive ſo capital a thought, as to think that I ſhall be more condeſcending and facil under the weight of my Chains, than I ſhould be upon a Throne; for though I lov'd you more dearly than my life, I ſhould hate you worſe than death, ſhould you have ſo low an opinion of me. Forbear, unjuſt *Aminta*, forbear, anſwer'd he, to wrong your own Vertue, and to doubt of mine. Innocence it ſelf is not more pure than my Affection; and I am perſwaded that the ſhadow of a Crime is incompatible with the luſtre of that Vertue. You ſpeak nobly and generouſly, reply'd *Aminta*, but, Illuſtrious *Ponce*, it is not at all to your advantage: For in ſhort you depend upon a Father whom you know, but I upon a Parent whom I know not. You will never obtain the conſent of yours, and I ſhall never diſpoſe of my ſelf, without leave of my own: Thus while you can obtain nothing from yours, nor I demand any thing of mine, it behoves us both to conform our thoughts to our Fortune, and not to murmur againſt that which Heaven has decreed. Ah too prudent

Aminta,

Aminta, cry'd *Ponce de Leon*, that you ſhould love ſo ill, ſince you argue ſo well! How weak a Lover ſhould I be, ſhould I follow your counſel! Let Nature and Fortune conſpire againſt my love, my love ſhall overcome both Fortune and Nature. And though both the one and the other ſhould deprive me of all but my hope, which is the laſt comfort of the Unfortunate, they ſhall never deprive me of my Paſſion but with my life. You your ſelf ſhould never ſuppreſs it, though you ſhould lade me with Injuries and Contempt; and I will ſtill adore you in deſpite of Nature and Fortune, and if I may dare to ſay ſo, in deſpite of your ſelf. Ah! that's too much, cry'd the fair *Aminta* moſt obligingly, nor is it poſſible to hold out any longer againſt Love and Vertue both join'd together. I yield, generous *Ponce*, I yield. And ſo long as you preſerve entire two ſuch excelling Excellencies, while your Faith continues as real, as you would have me to believe the Proteſtations of your Love, Time ſhall want Years to ſee the end of our Affection, which I promiſe you ſhall be worthy of your merit, that is to ſay eternal. No ſooner had ſhe utter'd thoſe laſt words, but the Noble *Ponce de Leon* threw himſelf again at her feet, and going about to take her by the hand, which ſhe drew back, Divine *Aminta* (ſaid he, tranſported with joy and ſurrounded with delight) I want words to expreſs both my ſatisfaction and my acknowledgment; my ſervices muſt ſpeak for me, and ſhew you both your own power and my love; and therefore not being able to ſay enough, I will ſay nothing at all, not being willing to ſay too little. For believing that my ſilence will be more eloquent than my words upon this occaſion, and the exceſs of my Joy more perſwaſive than my Expreſſions, I will only invoke the anger of Heaven upon my head, if ever I fail in my reſpect or love for you; conjuring the Divine Power with all the power of my Soul, and the moſt ardent Vows that my Soul can pour forth, that it may equal my Puniſhment to my Crime, if ever my Paſſion be not equal to your Vertue; if I prove not as faithful as you are worthy to be ador'd; or if my love be not ſuch wherewith you are worthy to be belov'd. Rather let me beg (ſaid the fair Beauty raiſing him up again) that the unfortunate *Aminta* may not dye ingrateful, and if it be not too much to deſire, that my Fortune may be reſtored to that condition, that you may not be aſham'd of your love. I can never be aſham'd of the honour of loving her, reply'd the amorous Prince; and for my part I make no difference between wearing Scepters, and deſerving them. Many other Expreſſions moſt tender and obliging paſſed between them; and from that day forward they ſeem'd to have but one Heart and one Soul, and rather to live becauſe they lov'd, than to live of themſelves. In the mean time, as it is the greateſt care of Lovers always to delight, and to labour to attain their ends by virtue of ſuch means as beſt pleaſe their Miſtreſſes phanſies, *Ponce de Leon*'s Muſe was not idle at that time, while all *Parnaſſus* rung with thoſe Songs of triumph which he dedicated to his Victory; of which thoſe that follow were ſome part. Ha! generous *Ponce* (ſaid the fair *Aminta* ſmiling) triumph not thus before the Victory, ſince it becomes not a real Victor to ſing 'till he has obtain'd the Conqueſt. What you ſay, anſwer'd he, may be very probable as to what concerns ordinary Conqueſts. But perhaps they cannot keep themſelves within the bounds of moderation, whoſe Victories ſo far ſurpaſs all others, and Crown him with that Renown, that all the Humility in the World knows not how to conceal. But, reply'd *Aminta*, you always ſuppoſe that you have already won the Victory, and I always ſuppoſe that you have not. So that what befits them that are ſeen gliſtering in the Triumphal Chariot, becomes not them who are hardly in a condition to follow the Chariot. Hah, fair *Aminta*, reply'd the Illuſtrious *Ponce*, it happens not in the Combats of Love as in the Combats of War: For in the former the Slaves only triumph. Then, ſaid ſhe, it belongs to me to triumph; for you well know that I am a Slave, and you are not. The want of that Title, reply'd he, will no way obſtruct my advantage; for it is ſome time ſince that I was and you were not. You would have been troubled, ſaid ſhe very merrily, to have let us ſeen your Fetters; for if all the Slaves in *Algier*, *Fez*, and *Tunis* wore no heavier Chains than yours, they would do very ill to complain of their Maſters, or to think them ſevere. But, Divine *Aminta*, anſwer'd *Ponce*, do you not know that Golden Chains are the heavieſt Chains of all, ſo that by conſequence the lighteſt Feathers are not always of the greateſt value. And therefore continued he, I do not think it abſolutely true, that thoſe Chains which are not ſeen are always moſt eaſie to carry: For thoſe Chains which are ſeen move at leaſt the pity of the World, in favour of thoſe that wear them, which is no ſmall Conſolation; whereas thoſe Chains that are privately worn, beget no compaſſion; no not in thoſe very Perſons that are the cauſe of wearing them. What you ſay is very witty and full of Courtſhip, anſwer'd *Aminta*, but you would fain put the change upon me, for ſometimes you ſpeak of thoſe that are vanquiſh'd, and by and by you talk of thoſe that are Victors. The Reaſon is, reply'd he, moſt Divine *Aminta*, becauſe that in matters of Love thoſe two things are always to be blended together, ſo that the Vanquiſh'd are ſaid to be Vanquiſhers, and the Victors Vanquiſhed. However 'tis ſomething difficult, ſaid ſhe, to apprehend how the ſame Perſon ſhould follow and ride before the Chariot both at the ſame time. Love does greater Miracles than that, reply'd he, for he not only ſometimes ſo orders it, that the Vanquiſhers are Vanquiſhed, and the Vanquiſh'd Victors; but what is more ſtrange, he ſo brings it to paſs, that thoſe Victors become the Vanquiſh'd, and the Vanquiſh'd become the Victors; with ſuch an admirable Metamorphoſis, that they are

ſtill

ſtill the ſame thing. Ah *Ponce*, ſaid ſhe, here your wit entangled in a falſe ſuggeſtion, labours to intricate me: But to bring our diſcourſe cloſe to the Text, I will maintain, not to ſwerve from your Argument, that as the Combats and Victories which you mention, are always privately obtain'd, ſo the rejoycing for thoſe Victories are to be kept as private as they. In ſhort, ſaid ſhe, I think I have heard it ſaid, for I know nothing of all this upon my own experience, that Diſcretion and Prudence are abſolutely neceſſary for a Lover; and in regard that love reduces meaner things into Myſteries, no Lover can reveal them without being prophane, and without violating the Laws of ſilence, which ought to be inviolable and ſacred. I confeſs it, fair *Aminta*, anſwer'd *Ponce*, yet the Hymns that are ſung in honour of that Goddeſs that crowns the Victorious, are not in my opinion to be accounted prophane; eſpecially when the Hymns and Odes are only underſtood by her for whom they were compoſed. And for my part I am ſtrongly convinc'd, that it is not juſt to be ingrateful, that we may appear diſcreet, for that ſilence upon ſuch an occaſion were more faulty than applauſe. But let it be as it will, purſu'd he, if I am not more happy in my Proſe than Verſe, I cannot pretend to have pleaſed you in either; and I muſt acknowledge that never any young Author was crowned after ſo ſtrange a manner. Ha, *Ponce*, you have been much a Courtier, and a Wit in both; but here you confound the Argument, ſince I blam'd the Lover and not the Poet; for I am ready to make him a Garland, if he pleaſes, of all the Laurels in *Parnaſſus*. Crown the Lover rather with a Mirtle-Branch, for as for this Poet whom you ſpeak of, I do declare it that you will always find him incorrigible, and that he will never ceaſe to extol your Beauty, and to applaud his own good Fortune. Concluding theſe words, he took a Guittar, that lay upon the Table, and after he had tun'd it, and plaid a ſuit of Leſſons in exact time, and with a very ſwift finger, and an admirable double reliſh, taking notice that *Aminta* and he were very gaudily apparell'd like the Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes in *Spain*, he made and ſung the following Madrigal *ex tempore*.

SONG.

MIrth and Gladneſs take your flight,
And as ſwiftly out of ſight,
My aſſured joys proclaim:
For a Queen does not diſdain
To advance a Shepherds fame:
Thus a Shepherd on the Plain,
Happier than a King may reign.

Since her rigour is appeas'd,
With the ſweets of Muſick pleas'd;
Now thy Oaten Reed employ;
Though her Tyranny before
All thy hopes did once deſtroy;
Never now to ſuffer more,
Dance among thy Heards for joy.

Gather all the freſheſt Flowers,
Moiſten'd by the Morning Showers,
To ſweet Thyme and Lavender
Add thee Marjoram and Roſes;
And whate're the Sun diſcloſes:
For the Glories of the Year,
All are Offerings due to her.

Verily, ſaid *Aminta* the moſt obligingly that could be imagin'd, though your Song be a ſecond Crime, you deſerve thanks for committing it; for in regard that only faults premeditated deſerve puniſhment, it were injuſtice to uſe that ready Wit of yours that furniſhes us almoſt *ex tempore*, with ſuch brisk and lively airs, as we deal by thoſe defaults that are willfully committed. How cunningly and finely you have contriv'd, anſwer'd *Ponce* laughing, to tell me that you pardon the natural phanſie of my Song, by hinting to me the ſhortneſs of the time wherein I undertook to make it. You ill interpret my words, reply'd the fair *Aminta*, for that natural phanſie which you ſpeak of, being in my opinion the true Character that ought to be given to a Shepherd, I ſhould be more a Shepherdeſs in Breeding than in Habit, ſhould I blame a thing that merits ſo much praiſe. Thus, Sir, you have heard the ingenious familiarity of thoſe Illuſtrious Perſons. But as *Ponce de Leon* is without doubt one of the nobleſt Courtiers that ever knew to love, an Hour after they had done, he returned into the Parlour where we were, and holding a Garland in his hand, compoſed of all ſorts of Flowers; Fair *Aminta*, ſaid he, with a low voice, and with a moſt graceful behaviour, the haughtieſt Victor whom you have ſeen ſo often, lays this Crown at your feet, if you eſteem it worthy of that honour. It will do better upon my head, anſwer'd ſhe, taking it in her hand, and ſetting it upon her forehead, and by this I intend it ſhall be known which of us two is the real Victor. The beauty of thoſe Flowers rais'd a pleaſant diſpute among thoſe knowing Perſons who had the care under my ſelf of the Education of young *Ponce*. And the diſpute grew hot, which of thoſe fair Flowers, that might be call'd the Enamel of the Earth, deſerv'd to be the Queen of all the reſt. There was one that ſaid we were too deliberative upon a Queſtion already reſolv'd: That we did ill to uſe like a Queen Elective, a Flower that time out of mind had been in poſſeſſion of that dignity; for that in ſhort, as well for the livelineſs of her Carnation beauty, as for the excellency of her ſweet ſcent, the Roſe was doubtleſs the Queen of all Flowers. Another, that was not of that opinion, maintain'd that no Flower could ſtand in competition with the Orange Flower, aſwel for the beauty of its ſhape, its lively hoary whiteneſs, as its incomparable perfume. But his opinion was contradicted by another, who held that no flower could equal the Pomegranate flower;

For, ſaid he, that bright flame that enlivens it, advances its beauty above all other Colours. But another maintain'd that what they alledged for its perfection, was its defect; in regard the colour of that Flower being too ſmart and quick, rather dazled than allur'd the ſight; and therefore as well for that reaſon, as becauſe it had no ſcent, that the Jaſmin Flower which alone, was a little Casket of pretious Odours, ought to be preferr'd before the former, and indeed above all other Flowers. There was another who held, that as well for largeneſs, for thoſe Golden Mines in her Leaves, as for her love to the Sun whom ſhe follow'd, the Heliotrope merited moſt to be the Queen of Flowers; to whom it was urg'd, that all Giants being Monſters, that Flower could not pretend to the Royal Precedency, but that it was rather due to that ſprightly Flower called the Lily of the Vallies. To whom it was anſwer'd, that ſince the Giants were excluded from any right to the Scepter, he knew no reaſon why Dwarfs ſhould be admitted; that Flower being too little to deſerve ſo great an honour: And therefore without being at the trouble of crowning a Flower, it were more proper to adjudge the Crown to that Flower which wore one already, being no leſs than a Crown Imperial. There was one that conceited the Daffadilly to be without compariſon. Some there were that gave their voices for the Wind-flower; ſome for Emonies, and others for Oriental Jacinths; while others in favour of the ancient Fables, were willing to crown thoſe flowers that were call'd by the Names of *Adonis* and *Ajax*. Thus Lilies wanted not partakers; and the Pinks for their variety and ſcent thought to aſcend the flowery Throne. The *Byzantine* Lily for her Coral hue, and the Gillyflower for her white Enamel and rare Perfume, of which the happy *Arabia* it ſelf might boaſt, thought to regain the favour of thoſe who had already given their opinion againſt them: But ſome of thoſe great Wits that are always ſoaring up to Immortality, ſtrove altogether for the *Paſs valure* that never dyes, preferring it before all others, that faded and loſt their beauty ſo ſoon. The *Flower de Luces* wanted not Aſſertors, who maintained, that ſeeing they bore the ſame Name with the celeſtial Rainbow, and wear the ſame colours with that which afforded the moſt beautiful ſight in Nature, there was no need to heſitate in their Election. In ſhort, the Ranunculus's, Poppies, Primroſes, Cowſlips, Crocus's, nay the very Panſies, Violets, and Daſies, which are the meaneſt of all flowers, all aſpired and laid claim to the Crown. But the young *Aminta*, who had not yet ſpoken, All theſe flowers, ſaid ſhe, that have made their appearance with ſo much ſplendour, are but the magnificent Train that compoſe the glorious Court of the real Queen of Flowers, which without queſtion will make them bluſh for ſhame that have forgot her; for this Queen is the Tulip. She had no ſooner nam'd it, but the Noble *Ponce* who had been ſilent all the while, clapt his hands, applauded and adher'd to her opinion. So that there being no perſon but my ſelf that had not yet given their Verdict, I told them that in this fair Appeal of Flowers, which are the faireſt Productions of Nature, the faireſt Perſon in the World in my judgment had rightly determin'd; having declar'd in favour of that Flower, with which the Iſland of *Zeyland* had beautified the Gardens of *Spain*. In ſhort, added I, there is nothing can compare in Reaſon with this Prodigy of Gardens, this viſible Miracle, this perfection of Natures Works, that ſhews in one Flower all the beauties diſpers'd in the variety of all the reſt. For in truth, continu'd I, there is nothing more wonderful than the admirable variety of this Flower, whoſe Colours deeper ſometimes, ſometimes lighter; ſometimes ſtronger, ſometimes weaker; ſometimes ſmarter, ſometimes ſweeter, cauſe thoſe unperceivable ſhadows, which imperceptibly paſſing from one Colour to another, without any thing of force or roughneſs, ſometimes makes a Jaſper Colour the pureſt in the World, ſometimes the Richeſt variety of Agate that the Eye can behold. Some are all Red, others all White, ſome are all Yellow, others Yellow and Red; others Purple and White; others White and Carnation; others of a *Paſs valure* Brown, White, and Violet; others of four or five diſtinct Colours, which render them ſo gaudy, as if Nature when ſhe firſt produced them, had had a deſign to ſport and pleaſe her ſelf. One diſplays a Dove-Colour *Gri-deline*, and *Iſabella*; another a *Fuillemot*, Ruby and Citron Colour. One ſhews you a dark Grey, light Grey, and flame Colour; another Orange, Roſe, and Brick Colour. One diſplays the moſt magnificent Cloth of Gold in the World; another the richeſt Cloth of Silver that ever was ſeen. It would be too tedious to repeat the various mixtures that embelliſh this flower. Only we may add, that by a particular advantage, ſhe ſhews her Pomp in more Seaſons than one. In the Spring, between the Spring and Summer, and all the Summer long. But the beautiful outſide is not the only thing that merits obſervation in a Tulip; for the variety is ſo great, that the cauſe thereof may well deſerve to be ſought into: Now it is apparent that this variety proceeds from the mixture of the Elements of which they are compoſed. For if they participate more of Air, then Blue prevails; if more of Water, White gains the ſuperiority; if more of fire, then Red appears predominant; if of Earth, the Colours then are more ſad and dull. Thus the Tulip ſeems to be an Epitome of all Natures Works. But who can tell us what is the coſtly matter or true ground of theſe incomparable Colours? Or who can boaſt himſelf ſo far as to be of Natures Cabinet Council, who is the Univerſal Queen of the World, that can tell us whether or no the pure and ſimple Colours proceed from the purity of the Elements, and the compounded from their mixture? Who knows whether White be the firſt original Colour or no; of which

which Black is but the privation, as Night is but the privation of Day? and whether all other Colours do not proceed from the various Mixtures of these two? More than this, who knows whether it be true, that there be but three Colours in Nature? Black, White, and Red; the first that contracts, the second that scatters and dissipates the sight, and receives all others that accidentally mix with it; and the third which composes the variety of all other Colours by the mixture of the former two? And who can tell but that the Black proceeds from the Earth, the White from the Air, the Red from the fire, seeing the Water has no Colour, and only serves to nourish the growth of the Plants? Who knows I say but that the Red is the only Colour that produces all others? neither Black nor White being any true Colours; the first being only a contraction, the other a dilatation of sight, the mixture whereof makes all Colours either lighter or darker. I say we know nothing of all this precisely, but it may be some person or other will hereafter clear these things to the World, and enlighten so thick an obscurity. But however it be I give my judgment for the Tulip, following the Example of the fair *Aminta* and the Illustrious *Ponce*. I affirm it, I say, to be the fairest flower of her Garland, and the most proper to crown the fairest person in the world. But to preserve the memory of so gay and pleasant a dispute, and that it might out-live the fading Beauties of those flowers, I also impose this further task upon the Illustrious *Ponce*, who has so flowing a phansie in Verse, that he forthwith compose a short Poem, that may immortalize the memory of *Aminta*'s Victory to Posterity. All the Company applauded my design; the fair *Aminta* also requested him, nor was he backward of himself. So that the next day, such was the vigour and readiness of his phansie, he presented the following Verses to the Beauty whom he ador'd, entituled by himself,

The FLOWERS.

Since among all the Flowers that paint the Earth,
One only raigns in Fair Aminta's *Eyes;*
That Flower, more happy than in Nature's birth,
Is that which must my Verse immortalize.

Ah! fairest Flowers, whose fading Beauties live
In those eternal lines that still survive,
Illustrious in those Metamorphoses,
While grieved Lovers sought to you for ease;
Sublimest Works of Nature and the Sun,
Wonderful Mixtures that have Art outdone:
Whose bright enamels all the Meads surprise,
You are not yet the Wonder of our Eyes.

Unhappy Maid but now a Heliotrope,
That once didst grieve for Phœbus *without hope;*
He loves another, and in vain thy Beams
Still follow his to the Atlantic *Streams.*

And thou the Blood of Venus, *fragrant Rose,*
Whose Gold and Purple Summers Beams disclose,
For all thy odours, and thy gorgeous hue,
A brighter Flame bereaves thee of thy due.

Unfortunate Narcissus, *whose fond love,*
On thy own Shadow did so vainly dote,
Far brighter Beauties thy bold claim disprove,
For thy deep Yellow does thy Crime denote.

Thou lovely Youth, yet ign'rant of thy power,
For whom the pensive Cytharea *pin'd,*
Not all those Beauties in a Flower confin'd,
Can give thee now what thou deny'dst before.

And you whose blood proud Ajax *blood besmears,*
How smart soe're your lovely hue appears,
A second time his haughty courage quell'd,
A second Conquest to a Flower must yield.

And thou, fair Boy, for whom Apollo *burn'd,*
Whom for thy scorn into a Flower he turn'd;
Though still thy Beauty be what then it was,
Yet all thy Glories doth one Flower surpass.

The Jasmin *pleasing both the scent and Eyes,*
The lovely Pas valure *that never dyes.*
The Lily, Pink, and fair Imperial Crown,
And thou so pensive when the Sun goes down.
Flower of the Sun, the flaming Marigold,
And Violet that outbraves the Winters cold.
The lovely Tresses that the Crocus wears,
And curious Pendants in the small Bears ears,
The humble Pansie and the stately Rose,
Among whose Odours oft the Gods repose.

Ah Sir, said I to *Ponce de Leon*, most affectionately embracing him, in obliging the Fair *Aminta* and me, you have obliged your self; and in giving her Garlands and Flowers you have acquir'd and merited Crowns of Laurel: For without a Complement or any Flattery, your pains deserves no less than such a Wreath. True it is, said I, that as there is nothing so perfect which has not its blemishes, seeing the Sun it self, the most excellent and purest of all the Cœlestial Lights, is not without his Spots, and there is one certainly in your Poem, that you have praised me, and attributed to me those Qualities which I dare not pretend to. But without doubt the reason is plain; for Fiction is the life of Poesie, and the principal study of that Art is to heighten and embellish things, and to represent them not such as they are, but such as they ought to be. To the end that accomplish'd Examples may in some measure incite us to reach their perfection, though it be impossible for man fully to attain it. No *Fernand*, then said *Aminta*, if there be any thing to be found fault with in the Noble *Ponce de Leon*'s Poem, 'tis not for having prais'd you; since your knowledge deserves more than praise; but rather for having made use of all the fair Flowers that grow in the Gardens of *Andalusia*, and the rarest that come from the Mountains of the Muses, to adorn so mean a person as my self. Hah, fair *Aminta*, said one

of thoſe experienc'd Maſters that heard her ſpeak, you are certainly reſolv'd to verifie what *Don Fernand* has ſaid, while he aſſur'd us, addreſſing himſelf to you, that there is nothing without its defects, for while you want no perfection of Beauty, nor ornament of the Mind, you only want ſincerity, it being impoſſible that you ſhould be ſo humble as you appear to be at this time; or that you ſhould be ignorant of a thing known to all the world, for I muſt tell you, that without all contradiction you are one of the moſt amiable and moſt accompliſh'd perſons that ever were in the world. And therefore it is not for that that I ſhould cenſure the Illuſtrious *Ponce*'s Poem, did I intend it; I rather find fault, that having crown'd you, he is not crown'd himſelf, who ſo well deſerves it. For they that are juſt to others ought not to be unjuſt to themſelves. In good truth, reply'd *Ponce de Leon*, I find my ſelf rewarded for my pains after a new manner; for while you feign to applaud me, you make a Satyr againſt me, and diſplay my errours in talking of my perfections. Without queſtion the reaſon is, ſaid I, becauſe they would deal with you, as they dealt with thoſe that triumphed in *Rome*; deeming it to the purpoſe a little to moderate your Honour and your Joy with a ſlight mortification. But, ſaid he, in accuſing me of injuſtice, your own is inexcuſable; for you talk to me of a Crown, when it belongs only to the fair *Aminta*, for whom it was made: They honour me as a Victor, when it is ſhe that triumphs; therefore to be juſter than others, I ſeriouſly make this proteſtation, that I will never aſcend that Chariot which it behoves me to follow; and that if I had a hundred Crowns I would lay them all at *Aminta*'s feet, rather than put one upon my Head. However it is the Slaves duty to follow the Chariot (ſaid ſhe with a bluſh, and laying her hand upon her Eyes to hide the alteration of her Countenance) ſo that it would be more proper for every one of us to take his place. Ah, fair *Aminta*, reply'd *Ponce*, I will conteſt for theſe Fetters more vigorouſly than for a Scepter, without altering the courſe of the Triumph, which is ſo much diſputed. Seeing then, ſaid I, that the Triumphant Chariots are large enough to contain two perſons, and that two Emperours have triumphed at the ſame time, as *Veſpaſian* and *Titus* his Son, after the Conqueſt of *Paleſtine*; I would now have you both triumph together, for there is no reaſon we ſhould ſeparate thoſe, whom to ſee together it is ſo goodly a proſpect. Thus this pleaſant Converſation ended, and every one retir'd to their Apartment equally ſatisfied, equally charm'd with the merit of *Ponce de Leon*, and of the fair *Aminta*. But, Sir, in regard that all good things are communicable by Nature, I fail'd not to ſend a relation of this Courtly Divertiſement to the Duke and Dutcheſs, as alſo the *Poem* which their Son had made; to the end they might ſee by the quickneſs of his parts, and the progreſs which he had made in learning, the delight and honour which they might expect from his riper years. I fail'd no leſs to write by the way of *Sevil* to the Illuſtrious *Morayzel* and the vertuous *Semahis*, aſſuring them ſtill that their Daughter was well and living; and never letting them underſtand from whence I wrote, I contented my ſelf to let them know the extraordinary perfection of her Beauty, and the greatneſs of her Wit. And for the better knowledge of that incomparable perſon, ſhould I chance to dye before I had an opportunity to diſcover it, (as many times ſuch accidents happen to men) I carefully preſerv'd that little Moreſque Habit, which was made of her coſtly Swathing-cloaths, when we were in the Pirates Iſland; with which I laid up a Writing under my own hand, wherein I had ſo accurately ſet down all the Circumſtances of the little *Almahide*'s misfortunes, and certain paſſages of what *Morayzel* and *Semahis* ſpoke to me after our departure, that if none of them had known my hand, they could not have doubted thereof. Beſides that my farther deſign was, to inform the Duke and Dutcheſs of the high quality of *Aminta*, to the end they might take the more care of her after my deceaſe; and I had alſo ſome thoughts, that the Information which I gave them of her condition increaſing the friendſhip and kindneſs which they had already for her, might oblige them never to ſeparate two perſons ſo equally match'd both in birth and merit, and whoſe inclinations were already ſo well fix'd. In the mean while the Noble *Ponce* did not only make a wonderful progreſs in the Sciences of Learning, and Studies of the mind, but he alſo grew an admirable proficient in all the Exerciſes of the Body. He was the compleateſt Cuiraſſier, and the beſt Horſman in the world. The whole Art of Horſmanſhip taught him no more than what he could teach others. He vaulted as if he flew, and handled his Arms with an admirable dexterity: He danced with a moſt incomparable grace: He could both draw and paint; he underſtood Muſick well, and play'd upon ſeveral Inſtruments; he was very ſwift in running, a nimble Wraſtler, an indefatigable Hunter, and in ſhort, one of the moſt accompliſh'd Gentlemen, not only of all *Spain*, but of all *Europe*, that is to ſay, of all the World. As for the fair *Aminta*, as ſhe grew up in years, every day added to the perfections of her mind. She grew in merit as ſhe grew in height, and ſhe was able to govern her Governeſſes, and to be the teacher of her Maſters; ſo that there was nothing that became a Virgin to know, wherein ſhe was not rarely well skill'd. But beſides all that, the ſtrength of her Wit carried her a great deal farther, for after ſhe had learned all the faireſt Endowments of her own Sex, ſhe acquir'd alſo good part of the perfections of ours; and robbed the young *Ponce*, if I may ſo expreſs my ſelf, by reading his inſtructions of all the noble Sciences that were taught him with ſo much care. But thoſe two amiable perſons grew not up alone, their love grew up alſo with them, and for ſtature and proportion excell'd them every way. *Aminta* minded

nothing

nothing but to win *Ponce*'s love; *Ponce* regarded nothing but to court *Aminta*'s affection, being equally both inflam'd: He always ſtudied to oblige her, ſo that underſtanding that ſhe was very much delighted with her Shepherdeſſes Habit, he would not leave it off before her. And having one day given him a part of *Virgil*'s Bucolicks to read, in imitation thereof he made an Eclogue, and preſented it to his Divine Shepherdeſs. This I ſent to the Duke and the Dutcheſs; who after they had read it with no ſmall delight, ſhew'd it to all the Court of the King of *Aragon* and *Caſtile*, from whence from hand to hand it went over all *Andaluſia*, and conſequently over all *Spain*, ſo that there was nothing diſcourſed of but the beauty and merits of the admirable Shepherd and his Angelical Shepherdeſs. Hereupon *Ferdinand* and *Iſabel*, who underſtood not the Reaſons that confin'd the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* to confine *Ponce de Leon* his Son to that enchanting Solitude, preſſed him extremely and the Dutcheſs his Wife to ſend for him to Court; and to let them alſo ſee that young wonder, whoſe fame made every where ſo loud a noiſe. All the Grandees of *Spain* importun'd them with the ſame earneſtneſs, inſomuch that they were moſt ſeverely perſecuted, and had much ado to excuſe themſelves. However they diſ-ingaged themſelves with all the fineneſs they could imagine; and without telling preciſely the Reaſons that oblig'd them to make uſe of that Confinement, they ſo order'd the Affair, that there was not a word more ſpoken about it; ſo that all things remain'd in their former condition: For the Duke being aſham'd that he had given ſo much credit to the Aſtrologer of *Toledo*, was unwilling to confeſs the real truth of his acting after ſo extraordinary a manner. However the great report which the reputation of *Ponce de Leon* and *Aminta* made at Court, obliged an ancient Friend of mine that reſided there, to write me a Letter, which I am ingaged to repeat, becauſe the Anſwer which I made ſeems to me to be of uſe in this Relation. The Letter was to this Effect.

To DON FERNAND DE SOLIS.

"THE whole Court diſcourſes of nothing "but the Illuſtrious Count of *Pegnafiel*, "and the wonderful *Aminta*: And theſe two "excellent perſons, who are altogether un-"known but by the report of their Beauties, "are the ſubject of all the Viſits and Entertain-"ments of all the Perſons of Quality in *Sevil*. "I muſt confeſs that the noiſe hereof has be-"got in me a Curioſity equal to the loudneſs "of the Report; ſo that if my Employments "here would permit me, you need not queſti-"on but that I would give you a Viſit to ſatis-"fie the deſire which I have to ſee two ſuch "wonders ſo worthy to be ſeen. In regard "therefore that Neceſſity is above Pleaſure, "and Duty more prevailing than Neceſſity, "ſince I cannot come to ſatisfie my Eyes, "vouchſafe to ſatisfie my ſight, and content "my Curioſity, by ſending me a faithful Por-"traicture both of the Shepherd and Shepher-"deſs. To the end I may know by the Original, "and from a perſon upon whoſe friendſhip and "information it behoves me to depend, whe-"ther Fame have not been deceived in the Re-"port ſhe has made of theſe two Miracles of "our Age.

Don Eſtevan de Gongora.

In regard you know the Gentleman to be a perſon of no ordinary merit, as being in high Employment, and one whoſe Office of *Correro Major* or Poſt-Maſter General, makes him very conſiderable in the Court of *Spain*, I could not refuſe him the favour which he requeſted. So that I return'd him the following Anſwer, to ſatisfie his deſires.

To the Illuſtrious DON ESTEVAN DE GONGORA.

"YOU require a courteſie at my hands, "which would make *Apelles* tremble, "were he now alive, and in my place: For "how skilful and famous a Painter ſoever he "were, he would be now at a loſs, were he to "anſwer your Expectations. Nevertheleſs, "ſeeing it is better to make a bad draught, than "to diſoblige a good friend, I have ſent you a "rough draught of thoſe two Portraictures "you deſire; for to finiſh them I have neither "time nor leiſure, nor skill ſufficient.

"The Illuſtrious *Ponce de Leon* is tall, and "the beſt proportion'd perſon in the World; "and his ſhape is ſo perfect in every part, that "the ſtricteſt Rules of painting can find no-"thing therein, but what is abſolutely rare. "His demeanour and his aſpect ſo Noble and "full of Majeſty, that they alone would ſuf-"fice to evidence the Grandeur of his Birth, "and the Antiquity of that Royal Race from "which he is deſcended. So fair-hair'd as can "poſſibly be expreſs'd, which is the more won-"derful among the Complexions of *Spain*, "which are generally black. His bright and "full Eyes are of deep Blue, but ſo ſweet and "charming, that they gain as many Hearts as "they dart forth Glances; ſo that he muſt ei-"ther be belov'd, or elſe never be ſeen. His "Noſe admirably ſhap'd, his Lips ſmall and "full, are of the pureſt Vermilion tincture "that ever was ſeen; and the white and red "of his Complexion dazles the Eyes, though "the Diſtemper to which Children are ſubject, "have ſomewhat eclips'd its former freſhneſs "and luſtre. Nor is he leſs active than hand-"ſome; he dances to admiration; handles his "Arms with an incomparable dexterity; and "more than all this, he is a moſt accompliſh'd

"Horſe-

" Horſeman. But if he be adorn'd with theſe " Perfections of his Perſon, he is no leſs en- " dow'd with all the Accompliſhments of an " heroick Mind: He deſigns; he underſtands " ſeveral Languages; and while he was but a " meer Youth he tranſlated *Ceſar*'s Commenta- " ries juſtly, elegantly, and judiciouſly. But " his Soul is yet more beautiful than his Body, " or his Wit. He is affable and vertuous, nor " is he proud either of his Birth or ſublime " Endowments. He tenderly loves *Inez d' Ar-* " *ragon* his Mother, and is by her no leſs ten- " derly belov'd. Moreover this Illuſtrious Suc- " ceſſor to ſo many Kings, has a moſt affectio- " nate kindneſs for his Tutor, mingled with " no leſs reſpect. Thus you ſee what my defe- " ctive Art will permit me to copy after an " Original ſo far above the Vulgar.

" As for the miraculous *Aminta*, whoſe Por- " traicture you alſo deſire, ſhe is a Perſon ſo " extraordinary, that there is no leſs difficulty " to draw her well, than the Illuſtrious *Ponce* " *de Leon*; ſo that if I can but worthily acquit " my ſelf of an Undertaking ſo noble, I ſhould " eſteem of my ſelf far beyond *Zeuxes*, *Praxi-* " *teles*, *Timanthus*, and all the reſt of the fa- " mous Painters, whoſe Fame and Hiſtory im- " mortalizes their Name and Renown: But it " is that which I can more eaſily deſire than " hope, and that which I ſhall have much ado " to perform. Though all the Women of her " Nation are generally little, by reaſon of a " *Perſian* Lady married into her Family, ſhe " has the advantage to be both tall and the beſt " proportion'd in the World; for ſhe is not " only very proper, and ſhap'd beyond imagi- " nation, but her Stature is ſo noble and free, " there is ſuch a comlineſs in her gate, ſuch a " grace in her ſteps and her deportment, that " ſhe ſeems to be ſome Goddeſs that walks " without touching the Earth, ſuch is the vi- " vacity of her Spirit, and the agility of her " Body. There is ſomething ſo majeſtick in " her Aſpect and her Features, that that alone " is ſufficient to prove the Nobility of her Birth, " beyond the truth of her Genealogy. Nor is " there any one that beholds her, but would " judge her to be deſcended from the greateſt " Monarch in the world. Her Hair is the " brighteſt and faireſt that ever Eyes beheld; " which enclining neither too much to Gold " nor Silver makes a coſtly compoſure of both, " from whence a third Beauty ariſes, that diſ- " plays it ſelf through the whole Mixture: Her " Face is oval, and the moſt exact Figure that " Proportion ever drew: Her Eyes are Blue, " but ſuch a Blue as contends with the Cœleſti- " al Azure; and their luſtre has ſomething in " it ſo gay, ſo chearful, ſo ſparkling, that it in- " fuſes as much joy as admiration, as much re- " ſpect as delight: Her Complexion is a mix- " ture of Lilies and Roſes, outvying the viva- " city and freſhneſs of thoſe amiable Flowers: " Her Lips are the brighteſt Coral in the world, " guilty of no exceſs, being neither too big " nor too little; but the ſeat of Beauty, ſmiles, " and lovelineſs it ſelf. Thus all her other " Lineaments being equally perfect, the whole " compoſure of her perſon ſeems to be the Ma- " ſter-piece of Nature; ſhe dances as ſhe walks, " with the beſt grace in the Earth; and in " that noble Divertiſement, ſhe carries her " ſelf with ſo much Majeſty, that makes eve- " ry one acknowledge, that if Fortune had " made her Queen of all the Earth, ſhe would " have upheld her Dignity, and have become " the proudeſt Throne in the World. Her Wit " is no leſs incomparable than her Perſon, ſub- " lime, noble, piercing, pleaſant, ſportive, ſo " full of Charms, that there is no Converſa- " tion dull, where ſhe is one, ſo delightfully " ſhe maintains it, or rather inſpires it. She " is affable, obſervant, civil; ſhe can dally; " yet be as ſevere when need requires. Never- " theleſs ſhe is vertuous and ſincere; ſhe loves " her friends tenderly, affectionately, and Ge- " nerouſly; and never changing with their " Fortune, her Friendſhip attends them in their " Exile, as well as when they return Victori- " ous, as well in their Misfortunes as in all the " ſplendour of their Honours. Her heart is " conſtant; her Soul large and inflexible: All " the Powers of the Earth could not terrifie " from doing that which ſhe once conceived to " be juſt. And without doubt ſhe could ſuffer " Exilement her ſelf, with an heroick conſtan- " cy, becoming her exalted Courage.

" Behold not altogether what ſhe is, but all " that I am able to tell you: for I am aſſur'd, " that if ever you ſee theſe two Illuſtrious Per- " ſons, whoſe Portraictures you have deſired, " you will moſt certainly find, that the worſt " Painter in the world is aſſuredly

Fernand de Solis.

Well, Sir, if the Illuſtrious Count *de Pegna-* *fiel*'s Verſes had made a great noiſe in the world, my Letter redoubled the report: It bred ſo great a deſire in the Duke of *Gandia*, and the Duke of *Paſtrane* to be acquainted with them, that they came both together to *Fon-* *taines*, on purpoſe to ſatisfie their curioſity. They were entertain'd by *Ponce de Leon* with all the Civility imaginable; and the fair *Amin-* *ta* gave them alſo to underſtand that Fame had no way flatter'd the deſcription which I had gi- ven of them both, either as to the beauty of her Mind or of her Perſon; and that they both deſerved thoſe praiſes which I had aſcrib'd both to the one and the other, as ſoon ſpread not only through the Court of *Ferdinand* and *Iſabel*, but alſo through all *Spain*. For in my hearing the Converſe of theſe four Illuſtrious Perſonages was too ſublime and Courtly to be now forgotten: Which in regard it was not tedious, I may repeat it without injuring your attention, or ſwerving too far from the ſub- ject of my diſcourſe. For after the two Gran- dees of *Spain* had ſeveral ways obligingly ex- preſs'd themſelves to the beautiful *Granadine*; as Beauty breeds Affection, the Diſcourſe of the former eaſily chang'd the Converſe into a

Diſpute

Diſpute concerning the latter; Inſomuch that they began to diſcourſe of that noble Paſſion, as if they had been talking of her that caus'd it: We muſt acknowledge, ſaid the Duke of *Gandia*, that the Shepherdeſs *Aminta* is a dangerous Shepherdeſs; and that if ſhe have not at leaſt as much care of her Lovers, as of her Flocks, I am aſſur'd they muſt be very miſerable. Sir, anſwer'd ſhe with a ſmile, there is a great difference between the ordering of Sheep, and the government of Lovers; yet I am not ignorant as to whatever concerns the former, that if any one of them ſhould ſlip out of the way, I could make uſe of my Sheep-hook to bring it back again, as I catch the other. Ah dreadful Shepherdeſs, reply'd the Duke of *Paſtrane*, the blows from your hand would be never the more dangerous, for you have certain Eyes that are more to be fear'd than your Sheep-hook. I believe, ſaid the Duke of *Gandia*, that the Shepherd *Leonce* (for under that Title went the Illuſtrious *Ponce* in his Shepherds weeds) has had experience thereof more than once, and that if he fears them not ſo much as he loves them, he loves them at leaſt as much as others fear them. He both fears and loves them, reply'd the Count of *Pegnaſiel*; for in a heart like his, fear and love are both inſeparable. But, Sir, ſaid I, if what the Maſters of the Art have told us be true, that to be belov'd there is no more requir'd but only to love, I believe your Notion is ill grounded; for the fair *Aminta* being infinitely amiable, I make no queſtion but that you infinitely love her. For my part, reply'd the Duke of *Paſtrane*, I am not of that opinion; for I hold the quite contrary, that we ought not to love with an intention to be belov'd again. I am clearly for this Argument, merrily ſaid I, and I am extremely honour'd that the Illuſtrious Duke of *Paſtrane* has taken up my Glove. However I yield him the priority, being contented to fight under his Banners. Then you and I muſt hold together, anſwer'd the Count of *Pegnaſiel* to the fair *Aminta*. Let us rather ſtand Neuters, ſhe reply'd; and ſince there muſt be Judges of the Field, let us content our ſelves to judge of the ſtrength and activity of the Combatants, without engaging in the Fray. Since it belongs to me to enter the Liſts firſt, ſaid the Duke of *Gandia*, I ſay, in order to the maintaining of what I have propounded, that whoever loves becomes infallibly more full of Courtſhip, and conſequently better belov'd: In ſhort, purſu'd he, who ſo blind as not to ſee, that when we are touch'd with that noble Paſſion, we are more careful to acquire and ſhew all thoſe Qualities and Endowments which are moſt proper for the attaining the end which we propound to our ſelves? We become courteous, complaiſant, and civil; obſervant, diligent, and perſevering: We become courtly, faſhionable, and magnificent; liberal to prodigality: which while they cauſe a man to be more belov'd, encreaſe the vigour alſo of his love. Again, whereas it is ſaid that *Mars* and *Venus* have a reciprocal love one for the other, certain it is that the deſire of pleaſing redoubles the courage of a Lover; and in regard that all Ladies have an Eſteem for the Courageous, that Eſteem leads to Friendſhip, that Friendſhip begets love, it neceſſarily follows, that the more we teſtifie our love, the more capable we make our ſelves of being belov'd. Beſides, who is ſo ignorant as not to know, that in love as well as in other things, there are thoſe critical moments, proper for the beginning of any Enterpriſe, which if we once neglect, we never recover again; and leſt we ſhould miſs any, that it behoves us to neglect none; and that there is no man will undergo ſo great a trouble that is not abſolutely in love? We may add to all this, according to the general Phraſe, that all Ladies are proud and haughty, how affable ſoever they appear; that when we ſerve them, for the obtaining our deſires, it behoves us to ſuffer their moſt conceited and fondeſt humours, their injuſtice, nay even their cruelty, and all this without daring to complain, without daring ſo much as to murmur. Now who can endure all this unleſs he be in love? And if it be his love that perſwades him to endure, muſt it not be then a certain truth, that he muſt love who aims to be belov'd? Tell me, I beſeech you, who would give himſelf the trouble, if he did not love, to follow a Lady up and down where-ever ſhe went; to uſher her when ſhe goes a viſiting, to obſerve every the leaſt motion of her Eyes; to divine her moſt ſecret thoughts, to the end his ſedulity may prevent her Commands. Yet if we do not all that I ſay, can we ever think to move their Hearts? On the other ſide, if we fail not in theſe performances, do we ever fail in our purpoſes? Thus does it not plainly appear, that if we intend to be belov'd, it neceſſarily follows that we muſt love firſt? And that he who is not in love can never be belov'd? On the other ſide, does it not behove the Servant to make the firſt approaches in love? That the Paſſion of the Lady is but an Effect of his; and that it is through his perſeverance that he triumphs over her rigour? Now who would engage himſelf in ſo tedious and toilſom a Race, if he had not a Prize which he valu'd in his Eye? In ſhort, if it be true that a Lover muſt transform himſelf into the perſon whoſe heart he intends to gain, and muſt ceaſe to be what he is, to the end he may become what he would appear to be; that he muſt renounce his own will, obey blindly, and do nothing but what ſhe would have him do; is it not moſt certain that no perſon would undergo ſuch an irkſom Metamorphoſis, if he were not really in love? And it being no leſs certain that all this is undergone with a deſign to be belov'd, ought we not to conclude as I do, that there is a neceſſity of loving, for him that would be belov'd? For my part, cry'd the fair *Aminta*, as I am abſolutely ignorant in queſtions of this nature, I muſt acknowledge that if it were not that a Judge ought to hear both Parties, before condemnation of either

either, if he intend to do juſtice, the Reaſons of the Duke of *Gandia* would perſwade me that he had gain'd the Victory, and that the Duke of *Paſtrane* had loſt the Field: But there being no juſtice in ſo doing, I ſhall ſuſpend my opinion, and not determine 'till I hear what the other will ſay. However, I believe, reply'd the Count of *Pegnafiel*, that we may pronounce ſentence againſt him, upon a prejudication ſo ſtrong and evident, that how dextrous ſoever he be at arguing, he will hardly be able to maintain a Theſis ſo hard to be juſtified. You have an ill opinion of my Wit, and a worſe of my Eloquence, reply'd the Duke; however I hope my Reaſon will afford me Weapons ſufficient to defend the truth, and to vanquiſh thoſe that contend againſt it. In ſhort, is it not true that the freer a man preſerves his judgment, he has the better ſucceſs in the diſcourſes which he undertakes? That Paſſion is blind, inſomuch that all they that follow it muſt of neceſſity ſtumble. That blindneſs is liable to commit Errours every time it acts; while it thinks to oblige it diſobliges; while it thinks to do well, it does ill; and like unskilful Archers, where it aims it never hits, and where it hits it never aims. Nay this inconſiderate blindneſs often diſpleaſes where it labours moſt to pleaſe; its double diligence becomes troubleſome; it follows up and down, way-lays, and beſieges, that which it loves; it grows as inſeparable from her as a ſhadow, the troubleſome Witneſs of all her Actions, and the inſupportable obſerver of all her Words; after it has perſecuted her all day, night hardly ſeparates them, nor ſlackens the perſecution; there is not a favourable glance which it can caſt upon another; though beauty deſires to ſpread her Beams like the Sun; and becauſe this blind Lover is pleaſed in the company of his Miſtreſs, he thinks that ſhe delights alſo in his; his errour cauſing his ruine, and his importunity his misfortune. Again, in regard that Jealouſie is the inſeparable Companion of Love, while a man is in love, he is jealous; and a jealous Lover is not to be endur'd. He becomes dull, contemplative, melancholy; he never opens his Lips but to bewail himſelf, or to revile others: Every thing diſturbs, every thing offends him, nothing agrees, nothing obliges. He is a buſie Spye upon her moſt private thoughts, and if he thinks that he has found one too favourable to his Rival, or too unkind to himſelf, he becomes frantick, and renders himſelf odious inſtead of being belov'd. He is none of thoſe wiſe Conquerors that do all things prudently and in order, who being Maſters of themſelves, know better how to take their own advantages, while their Reaſon remaining entirely at liberty cauſes them to act with prudence, and conſequently with ſucceſs. He does not viſit his Miſtreſs ſo often, but he viſits her more to the purpoſe; he makes his company to be rather deſir'd than ſhunn'd, and that it may be always acceptable, he keeps it from being troubleſom; and knowing well that the looks and ſmiles are notable indications of love, he never appears over ſad, or over contemplative; and being as certain withall that every thing that divertiſes is delightful, he labours to divertiſe on purpoſe to pleaſe. While one of theſe tedious Lovers grumbles, murmurs, ſighs, mourns, grows extravagant, chafes, and perſecutes a Lady; The dextrous and cunning Lover is of a merry complaiſant and divertiſing humour; he is altogether for Balls and Serenades; and this great Maſter in the Art of love, labours to hide his love under the Flowers of thoſe Noſegays which he preſents her, and to allure her inſenſibly into the place wherein he intends to ſurprize her. If he finds it out that one of his Rivals has made a farther progreſs than he, he re-inforces his Courtſhip, and the delights of his Miſtreſs, he appears more faſhionable, more magnificent, and more liberal; and taking his opportunity, as he ought to do, he robs the Lady of her heart, without furrendring his own to her, becauſe he goes judiciouſly to work, from whence proceeds the ſucceſs of all things. Thus you ſee I have not been wanting to Reaſon to maintain, what I think I have ſufficiently prov'd, that there is no neceſſity to love, to the end we may be belov'd. 'Tis very certain, Sir, ſaid the fair *Aminta*, that your ingenuity has ſignaliz'd it ſelf upon this Argument; and becauſe the laſt expreſſions are always the deepeſt, I muſt confeſs your diſcourſe, ſo full of Wit, has put me to a ſtand; and a little thing would make me believe, that to be belov'd there is no need of loving. Fair Arbitratreſs, ſaid the Duke of *Gandia*, be not carried away with the falſe, becauſe pleaſing, flouriſhes of an Orator, more ſubtle than ſincere; for aſſuredly we muſt love if we intend to be belov'd. Dear Umpireſs, added the Duke of *Paſtrane*, change not your opinion, but follow the firſt motions of your judgment, ſo juſt and favourable on my ſide. As it belongs to Judges to regard their honour, ſaid *Ponce de Leon*, before the intereſt of thoſe that plead; if the fair *Aminta* will be rul'd by me, I would have her be guided by her own Reaſon, rather than your Eloquence, and not pronounce any ſentence before ſhe has conſulted her own judgment. 'Tis too ignorant to be conſulted in things of this nature, ſaid ſhe; ſo that if I only adhere to that, I ſhall be forced to pronounce ſome unjuſt ſentence or other; and therefore I think it better, not to deliver any opinion at all. But, fair *Aminta*, ſaid I, ſince you have taken the Office upon you, you ought to diſcharge the duty. Say you ſo, reply'd ſhe, then I muſt declare that the Illuſtrious Duke of *Gandia* has argued with more reaſon and leſs ſubtilty; and that the Duke of *Paſtrane* has argu'd with more ſubtilty and leſs reaſon. Then I have gain'd the day, reply'd the former; nor have I loſt it, reply'd the ſecond. And ſo all Parties are pleas'd; and yet there are few Judges that have the Art to pleaſe every body. I have had the better luck, reply'd *Aminta*, for it was an effect of Chance and not of Skill. This was the Converſation

between

between the two Courtiers, and the two Illustrious Hermites; who by that and other discourse that follow'd, clearly found that Renown had nothing flatter'd the Count of *Pegnafiel*, nor the amiable *Granadine*, but that they rather deserv'd more than what had been spoken in their praise. Now, Sir, for the better understanding the remainder of my Story, you must know that the Duke of *Infantada* has a House some three or four Leagues from *Fontaines*, which is called *Paradas*, where *Don Alvares* Marquess of *Monte Major*, his Son, was at that time resident, drawn thither by the beauty of the Place, or the beauty of the Season; or whether it were out of a curiosity to be acquainted with *Ponce de Leon*, and to see the fair *Aminta*; for persons of his Age seldom covet retirement, nor will they quit the Court and City to taste the pleasures of solitude. Whatever were the cause, the young Marquess came to *Paradas*; and he was no sooner arriv'd there, but he came to *Fontaines* also, to visit the Illustrious *Ponce de Leon*. He was tall and well limb'd, yet his Demeanour, Gate, and Aspect were altogether so noble, free, and lofty, that they who never saw him before might easily judge him to be a person of an Illustrious descent. His Hair was Chesnut brown, his Cheeks fresh and ruddy, his Eyes black, but little, yet full of Fire and sparkling, his Mouth and Lips rarely proportion'd, & all the Lineaments of his Face very exact. The tone of his voice was lively and somewhat loud, which gave a greater authority to his words, and render'd his expression more clear. He walks but slowly, by reason of a great wound which he received in the War, but it rather augments than lessens the Majesty of his Gate. The Fire of his temperament has imparted something to his humour: And that same Fire which makes his Conversation acceptable, renders him something smart and cholerick; but he knows so well to bridle that Passion, that few, unless it be the meaner sort of his Attendants, perceive it. He has a prodigious Wit, courtly, jocund, and indeed the Wit of the world; so that if I were to draw the Pattern of a true Courtier, that is to say of a person perfectly honest, I verily believe his Portraicture would be a very faithful draught. He is well vers'd in the world, and being a great Courtier there are some that accuse him that he has a kindness for very few people; but it is not an easie thing for a man of his Dignity to love much, and his Honour consists in the smallness of the number, being an infallible mark of the niceness of his humour. For having lost three Friends, the one by a tragical accident; the second by a Disease in the Army; and the third, who excell'd the rest in all things, by an Exilement, he shew'd himself as careful to preserve their memory, as to bewail their misfortune. He was entirely belov'd by the Minister of State, of whom we have already made mention, and to say the truth, that is to make him a Panegyrick sufficient. He is a person of that clearness of judgment, eloquence of speech, and that universal knowledge, that there can be no person fitter than he to be employ'd in Publick Embassies and Negotiations. He is a Person of great Valour, and one that deserv'd better success than he has had. Being thus so handsome in his Person, and so high in his Degree, *Ponce* receiv'd him with all the Civility that was due to his birth and merit; and their reciprocal admiration having begot an esteem for each other, they bestowed all the Complements one upon another, with which the ingenuity of their Invention could furnish them. They discoursed at first of such things as Persons of their age are generally accustomed to talk of; Hounds and Horses; handling of Weapons and Dancing; Fortifications and Musick, and such other Noble Exercises, which Persons of their Quality usually learn: From thence, as persons that are not acquainted use to do, they fell to discourse of the beauty of the Season, the brightness of the Day, and the excellency of the Structure of the Palace of *Fontaines*. But the delicacy of *Ponce*'s Wit and Imagination rejecting such general discourse, I cannot think, Sir, said he to *Don Alvarez*, that the Converse of a person brought up in retirement like me, can give any satisfaction to a person bred at Court as you have been: And indeed your short stay in the Country makes it manifest, that our Rustick Rudeness does but tire your ingenuity, accustom'd to the Politeness of the City. I assure you, Sir, answer'd *Don Alvarez*, that the Magnificence of *Fontaines* is so splendid, and the breeding of those that inhabit there so extraordinary, that there is no person but may well think himself to be at Court in that place: Nor can I tell whether in the Court of which you speak, or of the greatest Kings in the world, there may be any thing met with comparable to what is here to be seen. Civility, Sir, said I, being the essential Character of those persons that converse in the greatest Courts, they that hear you speak may easily conjecture that you have always liv'd there. 'Tis a greater wonder, answer'd he smiling, to observe that Hermites, like you, should be so accomplish'd; yet having seen *Don Fernand*, 'tis no difficult thing to divine, whence the Illustrious *Ponce de Leon* has reap'd the knowledge of so many Noble Sciences, that make him famous over all *Spain*. It is most certain, reply'd *Ponce de Leon*, that if *Don Fernand* had in me met with a genius proportionable to his instructions, I had been far more accomplish'd than I am; but he has sow'd his seed in an ungrateful soil, which instead of producing the fruit that he expected, is still in the same condition wherein it would have been, had it not been till'd and manur'd by so skilful a hand. Your humility, Sir, said I, testifies against you, and your merit while it strives to conceal, discovers it self the more. For I am assur'd that the Illustrious *Don Alvarez* is sufficiently convinc'd, that you have reap'd more from your own natural ingenuity, than from the practice of the world, or my imperfect instructions. *Don Alvarez*, reply'd he, is too

knowing a perſon to diſcover my defaults; nor is it for a perſon brought up in a Deſart, to make as if he had been bred at Court, unleſs he be minded to expoſe himſelf to ſhame, or at leaſt to diſeſteem. You are not expos'd either to the one or the other, reply'd he; and it is a queſtion whether this perſon bred at Court be not leſs eſteem'd by the perſon brought up in a Deſart, than the perſon bred up in a Wilderneſs by him; or whether all that the practice of what the beſt part of the World can teach, can ſuffice to merit, at leaſt to obtain the friendſhip of ſuch an Illuſtrious Hermite. It belongs to me, reply'd *Ponce de Leon*, to doubt whether I may be worthy of yours, and to ſuppreſs a while the motions of my heart, 'till you know me better, unleſs I were reſolved to expoſe my ſelf to love alone, which is no ſmall offence to a Generous Soul. Therein I have already been before-hand with you, reply'd *Don Alvarez*, for your Friendſhip is but a Conſequence of mine. 'Tis true that you have done me the favour to tell me ſo, reply'd *Ponce de Leon* ſmiling; but this exact and preciſe truth proceeds rather from the Country than the Court: For that which paſſes in the ſubſcription of a Letter to *Fontaines*, will not be believ'd perhaps in a ſubſcription to *Sevil*. During this Parley between theſe two perſons, while I diligently obſerv'd both, I did not a little admire to perceive that *Ponce*, though he were very civil in all his Complements, yet his behaviour was ſo ſlight and reſerv'd, that it was thereby eaſie to conjecture, that his heart had no ſhare in the civility of his lips. On the other ſide, though *Don Alvares* ſhew'd him all the reſpect which is expected in Ceremonies of that nature, yet he carried himſelf with an indifferency parallel to that of *Ponce de Leon*; there being a ſecret foreſight of things, that queſtionleſs gave them an intimation that they would not be long Friends. But the latter ſeem'd to be the more diſcompoſed; which I wondred at in a perſon that ſeem'd ſo well to know the world: For ſtill he caſt his Eyes toward the door of the Apartment where we were, as if he expected that ſome body ſhould enter; and though he anſwer'd always very much to the purpoſe, though his Lips never flatter'd, yet he ſtill had an Eye toward the door. On the other ſide, whether *Ponce* expected the ſame that he did, or whether he were willing to make a diſcovery of what was concealed in *Alvares*'s Heart by the motions of his Eyes, he always look'd the ſame way too; inſomuch that I was never more perplexed in my life, than at that time. Thereupon I took upon me the Governours part, and with a wink endeavour'd to advertiſe *Ponce* what he had to do; but it was impoſſible, his Eyes were ſo fix'd upon that fatal door. By this they began to flag in their Complements, and at laſt to ſay nothing at all; and I am confident they were both in a Labyrinth as well as I, when they conſider'd their own odd behaviour. *Don Alvarez* open'd his lips two or three times, and ſhut them again, as if he had repented of what he was going to ſay; but at length after a tedious and irkſom pauſe, not being able any longer to retain his conceal'd curioſity, he ask'd *Ponce de Leon*, whether that beautiful *Moor* ſo highly fam'd in *Sevil*, were ſtill at *Fontaines?* At thoſe words *Ponce* bluſh'd, as the other had bluſh'd before, and readily, but ſlightly, return'd him for anſwer, that ſhe was; after which more dexterouſly than he had anſwer'd, he chang'd the ſubject of the diſcourſe. But he did it to no purpoſe, for *Don Alvarez* always return'd to the fair *Granadine*. Hereupon, Sir, ſaid I, ſeeing *Ponce* ſo backward, if you have a deſire to ſee her, I will give notice to her Governeſs to bring her hither. At thoſe words *Ponce de Leon* bluſh'd again, and giving me a kind of a ſcurvy look, which all the reſpect which he had for me, and all his modeſty, could not ſuppreſs; he told me, before *Don Alvarez* could anſwer, that I knew well enough that that proud Lady was not ſo to be dealt with; and that *Don Alvarez* with all his quality and his merit would be but ill receiv'd, ſhould ſhe be ſent for in that manner. If there be no other obſtacle but my preſence, anſwer'd he, that can be no great hindrance, for whatever we may ſuffer from ſuch fair perſons as ſhe, I would be content at any rate to purchaſe the ſight of her. To theſe words *Ponce* return'd no anſwer, but, to break off a Parley ſo diſtaſtful, he roſe from his Seat, and ask'd *Don Alvarez* whether he would not be pleas'd to ſee the Garden; and indeed he led him the way, before the other had either the power or time to anſwer; whereupon I follow'd them. But poor *Ponce* ſoon learnt by this accident, that the prudence of Lovers is folly, that oft-times ſearches for that which it would avoid, and finds that which it never ſought after. For we were no ſooner come into the Garden, but upon the firſt turning we met the fair *Aminta* full butt, walking in another Alley with her Governeſs. The ſurprizing luſtre of that young and excelling Beauty, ſo dazled the Eyes of *Don Alvarez*, that he ſtood like a Statue. For though report had prepar'd him to meet a miraculous Beauty, yet finding more in her than he expected, he could not conceal his Aſtoniſhment which he teſtified by his behaviour. The Illuſtrious *Ponce de Leon* could have wiſh'd to have been all Eyes like *Argus*, at ſuch a tickliſh juncture of time; for he beheld ſometimes *Don Alvarez*, and ſometimes *Aminta* with a more than ordinary attention, labouring to penetrate through their looks to the very bottom of both their hearts, to the end he might there diſtinctly find what were *Alvarez*'s thoughts of *Aminta*, and what opinion *Aminta* had of *Don Alvarez*. As for the Illuſtrious Shepherdeſs, in regard ſhe had never ſeen *Alvarez* before, and for that ſhe took notice how *Ponce de Leon* obſerv'd her, and beheld him, ſhe found her ſelf as much perplex'd as they; ſo that there were none but the Governeſs and I that ſaw with Eyes unintereſſed the ſeveral paſſages that then happen'd, which might well be ſtil'd a time

time of diſorder and confuſion. But at length *Don Alvarez* put a force upon himſelf, and addreſſing his ſpeech to the fair *Aminta*, Lovely Stranger, ſaid he, with an obliging and paſſionate aſpect, having had the happineſs to meet you, I believe there is nothing more to be ſeen at *Fontaines*, and that whatever the beauty of the Grotto's and Fountains may be, they that will not loſe by the bargain muſt ſtop here. Sir, anſwer'd *Aminta* ſmiling, and beholding *Ponce de Leon* with a corner of one Eye that ſeem'd to be full of trouble and diſturbance, the Artiſts that made ſo many curious pieces as are to be ſeen, wou'd certainly bewail the loſs of their time and labour, ſhould a perſon ſo exact and knowing as your ſelf refuſe them the moſt noble recompence of their Art, and the moſt pleaſing fruit of their pains and travel. Indeed, ſaid *Ponce de Leon*, interrupting *Don Alvarez*, as he was about to anſwer, the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, had ill beſtow'd ſo vaſt an expence, if perſons of your degree ſhould not think it worth their while, ſo much as to look upon, what he has with ſo much coſt contriv'd. And for this reaſon, added he, turning toward *Aminta*, this fair Lady I hope will pardon me, if in concerning my ſelf as I ought to do for my Fathers reputation, I ſhow any honour to his Houſe to her prejudice, and to that purpoſe lead you out of her company (taking him by the Arm) to ſhew you all the incomparable Water-works that adorn this Garden. But Sir, anſwer'd *Alvarez* ſmiling, ſince thoſe Rarities that are brought from the fartheſt diſtance are the moſt valu'd, I ſuppoſe I do no injury to the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, to behold rather the living Beauties than inanimate Rarities. And for my part I believe he will neither take it to be ill or unjuſtly done, if I prefer the ſight of the fair *Moor*, beyond the beſt Statue in his Palace. And for my part, added I, I believe that the Illuſtrious *Ponce*'s Civility, will not hinder you from acting freely, according to your own inclination, in the choice of thoſe things which you are moſt deſirous to take notice of, ſince the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*'s Honour, and your ſatisfaction move together. But, Sir, at that time the Scholar took very ill what the Governour ſaid, for immediately a dull melancholly cloud ſetled upon his brow, mix'd with ſpite and vexation, and I believe his Lips would have imitated his Eyes, and that he had anſwer'd me in the ſame manner as they look'd, had not the fair *Aminta* prevented him. Sir, ſaid ſhe, to *Don Alvarez*, you appear to be at this time extremely civil, and much a Courtier, and therefore jeaſtingly added ſhe, to hinder you from doing any injuſtice, and my ſelf from committing any fault, I beſeech you to let me make an end of my walk, where you are juſt beginning yours. So ſaying, without giving him any time to anſwer, ſhe made him a moſt reſpectful Obeyſance, and went her way, leaving *Don Alvarez* far more amorous than before, and the moſt perplex'd perſon among men; and *Ponce de Leon* the beſt ſatisfied; being certain that it would be no eaſie thing to ſee her again as long as ſhe liv'd, as he had now done by accident. *Don Alvarez* beheld her as long as he could, and the other alſo beholding her all the while, diligently obſerv'd the Air of her Eyes, and the Motions of her Face. In the mean time we continu'd our walk, and I began to ſhew *Don Alvarez* the wonderful Conveyances of Water, the Grotto's, and other rare pieces of Art, with which the ſecrets of Invention had adorn'd that Garden. But, to ſay truth, though he ſtrove with himſelf out of civility, and commended all things that deſerv'd commendation, yet his thoughts were ſo employ'd within himſelf, and buſied in dreaming upon the fair *Aminta*, that I queſtion whether he minded any of thoſe beautiful Objects, or whether he heard the falls of the waters, though they were loud, and from a great height; ſo deep was his Meditation, and the Object ſo pleaſing. But at laſt after I had endeavour'd to ſhew him all that was worthy to be ſeen, though I am certain he ſaw little or nothing, we return'd into the great Hall, where was a ſumptuous Banquet ready, provided by my particular order. But his mouth was no more active than his Eyes; ſo that he went away as well without taſting as ſeeing, ſo had the charming and tyrannical Idea of the fair *Aminta* poſſeſs'd all the faculties of his Mind. He and *Ponce de Leon* paſs'd a cold Complement one upon another at his departure; and the inamour'd *Alvarez* in his return often ſtopp'd his Horſe and lookt back, flatter'd without doubt by a falſe hope, that he ſhould e're long again behold the lovely perſon that had robb'd him of his heart. So ſoon as he was gone I took *Ponce* aſide from the reſt of the company, and ſpeaking ſoftly to him, Sir, ſaid I, will you not tell me the cauſe of your being ſo cold and ſo reſerv'd toward *Don Alvarez*? Rather, anſwer'd he, you ſhould ask *Don Alvarez*, the reaſon why he carried himſelf ſo indifferently toward me. Hah, Sir, reply'd I, I am not ſo eaſily to be impos'd upon as you may think; for I know too much in ſuch Affairs, not to have taken notice that in this dumb quarrel, if I may ſo call it, you have been the Aggreſſor. I did no more, ſaid he, than what I could not forbear to do, and conſequently I have not done amiſs. For if my memory fail me not, you have taught me your ſelf that ſympathies and antipathies, are not voluntary things, and that they do not often proceed either from the merit or defects of thoſe that create it in our Affections. All this is true, ſaid I, but I taught you likewiſe at the ſame time, that when theſe ſympathies or antipathies are contrary to reaſon, we ought to make reſiſtance againſt them, and that wiſdom ought always to prevail over paſſion. But this deep Philoſophy, ſaid he, is not fit for my years; for I cannot conceive that my perſon has any great congruity with that nice and circumſpect Philoſophy which is taught in Books; being more proper for a venerable Beard than ſuch an inconſiderate young man as my ſelf. I laught

at the thoughts and expreſſions of the Noble *Ponce*, but repreſſing a while that light motion of mirth, that appear'd in my Eyes, and reſuming a more grave Aſpect: No, no, Sir, ſaid I, Wiſdom that never grows old, becomes all Sexes and Ages; and although it be true that it ought to act diſtinctly, according to the diſtinct qualities and differences between men: yet is it no leſs true that ſhe never ought to act in contradiction to thoſe univerſal Laws, which ſhe preſcribes as well to Women as Men, to young and old. Now, Sir, good Manners and Civility are a part of thoſe Laws; we muſt always make uſe of them though it be toward our Enemies; and ſo long as they are the particular Characters of a Brave Gentleman, we may as ſoon ceaſe to be, as ſwerve from thoſe Principles. However, *Don Fernand*, reply'd he, if I am guilty, *Don Alvarez* is not innocent. Though that were truth, anſwer'd I, yet would not that ſuffice for your juſtification; for bad Examples ought not to carry us to imitation, rather we ought to endeavour to ſhun them. In ſhort, what think you, a perſon accuſtomed to the politeneſs of the Court, will ſay of *Ponce de Leon* at his return? Or what judgment do you believe others will make of your Breeding, when he ſhall report how ſtrangely you entertain'd him at his firſt coming to give you a viſit? You will be taken for a Provincial, that knows nothing of the World, and when you go to the Court, you ſhall find all perſons prepoſſeſs'd with an opinion, which you ſhall never convince them of. But, anſwer'd he bluſhing, it was not to me that he came to give a Viſit. To whom then, Sir, ſaid I? To the fair *Aminta*, he reply'd. I believe, anſwer'd I laughing, that if you had been in his place you would have done as much as he; for though you ſee her every day, yet you lookt upon her as much as he did: and you would be very unjuſt to deſire that all that came to viſit you, ſhould be blind, or that they might not ſee what you ſee. In ſhort, Sir, ſaid I, as I took my leave of him, look to your ſelf a little more, and after the fair *Aminta* a little leſs, if the like occaſion happen; and make uſe of the ready wit which Nature has given you, to ſhun the committing any ſuch faults another time. This parley, which no queſtion ſeem'd tedious enough, was no ſooner ended, but he went to the fair *Aminta*'s Apartment to begin another; whither being come, he led her toward the Window, out of the hearing of her Governeſs; And well, ſaid he, my fair Shepherdeſs, what have you found in this great Courtier, which you ſaw ſo lately? Can you endure the company of a poor Shepherd, having obſerv'd all that politeneſs of the Court, and that ſprightly air that accompanies it? Since it is the Shepherd *Leonce* (anſwer'd ſhe laughing as he had done) that asks the Shepherdeſs *Aminta*, ſhe will give him another anſwer, than ſhe would have done to the Illuſtrious *Ponce*, had he ſpoken ſerious, and aſſure him that a young Shepherdeſs, that never convers'd with any thing but her Sheep and her Sheep-hook, can take no pleaſure in any thing but her Sheep-hook and her Sheep. It would have coſt you but little trouble to have put in the Shepherd, reply'd he. But as long as I alſo forgot *Melampus*, he has no great reaſon to complain, for I have a great kindneſs for the Dog. However it be, reply'd *Ponce*, the Shepheard who asks the Queſtion, will be very much engaged to you, if you will tell him ſincerely whether he be the ſame ſtill, that he appear'd to be in the morning? and whether the pomp and loftineſs of the Court have not rais'd your thoughts to look higher than the ſimplicity of the Country. Seeing that we uſually judge of others by our ſelves, reply'd *Aminta*, the queſtion which you ask gives me ſome cauſe to ſuſpect, that if ever this Shepherd whom we ſpeak of happen to ſee the Court, he will never remember theſe Cottages more; that the ſight of Scepters will make him forget Sheephooks; that Crowns will make him deſpiſe Garlands; and that Lutes and Harps will cauſe him to lay aſide his Bag-pipes, and his Oaten Reeds: And then while he remains at Court among the crowds of Great Perſons, the poor Shepherdeſs muſt wander all alone and melancholy, and leave her Sheep to ſtray in the Meadows, thinking perhaps too much of him, that it may be has quite forgotten her. Ah, for that, ſaid he, I will aſſure with the Shepherd in *Virgil*,

That firſt the Rivers ſhall their Currents change,
And the ſwift Streams unto their Heads return:
Rather the Birds ſhall leave the Woods forlorn,
And on the Waves their floating labours range.

I know not what may fall out, ſaid *Aminta*, but this I know, that what we ſpoke laſt of is more probable to come to paſs, than all the Prodigies that the Poet mentions. I take you at your own word, fair *Aminta*, reply'd *Ponce*; ſo that according to your Maxims, you judge of me by your ſelf: So that if it ſhould happen, through the ordinary changes of Fortune, that the Shepherdeſs whereof we ſpeak ſhould be call'd home to the feet of the Mountains in her own Country, while the unhappy *Leonce* fill'd the Caverns of his own Deſarts with the Ecchoes of his ſad Complaints, and the name of his Shepherdeſs; faithleſs ſhe, would be liſtening attentively to the Proteſtations of another Shepherd, upon the Banks of ſome pleaſing River. Hah, for that, ſaid *Aminta* ſmiling, and anſwering him out of the ſame Author,

Rather the lovely Day ſhall turn to Night,
And gentle Lambs the ravenous Wolves affright;
And ſooner ſhall the tender Heards diſdain
To break their faſt upon the dewy Plain.

In the mean while, crafty Shepherdeſs, ſaid *Ponce*, notwithſtanding all theſe fair Poetical Promiſes, you will not tell me preciſely what you think of *Don Alvarez*. Seeing that Shepherds, ſaid ſhe, as we have been taught, ought to have ſome knowledge in the Stars, and that

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I perceive them beginning to appear in the skye already, I adviſe you to go and conſult them in this Affair, and to labour there to find out what I am reſolv'd not to tell you more clearly than I have done already. Upon theſe words he left her, laughing out of meer jealouſie. But while there was this diſturbance at *Fontaines*, there was no leſs diſquiet at *Paradas*; for *Don Alvarez* having thought upon nothing elſe but the fair *Aminta* all the while between the two Palaces, could not admit any other object into his Contemplations when he return'd home. He ſate down at Table, but not to eat; he went to bed, but not to ſleep; for the fair Image of the incomparable *Granadine* haunting him every where, plung'd him into a medley of delight and diſcontent, which would not ſuffer him to take any reſt. Oh how charming and fair ſhe is, ſaid he to himſelf! how well ſhe merits the high reputation that Report has given her over all *Spain*! Rather, ſaid he, making anſwer to himſelf, which *Spain* knows very little of; ſeeing her Perfections and her Graces are beyond what ever Fame has told us. Recollect *Alvarez*, recollect in thy memory, all that thy Eyes have ſeen of fair ever ſince thy years have been capable to diſcern between beauty and deformity. After that diligent enquiry, wilt thou not be oblig'd to give ſentence in favour of *Aminta?* and to confeſs ingenuouſly, that without all contradiction ſhe is the moſt lovely and the moſt accompliſh'd perſon that ever Nature fram'd? What is it thus tranſports thee, *Don Alvarez*, what tranſports thee thus? her Eyes or her Lips? her Complexion or her Teeth? her Hair or the oval of her Face? her Neck or her Stature? her Arms or her Hands? her Aſpect or her Deportment? Which, in ſhort, of all theſe wonders moves thee moſt? to which art thou oblig'd to give the precedency? to which of all theſe parts that ſo amicably compoſe the whole Structure? Hah, reply'd he ſighing, this fair difference can never be decided. Thoſe Beauties that are ſo victorious over all others, cannot vanquiſh one another. For *Aminta*, the Angelical *Aminta*, is all alike fair, equally wonderful in every part of her perſon. But, added he, her Mind as well as her Perſon has its attractions and allurements. How did ſhe appear in that little which ſhe ſpoke? What Graces didſt thou not obſerve aſwell in the harmony of her words, as in her actions? and thoſe fair Eyes did they not utter more than her fair Lips? Ah, how eloquent are thoſe fair Eyes! proceeded he, how ſweet! and for that reaſon how all-commanding? How full of Charms and Majeſty? how full of Fire, how full of Light? how reſplendent is their luſtre and dangerous? But, purſu'd he, how the plain Habit of a Shepherdeſs became the fair *Aminta!* how it adorn'd her! or rather how ſhe adorn'd that! What a reflexion did the luſtre of that incomparable Perſon caſt upon that Country Habit! She that infallibly ſurprizes all beauty but her own. Conclude then in favour of her that there was never ſeen any thing comparable to her, and that never any thing will ever be ſeen to equalize her. Having ſo ſaid, he ſtopp'd awhile, but not long after, fetching a deep ſigh, But, ſaid he, granting all this to be true, as true it is, what intereſt haſt thou therein? And wherefore is it, that that which has ſo ſoon open'd thy Eyes will not let thee ſhut them again? Haſt thou reſolv'd never to forſake that obſtinate and beautiful Idea that haunts thee thus continually? and at thoſe Hours when there is nothing to be ſeen? Haſt thou reſolv'd to behold her always? Sleep, *Don Alvarez*, ſleep; dream not thus, while thou art broad awake, but labour to bury theſe pleaſing Chimeras in the miſty Vapours of Slumber. Having utter'd theſe words, he labour'd effectually to compoſe himſelf to ſleep, and to baniſh from his thoughts that fair and perſecuting Image. But he aſſay'd in vain, and turning upon the other ſide, But, *Don Alvarez*, ſaid he vex'd with himſelf, he that preſerv'd himſelf free from love at the Court, ſhall he fall in love in a Country Village? And is it poſſible that he ſhould debaſe himſelf not only to love, not only to love a Shepherdeſs, but a Slave? Hah, no, no, 'tis impoſſible, purſu'd he; he of whom thou talkeſt knows himſelf too well, and knows her too well for that. Thou takeſt one thought for another, and without doubt confoundeſt Love and Eſteem. But Eſteem, reply'd the reſtleſs Lover to himſelf, methinks ſhould be more quiet, and not ſo tumultuous; Eſteem has a reſpect to its Object with leſs vehemency and diſturbance; it can diſ-ingage it ſelf with leſs trouble; it will ſuffer a man to take his repaſt and his repoſe; his pleaſures are not ſo ſearching, nor his ſorrows ſo piercing. Ah, *Don Alvarez*, if thou doſt but ſound thy heart, I believe thou wilt find love there; more love than was ever in one heart, and more than ever will be; by reaſon that what it loves is amiable beyond what was ever yet belov'd. We muſt love her then, added he, we muſt love her fervently, faithfully, nay eternally, ſince ſhe is really worthy. Whether *Aminta* be a Shepherdeſs or a Slave, a *Moor* of *Granada* or of *Algiers*, this hinders her not from being the faireſt perſon in the world, and conſequently the moſt worthy to be beloved. I behold her ſuch, purſu'd he, but alas I am not the only perſon that ſees her to be ſo: For the Eyes of thoſe that love are too clear ſighted, and too quick to be deceiv'd, for mine not to perceive that *Ponce de Leon* loves as well as I, happy if he have not alſo diſcovered that *Don Alvarez* loves as well as he. His looks, his fretting, his ſilence, his diſquiet, the tricks he us'd not to let thee be ſeen, his being ſo glad when thou wert gone; all this I ſay reveals to thee his love, and will not permit thee to queſtion it. But alas, I ſee ſomething that threatens me more trouble than all this, for *Aminta* and *Ponce* have been bred up together. Their reciprocal love grew up perhaps together with them. That particular Habit which they both wear, is an infallible ſymptom of their ſtrict correſpondency. Beſides,

ſides, I then deſcry'd ſuch a mutual intercourſe of looks from him to her, and from her to him, that I cannot find any reaſon to queſtion it: They live together in the ſame place, thou at a diſtance from her; *Ponce* ſees her every day, *Don Alvarez* perhaps may never ſee her again, what canſt thou hope for then, or how can any perſon love without hope? I cannot tell, added he; but this I know, that whatever befall him, he muſt of neceſſity be in love. If there be a neceſſity for it, reply'd the new Lover, why didſt thou not manage thy Opportunities better? Why didſt thou not diſcover thy Paſſion by thy impatience, thy fervour by thy boldneſs, and thy paſſion by thy melancholy? By not behaving thy ſelf well toward thy Rival, thou haſt expos'd thy ſelf to the hazard, whether thou ſhalt ever ſee her again. Repair then, inconſiderate, repair the fault which thou haſt committed, by a more ſubtle and dextrous management. Let the ſecond Viſit remedy the diſorder of the firſt; and that thou mayſt be beloved by *Aminta*, labour to be belov'd by *Ponce*, nay feign to love him; for in love all things are lawful, nor is Policy forbid. Thus you ſee, Sir, what happen'd at *Parada's*; when about two or three days after, I propos'd to *Ponce de Leon* at *Fontaines* to return the viſit to *Don Alvarez* which he ow'd him: But I immediately obſerv'd, that that propoſal did no way pleaſe him: for he receiv'd it ſo coldly, that any perſon that had known leſs of the intreague than I did, might have perceiv'd it. I muſt confeſs *Don Fernand*, ſaid he, that I care very little for new acquaintance. Will you then live like a Hermite, reply'd I? For having not yet ſeen the World, you muſt either get new acquaintance, or always abide in a Wilderneſs. Retirement, ſaid he, will be more pleaſing to me than company, which I do not like. But, Sir, ſaid I, if we never do any thing but that which pleaſes, we may be many times idle and do nothing. The duties of a Civil Life are not all pleaſing, but they are all neceſſary. For that bond of Civil Society which tyes all men one to the other, and which, if I may ſo ſay, tyes all the diſſenting Parties in the World together, in point of juſtice ought not to be broken without a ſerious conſideration. But on the other ſide *Don Alvarez* is a brave and a deſerving Gentleman; the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, and the Duke of *Infantade* are Friends, whoſe condition is equal. Beſides the perſon whoſe acquaintance you ſhun was fix'd in the world, before you were enter'd into it, for which reaſon you have need rather to make him your Friend than your Enemy; for fear he prepoſſeſſes the Court to your diſadvantage. Confeſs the truth, Sir, ſaid I to him, is it becauſe he deſir'd to ſee *Aminta*, that you will not ſee him? I know not wherefore it is, ſaid he, laughing as well as I, and bluſhing; but I confeſs I have no mind to ſee him. Come, Sir, ſaid I, if I may prevail, you ſhall go. For this Viſit is but a point of good Manners, and the return of an obligation. Upon that the Illuſtrious *Ponce de Leon* being of a mild and affable temper, he no longer refus'd; ſo that after Dinner putting off his Shepherds Habit, and very magnificently apparell'd, we took Horſe attended by ſome Gentlemen and Lacquays, and rode directly to *Parada's*. *Ponce de Leon* was receiv'd at the Gate of that Noble Structure by *Don Alvarez*, who having had leiſure to conſider with himſelf, ſince their firſt interview, accoſted him with a lively merry countenance, and with all the careſſes imaginable. I am exceedingly oblig'd to you Sir, ſaid he, for the trouble you have taken to viſit me, and I make no queſtion but the Duke of *Infantada* will partake with me in the acknowledgment of this obligation, ſo ſoon as he ſhall know of your coming to *Parada's*. Never call any perſon to partake with you in the kindneſs which I have ſhew'd you in this Viſit, civilly anſwer'd *Don Ponce*; for beſides that I am too inconſiderable to intereſt great Perſonages in what I do, 'tis a farther truth that I had a regard to no other perſon but your ſelf when I did it; nor did I ſo much as call to mind the beauty of a Structure famous through all *Spain*, and which I had never ſeen. For my part, reply'd *Don Alvarez*, I muſt acknowledge with more ingenuity than is common to the reputation of Courtiers. That it was not ſo with me when I was at *Fontaines*; for next to the extraordinary deſire I had to be acquainted with you, it was ſome part of my Viſit to ſee the magnificence of your Palace. Nevertheleſs I am of opinion, reply'd *Ponce* ſmiling, that neither our falls of Water, nor our Grotto's, nor Fountains, were the Objects that altogether employ'd your Eyes, but that the fair *Aminta* robb'd them of ſome part of your obſervation, or elſe mine deceiv'd me at that time. I muſt confeſs, ſaid *Don Alvarez* bluſhing, that all which you tell me is true, and that your Eyes did no way abuſe you. But I ſuppoſe that the merit of the fair *Aminta* juſtifies me, as to the Crime whereof you accuſe me, in regard that Statues are not to be preferr'd before her, and that he muſt love Grotto's and Fountains very well that ſtops to ſee them to his own prejudice. Nay you your ſelf, who reprehend me ſo neatly, ſaid *Don Alvarez*, purſuing his diſcourſe, looked upon her as often as I did, and though you ſee her every day as well as your Fountains, ſhe attracted your ſight much more than they. I do not believe, ſaid I, that either of you had any injury done you, for the merit of that beautiful Lady is ſo extraordinary that nothing can withſtand her. And I dare aſſure my ſelf that there is not one of thoſe curious Artiſts that viſit Statues, as others do Ladies, but had they been in your place, they would have infallibly done what both of you did, and that the living Perfections would have taken them off from the inanimate Beauties. Then *Don Alvarez* did what he ought to have done, reply'd *Ponce de Leon*; for I dare ſwear that he minded you or me no more than our Statues; and that he took us our ſelves for Marble Figures, which queſtionleſs he cannot love, ſo little

little he regarded us. This jeasting is a little too severe; but you deliver your self with so good a grace, that it is impossible to be offended, reply'd *Don Alvarez*, insomuch that although perhaps you have as well as I deserv'd the right of Burgess-ship in that Marble Corporation, which is to be seen in your Gardens, and that you were no less contemplative than I, I shall pass it over, and forget what the Shepherd *Leonce* did, that I may remember what the Illustrious *Ponce* has done, in putting himself to the trouble of this Visit. But, Sir, said I to *Don Alvarez*, take heed of committing the same fault which you reprove in others; forget not that you are in one of the most beautiful places of the World, and that he must be in a deep study indeed, that takes no notice of it. In regard there is here no beautiful *Moor*, reply'd *Don Alvarez* laughing, there is no fear of the same accident. On the contrary, said *Ponce*, I believe a man may be the more subject to contemplation because she is not here. You judge of others by your self in this matter, reply'd *Don Alvarez*; so that I foresee that our Woods and Balustres will be no better us'd than were your Fountains and Grotto's. You have set me a president, reply'd *Ponce*; and you are too brave a person for any man to fear the following your Example. I will assure you, Sir, said I, that the matter is somewhat doubtful; for I cannot tell, that beheld both the one and the other, without being in those deep contemplations that you were in, which was the Original, and which was the Copy. However it were, said *Don Alvarez* laughing, I shall labour to be more free in my thoughts than the Illustrious *Ponce* was at *Fontaines*, and to shew him all the respects of the Duke of *Infantada's* House, with more liberty of mind, than he made use of in the Duke of *Medina Sidonia's*. Upon these words, without giving the other leisure to answer, he rose from his Seat, and behaving himself in short with a comly grace, and an extraordinary civility, he led us into every part, and carefully shew'd us all the Curiosities of the House. At our return we met with a costly Collation that attended us; and the two noble Rivals parted equally satisfied in each other. For *Don Alvarez* being the absolute Master of himself upon this second enterview, *Ponce de Leon* thought that he might be deceived in his conjectures; and that he did not love *Aminta* so much as he suspected. While the politick *Alvarez* making use of his advantage, embracing him and taking his leave, told him that he hoped he should often have the happiness to see him while he resided in the Country; and that for his part he would not fail to visit him often, and to see him again very suddenly. Truly, Sir, he was very punctual to his word, for about two days after, he gave us another visit at *Fontaines*; but so jolly and brisk, as if he had had no disquiet at all in his mind. Soon after he enquir'd very merrily where the fair *Aminta* was, for, said he, to day with your Statues good leave my Visit is not to them, for the living Beauties more attract me than those which are insensible. 'Twill be a difficult thing for me to think well of it (reply'd *Ponce de Leon* as merrily as he) for were I put to my election, I should rather chuse that you would be contented with the insensible Beauties than the others, and that the Miracles of Art would please you as well as the Miracles of Nature. I should very much blame my Eyes to take the Shadow for the Substance, or to prefer the Picture of Beauty before the Beauty it self; and therefore I desire you that we may let alone your Statues in their Hollows standing, and your Streams in their Chanels, and that we may rather see the fair *Aminta* upon her Couch or in her Alcove, or else that we may visit her as a Shepherdess in her Cottage among the Woods. Sir, said I, there appears so much judgment in the choice which you have made, that I can find no reason to condemn it. But to tell you the truth, those living Statues, such as *Aminta*, carry glances and beams in their Eyes, with which they sport after a very dangerous manner, and which render them far more formidable than all the stroaks of *Phidias* or *Praxiteles*. When I come to be the *Pigmalion* of such an Image, answer'd he smiling, we will hazard the Experiment if you think fit. Certainly, I shall be bolder than that famous Conquerour, who said that the *Persian* Beauties hurt the Eyes, and that he durst not look upon them. I would not that you should prove a Conquerour like him, said *Ponce*; and therefore since you are unwilling to imitate his fear, be sure you do not imitate his ambition. Let us try then what will become of us, said I, giving a wink to *Don Ponce* to lead us to *Aminta's* Apartment. He really did as I desir'd, though with some reluctancy, but with so good a grace, that his unwillingness was hardly perceiv'd. We found her playing upon the Guittar, and her back being toward the door at which we enter'd, we stay'd a while to listen before she observ'd us, or so much as perceiv'd us, so intent was her mind upon that pleasing recreation. But at our having made some noise, she rose from her seat, and mov'd some steps forward to meet *Don Alvarez*. Most lovely *Aminta*, said he, doing reverence to her with all respect, you have reason to leave off playing upon the Guittar now we are come in, for it is enough to see you; but to hear and see both is too great a felicity: nor is the Eye at leisure to suffer the intrusion of the Ear. Sir, answer'd she, though I had continu'd my rude Harmony, I cannot believe that either of those senses could have been so well satisfied either with my person, or the sound of my voice. Surely you have a very bad opinion of *Don Alvarez*, said *Ponce de Leon* to her, to think you could perswade him into that belief; for if they understand as well at Court as in the Country, I know he will rather be of my judgment than submit to yours. To speak ingenuously, reply'd *Alvarez* smiling, generally the Country and the Court never think the same thoughts; for

for the latter has a nice taſte of things which the former was never capable of. But in regard that *Fontaines* is a particular place that ought to be excepted out of the General Rule, I can aſſure you that you were not deceiv'd, when you thought me to be of your opinion touching fair *Aminta*'s merit; for it is certain, that if there be any difference between you and me, as to what concerns her deſert, 'tis only this, that there is no perſon in the world that can have thoughts full of higher reſpect for it than my ſelf: So that I not only adhere to your opinion, but I go a great deal farther, on purpoſe to maintain bravely what you have ſpoken to my advantage. You are too full of acknowledgment at this time, anſwer'd *Ponce* with a ſmile ſomewhat Sardony, and though I ſubmit to you in all other things, I ſhall ever obſtinately diſpute this Argument againſt you. Courtiers, reply'd the fair *Aminta* (by what I have often heard *Don Fernand* ſay) make no great conſcience of a little flattery. And ſince that Courteſie is the chief Virtue of that place, I do not wonder, generous *Alvarez*, that you who were bred there, ſhould ſpeak the Language of your own Country, or that you ſhould utter here what Courtiers as you are ſpeak every where. Spightful Lady, ſaid I ſmiling, you would make the Court have a bad opinion of me, by talking as you have done; and you do ill to alledge me for your Author in a diſpute wherein I am not concern'd. The illuſtrious *Don Alvarez* will queſtionleſs take me for ſome old faſhion'd Courtier that underſtands not the Maxims of the new Mode; or that I have quite forgot in the Country what the Court is, as much as he that never ſaw it. I ſhould be very little my ſelf, reply'd he, ſhould I deny but that you are perfect in all the Precepts of Urbanity; and I ſhould be altogether as ingrateful, if I had not a high opinion of you for taking my part in the diſpute concerning the fair *Aminta*, whom I deſir'd to ſee, and the Statue which I was ſo earneſtly intreated to view. Thoſe Statues, merrily reply'd *Ponce de Leon*, are not ſo little remarkable for their beauty, but that they have Suitors from all parts of *Europe*: But becauſe you are ſo unkind to them, I ſhall be as cruel to thoſe at *Parada's*; and let them be never ſo handſom, or never ſo fair, I will look upon them only as Idols and Anticks. I give you free leave, reply'd *Don Alvarez*, provided the lovely *Aminta* may be there as ſhe was at *Fontaines*; for I ſhould never go about to condemn in you, what I approve not in my ſelf; not being ſo unjuſt. Thoſe admirable Figures which you talk of, reply'd *Aminta*, are for all that ſo rarely beautiful, that I am afraid you wrong your judgment, in preferring a Beauty ſo ordinary before them; and for deſiring to ſee one of the meaneſt pieces of Nature's Workmanſhip, rather than the rareſt Perfections of Art. Let it be as it will Divine *Aminta*, I would rather be as infamous as that Prince who was called the *Image-Breaker*, or be thought a follower of the Alcoran that expreſly forbids them, than change my opinion; and though the Illuſtrious *Ponce*, who without doubt is not of my opinion, ſhould look upon me as a perſon of no quaintneſs, no judgment, dull, ſtupid, and utterly ignorant, I ſhould never mind thoſe fine things, while you were preſent; and I cannot tell whether I ſhould not accuſe him of being an Idolater, before the ſevere Tribunal of the Inquiſition; to the end he might be puniſhed for committing a Crime, while he ſwerves from a Faith, in the maintenance whereof I would willingly dye a Martyr, as all the World ought to do. But you take no notice, reply'd *Ponce*, that inſtead of complaining that you beheld *Aminta* too little, I blame you for caſting your Eyes too much upon her. There are ſome Crimes ſo honourable, reply'd *Don Alvarez*, that it is more noble to commit them, than to repent of offending: And for my part if what I do be criminal in that particular, I ſhall never repent of it, whatever befall me. Sir, ſaid I, have a care leſt you become an Idolater your ſelf; and take heed that you are not burnt as they are in *Spain*; and indeed the fair Perſon whom you idolize, has methinks certain Eyes that are very proper to kindle the Fire. As for that Fire, he made anſwer ſmiling, I ſhall never fear to be burnt in it; nay the very Phœnix Funeral Pile would not be ſo glorious as mine. You have no reaſon, Sir, ſaid *Aminta*, to fear thoſe Flames, for without doubt they are very gentle; and let it rain never ſo little, it may quench the Cinamon Faggot, and ſo the Phœnix will eſcape. In ſhort, Sir, the whole Converſe of *Don Alvarez*, *Ponce de Leon*, and *Aminta*, was full of mirth and diverſiſement; for the politick Rival knew ſo well how to repair this laſt time the faults which he had committed before, that he took away all the ſuſpicion and jealouſie which had poſſeſſed the other; ſo that he rather paſs'd for a Lover than a Courtier; rather for a Friend than a Rival. After that, Sir, he return'd to *Fontaines* three or four ſeveral times in a ſhort ſpace, and we alſo rode two or three times to *Parada's*; and though in both places the fair *Aminta* were often mentioned, yet was it ſo politickly and cunningly done by *Don Alvarez*, while his jeaſts and merriment conceal'd his paſſion, that *Ponce*'s Eyes could not make any diſcovery. However his Rivals looks forbore not to ſpeak to the fair Lady more than his lips, and as often as he could find any opportunity, without being perceiv'd. But whatever were the language of his own, he could not tell whether hers had underſtood it, for the politick *Granadine* ſo well managed her glances, that *Don Alvarez* could make no conjecture how ſhe ſtood affected toward him, nor ſo much as whether ſhe had read his Paſſion. At length having for ſome time labour'd under that incertainty, he could no longer endure it, ſo that he rather choſe to expoſe himſelf to the hazard of being always unfortunate, by procuring his own Exilement from *Fontaines*, upon the diſcovery of his love, than to be always miſerable in concealing it as he did. To this purpoſe one day, perceiving that *Aminta* lov'd

Verſes,

Verſes, he was ſo quick to take, and ſo readily ſpy'd the opportunity which he ſought, that without being perceiv'd by any perſon, no not by the amiable *Aminta*, nor the enamor'd *Ponce* themſelves, he ſlily ſtole a piece of paper into her Shepherdeſſes Scrip; for that day ſhe wore that rural Habit, that ſo well pleas'd her, and ſo extraordinarily became her. And after he had ſo done, he continu'd in his diſcourſes and in his behaviour ſo full of mirth and behaviour, that neither Miſtreſs nor Rival ſuſpected any thing of the deceit. So that the fair *Aminta* in the evening putting her hand into her Scrip, found a Paper wherein the following Verſes were written.

SHepherdeſs ſo loudly fam'd,
You whoſe Charms have charm'd me ſo,
That my heart is all inflam'd;
Let me love you, though you know,
That my love has fondly aim'd.

Fair Aminta, *yet as proud,*
Thou haſt no reproach to fear;
For though cruel I ſhould call thee,
And that name ſhould be allow'd,
Why ſhould that offend thy ear?

For if friendſhip you diſown,
My reproaches you but ſlight;
Or if anger you have none,
I have ſtill to ſatisfie
Both your pity and your ſpight.

When your pride torments me moſt,
And your rigor is at height;
When my hopes are almoſt loſt,
Brighteſt then your Charms appear;
And moſt am'rouſly I ſigh.

Ah! thoſe eyes then let me ſee,
Though the moment I expire.
For whate're my Fate decree,
Rather had I dye o'rejoy'd,
Than by abſence be deſtroy'd.

Thunder! and in aſhes blend
This ambitious heart of mine;
Better tumble, than deſcend;
He that dares, muſt venture high,
Though he tumble from the Skie.

Yet thy anger to appeaſe
Nothing will I leave undone,
Grant the favour I implore,
And the print, on bended knees,
Of thy footſteps I'le adore.

Yet if my reſpect provoke
Thy enraged cruelty:
Do but in thy Mirrour look,
And beholding thy own eyes,
Wonder not at my ſurprize.

Theſe words were accompany'd with a Letter in Proſe to this effect.

"Could I have ever hop'd for an opportu-
"nity to have utter'd my mind in private, I
"had ſpoken before I had wrote, but that was
"ſo far from all probability, that inſtead of do-
"ing what I intended, I was afraid, only to in-
"tend what was in my power to do, which
"was by this Note to inform you, that the only
"perſon in the world, who moſt paſſionately
"adores you, is he that bears the name of

Don Alvarez.

I leave you to judge, Sir, whether the fair Moor were not ſurpriz'd to ſee ſuch a Paper in her Scrip; but ſhe was far more ſurpriz'd what to do with it. For to ſuppreſs it, and to feign that ſhe had never ſeen it, that was tacitely to approve it, and by her ſilence to embolden *Don Alvarez*'s importunity. To expoſtulate with him, was to oblige him rather than puniſh him: and to give him an opportunity to repeat the ſame thing, which his Verſe and Proſe had done. To diſcover it to her Governeſs, who was a ſevere and peeviſh woman, ſhe being a formal Preciſian, would have made a great noiſe of a trifle. To ſpeak of it to *Ponce de Leon*, was to hazard a quarrel between the Sons of the Dukes of *Medina Sidonia*, and *Infantada*; and not to reveal it, was to make a myſtery of a thing where ſhe had no reaſon, and to give him a jealouſie, ſhould he ever come to know that ſhe had kept it private. But at length, in the midſt of divers conſiderations, that a long time kept her in ſuſpence, being ſupported by the paſſion which ſhe had for him, the fear of diſpleaſing the Illuſtrious *Ponce* prevailed with her above all other conſiderations; ſo that ſhe reſolv'd to ſhew him the ſublime and courtly teſtimonies of his Rivals affection. To this purpoſe the next morning being alone with her Illuſtrious Lover, ſhe drew theſe Papers out of her Pocket, and ſmiling in *Ponces* face, I am confident, ſaid ſhe, that you cannot divine what is in this Paper, which I have here in my hand. Could I divine, ſaid he, I would ſooner imploy my Art to underſtand how your heart ſtands affected towards me, than to know what is in that Paper, which I only take to be ſome new Leſſon for the Guittar. You are no good Sooth-ſayer, anſwered the fair *Aminta*: and I muſt tell you, that if you can read no better in my heart than in this Paper, 'twill be a good while before you know what I think. Not but that the words which I have here, may be proper to make a good Song; but I believe, that the Poet which made them, is no good Muſician, for I ſee neither Notes nor Tablature. No doubt, ſaid *Ponce de Leon*, but they are ſome words, which ſome of our wiſe Maſters have beſtowed upon you. They are words indeed, reply'd *Aminta*; but I do not believe the Author ſo profoundly knowing, as to deſerve the name which you give him. You are envious, cryed the Illuſtrious *Ponce*, and all that you ſay is but an effect of your humility; for I believe now they are Verſes of your own making. You never were but half a Prophet, and ſtill you gueſs but by halves. For they are Verſes, 'tis

true, but they are not Verſes of my making: for I underſtand not the Map ſo well as to know the way that leads to *Parnaſſus*. Surely you take a great deal of delight to puzle me, reply'd *Ponce*: but if it be not *Fernand*, I cannot deviſe who it ſhould be. You have not hit upon it yet, reply'd ſhe; and I muſt tell you, that if you divine no better, you ſhall never be accus'd for a Magician. It cannot poſſibly be *Don Alvarez*, reply'd *Ponce*. You have done more without thinking, than you did before with all your pondering. How! ſaid he bluſhing, has *Don Alvarez* given you Verſes? 'Tis moſt certain, anſwered *Aminta*, 'twas he that gave 'em me; but for all that I did not receive them. This is a riddle, ſaid *Ponce*, which I cannot unfold. Your wit, retorted ſhe, is very much clouded, like the Sun to day: for to unriddle this Enigma, you have no more to do but only to conjecture that he put them in my Scrip, at ſuch a time that he was not perceived, and that I found them there, when I went to undreſs me. 'Tis very brave, ſaid *Ponce* with a forc'd and ſowr ſmile: 'tis a ſign that *Don Alvarez* was bred at Court, that has ſo many cunning tricks; and having ſo ſaid, he open'd the Paper, and read the words. But, Sir, had thoſe Verſes been as bad as he made them to be, *Don Alvarez* had certainly been the worſt Poet that ever was in the world. For I dare be bold to ſay, without any danger of telling a lye, that there was not a ſyllable that did not diſpleaſe him, not a word which did not mad him to the heart. He read them for all that over and over again, as if they had been very good, or that he had lik'd the ſubject very well; but it was with ſuch a fretful paſſion as made the fair *Aminta* laugh: ſo that being the firſt that ſpoke, Methinks, ſaid ſhe, (with a kind of a ſcornful ſmile) you have read thoſe Verſes often enough to tell me how you like 'em: For had you a deſign to comment upon them, or to print them, you could not have conſider'd them with a deeper meditation. Cruel *Aminta*, reply'd he, what do you think of them? For it concerns me more to know your thoughts, than for me to tell you mine. For my part, anſwered ſhe, I am not very well skill'd in Poeſie; but according to my ſmall capacity, they ſeem to be very brisk and lively: and if it belong'd to me to crown the Poet that made them, I would ſoon fetch Laurel out of your Garden-walks to make him a Garland. No queſtion but you would interweave a branch of Mirtle with it, and crown *Don Alvarez*, not only as a Poet, but as a Lover. It was never my cuſtom, reply'd ſhe, to be ſo liberal of Crowns; beſide that the Victor muſt have perform'd ſome extraordinary action, to deſerve it at my hands. Let it be as it will, reply'd *Ponce*, if this Courtier continue his extraordinary Courtſhip, I foreſee that it will be the Fate of us poor Country-men, to be accounted very Clowns: and that the fair *Aminta*, when ſhe comes to compare her own Urbanity with our ſtupidity, will hardly be able to endure us. That *Aminta*, ſhe reply'd, does not ſo often change her opinion: For as ſhe does not ſlightly ſettle her eſteem, ſo ſhe does not ſlightly take it off, where ſhe has once beſtowed it. But perhaps the Gallantry of the Court, ſaid *Ponce*, may be more pleaſing to her, than the ſimplicity of our ſmall Villages. And as much an Iſlander as ſhe has been, and as much a Shepherdeſs as ſhe is, I am apt to think, that the Court will prevail above the Country, and that *Fontaines* can never contend with *Sevill*. Your fancy makes you forget, reply'd *Aminta*, that knowledge precedes love; and therefore not having known the Court, it is impoſſible I ſhould love it. But the reaſon of contrariety, reply'd *Ponce*, gives me ſome ground to ſuſpect otherwiſe. For if we cannot love without knowledge, then it follows, that when we know, we may love. I confeſs all this, ſaid *Aminta*; but what is it that you hence infer? That you know *Don Alvarez*, reply'd *Ponce*, and that knowing him——— At thoſe words he ſtop'd, without daring to ſay more. And becauſe I know him, reply'd the fair *Aminta*, you believe I muſt love him. I do not believe it at all, but I ſuſpect it ſhrewdly, anſwered *Ponce*. Your ſuſpicion, ſaid ſhe, is as groundleſs as your belief: I wiſh it may be ſo, reply'd *Ponce*, for I am very willing to be deceiv'd. But were I to deſire to ſee my ſelf deceiv'd, it ſhould be for a more pleaſing Chimera, than that which poſſeſſes your fancy. You will ſay, I am jealous, reply'd he. You ſay very right, added ſhe: Indeed, ſaid he laughing, I believe I am a little jealous; but not daring to complain of my Miſtreſs, I am not bound to be ſo cautious toward my Rival. You would make but a bad uſe of my ſincerity, and but very diſingenuouſly anſwer the confidence which I repoſe in you, to let him underſtand any ſuch thing; beſides that *Don Alvarez* will think, that there is a more intimate familiarity between us than indeed there is. That miſtake will always prove advantageous to me, reply'd *Ponce*; but not ſo to me, anſwer'd *Aminta*: for if you know how to love, as you ſay you do, my intereſt ought to be regarded before yours. How! muſt I not ſpeak a word of theſe Verſes to *Don Alvarez*, reply'd *Ponce*; Wherefore ſhould you be ſo curious to ſpeak to him, anſwer'd *Aminta*. If I take no notice of them to him, reply'd *Ponce*, he will believe that you never ſaid any thing to me concerning them; and he will interpret this ſecrecy to his own advantage. And what does it ſignifie, ſaid ſhe, provided there be no truth in what he believes? The meer fancy of his good fortune diſturbs me, anſwer'd *Ponce*. I ſhould never endure it either in your ſelf or him: For my part I am perſwaded you ought to be diſturb'd as well as I, and that it is for your intereſt as well as mine. In ſhort, you ask me a difficult queſtion: However I muſt ask it, reply'd *Aminta*, or do my ſelf a cruel injury. Since you will have it ſo, fair Tyranneſs, anſwer'd he, I will return you an anſwer with my lips, but not with my eyes. Since 'tis the heart that regulates the lips and eyes, retorted ſhe again, your heart ſhall be anſwera-

ble

able to me for the faults, which you ſay they have committed. This, Sir, was the ſum of the diſpute, which *Ponce de Leon* and the fair *Aminta* had touching *Don Alvarez*'s Verſes, who for his part took but little reſt, becauſe he underſtood not after what manner ſhe had received his Verſe and his Proſe, nor what entertainment ſhe would give to him himſelf, when he ſhould come to *Fontaines*, after ſo nice an Eſſay, the ſucceſs whereof was ſo doubtful. Nevertheleſs, being of a bold and daring Courage, it was not long before he made trial; for two or three days after he came again as brisk and jolly, as we had ever ſeen him before, and ſo little perplexed, as if he had had nothing to perplex his thoughts. Firſt he caſt his eyes upon *Ponce*'s, then upon the fair *Aminta*'s, and ſeeing little elſe but rancor in the one, and ſhame in the other, he conſulted his reaſon in a moment, and not doubting but that *Ponce* knew what he had done, he acted with a wonderful dexterity of wit, no way diſcompoſing himſelf at ſuch a tickliſh juncture of time. No, no, my dear Friend, ſaid he, embracing him, and laughing outright, put not on your ſerious Countenance, nor prepare to entertain me with grave Language; for I declare aloud, that you may not be ſurpriz'd another time, as you doubtleſs have been already, that I ſhall do every week what I did the other day; and that while the fair *Aminta* carries a Scrip by her ſide, ſhe will be ſure to find my Verſes there. For why! continu'd he with the moſt pleaſing vehemence in the world, and without giving his Rival time to ſpeak, ſhould you pretend to the only honour of being the ſole Favourite of the Muſes, and the Tyrant of *Parnaſſus?* Hah! certainly it is to be jealous of the fair *Aminta*, and of thoſe nine lovely Maids at once. For if you continue that furious ſtrain, ſurely you will never want buſineſs. What you ſay is as courtly altogether as what you have done, ſlightly reply'd the Illuſtrious *Ponce*; but you muſt not think it ſtrange, that we poor Country Swains, who are not accuſtomed to ſuch Courtſhip, appear a little ſurpriz'd. Nay, nay, reply'd *Don Alvarez*, interrupting him, the Gallants of the Country are to receive Laws from them that belong to the Court. And whatever your diſguis'd humility may think, we are the Maſters of Civility, whom it belongs to you to imitate. As there is a great difference between Courtiers and Shepherds, reply'd the fair *Aminta*, I cannot think their Carriage ought to be the ſame: That which is accounted decent at Court, may not paſs perhaps for current here. For that which they call Courtſhip in *Sevill*, may perchance be thought preſumption and raſhneſs at *Fontaines*. Though that were true, reply'd *Don Alvarez*, yet I think I have already told you, that we are to warrant the Rule, and the Shepherds to follow it. But you are too ambitious, reply'd *Ponce*, to uſurp a Tyranny in the Country, and to think to make your ſelf a Legiſlator in our Cottages, you that are wont to be heard at Court. And therefore pray let us alone with the ſimplicity of our cuſtoms, and the innocency of our behaviour; and come not here to debauch us with your Cunning and your Policy. But, anſwer'd *Don Alvarez*, ſince you are none of thoſe clowniſh and ſtupid Shepherds, that only know how to ſpeak to their Dogs and their Sheep; but on the contrary, one of thoſe Courtly and Politick Shepherds, that love the Shepherdeſſes at leaſt as well as your flocks, one of thoſe Shepherds that fed their flocks formerly at the feet of Mount *Ida*, or upon the Banks of *Tiber*, it becomes you to know how to play upon your Pipe and oaten Reeds; how to cut the name of your Miſtreſs in the Bark of a Tree; how to compoſe Verſes in her praiſe, and to put them in her Scrip. But reply'd *Aminta* laughing, What if the Shepherdeſs be offended at it? The Shepherd however muſt not leave it undone, readily reply'd *Don Alvarez*; for that which ſhe does not like to day, may perhaps pleaſe her to morrow: and the ſame Shepherdeſs, that upon the ſame occaſion ſo cruelly ſhew'd her Shepherds Verſes to his Rival, will not perhaps always do the like, but will keep them private another time. I aſſure you, reply'd *Aminta*, that if the Shepherdeſs, whom you mean, be of my humour, ſhe will ſhew him all that the other would have her conceal. If it be ſo, reply'd *Don Alvarez*, I will endeavour to hide nothing from henceforward. I will repeat aloud the ſweets of Eloquence, rehearſe in publick the flouriſhes of Poetry, and ſend you my Verſes with Drums beating and Colours flying. In ſhort, Sir, the next day one of *Don Alvarez*'s Pages brought the fair *Aminta* this following Copy.

Ah! you the cauſes of my grief and joy,
Fervent longings, warm deſires,
Which no reaſon could deſtroy.
'Tis not for nothing every ſigh conſpires
To raiſe a ſtorm within my breſt,
While hope and fear diſturb a Lovers reſt.

My heart both fears and hopes: and while they
That which grieves and gives repoſe, (raign,
Both torment with equal pain:
Like the bright Object whence my paſſion grows,
Ne're was any thing ſo fair,
Nor ever torment could with mine compare.

Yet though her rigor far exceed her fame;
While I loſe my ſelf, I gain,
If ſhe but approve my flame:
And with this hope my griefs I entertain;
With this, ſeeks the flatt'ring Boy
That caus'd my miſchief, to ſupport my joy.

And yet I languiſh, yet I burn, and dye
In the midſt of joy and pain,
Doubtful what my Fates ordain.
One while my pride exalts me to the skie;
But my kinder fears, at hand,
Shew me the precipice whereon I ſtand.

Determine, Faireſt, then thy Lovers Fate;
For from thy imperious breath
I expect my life or death:
And ſince my Fortune on thy lips muſt wait,
Thou than Morning far more bright,
Ah doom me my firſt day, or my laſt night.

Theſe Verſes, Sir, were well approved at *Fontaines*, but they were no longer to be jeſted withal there; ſo that I could never engage the fair *Aminta* nor the Noble *Ponce* to anſwer *Don Alvarez*. The Governeſs alſo adding the Magiſterial ſeverity of Women in her imployment, to the grave antiquity of her face, took their part: and after ſhe had moſt terribly reprov'd the poor *Aminta*, becauſe ſhe had not told her any thing of the Verſes which ſhe found in her Scrip, ſhe concluded, that it was not fitting ſhe ſhould have any intercourſe with *Don Alvarez*, and that ſhe ought to ſend back his Page without an Anſwer. But believing it convenient to moderate ſomething of ſo rude a ſentence; yet not being able to move them to any thing, I took a Pen and Ink, and returned the Page back to *Paradas* with the following Note.

To the Illuſtrious Marqueſs de Monte Major.

"All perſons, Sir, do here agree in their "judgments, in commending the elegancy of "your Stanzas, and the ſmartneſs of your Inge-"nuity. But the fair *Aminta*'s Governeſs, who "will be intermixing ſomething of the moroſe-"neſs of her years with the youthfulneſs of ours; "though ſhe commended the Poetry, would "not by any means approve the carriage of the "Author: not enduring that any perſon ſhould "ſteal Verſes into the Shepherdeſſes Scrip with-"out her knowledge and permiſſion. For my "part I deſpair'd of being able to oppoſe the "formality of the ancient Courtſhip, in defence "of the new Mode: but in regard I had no "hand in the diſpute, I have ſent you this ſhort "Letter, to ſerve inſtead of a Manifeſto, and "that you might read, under his own hand, the "Juſtification of

Fernand de Solis.

The Noble Marqueſs of *Monte Major* was not a little ſurpriz'd to ſee the ill ſucceſs of his deſigns at *Fontaines*: Nor was his amorous Policy leſs imploy'd to conſider what he had to do. Nevertheleſs as his paſſion was ſtrong, and his heart none of the weakeſt, he made uſe of his Courage, and came again to our Houſe as little perplex'd, as if nothing had troubled him. You are ſtill incorrigible, ſaid he to the fair *Aminta* and *Ponce de Leon*: and I find I ſhall be more troubled to inſtruct you, than I ever thought I ſhould. But having a heart which is not eaſily daunted with the difficulties which it encounters, I am reſolv'd to over-top them, how great ſoever they be, and to do you a kindneſs whether you will or no, by accuſtoming you to my faſhions. Though all men ſhould approve it to be the better, reply'd *Ponce de Leon*, which I muſt not acknowledge, yet do you ill to meddle with impoſing Laws upon free perſons, and to pretend that that which pleaſes you, muſt of neceſſity pleaſe others. Beſides, added the fair *Aminta*, what recompence can you expect for what you do againſt the will of the perſons whom you pretend to ſerve, and who believe the thing to be as bad as you imagine it convenient? In regard I am not mercenary, cry'd *Don Alvarez*, Recompence is not the thing which I look after, I am ſatisfy'd in doing good to others; and the honour to have done them a kindneſs, is a ſalary ſufficiently noble to content me. Beſides, ſaid he, when I have inſtructed my Scholars, they will change their minds; and when they are grown more judicious than they were before, it may be I may be better pay'd than you think for, and my labour will not be utterly loſt. Sir, you are of an age ſo unfit to begin a Sect, and look ſo unlike a Legiſlator, that I do not believe your Maxims will make any progreſs among us, or ever come to be eſtabliſhed here: And for my part I was born with a kind of Republican humour, a friend to Liberty, and a great enemy of Tyranny; and I do poſitively declare, that I ſhall, to the utmoſt of my power, oppoſe thoſe new and dangerous Hereſies, which you would introduce into our Country; and that I will withſtand you as a Tyrant and an Uſurper, if you endeavour to uſe us like Slaves and perſons ſubdu'd. But, Sir (ſaid I to him that ſpoke, to interrupt a diſcourſe that began to be a little too ſmart) in regard it becomes us to follow the Reaſon which we find among our Enemies, why will you not imitate it, if *Don Alvarez* can ſhew it you? He who is your friend, he that has ſo ſublime an Ingenuity, and has been bred up at Court beſides, which is a great advantage? The Court in my opinion, reply'd *Ponce de Leon*, has as many Errors as it has Truths, its defects as well as its perfections, its bad as well as decent Cuſtoms, as well as all other places in the World. And for my part I am perſwaded, that they commit as many faults in that Palace as they do in this: and that a falſe Courtſhip is as much to be avoided as a ſtupid and unmannerly behaviour. In my opinion 'tis more to be fear'd, reply'd the fair *Aminta:* for that only eclipſes the Elegancy of Courtſhip, the other ſhakes the very foundations of good Manners and Vertue. Fair Moral Philoſopher, cry'd *Don Alvarez*, 'tis not againſt you that I diſpute; for, if you enter the Liſts, I will lay down my Arms, and defend my ſelf no longer. But take notice, that two againſt one is no fair nor equal Combat. I do not believe I ſhould have need of ſo formidable a Second to conquer you, reply'd *Don Ponce:* yet perhaps with the help of this formidable Second, I may be able to vanquiſh you, anſwer'd *Don Alvarez*. While things were at this paſs, juſt growing to a quarrel, we were advertiz'd, that the Count of *Vilandrade*

was

was newly arriv'd and desir'd to see *Ponce de Leon*: So that he was oblig'd to go and receive him, and I to accompany him in his Reception. So that there being no Person in the Parlour where we were but *Aminta*'s Governess, who out of Respect to the high Quality of the Marquess of *Monte Major*, sate at a distance from him and the fair Shepherdess; That Politick and bold Conquerour not being willing to lose so favourable an Opportunity, and hard to be met with again, beholding *Aminta* with Passionate Eyes, and full of Love, with a low Voice for fear of being over-heard, My lovely Enemy, said he in a most Obliging manner, though we are not both of one side, in regard you have declar'd against me, and for that we do both divide the same Scarf, be confident however, that I love you infinitely more than they can do, whom you have preferr'd before me. Sir, said she smiling, you know that the *Moors* and *Spaniards* are at War, and that there is neither Peace nor Truce between them. And therefore think it not strange if I Declare against you, and Arm my self against your boldness, as having begun the first Act of Hostility. But my Enemy, reply'd he, *Ponce de Leon* wears a Turbant no more than I: He honours the Prophet *Mahomet* and his Alchoran no more than I do; and therefore I cannot see why you should so highly prefer him. When there is a choice which Party to take, answered she, there is a Necessity either to embrace the one, or else to stand Neuter. But you ought to take the justest side, reply'd he, and to Declare for the honestest Cause. Had I declared for the weakest, answer'd *Aminta*, yet I believe I should have taken the most Honourable Part. For all that I am perswaded, reply'd *Don Alvarez*, that of all the Auxiliary Troops, Justice, Equity, Reason, Right, and the General Opinion, are the strongest, and most likely to obtain the Victory. If I deceive not my self, said she, that Victory will not be easie for you to obtain: Alas, said he, it is so Honourable, that it were injustice to think to obtain it easily; for the greater the difficulty is that I meet with, the more will be the Honour of the Enterprize. You ought to be very well Arm'd, reply'd she, for it will be disputed with you I dare say, even to Death. The Success of those that fight is not in their own hands, but in the hands of Fortune; and many times they that think to overcome, receive the foil. As she was about to answer, the Count of *Villandrade* entred, together with *Ponce de Leon*, whom I attended. But, Sir, never was *Ponce* in so much pain in his Life as at that time, for he knew that his Rival was alone with his Mistress. And the Count being one of those obstinate Persons in matter of Complement, that stop as if they intended to assassinate all People at the Passages of Doors, and dispute the Floor foot by foot, as if they Defended a Fort; *Ponce* thought he should have grown mad above twenty times, so that when we returned into the Hall, his Face was all over in a sweat. 'Tis very true that the Remedy was proportionable to his grief, and that his consolation was such as was proper for his Passion: For we were no sooner entred, but *Don Alvarez* rose from his Seat, and took his leave of the Company; *Ponce de Leon* attending him down stairs without manifesting in his looks the least of that which without doubt he had in his heart. Nor was there any thing more perceived during all the time that he Discoursed with the Count of *Villandrade*, when he re-entred the Chamber; but his mind seem'd to be as free, and as chearful, as if nothing sad had troubled him. But when the Count was gone, the Noble *Ponce de Leon* walking with the fair *Aminta*, Most certainly, said he, Lovely *Aminta*, I have so often, and so highly signaliz'd, that respect which I have always had, and ever shall have for you, and I think at this time I have given you the most assured proof thereof, that you can ever receive as long as I live. For you cannot doubt, but that for this respect whereof I speak, I would in another manner have chastiz'd the uncivil Raillerie of the Marquess of *Monte Major*; and that I would have made him either hold his Tongue, or have taken more care what he said. However, answer'd the fair *Aminta*, me-thought you did not stand as if you had been dumb, but that your Answers were as smart and sharp as any thing that he said. I believe as you do, said he, nor does my courage tax me of any default in that particular. But my Divine *Aminta*, I do not believe it is enough either in respect of you, or in regard of my self, to have given word for word; and therefore till I do something more, I shall neither be contented with my self, nor think that you ought to be so. I shall be absolutely satisfied however, she reply'd; and I believe that you ought to be so too: For in short, I ghess that Valour has its bounds as well as other Vertues. That which you say, answer'd he, may be true as to a common Valour: But that common Valour suffices not for a Person that loves you, nor do I believe that it is Lawful for any Person to love you that is not laden with Honour. Your Language is very Obliging, reply'd the Charming *Granadine*, but it is not equally true; and I must tell you, that you are not to forget, that if Valour be a Vertue, Rashness is a Vice. As there is no Man perfect, reply'd he, I had rather this should be my defect, than to be branded with the contrary: For I am not yet at those Years that Oblige one so severely to know the Limits that separate two such extream contraries; for though I should exceed a little, and take the one for the other, I am perswaded that there would be no great danger, or that if I did commit a fault, that I should easily obtain pardon. After that, Sir, the Noble *Ponce* alter'd his Discourse, so that the fair *Aminta* could not perceive any thing of sowerness in his looks or words. However the next Morning no sooner appear'd, but getting on Horseback betimes, attended onely with one Lacquey, under pretence of taking the Air, he departed from *Fontaines* about Sunrising, and Rode toward *Paradas*, no Person suspecting his design. 'Tis true, I had reprov'd

him

him very ſeverely for having almoſt Quarrell'd with *Don Alvarez* in his own Houſe. But he anſwer'd me ſo prudently and ſo careleſly, that it was impoſſible for me to divine his purpoſe, and by conſequence to oppoſe it. When he came within a mile of his Rivals houſe, he ſtopp'd under a tuft of Trees by the way ſide: and having commanded the Lacquey to take notice of the place, he gave him a little Note, with orders to carry it to *Don Alvarez*, and to bring him to the place where he left him, if he deſir'd it, provided he brought no more than one Lacquey with him. The Paper contain'd a Challenge to this effect.

The Challenge.

"You told me yeſterday that you would conquer me: and yeſterday I told you that was "not in your power. I aſſur'd you that I would "conquer you; and I am where my Lacquey "will conduct you, to the end I may be as good "as my word. Come therefore where I expect "you: and if you have any courage left, let me "not tarry long, but forget not to bring with "you a good Sword and a good Horſe, for you "will have occaſion for both.

Ponce de Leon.

The Marqueſs of *Monte Major* received the Challenge like a brave Hero; he read it to himſelf, afterward he ſpoke aloud before his own Servants with a brisk and reſolute countenance, to the Lacquey that *Ponce de Leon* had ſent: telling him that his Maſter had too much oblig'd him, in inviting him by his Letter to that particular Recreation. And then calling for a Sword, and one of his beſt Horſes, he forbad any of his Servants to follow him; and onely taking with him one Lacquey, he commanded his Enemies Servant to lead the way, and to bring him to his Maſter. So ſoon as *Ponce de Leon* perceived him at a diſtance, he galloped toward him with his Sword drawn in a ſtriking poſture. And *Don Alvarez* putting Spurs to his Horſe with his Sword alſo in his hand, met him full gallop with an equal fury. I come, ſaid he, to acquit my ſelf of my promiſe, making a ſtop; and to try whether you are ſo valiant, as to deſerve that the fair *Aminta* ſhould declare for you to my prejudice. If the conqueſt of her Beauty depended upon your defeat, anſwer'd *Ponce*, I ſhould ſuddenly obtain a very great Honour: or elſe a ſudden Death, reply'd the other: and with thoſe words, giving both their Horſes their heads, they flew one upon another with that fury, that would have made a bold courage tremble You may eaſily judge, Sir, how *Ponce de Leon* then behav'd himſelf, becauſe you have ſeen his performance ſince. And the Valour which he ſhew'd this day may inform you what he did at that time. In the firſt paſs their Horſes bruſh'd ſo violently one againſt the other, that their Cruppers almoſt touch'd the ground, and at the ſame time the Invincible *Ponce* receiving the blow which his Rival made at him upon the ſtrength of his Sword, ſeiz'd his Adverſaries Guard with his left hand without quitting the Bridle, and wrenching his Sword out of his hand, at the ſame time he gave him a deep wound in the head; and then putting Spurs to his Horſe, and bruſhing forward with his Enemies Weapon, at the ſecond bruſh he over-turn'd both Horſe and Man to the ground, and then making a half turn after he had ſtopp'd his Horſe, he wheel'd back towards his Adverſary with both the Swords in his hand. Seeing him then diſ-ingaged from his Horſe, but without Arms, he threw him his own Sword again. I am unwilling, ſaid he, that the Victory ſhould coſt me ſo little; and therefore, if you can, defend your ſelf better; otherwiſe I find you will not overcome me as you preſum'd to boaſt. It ſhall be Fortunes fault, reply'd *Don Alvarez*, and ſo putting himſelf into a poſture, while *Ponce* ſtood upon his Guard, they began the Combat again with greater fury than before. But, Sir, the Marqueſs of *Monte Major* had as little ſucceſs on Foot as he had before when he fought on Horſeback. For his Enemy being equal to him in every reſpect, both for Agility and ſtrength of Body, balanced the event notwithſtanding all the reſiſtance which the other made: In ſhort, after *Ponce* had driven him before him, and put him out of his play, he made a full paſs at him, and throwing up his heels after he had taken his Sword a ſecond time from him; If you intend to have it again in your own hands, ſaid he, very ſurlily, come and receive it at *Aminta*'s feet, whither I am going to carry it. With that he leap'd into his Saddle without expecting his anſwer, and return'd to *Fontaines* with the honourable Trophies of his Victory, his Lacquey riding before him, that carried the Challenge. I leave you, Sir, to conjecture the deſperate condition of the Unfortunate *Alvarez*: He beheld himſelf twice wounded, vanquiſh'd, and diſarm'd, and what he was yet more ſenſible of, baniſh'd from the place where the fair *Aminta* reſided. Alas! ſaid he, how can I live, without enjoying her Company? But ſoon after added he, how can I ever hope to ſee her again, having loſt the Field? Cowardly Marqueſs of *Monte Major*, die over-whelm'd with ſhame, ſince thou canſt not live laden with Honour: And ſince thou dar'ſt not return to *Fontaines*, get thee out of the World, where there is no place delightful to thee but that. O Heaven! how canſt thou think it poſſible for thee to live without ſeeing *Aminta*? Yet how canſt thou, reply'd he to himſelf, expect that happineſs, after the ſhame of thy defeat? Die, feeble *Don Alvarez*, die; and deprive thy ſelf of the comfort of dying at her feet, for thither hath this Vanquiſher carried thy Sword. After he had utter'd thoſe ſad words, the deſpairing Marqueſs of *Monte Major* took his Horſe out of his Lacquey's hand, and return'd to *Paradas*, all over beſmear'd with blood and duſt, but more deeply over-whelm'd with ſhame and confuſion. In the mean time, Sir, when I ſaw that the ordinary

ordinary hour that *Ponce* uſed to ſpend in taking the Air was paſt, without hearing any news of him, I had a ſlight ſuſpicion of what had happen'd; and recollecting in my mind what the two Rivals had ſaid one to another, and his ſilence at my reproof, I made no farther queſtion but that he was gone to fight his Rival. And therefore immediately taking Horſe, with as many as I could get ready to follow me, we rode directly toward *Paradas*, but met the Noble *Ponce* by the way, returning with *Don Alvarez*'s Sword in his hand, as I have already told you. Preſently aſſur'd of the truth, by reaſon that I ſaw him in that poſture, Ah Sir, ſaid I, what have you been doing? That which it became me to do, anſwer'd he; and that which I would do again, were it again to do. But, Sir, anſwer'd I, there are no quarrels honourable but thoſe that are juſt. Victory juſtifies them, reply'd he; and I muſt confeſs withall, that I had rather be a Conquerour and ſomewhat guilty, than be innocent and vanquiſh'd. Our diſpute was long and hot upon this Argument; but the young Victor that came from Triumphing o're his Rival and an Enemy, could not tell how to ſubmit to me. As ſoon as we came to *Fontaines*, he ran toward the fair *Granadine*, laughing all the way, and throwing the Sword which he held in his hand at her feet, Divine *Aminta*, cry'd he, *Don Alvarez* has not overcome me, as he ſaid he would: ſo that if he have no better ſucceſs in War than in Love, I ſhall never have any cauſe to fear him, or any miſchief he can do me. Sir, ſaid ſhe, inſtead of rejoycing at your Triumphs, I muſt blame your raſhneſs; for I am ſo far from applauding your Valour, that I would upbraid your obſtinacy if I durſt, for having expos'd your life, ſo dear to ſo many Illuſtrious perſons. That life, ſaid he, is not ſo dear to me as your eſteem, for the preſervation whereof I would venture it a thouſand times over. Many more ſuch like Expreſſions they uſed upon the ſame Subject: and it plainly appear'd to them that conſider'd how obligingly ſhe ſpake, that the life in queſtion was very dear to the fair *Aminta*: However the next morning came the Marqueſs of *Monte Major*'s Eſquire to demand the Sword in his Maſter's name from the Noble *Don Ponce de Leon*. I thought, ſaid he, I ſhould have been oblig'd to return it *Don Alvarez* in the ſame place where he loſt it: but ſince he has ſpar'd me that trouble, I deliver it to you, and indeed you recover it out of my hands more eaſily, perhaps, than he could have done it himſelf. Sir, anſwer'd the Page, who was a Perſon intelligent enough; 'tis not for me to carry back diſpleaſing words to a Perſon for whom I have ſo great a reſpect; and as I owe the ſame to your condition, it will be ſufficient for me to return him, without any farther anſwer, that which he ſent me to demand. So ſaying, he made a profound Obeyſance, and readily retir'd, evidencing by his behaviour, that he was both a perſon of wit and courage; and one that well underſtood the Errand wherewith he was entruſted. Nor can I tell whether he were ſo nimble, as unperceiv'd to ſlide a paper into the fair *Aminta*'s Scrip, as his Maſter had done; or whether any of our Servants enticed by ſome gift, had undertaken to do that which he could not find an opportunity to perform; but certain it is, that ſoon after he was gone, ſhe found therein the following Sonnet.

SOle Comfort of the wretched, feeble Hope,
In vain does thy Reprieve my ruine ſtop:
In vain art thou ſo double diligent,
Since Fate nor Fortune can my fall prevent.

My life which I contemn, or rather hate,
Is but a Torment to th' unfortunate;
But to the Tomb with confidence I go,
The onely Port, where to unlade my woe.

Ah pitileſs Aminta, *change thy mind,*
And while I bleed for thee, be thou more kind,
For Cruelty did never yet invent
A Torment that like Abſence could torment.

Or if ſhe once refuſe to ſuccour me,
Compaſſionate Death be thou more kind than ſhe,
But never wiſh for Death, if ſhe deny,
For 'tis the ſame to live Exil'd and dye.

Theſe Verſes had like to have ſpoyl'd all again; in ſo much that *Ponce de Leon* was about to have ſent another Challenge to *Don Alvarez*, ſo much did his Love and his Poetry incenſe him. All the Authority I had over him was not ſufficient to hinder him; he was deaf to all my perſwaſions, nor could all my Arguments move him. So that he had infallibly gone on, had I not bethought my ſelf of having recourſe to the fair *Aminta*'s Authority, who ſo imperiouſly commanded him to forbear, that he durſt not diſobey her. In the mean time, Sir, ſeeing that ſo long as they continued Neighbours, it was impoſſible but that ſome miſchief would happen, which, perhaps, might be worſe than the other; and that ſo long as the ſubject of their hatred and their quarrel continued ſo near them, I ſhould be always expos'd to trouble and vexation, and never be at quiet: I reſolv'd, how great ſoever the kindneſs were which I had for the fair *Aminta*, to write to the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* and the Dutcheſs, and give them a Relation of what had happen'd at *Fontaines* & *Paradas*, that if any miſchief ſhould fall out, it might not be laid to my charge, and to perſwade them to keep *Aminta* with them, being aſſured, that in regard of their kindneſs towards her, they would reſpect her as a Perſon of her quality; and that ſhe would be better there than in any part of *Spain*; the Duke being in great Authority, and the Dutcheſs a moſt virtuous Lady. Not but that the love which was between thoſe two young and Noble Perſons pleas'd me infinitely, or that I did not hope in time to contrive a Match between them: but I ſaw the danger ſo inevitable, that I thought all other things were to yield to that conſideration.

tion. To that purpoſe I diſpatch'd an Ingenious Meſſenger to *Sevill*, never acquainting the Noble *Ponce*, nor the fair *Granadine* with it, fully inſtructed in all that I intended, and with theſe two following Letters.

To the Illuſtrious Duke of Medina Sidonia.

"For fear of troubling your Excellency with "a tedious Letter, I have diſpatch'd the Bearer "fully to inform your Excellency of what has "happen'd here. I ſhall onely tell you two "things; the one is, that the Valour of the "Count of *Pagnaſiel* your Son, increaſes to a "Prodigy: The other is, that I think it abſo-"lutely neceſſary for you to remove *Aminta* "from *Fontaines*: For by taking away the cauſe, "the effect will ceaſe. Your Excellency may "be pleas'd to conſider of it, and to ſend ſuch "Orders as you think moſt convenient. In the "mean time, if you ſend for the young Lady "to *Sevill*, I ſhall humbly beſeech your Excel-"lency to be careful of her, aſſuring you once "more, that ſhe is not unworthy of your kind-"neſs, either in reſpect of her Quality or "Merit.

Don Fernand de Solis.

The Letter which I wrote to *Inez D' Arragon* was much to the ſame purpoſe, as follows.

To the Illuſtrious Dutcheſs of Medina Sidonia.

"*Aminta* grows ſo beautiful, that hencefor-"ward I believe it were better for her to "remain with your Excellency than at *Fon-"taines*. For, Madam, you may be pleas'd to "call to mind, that if the Count of *Pegnaſiel* "makes uſe of his Eyes, the Marqueſs of *Mon-"te Major* is not blind: and that it is very ne-"ceſſary to remove out of their ſight the cauſe "of their Paſſion, and the ſubject of their quar-"rel. I need not recommend this lovely Maid "to your Excellency, for you know her Ver-"tue as well as her Beauty. In a word, ſhe is "a Virgin, Young, a Stranger, Unfortunate, "yet Noble: This is enough to merit your Pro-"tection.

Don Fernand de Solis.

Some few days after the Meſſenger return'd with anſwer from both: The Dukes Letter was to this Effect.

To Don Fernand de Solis.

"I do notattribute *Ponce de Leon*'s faults to "your negligence: Nor can I think that all the "Wiſdom of your years can be always able to "withſtand the raſhneſs of his Youth. His "Valour is ſome comfort to me for his raſhneſs; "and the ſucceſs of the former will obtain par-"don for the latter. But in regard this firſt "miſchance obliges me to avoid a ſecond incon-"venience, I will follow your advice in a few "days; and thereby you ſhall find how well "you are eſteemed by

Don Pedro de Leon.

The Dutcheſſes anſwer contain'd theſe following Lines.

To Don Fernand de Solis.

"I intend to do as you have written; and "indeed I had reſolv'd the ſame thing in a few "days, had not you adviſed me. I muſt accuſe "my own negligence of my Sons faults; and "had a worſe miſchief happen'd, I had been "more guilty than he, and conſequently more "unfortunate: But to prevent the like for the "future, keep you a diligent watch upon *Ponce "de Leon*, as I ſhall over *Aminta*; and take "you the ſame care of the one, as I ſhall take "of the other, if you intend to Oblige

Inez D' Arragon.

Theſe Letters were accompanied with a third from the Duke to the Count of *Pegnaſiel*.

To Ponce de Leon *my Son.*

"Tis a brave thing to be Valiant, but it is a "crime to be Raſh: And though I commend "you for having obtain'd the Victory, I blame "you for ſeeking the cauſe. Let your Valour "be more diſcreet; know your Friends from "your Foes: for as Fortune and Victory do not "always follow the worſt ſide, nor always "abandon the juſteſt cauſe; if you are at any "time faulty, and be overcome, rendring your "ſelf thereby unworthy to be my Son, you "muſt never expect the kindneſs of a Father "from

Don Pedro de Leon.

To this, Sir, the Noble Count of *Pegnaſiel* return'd the following anſwer.

"The Blood of Kings, from which I am de-"ſcended, will not permit me to ſuffer. So "that all that I can promiſe to your Excellency, "is, that you ſhall never ſee alive, and van-"quiſh'd

Ponce de Leon.

In the mean while though the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* and the Duke of *Infantade* were particular Friends; the former no ſooner underſtood

underſtood that *Don Alvarez* was Wounded, but he went to viſit the other. At what time they both ſent their abſolute Order, to the Count of *Pegnafiel* and the Marqueſs of *Monte Major*, to forget what was paſt, and to be Friends for the future, as they had been before. And in regard the latter kept his Bed, the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* commanded *Ponce de Leon* to viſit *Don Alvarez*; and the Duke of *Infantade* commanded his Son to receive him kindly, and to take no notice either of their quarrelling or fighting. I leave you to judge whether theſe Orders were not irkſome enough to both or no: Nevertheleſs, in regard the Duke of *Medina*'s command was preremptory, there was a neceſſity of Obeying it: and *Ponce de Leon* went to *Paradas*, though with a reluctancy not to be imagined. It is impoſſible for me to repreſent to you either the perplexity of the one, or the diſcompoſure of the other, during that troubleſome viſit: For the Count of *Pegnafiel* was aſham'd of the Compliment which he made; and the Marqueſs of *Monte Major* could not but account it a diſgrace to himſelf to behold the Perſon that had vanquiſh'd him in the Field. They ſpoke little, and that which they ſpoke was very cold, whereby it appear'd that their reciprocal hatred was rather conceal'd than extinguiſh'd: Nay, they had certainly re-imbroyl'd themſelves, had not I taken great care to put in a word or two now and then into their Diſcourſe; and I had much ado with all the wit I had to hinder them from quarrelling. After ſome other Diſcourſe, I did not think, ſaid *Ponce*, that your Wounds had been ſo great: Not ſo great as you imagine, reply'd *Don Alvarez*. Your Chirurgions however tell me, anſwer'd the Count of *Pegnafiel*, that your Wound is large, and that it will be a good while ere you be cur'd. My Chirurgions, ſaid the Marqueſs, make my Wounds bigger, to magnifie their Art; but I ſhall be certainly cur'd ſooner than you believe, I wiſh it may be ſo, added *Ponce de Leon*; your wiſhes ſhall be fulfilled, reply'd *Don Alvarez*. Pray let me know ſo ſoon as you are cur'd, ſaid the Count: I promiſe it you, ſaid the Marqueſs. That will not be ſo ſoon as I could wiſh, added *Ponce*, riſing from his Seat: It ſhall be as ſoon as poſſibly I can, reply'd *Don Alvarez*. With that we departed out of the Marqueſs's Chamber, and took Horſe to return to *Fontaines*. But, Sir, the Unfortunate *Ponce de Leon* found there a ſtrange addition to his ſorrow; for one of the Dutcheſs of *Medina Sidonia*'s Coaches was come thither with expreſs Order to *Aminta*'s Governeſs to bring her to *Sevill*. I leave you to judge, Sir, how deep this unexpected blow ſtruck into the very Soul of unfortunate *Ponce*. He could not tell whether he ſhould loſe his life or his ſenſes: He accus'd himſelf, he charg'd the Duke and Dutcheſs: he ſuſpected firſt me, and then the Governeſs, to be the cauſe of all. Nay, he was almoſt angry with the beautiful *Moor* her ſelf: at laſt he was in a Paſſion with himſelf, as the Author of his own misfortune, for not having rid himſelf of his Rival when he might have done it. But after he had tormented himſelf in private with theſe Melancholy thoughts, finding the fair *Granadine* alone near one of the Fountains, where ſhe ſate very profoundly muſing; he ſate down by her before ſhe perceiv'd it, and after he had very ſeriouſly conſider'd, Fair *Aminta*, ſaid he (interrupting her Meditation) are you in this deep Contemplation for grief that you are to leave *Fontaines*, or for joy that you are going to *Sevill*? And what are your thoughts at this time, pleaſant or melancholy? Were I as unjuſt as you, I might ask of you alſo, whether you are content or troubled at my departure? And when I ſhall be gone from hence, whether you will remember the unfortunate *Aminta*, or whether you will abſolutely forget her. Alas, reply'd *Ponce*, things are not equal between us; all the danger is on my ſide: for the Court, as I have underſtood, is ſo apt to make a Lady forget whatever ſhe left in the Countrey; that how extream ſoever my misfortune may be, I fear me it is inevitable: But if it muſt befall me, ſaid he, O Heavens, let my Death prevent it, and may the fair *Aminta* underſtand it, before I find any change in her. You ſeem to fear a misfortune to which you are not liable, reply'd the amiable *Moor*; for you do not know the fair *Aminta*, if you believe thoſe things of her which you ſuſpect: Her heart is more conſtant than you believe, and as much a Shepherdeſs as you have ſeen her, ſhe ſhall look upon the Court, perhaps, with more contempt than eſteem, and with more hatred than affection. Alas, reply'd the enamour'd *Ponce*, what you tell me is no ſlight conſolation. But in regard that *Don Alvarez* will infallibly follow you, and the unfortunate *Ponce* dares not ſtir in purſuit of him; I fear the Victor will be overcome, and that after I had defeated him where I was, he will vanquiſh me where I cannot come. But if this misfortune befall me, he ſhall not Triumph long, nor long enjoy his Victory, for the ſame hand that ſpar'd his life, ſhall give him his deaths wound. If he meet with no other cauſe of his Death, reply'd the charming *Granadine*, he is certain to live a long time; and I cannot tell whether I have not more reaſon to apprehend, that when the poor Shepherdeſs *Aminta* ſhall have left your Woods and Fountains, you will commit the ſame Errors which you ſo ſuſpect in her. Ha! how little are you expos'd to that hazard, reply'd *Ponce*; how likely am I rather to die for grief. The onely thought that I ſhall never ſee you more, makes me to tremble. Live rather, reply'd ſhe; *Aminta* conjures you, and what is more in your favour, ſhe commands you. But if ſhe deſires I ſhould live, reply'd *Ponce*, ſhe muſt give me her hand and her heart, and promiſe me to be onely mine. You require too much by half, reply'd ſhe; for having given you the moſt Noble part, added ſhe, laying her hand upon her Eyes, it is to no purpoſe to refuſe you the reſt. I have told you more than once, and I repeat to you again, that I will never diſpoſe of my ſelf, till I abſolutely underſtand whether I am worthy of you or no;

nor untill you know who I am, as well as I am certain who you are. Alas! ſaid he, how do you think I can live without hope? And how can you love me when my Vertue fails me, added ſhe? I would be eſteem'd as well as lov'd, and to merit your eſteem it becomes me to do that which I do. After that he deſir'd leave to Write to her, and the favour of an anſwer. She could hardly reſolve him; but her firſt refuſal infus'd ſuch a deſpair into the Eyes of her diſconſolate Lover, that ſhe was at length conſtrain'd, leſt ſhe ſhould grant him nothing, to promiſe him that favour. After that, they return'd both into the Chamber very Melancholy; and when the fatal moment of Separation came, there appear'd in both their Eyes ſadneſs and affection, grief and love, and ſomething ſo penſive and paſſionate, as infus'd ſome part of their affliction into thoſe that obſerv'd them. He took her by the hand to help her into the Coach, and gently preſſing it in his own, without being perceiv'd; O that Heaven, ſaid he, whiſpering in her Ear, would leſſen the number of my years, to ſhorten the time of your abſence. Rather may Heaven, reply'd ſhe, preſerve it longer than mine, as being more dear to me. Then ſhe turn'd toward me, and giving me her laſt farewel, the Coach began to go on; poor *Ponce de Leon* ſtill follow'd it with his Eyes as far as he could ſee: when it was out of ſight he return'd, and wandred about in the Garden walks, environ'd with his own Melancholy thoughts, and mingling his tears with the waters of thoſe fair Fountains. But, Sir, there remains ſo many other things for me to tell you, that conſidering the time of the Night, I cannot finiſh my Relation, without making that a trouble to your patience which would be elſe delightful; wherefore I beſeech you to refer the reſt till another time.

Upon thoſe words the Ancient Slave roſe from his Seat, and *Rodene de Narva* riſing alſo, and waiting on him to the Chamber door, aſſur'd him after many thanks, that he very impatiently longed to hear the remainder of a Story ſo little Vulgar, the good beginning whereof augmented his Curioſity, and the deſire which he had to know the Concluſion.

The End of the Firſt Book.

ALMAHIDE,

ALMAHIDE,

OR,

The Captive Queen.

PART I. BOOK II.

HAtred being an Ingenious Paſſion, while the Night laſted that ſucceeded the Day wherein thoſe diſorders happen'd in *Granada*, *Mohavide* full of Revenge, conſulted the Malice of his heart for ſome Invention anſwerable to his Fury, that might ſatisfie his exceſſive Rage, as well againſt the *Abencerrages* in general, as againſt *Merayzel* in particular; and againſt the Invincible Slave that had wreſted the Victory out of his hands, and whom the Clemency of the King had reſcu'd from his Revenge. The ſight of his own Blood, the pain of his Wounds, and his madneſs that he had receiv'd them, would not ſuffer him to reſt; and the noiſe of the People about the Bonfires that flam'd in every ſtreet, ſo perplex'd him, that he was ready to die for grief. Cowardly *Mohavide*, ſaid he to himſelf, canſt thou live after a defeat! a defeat given thee by a Slave! that is to ſay, after thou haſt been expos'd to the greateſt ſhame that ever befell a Perſon of thy condition! If thou canſt ſuffer ſuch an affront, thou well deſerveſt it; and Fortune has done thee no wrong to raiſe thee up this unworthy and obſcure Enemy: Conſider, conſider, that it was in the Face of the whole Court, that this diſhonour befell thee, and that the City of *Granada* has not more Inhabitants than it has Witneſſes of thy misfortune and defeat. Oh unjuſt *Alha*, Oh impotent Prophet, added he in his deſpair, have you then permitted the Blood of the Kings of *Cordova* to be ſhed by ſo contemptible and ignoble a hand! and that a Perſon born to wear the Crown of his Anceſtors, ſhould be vanquiſh'd by one that carries Fetters! Either you want Juſtice or Power, puniſh'd the Blaſphemer of his Law, that you could condeſcend to ſuffer it, and I freely renounce the Title of *Muſſulman*, and the Alchoran whence I derive it. But what! added he, bewailing himſelf, will the Image of thy Infamy, that follows thee every where, will it always appear alone? And ſhalt thou never ſee in company with it ſome kind device to eaſe thy mind, and deſtroy that haughty Slave that has depriv'd thee of thy Honour? Ponder, Study, Meditate; omit nothing that may furniſh thee with a means to ſatisfie thy ſelf. But alas, the more I ſeek, the leſs I find; and inſtead of that, I meet with nothing but ſhame and deſpair. In ſuch a doleful and violent tranſportation the famous *Mohavide* paſſed the long hours of a troubleſome Night; not ſo much as one wink of ſleep affording him ſo much as one drouſie moment to ſuſpend the anguiſh of his

thoughts, or to give the leaſt remiſſion to the horrible torments that turmoyl'd him. No ſooner were the earlieſt of the Suns beams entred into his Chamber, but the chief of his Friends were come to ſee him; and he no ſooner perceiv'd them, but riſing up in his Bed, he drew the Curtains, and looking on them with a countenance wild and ghaſtly, and with eyes that ſparkled forth flames of fire, and red with heat and anger, Fierce and Generous Friends, ſaid he with a fierce and menacing utterance, behold the blood of the Kings of *Cordova*, which an ignominious Slave has had the boldneſs to ſhed; and let this Object engage you to Revenge, and to do that, which I in the condition I am in, am not able to perform: For after this Fatal accident, wherein Fortune has been as unjuſt, as the *Abençerrages* were foolhardy; there is no queſtion but their inſolence will augment at a ſtrange rate: But the *Zegries* and their adherents muſt prepare to endure a thouſand indignities if they be not able to defend themſelves. The People who always follow Fortune, and whom the flatteries of our Enemies have already ſeduced, after this miſchance, will look upon us with ſcorn; and the King, who is a weak and wavering Prince, will ſuffer himſelf to be led by the croud, over which his Dignity has ſo far advanc'd him, though he always ſeem'd to encline to our Party. In ſhort, I ſee nothing but ſhame and confuſion that can befall either you or me, if things remain in this poſture: Therefore all over wounded as I am, I will go ſeek my Revenge, or dye, if no one better able than I am, will undertake to accompliſh what I would have done, had not my ſtrength fail'd my courage: For ſo long as I live, I will never ſuffer the Inſolent *Morayzel* to Triumph in this manner, having done me ſuch a palpable affront, as to put me to fight a Slave. With theſe words the deſperate *Mohavide* concluded his ſpeech, and looking upon his Friends with eyes that darted forth flames of fire, he ſought in their looks to know the thoughts of their hearts. *Mahardin*, *Mahandin*, and *Mahardon*, with all his other Friends agreed with him, that they ought to try to revenge themſelves; but they knew not what courſe to take: For to make a new Inſurrection of the People, would be to offend the King; beſides, that the deſign it ſelf was hazardous: And to ſet upon the Noble Slave was not very eaſie, in regard he liv'd in the Caſtle of the *Alambre*: And to make any private attempt upon *Morayzel*, was more impoſſible than to aſſail him by open force, conſidering the number of his Friends, which always accompany'd him. While they were in this torture, the malicious *Alfaqui*, of whom we have already ſpoken, and who had already made a Seditious ſpeech to the King of *Granada*, turning to the Aſſembly, Illuſtrious *Zegri's*, Noble *Maça's*, Valiant *Gomeles*, and Bold *Vaneques*, I have found out what you are ſeeking for: onely ſecond my Invention and follow me to the King, without any farther Examination. Go, brave and couragious Friends, then cry'd the furious *Mohavide*, follow the Learned Prieſt of *Mahomet*; for whatever danger there may be in it, it cannot be worſe than the Infamy which at preſent we lie under. So ſoon as *Mohavide* had ſpoken theſe words, they all attended the *Alfaqui*, and gathering together the chief of their Friends, who were ſoon follow'd by a Multitude of People, they went directly to the *Halambre*. On the other ſide the *Abençerrages* upon the firſt news that they heard of it, aſſembled a good number of their adherents, and marching faſter than their Enemies, though their Enemies ſet out firſt, with a headlong fury, their Bucklers upon their left Arms, and their Scimitars in their right Hands, came pouring into the Piazza that was before the Gate of that Magnificent Palace: The King was then walking there, attended onely by his Guards, and ſome few of his Nobility; and the fair Slave and *Fernand* were talking together as they followed the King and Queen. Both Parties made a halt, with their Scimitars up, ſome fifteen or twenty paces from the King; when the *Alfaqui*, and *Mahardin* coming forth from the Body of their Company, as *Morayzel* and *Abindarrays* alſo did at the ſame time, and finding themſelves near *Boaudelin*, the Audacious Prieſt thus began. 'Sir, *ſaid he to the King*, the 'little ſucceſs that I had in my firſt Speech ſhall 'not hinder me from making a ſecond: For my 'Zeal to our Religion, to your Majeſty, and 'the good of my Country, compels me to open 'my Mouth once more, with as much boldneſs 'as juſtice. Your Majeſty grounded the par-'don which you gave to the bold Slave, that 'did ſo much miſchief yeſterday, onely upon 'this, that he committed a Crime in defence of 'his Maſter. All *Morayzel*'s Speech tended 'that way; and the very Slave himſelf drew 'all the force of his Arguments from thence. 'Now, Sir, when the Cauſe ceaſes, the Effect 'muſt of neceſſity ceaſe; nor is it poſſible to 'overthrow this invincible Argument without 'overturning the Order of Nature. You par-'don'd *Morayzel*'s Captive, when you ſhould 'have puniſh'd the Sultan Queen's Slave: You 'thought *Morayzel* had been his Maſter, when 'the great *Almahide* was his Miſtreſs. Your 'Majeſty thought that Audacious fellow had 'defended his Patron, when he fought for a 'Perſon that he had nothing to do with, nor 'the other any thing to do with him. So that 'while you thought to do a piece of Juſtice, 'your Majeſty committed an Act of injuſtice. 'Let *Morayzel* ſpeak, and tell us whether he 'have not given the Slave to the Sultaneſs 'Queen his Daughter; let the Sultaneſs ſpeak, 'whether ſhe have not accepted of him: Let 'the Slave himſelf inform us, whether he has 'not chang'd his Maſter and his Chains. Let 'all *Granada* witneſs whether they have not 'ſeen that Slave among the Queen's Captives, 'during the Ceremonies of her Marriage. Ask 'all your Majeſties Houſhold as well as *Moray-'zell*'s, whether this Slave were not ſent to your 'Palace from his Houſe. And be your Majeſty 'your own Judge, whether ſince the Nuptial

'day,

'day, he has not always remain'd in the Caſtle 'of the *Alcambre*. Thus, Sir, it being evi-'dent, that the Slave belongs not to *Morayzel*; 'that you pardon'd him for no other reaſon but 'becauſe he defended his Maſter; that the Law 'is poſitive, *THAT EVERY SLAVE 'THAT TAKES ARMES OUGHT 'TO BE PUT TO DEATH*; that he 'was not only in Arms, but alſo maſſacred 'your Subjects, the moſt Illuſtrious and Vali-'ant of your Subjects; then the conſequence as 'neceſſarily follows, that he ought to be put to 'Death, and this is that which we demand, or 'rather that which Juſtice demands. *Morayzell* was about to have return'd an anſwer to the wicked Prieſt, when the Sultaneſs, tranſported by her paſſion, and emboldened by her fear, ſeeing the Perſon, ſhe lov'd, again in danger, to the hazard of her own life, ſhe turn'd toward the cruel Prieſt, and beholding him with eyes as full of Anger as of Beauty; Thou a t deceiv'd, Impoſtor, ſaid ſhe, for I ſet him free before the day of the Fight; ſo that if he fought, he fought as a Free man. And as ſuch a one, cry'd *Ponce de Leon*, who underſtood w at had been ſaid againſt him, and as one of a Nobler extraction than *Mahardin*, ſaid he to the *Alfaqui*, I am ready to maintain, with the Kings permiſſion, againſt him that backs thee, that I have done no wrong; and that neither thou nor he act at this time according to Juſtice. Moſt willingly, cry'd *Mahardin*, who was a Couragious Perſon, I accept thy Challenge; and let thy condition be never ſo much below mine, I have ſeen thee Valiant, and that is ſufficient. At thoſe words both Parties clatter'd their Scimitars againſt their Bucklers, crying out, *Let 'em Fight, let 'em Fight*. Let 'em Fight then, anſwer'd the King; but upon this Condition, that upon which ſide ſoever the Victory lights, both Parties ſhall retire without farther diſturbing the Peace and Quiet of the City. We accept the Condition, they cry'd out all at once: And then the brave *Abindarrays* advancing toward the Invincible Slave, and preſenting him with his Scimitar and his Buckler, Valiant Stranger, ſaid he, make uſe of my Arms, but with thy ordinary Courage; and I believe I ſhall grow my ſelf more Valiant, when thou ſhalt reſtore them to me again after thy Victory. Generous *Abindarrays*, anſwer'd *Ponce de Leon*, when he receiv'd them, I am going to endeavour, not to be unworthy the Honour which I have receiv'd, and to render your Arms as Honourable as they were when I firſt accepted of them. Then the Sultaneſs, as well out of that pity which is Natural to her Sex, but more out of her love, not being able to endure the ſight of that danger for which the Illuſtrious and beloved Slave was preparing, retir'd into the Caſtle, attended by her Ladies of Honour, after they had manifeſted by reciprocal and paſſionate looks their affection one for another. In the mean time *Fernand de Solis*, who was in a great Agony, out of an apprehenſion of the danger wherein he ſaw his Illuſtrious Diſciple, going near to him, and whiſpering him in the Ear, Sir, ſaid he, remember the race of the Kings of *Leon*, from whence you are ſprung, and be a little frugal of a life ſo full of Renown. My dear Friend, anſwer'd he ſmiling, I ſhall remember the Royal Parentage from whence I am deſcended; but it ſhall be onely to make their great Actions the Examples of my own. In the mean time both Parties having put themſelves into Rank and File, leaving onely a ſmall piece of ground, encompaſſed with living Barriers, if it be proper ſo to call a long Rank of Armed men; the King, environ'd with his Guards, having plac'd himſelf at one end of the void ſpace, the two Champions entred, after the Kings Trumpets had ſounded a Charge from one of the Towers of the *Alcambre*, and fiercely moving one toward another, while the People fix'd their Eyes upon an object from which they could not take 'em off: *Mahardin*, ſaid *Ponce*, lifting up his Arm, this is the hand wherewith I am now to fight thee, and wherewith I overcame *Mohavide*, and which ſhall alſo vanquiſh thee. With that they flew one upon another like two furious Lions, and immediately the Noble Slave gave ſo violent a blow upon his Adverſaries Head, that *Mahardin* was forc'd to defend himſelf with his Buckler, however the blow was ſo ſtrong and terrible, that the *Moor* was conſtrain'd to fall upon one knee: nevertheleſs he got up quickly, and let drive another ſtroak upon the Buckler of the Invincible Count of *Pegnafiel*, that ſtrook fire, and made the Shield ring again; inſomuch that the Count was forc'd to reel backward ſome three or four ſteps, ſtrangely mad with himſelf: But his Choler having reinforc'd his ſtrength, he gave his Enemy a ſecond blow, which cut away the half of his Shield, and made a deep Wound in his left Arm, from whence there ſprung a large quantity of Blood. Then *Mahardin*, more red with anger than with the Blood that ran from his Veins, liſting up his Scimitar with both his hands, diſcharg'd ſo terrible a blow, that it had cleft the Noble *Ponce de Leon*'s head, had it hit him, and he not nimbly avoyded it, by leaping to the other ſide; but at the ſame time with a back-ſtroak at the *Moor*, he cut off his Turbant, and gave him a large Wound in the head, inſomuch that the Blood trickling down upon his Eyes, and hindring his ſight, he was at a great loſs; inſomuch that not being able to do any thing more than ſtand upon his Guard and retreat, Ah, *Mahardin*, cry'd the Invincible Slave, thou can'ſt not overcome, nor wilt thou prove more ſucceſsful than *Mohavide*: At thoſe words, the *Moor* tranſported with grief and rage, made a blow croſs the face of the Valiant Count, but he kept it off with the ſtrength of his Scimitar; and then letting fall a ſhowre of ſlaſhes, ſometimes upon his Buckler, ſometimes on his Turbant, he drave him to one end of the void place, where he fell down in a ſwoon at the King's feet. With that the King's Trumpets made the Air ring with their Levets, while they proclaim'd far and near the Victory of the famous

famous Slave, who after he had made a profound reverence to the King of *Granada*, turn'd toward *Abindarraxa*, and returning him his Arms, Generous Protector, said he, I have labour'd according to my Promise not to dishonour the Weapons which you lent me, and not to render my self unworthy the Honour which you did me. Invincible Stranger, answer'd the valiant *Moor*, embracing him, you have gone beyond your Promise, but not beyond our expectations; for those Immortal deeds which you have already perform'd made us fore-see what you have now atchiev'd. That civil and obliging Complement being past, the Invincible Count of *Pegnafiel* went to seek out *Fernand*, who was ready to die for joy. In the interim the King retir'd to the Castle, having first ordered the audacious Priest to be seiz'd upon, and given command to the Captain of his Guards to see him put upon a stake before the Principal Mosque, as well to punish him for the new Sedition which he intended to have rais'd, as to teach others for the future not to meddle with things that concern not their Profession. The Sentence was put in Execution, and the *Zegries* retreated full of shame and confusion, carrying *Mahardin* home to be dress't of his wounds: *Morayzel*, *Abindarraxa*, and all the *Abençerrages* return'd also, but their joy excell'd the others grief; and they testified it at Night by the Bonfires which they made before their Houses.

The News of that publick rejoycing, as of *Mahardin*'s defeat, and the *Alfaqui*'s punishment, was soon carried to the ears of the turbulent *Mohavide*, who was ready to run mad; What, said he, biting his lips, and tearing his hair, will Fortune then never forsake the *Abençerrages* and must the *Zegries* be always unprosperous? Oh Corrupt Power, that Rulest and Tyrannizest over men with so much Injustice! though the Religion of the *Moors* and *Turks* allow us the Sovereignty over our own destinies. If ever I recover of my wounds, I will compel thee to obey my will: And for once I will make the World know that a heart as constant as mine, shall accomplish at length whatever it intends. Yes, the *Abençerrages* shall perish, or the *Zegries* will ruine themselves: I swear it solemnly, and what I swear in that manner, I never fail to effect. And thou insolent Slave, the idle sport of Fortune, the Prodigious effect of her blindness, who hast more than once already oppos'd thy self against me, and wrung the Victory out of my hands; thou shalt perish, or I will perish my self: nothing shall impeach thy Destruction or mine. The desperate *Mohavid*'s Rage was so excessive, that it augmented the heat of his Fever: he fell into a Frenzie, and that Death which threaten'd him then, seem'd willing to have provided against those great mischiefs which his malice and his hatred afterwards caus'd in the Kingdom of *Granada*. But to return where we left off; the Renowned *Ponce de Leon* was no sooner parted from *Fernand de Solis*, after they were both got into the Castle of the *Alhambre*, but he went into the Sultanesses Gardens, near the Fountain of Lions, where he was wont to see her walking; nor had he been long there, before the fair Princess came thither, attended only by three or four Slaves, who stopp'd at a convenient distance from us. He drew near her with a profound respect, and bowing to the ground in reverence to her, as he rais'd himself again, he perceiv'd something so sad and severe in her Eyes, which I cannot tell how to express, that made him grow pale and tremble, though he knew not whence proceeded that sable Cloud which overcast her looks. When they had for some time beheld one another without speaking a word, the Sultaness being the first that opened her fair lips; Do you so Sovereignly dispose of your self, said she? For without considering whether what you do may please me, or be the greatest trouble to me in the World; you throw your self rashly out of one danger into another, and equally hazard my repose and your own life. Ah, *Ponce de Leon*, is this the absolute Power which I ought to have over your heart? And do not you give me just occasion to question the truth of your words, and the sincerity of your Promises, having made so considerable a default? You tax me, Madam, said he, as unjustly as obligingly: For in short, what have I done, that I ought not to have done? and what was there that you might not have commanded me, had you not found me ready to perform it of my self? You ought, at least, reply'd the Sultaness, to have waited for that command; and not to have done, unless out of Obedience, what you have disobediently put your self upon. But the danger was too pressing, Madam, to take notice of those unprofitable formalities: for when it concern'd the Illustrious *Morayzel* your Fathers life, I had not known how to love, had I not lov'd in that manner, and then I had deserv'd those reproaches which now I do not merit. In short, answer'd she, qualifying the severity of her anger, and smiling a little, you have acted like a faithful Captive to *Morayzel*, but an unfaithful Slave to *Almahide*; and though you may expect a Crown from the one, you can expect nothing but chastisement from the other. Whatever comes from your hand, shall be dear to me, reply'd *Ponce*; and I shall always accept of it with as much respect as affection. But, reply'd the Sultaness, should I pardon you for the first fault, could you expect it for the second, though neither your Obedience to me, nor the life of my Father were concern'd? Yet my Honour, Madam, might be concern'd, reply'd the Count of *Pegnafiel*; and should I not preserve that, I were not worthy your affection. However, added the Sultaness, fetching a sigh, whether you be guilty, or whether you be innocent, you cannot avoid Punishment: For having put me upon a necessity of setting you free, and taking off your Chains, for fear they should have taken away your Life, you must of necessity leave the *Alhambre*, and retire to my Fathers House. How, Madam, cry'd he, will you remove me to your Fathers House? Yes,

reply'd

reply'd ſhe, I will, and you muſt. For ſince you are known to be a Perſon of Quality and a Free-man, Prudence permits not that you ſhould longer abide here, nor can I ſuffer it my ſelf. For in ſhort, I love you, but I love my Honour as well as you; and if I durſt preſume to ſay ſo, more than you: And if you know how to love, you ought to prefer my Reputation before my Company. And to that purpoſe it is my deſire that you ſhould return to *Fontaines* and leave *Granada*. But you live at *Granada*, anſwer'd he, and not at *Fontaines*; and of neceſſity either *Ponce de Leon* muſt be where you are, or die in that place where you are not. He muſt of neceſſity be gone, and yet live, reply'd the Sultaneſs, for I command him to do both: And he muſt love me always, ſaid ſhe bluſhing, and laying her hand upon her Eyes. He muſt then believe at leaſt that he ſhall always be belov'd, reply'd he: I permit him that belief, reply'd ſhe, being perſwaded that it is not inconſiſtent with my Honour or my Vertue. But the evil to which you expoſe me is ſo great, that I have need of more time to determine with my ſelf, anſwer'd *Ponce*. I grant it, reply'd the Sultaneſs, on Condition you will leave the *Alhambre* the ſame hour that you go to my Fathers Houſe, and return hither but very ſeldom. But, anſwer'd he, ſeeing I love you, and that you alſo do not hate me, what will become of us, Madam? We muſt leave that to Heaven, reply'd ſhe, and do our Duty: But when I leave the *Alhambre*, reply'd the ſorrowful *Leonce*, can I leave that other unknown Perſon whom you love? Never queſtion it, anſwer'd ſhe, but that as ſoon as I can I will ſend him after you; and both you and him quite out of the Town, if you have any value or kindneſs for me. He would have made her an anſwer, but ſhe return'd to her Attendants, not giving him leave to ſpeak any more, onely making a ſign to him with her eyes and her hand that ſhe expected his Obedience, if he intended not to diſpleaſe her. Whereupon the deſpairing *Ponce* ſubmitted, fetching a deep ſigh, and after he had conſulted *Fernand de Solis* what he had to do, he return'd to *Morayzel*'s Houſe, where he was by him receiv'd with a joy proportionable to his merit, and as one to whom the Illuſtrious Husband of *Semahis* was beholding both for his Victory and his Life. In the mean time the King of *Granada*, who ſaw his Kingdom expos'd to ruine by the dangerous Factions of the *Abençerrages* and *Zegries*, and fearing the dangerous conſequences of ſuch Tumults, was not a little perplex'd in his mind; for that general trouble caus'd a particular agitation that would not let him take the leaſt repoſe. He ſaw his Crown totter upon his head, his Scepter ready to fall out of his hand, and his Throne at the point of being quite over-turn'd: Inſomuch that judging of the future by the preſent, and what had paſt already, the King, who had no great Courage or aſpiring Valour, yet ambitious and greedy of Honour, and one that was not a little Jealous of his Power and Authority, knew not what courſe to take in ſuch a troubleſome conjuncture. He ſaw by the ſecond attempt of the *Alfaqui*, that the hatred of thoſe two formidable Families was rather laid aſleep, than extinguiſh'd; and that it was onely a ſtifled fire that upon the firſt occaſion would break forth into a more prodigious flame than that fire of Sedition which had already ſtrove to devour the Kingdom. Having therefore conſider'd the important conſequences, which the obſtinate Enmity of thoſe two Noble Families might produce, to whoſe Intereſts ſo many others had ty'd themſelves; and not finding in his own reaſon any Remedy for ſo great a miſchief, he reſolv'd to ſeek elſewhere what he could not meet with in his own breaſt, and conſult the wiſeſt and moſt Politick of the Neuter Families, who had ſided with neither Party, but were wholly devoted to his Perſon. To that end he ſent for *Agath*, *Roſtane*, *Dragutt*, *Zelama*, *Oſmane*, *Dalmate*, and *Orcan* into his Cloſet; the firſt being of the Houſe of the *Alariſes*, the ſecond of the Family of the *Abenhamims*, the third of the *Zulemes*, the fourth of the *Almanſors*, the fifth deſcended from the Houſe of *Moſarix*, the ſixth from the *Reduans*, and the laſt from the *Alhamares*. So ſoon as as they came in, he was ſilent among them for a good while; but after he had been in a ſtudy for ſome time with his eyes fix'd upon the ground, of a ſudden the King looking up again, and turning towards theſe great men, he addreſſed his Speech to them in this manner. 'Faithful and Generous Subjects, *ſaid he*, who 'both in regard of your Quality and your merit, 'are next to me the chiefeſt in Dignity within 'the Kingdom of *Granada*, and who by your 'own Intereſts are oblig'd to adhere inſeparably to me; if ever your Prudence found an 'occaſion equal to its Grandeur, and ſuch as it 'ought to be to ſignalize that noble Zeal, which 'you have for the Honour of your Prince, and 'the good of his Kingdom, this is the day that 'your Wiſdom meets with it, that by your 'prudent and ſincere Advice, you may preſerve 'both the one and the other by preſerving your 'ſelves. As you have aſſiſted me to allay the 'Tempeſt, you know as well as I, how violent 'it has been; and by the greatneſs of the danger which we have avoided, you ought to underſtand how much it concerns us to keep our 'ſelves from falling into the ſame misfortune. 'When the differences between the *Abençerrages* and the *Zegries* was onely a private Quarrel among themſelves, their ſtupid Animoſity 'was onely a private miſchief, wherein the 'Kingdom had no great reaſon to be concern'd 'any farther than as compaſſion inforces all Generous Spirits to pity the folly and terrible misfortunes of their Friends; but now that this 'particular Quarrel is become a general War, 'it behoves us to act after another manner, if 'we intend not to invelop our ſelves in the misfortunes of others, and partake of their miſeries, without being concern'd in the punctilio's that cauſe them; for they are not onely 'the *Abençerrages*, and the *Zegries* that fight 'one with another, there are with them the

'*Gomeles*,

'*Gomels*, the *Maçues*, the *Vanegues*, the *Alabez*, 'the *Almoradi's*, the *Gazals*, and the *Alageſes*, 'and almoſt all the reſt of the Illuſtrious Fami- 'lies of *Granada*; with theſe are all the People 'divided into two Factions, who tear out one 'anothers bowels, like Tigers thirſting after 'Blood. It behoves me and you therefore, 'who have no ſhare in their malice, nor their 'crimes, to aſſiſt one another if it be poſſible, 'and to ſave theſe inſenſible Creatures whether 'they will or no, at leaſt to hinder them from 'deſtroying us by deſtroying themſelves, and 'to keep the flame that fires our Neighbours 'Houſes, from burning our own. 'Tis for that 'reaſon, my moſt dear, and well beloved Sub- 'jects, that I have ſummon'd you together, to 'the end that after a ſerious deliberation, you 'may every one of you give me your Advice, 'in an Affair of ſo great importance. After the King had made an end of ſpeaking, they all giving way to *Agath*, out of reſpect to his great Age, the Venerable Ancient thus began. 'Your 'Majeſty, *ſaid he to the King*, ought to imitate 'upon this occaſion the wiſe and Learned Phy- 'ſitians, who ſeeing a Diſtemper too ſtrong for 'their Art, rather ſeek by means of Remedies, 'which they call Palliative, to keep the ſick 'Perſon alive, than to Cure his Diſtemper. 'When they find but one Arm Gangreen'd, 'they cut it off, to preſerve the reſt; but when 'they know that the whole Maſs of Blood is 'Corrupted, and that the more noble parts are 'ſeiz'd, they onely endeavour then to hinder 'the Progreſs of the Diſtemper, and to with- 'ſtand the total ruine of what they endeavour'd 'entirely to preſerve. Thus your Majeſty ſee- 'ing all the Members of the body of your King- 'dom aſſail'd, all your Dominions Engag'd in 'the dangerous Factions of the *Abençerrages* 'and the *Zegries*; your Intereſt and your Wiſ- 'dom muſt wiſely diſſemble and feign not to ſee 'what you behold but too apparently, and not 'raſhly to make uſe of the laſt Remedies for 'fear of angring the ſore inſtead of healing the 'feſter'd place. In my Opinion, there is no- 'thing ſo dangerous for a Prince as to venture 'his Authority: For if he undertake to puniſh, 'and the thing ſucceed not according to his 'intent, the People, who after ſuch an unpro- 'fitable attempt, know their own ſtrength, and 'the weakneſs of their Prince, become more 'inſolent than ever: and adding contempt to 'their Revolt, 'tis almoſt impoſſible to reduce 'them to Obedience: Whereas if a King diſ- 'ſemble and feign not to underſtand his Subjects 'Crime, they may, perhaps, believe that he 'knows it not at all, or elſe that it is his good- 'neſs that cauſes his patience, which may be a 'means to reduce them. But when they un- 'derſtand that their Maſter knows their Crime 'by his going about to puniſh them, if he be 'not ſufficiently Powerful to effect it, deſpair 'and fear renders them far more headſtrong; 'for finding their ſafety to conſiſt wholly in their 'reſiſtance, they will fight it out to the laſt. 'Thus, Sir, in regard the great contentions 'between the *Abençerrages*, and the *Zegries*, 'hitherto ſeem to be onely a particular quarrel, 'though in expoſing themſelves they have ex- 'pos'd the Kingdom, I am of Opinion that your 'Majeſty would do very well, not to take any 'notice of their Actions, cunningly to conceal 'your diſpleaſure, and to wait till time, that 'brings all things to paſs, ſhall put an end to 'their hatred, and ſettle the Kingdom in Peace. No ſooner had *Agath* concluded the laſt ſen- tence, but *Roſtane* taking his turn; 'The Ad- 'vice, *ſaid he to the King*, which the wiſe *Agath* 'hath given your Majeſty well becomes the Ex- 'perience of his years, and it were great folly 'not to approve of it. And therefore I am for 'that Clemency to which he has adviſed you; 'for in regard *that* vertue is the greateſt vertue 'of a King, I would exhort your Majeſty to it, 'did I not know already how much your Ma- 'jeſty is inclin'd to Mercy. However I can- 'not altogether conſent to the Counſel of ſo 'great a Perſon; for in ſhort, Sir, the princi- 'pal thing which he drives at in his Speech, is 'to perſwade you to diſſemble; not to ſpeak of 'things that are paſt, to feign to have loſt your 'memory, and to act as if your Majeſty were 'not at all concern'd in the actions of the *Aben- 'çerrages* and *Zegries*. But I humbly beſeech 'your Majeſty to conſider, whether it be poſſible 'for you to do as he would have you; and whe- 'ther that Lethargy of mind, (if I may ſo call 'it) which he would infuſe into you, be not 'more dangerous than the violent tranſporta- 'tions of your Choler, or the bloody effects 'of your Revenge. Truly were it poſ- 'ſible to perſwade thoſe two Factions, that 'your Majeſty is ignorant of their Crime; had 'they acted their Treaſons at the farther end of 'the Kingdom, whereby it might have been 'thought that your Majeſty either had known 'or not known the matter preſciſely, I confeſs 'then your Majeſties goodneſs and prudence 'might have proceeded in that manner But 'having fought in the heart of the Kingdom, 'in the Capital City of the Realm, in the midſt 'of *Granada*, and juſt before your Majeſties 'eyes, I aver that ſuch a ſilence would be but ill 'interpreted; for being a moſt certain ſign of 'imbecillity, it may produce very evil and dan- 'gerous conſequences, there being nothing 'more dangerous for a King, than to give his 'Subjects any cauſe to think that he fears them. 'Thus ſubmitting to one part of *Agath*'s Speech, 'and contradicting the other, I agree with him 'that it is not for your Majeſty to puniſh ſo uni- 'verſal a Crime, for thoſe reaſons which he has 'wiſely alledged: But I conclude againſt him, 'that while you pardon the Guilty, your Ma- 'jeſty ought to give them a ſevere Admonition, 'and to ſpeak loftily and boldly to them, that 'they may underſtand that it is onely the mercy 'of their King that pardons them. The violent *Dragutt*, who impatiently heard the Advice of both thoſe, beginning with a haughty and fierce utterance, and with a proud and threatning be- haviour, and the auſterity of his thoughts pictur'd in his eyes, 'Let them that fear, *ſaid* 'he to the King, hold their Tongues, but let

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'Kings that fear nothing, puniſh and chaſtiſe, 'if they intend to ſtrengthen their Kingdoms, 'and preſerve their Honour: The Reputation 'of a Prince ought to be more dear to him than 'his Crown or Life, and though he endanger 'both the one and the other to preſerve it, if he 'have any Courage he ought to do it. For it 'is better to have no Scepter at all, than to 'wield it feebly and with Ignominy. Pity is a 'kind of Cruelty upon theſe occaſions, and 'twenty Heads cut off to good purpoſe may 'ſave a million of others. There is nothing in-'ſtructs ſo well as Example, and the Traytors 'Scaffold is the beſt School for Rebels. Tame-'neſs is the quality of an Obedient Subject, and 'Courage is the true mark of a King that in-'tends to Command. Let the firſt ſeek to ob-'tain love if he can, but let the latter cauſe him-'ſelf to be dreaded, ſince it behoves him ſo to 'do. To ſuffer one Crime, is to be the occaſi-'on of another: For all men being born with a 'love of Liberty, there is nothing but fear can 'make them ſubmit to Servitude. In ſhort, 'the Scimitar upholds the Scepter; and though 'it has been ſaid, *THAT HE WHO 'CANNOT DISSEMBLE, KNOWS 'NOT HOW TO REIGN*: I am of 'Opinion that 'tis a better and more ſure ſay-'ing, *That he that will Reign, muſt Puniſh.* And 'therefore to give your Majeſty wholſom Coun-'ſel, 'tis my Advice, that you ought to take off 'the Heads of the Chief of both Factions, that 'the Terror of ſuch a Puniſhment may make all 'the *Abençerrages*, and all the *Zegries* wiſer, 'and keep them more in awe; and by ſhedding a 'little Blood to ſuppreſs the inveterate hatred 'that has ſo many times troubled the Kingdom. The bloody *Zilama* with his eyes at firſt ap-plauded this Opinion. But afterwards not ap-proving it at all; '*Dragut*, *ſaid he to the King*, 'has taken a good way, but he has not gone far 'enough; and therefore it is for your Majeſties 'Courage to accompliſh what he has onely be-'gun. He that revenges himſelf but by halves, 'does himſelf but the more harm; for that 'does but add new hatred to old malice. To 'let the Children live of thoſe are put to death, 'and to Deſtroy the one without Baniſhing the 'other, is but to hazard your own Deſtruction. 'In a word, it behoves you either to puniſh all, or 'to pardon all; for theſe extreams admit of no 'Medium. And indeed they ought the leſs to 'be pardoned, if I may be permitted to remem-'ber you of what is paſt, in regard your Ma-'jeſty has but Uſurp'd the Kingdom over *Mu-'leyhazen* your Father's Head, though to out-'ward appearance he may have ſeem'd to ſur-'render it: That he is ſtill living and ambiti-'ous, that the Young *Audalla* your Brother is 'yet more ambitious, and that Prince *Muſſa*, 'though he be but a Natural Son, he is not the 'leſs to be ſuſpected, conſidering the high 'eſteem which his vertue has begot him among 'the People. Now, Sir, if one of theſe Rivals, 'or all three together ſhould appear at the Head 'of any of thoſe two Factions, and joyn their 'own adherents to them, what Forces have you 'to oppoſe their Power? and whether it be not 'true, that they will endanger you the loſs of 'your Crown, which a Generous Soul prefers 'before the loſs of his Life? To caſt a little wa-'ter upon a great fire, makes it but burn hotter; 'to ſhed a little Blood, rather provokes than 'appeaſes anger. And therefore I cannot find 'any thing more Honourable or ſafer for your 'Majeſty, than to put the whole Kingdom into 'Arms, abſolutely to ruine the two inſolent 'Factions that trouble it, and to blot out the 'very memory of the *Zegries* and *Abençerra-'ges*.

'All things ought to have their bounds, *ſaid* 'Oſman *with a milder aſpect*; and as all other 'things, Revenge and Anger more eſpecially: 'So ſevere a puniſhment would but enrage the 'People inſtead of appeaſing; and to redreſs an 'Error by committing a greater, is no prudent 'proceeding. We ſhould deſtroy the Innocent, 'which are the far greater number, ſhould we 'go that way to work. And the Blood of In-'fants, Women, and Old Men, who never 'had any hand in the Popular Tumults, would 'cry to Heaven for Juſtice againſt your Majeſty, 'and it may be, obtain it. Beſides, after you 'have ſo inhumanely Baniſh'd the *Abençerrages* 'and the *Zegries*, what will you do, Sir, with 'the *Almoradis*, the *Maleques*, the *Alabez*, the '*Gazuls*, and ſo many other Noble Families, 'who have taken part with the former? What 'will you do with the *Gomeles*, the *Maçaes*, the '*Vanegues*, and ſeveral renowned Families, that 'have adhered to the latter? And what will 'you do with all the People of *Granada*, who 'are almoſt all divided between one and t'other 'Faction? Could they have any confidence in 'you, or could you have any aſſurance in them? 'Would not you be always ſuſpicious of them, 'and they be always in fear of you? You would 'be always in fear of their Revolting, and 'they always in dread of your Cruelty; and 'that reciprocal ſuſpicion would beget a mutu-'al hatred, to the ruine of the King or King-'dom, and it may be, both together. And 'therefore, to take the middle path, between 'an indulgence too faint-hearted, and a ſeverity 'too exceſſive; if your Majeſty will do me the 'Honour to take my Counſel, you ſhall not need 'to dip your hands in the Blood of your Sub-'jects, though guilty; but you may ſend away 'all the *Abençerrages* and *Zegries* into *Africa*, 'and ſo rid the Kingdom of two Turbulent 'Factions, that ſeek nothing but the ruine of 'your Eſtates.

'The Counſel which *Oſman* gives you, *ſaid* '*Delmate*, *ſpeaking to the King*, is more gentle 'than the Advice of the two that ſpoke before 'him, but not at all more profitable. For by 'no means can I imagine, that good Policy 'permits a wiſe Prince to baniſh all at once the 'beſt part of the moſt Illuſtrious of his Nobility, 'and diſcontent the reſt. For, for theſe eight 'Ages, that the Invincible *Moors* have been 'fix'd in *Spain* by their Renowned Conqueſts, 'there are few of the Noble Families in all *Gra-'nada*, that are not Ally'd either to the *Aben-*

'*gerrages* or the *Zegries*, except the Royal 'House. And there are none of the Kings in '*Africa*, which are not Ally'd either to the one 'or the other of thoſe two great and Noble Pro-'genies; why then ſhould we go about to make 'the King of *Granada* a King of *Arabia Deſer-'ta*, that is to ſay, the King of a great Deſart; 'with a magnificent Title without Subjects? But 'ſhould your Majeſty attempt a thing ſo extra-'ordinary, ſo cruel, and ſo dangerous, who 'can warrant the event? Who can warrant 'that all thoſe who have adhered to the two 'Factions, will not unite to defend themſelves, 'and to hinder their Baniſhment? And if they 'ſhould unite, as infallibly they will, how can 'you execute an Enterprize of ſo much difficul-'ty? For if you begin, and cannot go through, 'will not the Revolters thereby know their own 'ſtrength and your weakneſs? Will not this be 'rather to make them proud than humble? 'Will not this be to load them with Honour, 'and your ſelf with ſhame? But ſuppoſe your 'Majeſty ſhould be the ſtronger, that you ſhould 'ſuppreſs the two Factions, that you could ſend 'the *Abençerrages* and *Zegries* beyond the Seas, 'and Baniſh them into the remoteſt parts of '*Africa*; that they ſhould find neither ſafety 'nor ſuccour, that all of the Party ſhould ſtand 'ſtill, that your Majeſty ſhould fully Triumph 'over the Revolted; that you could preſerve 'your Kingdom in Peace from one end to the 'other, without any Tumult, or ſo much as the 'ſtirring of any one Subject from his Duty; 'though you had nothing to fear in your own 'Kingdom, is there nothing that threatens you 'from without? Will the *Caſtilians* and *Arragons* 'be as Loyal to you as the *Moors*? *Ferdinand* and '*Iſabel*, will they forget their Ambition? Will 'the preſent Truce endure always? Or if the 'War begin again, do you believe you will not 'miſs ſo many Valiant Perſons as you have Ex-'il'd? Will you not endanger the loſs of Bat-'tels and Crowns, when you have cut off the 'Arm that gains and defends them? For my 'part, Sir, I am of Opinion, that without 'making uſe of ſuch violent Remedies, which 'are aſſuredly worſe than the Diſeaſe, your Ma-'jeſty may bring that to paſs by mild and gentle 'means, which others would aſſay to accom-'pliſh by blood and danger. Then by Virtue of 'your abſolute Power, renew Alliances, make 'new Matches between the *Abençerrages* and '*Zegries*; between the *Almorades* and the *Go-'meles*, between the *Gazuls* and the *Maçaes*, 'between the *Alagazes* and the *Vanegues*; and 'thus by intermixing anew the Intereſts of the 'other Noble Families that fight under the En-'ſigns of the two former, you will inſenſibly 'extinguiſh the hatred that reigns among them, 'and reſtore the Grandeur and repoſe of your 'Kingdom.

When *Delmate* had concluded, *Orcan* beginning to ſpeak; 'Of all the Counſel, *ſaid he*, 'that has been given to your Majeſty, the laſt 'without doubt is the beſt. For the firſt is too 'mild, the ſecond too uncertain, the third too 'ſevere, the fourth too cruel, the fifth too dif-'ficult, onely the ſixth appears to be the moſt 'according to Reaſon; but there is one thing 'in it that ſeems to me abſolutely impoſſible. 'For by what means, how great ſoever your 'Majeſties Power may be, or how perſwaſive 'ſoever your Eloquence, can you make two 'Factions, that for theſe four Succeſſions toge-'ther have had an Antipathy one againſt ano-'ther, ſo ſuddenly change their hatred into 'Love, or to leave off fighting to entertain 'new Matches: Your Majeſty will but add the 'diſgrace of a refuſal to thoſe other provocati-'ons that have diſpleaſed you already; and in-'creaſe the animoſity of both Parties by the 'reciprocal contempts which they will caſt upon 'one another when they meet; 'tis impoſſible 'to go from one place to another, without croſ-'ſing through the middle; and between a Calm 'and a Tempeſt there is always a certain Inter-'val which ſeems to ſeparate them. Therefore 'before you can ſettle a ſtrict Amity, you muſt 'endeavour a common Friendſhip: Before you 'can oblige the *Abençerrages* to love, you muſt 'perſwade them not to hate one another. Now, 'Sir, as diſcontent enclines men to hatred, de-'light mainly contributes to kindneſs; and the 'moſt able Politicians never thought any means 'more proper to maintain Peace and Friend-'ſhip among the People, than Plays, Shews, 'and Comedies: And for that Reaſon have 'ſome of them been at ſuch exceſſive Expences 'to build Amphitheaters, and places for Games 'and publick Exerciſes. It being very impro-'bable that men ſo ſerious, and ſo frugal, would 'ever have expended the Publick Treaſure 'meerly for their own Paſtime, had they not 'had ſome end more Noble and profitable. Be-'ſides, 'tis well known that the *Moors* are gene-'rally enclin'd to Jollity and Pleaſure. For 'that Reaſon, Sir, 'tis my Advice, that your 'Majeſty call the chief of the two Factions to-'gether, and that after you have ſharply, yet 'moderately enough reprov'd them, you com-'mand them to forget their old Quarrels, as 'you paſs by their new Offences; and that you 'politickly engage them, as it were for a teſti-'mony of their ſincere re-union, to all thoſe 'Noble Exerciſes and Divertiſements, which 'were uſual in *Granada* before our Civil diſſen-'tions; that in the midſt of thoſe Games and 'Sports which the *Moors* invented, the Nobi-'lity and People may grow Friends by degrees, 'and ſincerely re-unite.

The King of *Granada* having heard all this variety of Counſel, never ſtood to conſider, but whether it were that he lookt upon the laſt as moſt rational, or moſt eaſie, he determined to follow it altogether; and the next morning having Summon'd all the Heads of the two Factions, except *Mohavide* and *Mahardin*, who kept their Beds, by reaſon of their Wounds; he made them a very Eloquent Speech, wherein he laid before them the odiouſneſs of their Offence, the fatal conſequences it might produce, the Calamities of Civil War, the deſolation to which they had expos'd the whole Kingdom, their want of Duty to their Prince,

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their little love to their Countrey, the little consideration which they had of themselves, their Fury and his Patience, the punishment which they had deserv'd, and his own Power to reduce them to Obedience: He let them understand the heavinesse of their punishment, how easily he could put it in Execution; his unwillingness to do it, and his pleasure not to do it at all. Then with an Eloquent aggravation, he gave them a Noble taste of the sweets of Peace; and having lively represented to them the Riches, the Abundance, the Magnificence, the Tranquillity, the repose and pleasures that attend on Peace, he conjur'd them by the memory of their deceased Ancestors, whose Valour had Conquer'd the Kingdom of *Granada*, not to destroy that which they had with so much labour established: To consider that they had real Enemies to deal with, and to obey Reason and their King, who Commanded them to embrace one another. This Discourse so perswasive and moving drew tears from the eyes of some, and the unanimous consent of all: They embrac'd at length with very large testimonies of their Friendship, and casting themselves at the Kings feet, they besought him to forget what was past, and promis'd amendment to the utmost degree of Duty and Allegiance. The King then told them, that it was his pleasure for them to testifie the sincerity of their Reconciliation, by a Publick rejoycing: and thereupon he Ordered *Zelebin*, one of the most Generous and Gallant Courtiers among the *Moors*, to be the Defendant in a *Carrowsel*, and in Course at the Ring, which he would honour with his Presence. After which he took his leave with all the Caresses imaginable; and all those brave *Moors* were employ'd for a Moneths time in preparing what was needful for such a Magnificent Solemnity. They consulted together, in regard the *Moors* of *Africa* came Originally out of *Africa*, that the Carrowsel should be Called, *THE AFRICAN HERO'S REVIV'D.* That it should consist of twelve Troops, which upon that occasion are called Squadrons, consisting of twenty five Persons, Commanded by twelve Captains, and that every one of the twelve should carry the Name of one of those Renowned *Africans* immortaliz'd in History; and that they should all wear Vizors. That every Troop should have four Devices, or Pageants; the one representing some City in *Africa*, the other some Rarity in the Countrey adjoyning to that City, and the third should be a Magnificent Chariot, wherein was to be plac'd the Statue of one of those *African* Women, famous in the same History, but that every Statue should represent the Captains Mistresses face. After those Renowned and Courtly *Moors* had provided every thing ready, and that the day appointed for the Carrowsel was come, The King, the Sultaness, and all the Ladies of the Court appear'd in the Balconies of the Piazza of *Vivaramble*, where was plac'd a Canopy embroider'd with Natural Flowers, and a large *Persian* Tapestry Hanging, the ground-work whereof was Gold, with compartiments, the shadowings whereof were wonderful. All the Ladies and Persons of Quality stood in the Windows, which were magnificently adorn'd and hung with Tapestry; so that all the stands of the four fronts of the large Piazza being fully throng'd afforded the most Noble and Stately sight in the World. Directly underneath the Balcony where the King and Queen of *Granada* sate, was a Scaffold hung with Crimson Velvet, with a large gold fringe, where the Judges of the Field were plac'd, being four ancient Persons clad in long Gowns of black Velvet, embroider'd with Gold, with large black Plumes, and white Herons upon their Turbants. A vast Theatre with twelve Seats one above another encompass'd the whole Piazza for the benefit of the Common People. Right against the Scaffold where the Judges sate, and directly in the middle of the Piazza, was the Carrier where they were to run at the Ring, closed between two Barriers gilded and painted. At one end of the Carrier, opposite to the Kings Balcony, were erected twelve Tents of *Turkie* Velvet, embroider'd with leaves of Silver and Green, open before, and ty'd back on each side with long silken Cords with silver Tassels. And at the Entry of each Tent was plac'd a Chair of the same Velvet, and fring'd with the same Metal. A Marshal of the Field with two Assistants magnificently apparell'd, attended on Horseback at the avenues into the Piazza to receive the two Squadrons, and to conduct them to their proper Stations. No sooner were the King and Sultaness placed in their Balconies, but the loud Harmony of Warlike Instruments was to be heard at the Entry of the *Zacatin* street; when the Marshal of the Field and his Assistants understanding what it meant, went to the King and the Judges to desire leave for the Defendant to enter the Lists, which being obtain'd, he caus'd the Barriers to be open'd. And there follow'd them toward the right hand of the place, to the end they might the better take a turn about the Lists, twelve Kettle-Drummers clad in Cassocks of green Velvet, laced very thick with Silver lace, their Buskins and their Horse-cloaths of the same, with great Plumes of green and white Feathers upon their Turbants ty'd at the bottom with white Ribbands. They were follow'd by twenty four Horse-men, clad after the *African* fashion, in Vests of Cloth of Silver mix'd with green, adorn'd with four rows of Silver Embroidery, their Buskins and Crupper-cloaths of the same, and their Breeches ty'd with white Ribbands. Their Scimitars hung in rich Tissue of Gold, Silver, and Green, with green and white Plumes of Feathers in their Turbants, and forehead-pieces of their Horses, which were as white as their Bows and Ebony Quivers were black. A large Pageant follow'd them, representing the City of *Tunis*, the Capital City of that Kingdom, which bears its Name; Stately for her Towers and Magnificent Mosques, the representation whereof was so true, both as to the Colour of the stone, and the Ornaments of the Architecture, the exact

proportion of the Proſpective, and the regular diminution of diſtant Objects, that it was hardly to believe, but that it was a real City, or that it was not as glorious as it ſeem'd to be. This Machin, as all the reſt belonging to the Carrowſel, was mov'd by hidden Springs, which was a moſt rare Invention, and which ſeem'd to have employ'd all the wit of the moſt Ingenious Artiſts. After that followed another, repreſenting a round Plat-form, on the ſides whereof were placed twelve Elephants with their Tails inward; every Elephant carried a Caſtle fill'd with Archers. And indeed thoſe vaſt living bodies were ſo well repreſented, that the Eyes might have been deceiv'd; the Sculpture had ſo wonderfully imitated thoſe huge and underſtanding Creatures which *Africa* produces. After this laſt Pageant followed a Chariot ſilver'd over, adorned with green Medals, and drawn by four white Horſes, one behind another with Crupper-cloaths of green Velvet, embroider'd with Silver, with white and green Feathers in their Front-pieces, that were of maſſie Silver. The Charioter was clad in green Velvet with the ſame embroidery. At the hinder part, rais'd ſome four ſteps high, was plac'd a Magnificent Throne, over which was a green Canopy embroider'd with Silver, and upon the Throne was plac'd the Statue of *Arſinoe*, Queen of *Egypt*, the Daughter of the firſt of the *Ptolomies*; but with ſo much Majeſty, that had ſhe had neither Crown nor Scepter, nor Roya. Robe, no Perſon would have thought otherwiſe but that ſhe repreſented ſome great Empreſs. However the whole Court, and all the People of *Granada* no ſooner beheld her, but they knew it to be the Picture of *Galliana*, *Zelebin*'s Miſtreſs, who Commanded that Noble Squadron, ſo lively, ſo well imitated, that ſhe wanted nothing but the uſe of her Tongue. Twelve Slaves in Tunicks and Bonnets of green Sattin, lac'd with Silver lace, and Collars of the ſame metal environ'd the magnificent Chariot; behind which rode *Zelebin* himſelf, the Defendant in the Carrowſel, under the Name of *Amilcar Barocha*, Father to the Famous *Hannibal*, Captain of the *Carthaginians*, who conquer'd *Spain*, and who caus'd his Son to ſwear an immortal hatred to the *Romans*. The Noble *Moor* was mounted upon a white Barb, the faireſt, the moſt ſtately, the moſt fierce, and the ſwifteſt that ever was: His Crupper-cloath and Harneſs was of cloath of Silver mix'd with green, adorn'd with a very rich Embroidery of high emboſſed work, and twiſts of ſilk with taſſels of ſilver hanging down on every ſide. In the front-piece of his Horſe, which was of maſſie Silver engrav'd, ſtuck a white and green Feather, which the motion of the Horſe diſplayed after a very gay manner. *Zelebin*'s Caſſock and his Buskins were of the ſame richneſs and colour with his Crupper-cloaths, and upon each leg there glitter'd a large Brooch of Emralds, as alſo upon his ſhoulders, and at the bottom of his green and white Plume, that floated upon his Turbant, beſides others that gliſter'd upon his Belt, and the Scabbard and Hilt of his Scimitar. He carried a green Lance with Ciphers of Silver, in his right hand, and a Buckler, enamell'd with the ſame colour, upon his left Arm, upon the which was painted Hope, with this Motto, *WHO DEPRIVES ME OF MY HOPE MUST TAKE AWAY MY LIFE.* Twelve other Slaves, clad like the former, came behind *Zelebin*, carrying in their hands little Boxes cover'd with green and ſilver Tiſſue, out of which they took a Challenge and certain Verſes written in Letters of Gold upon Vellum, of which they threw ſeveral Rolls among the People.

The Challenge.

"All Knights that love Honour, let them "come hither to ſeek it: For whether you be "Victors or Vanquiſh'd, you cannot fail to find "it here. 'Tis a Deſign Noble enough that ye "preſum'd to venture, ſo that whatever be the "Succeſs, you are ſure to gain Honour, though "ye loſe the Victory. Come then and diſpute "the laſt advantage with me, that you may "obtain the former. For I make no queſtion "but you will believe the Honour to be very "great for which you contend, when I ſhall "aſſure you that it is the Queen who beſtows "the Ring, and that the Perſon who diſputes "for it, is called

Amilcar.

At the bottom of the Challenge were written the Conditions of the Carrowſel.

That every Knight ſhall have the Statue of his Miſtreſs.

That if he be Vanquiſh'd, it ſhall be laid at the feet of that Lady, to whom the other Knight is a Servant.

If he be a Victor, then his own Statue to be plac'd in the room of the other, and the other to be laid at the feet of his own Miſtreſs.

That every one ſhall make three Courſes, and that he who moſt often hits the Ring, or ventures hardeſt, ſhall have the Advantage, and the other ſhall yield.

If they be equal in both, they ſhall make three Courſes more, and ſo begin again, till Fortune or their own Activity ſhall decide the Controverſie.

And laſtly, If it ſhall happen that the Defendant be Vanquiſh'd, the Victor ſhall be oblig'd to take his place, and to become Defendant himſelf againſt all Knights that ſhall preſent themſelves at the Barriers, till Sun ſet.

On the other ſide of the Vellum which the Slaves threw about, were to be read theſe Verſes in the *Arabick* Language.

What Lady yet could ever own
The Pomp of ſuch a High Renown:
For who with bright Arſinoe *dares diſpute*
For Beauty and Victory to boot?

Behind

Behind the laſt Slaves came twenty four Horſe-men, marching two a-breſt; Arm'd, Habited, and Mounted like the former; and theſe were all of the firſt Entry: Who after they had paſs'd by the Kings Balcony and the Judges Seat, to whom *Zelebin* made his diſtinct Obeyſances according to Cuſtom, and taken their round about the Liſts, drew up in Rank and File with their Pageants upon the right hand of the Tents, all the reſt ſitting on Horſe-back but onely *Zelebin*, who alighted, and ſate him down at the entry of his Pavilion, giving his Lance and his Horſe to his Slaves to hold: Expecting with a carriage full of Grace and Majeſty the coming of the other Troops. If the end be anſwerable to the beginning, ſaid the Sultaneſs ſmiling, and beholding the fair *Galliana*, I am of Opinion that here is a Lady ſo deeply intereſted in *Arſinoe's* Honour, that ſhe would not be troubled to ſee all the other Statues laid at the feet of the Queen of *Egypt*. She is not fair enough (reply'd *Galliana* bluſhing) to be advanc'd to ſo high a degree: and Fortune would be very unjuſt, ſhould ſhe go about to place her there. Notwithſtanding all your Humility, ſaid the King, I cannot believe that you think really what you ſay, but that if *Amilcar* ſhould be overcome, you would not look ſo kindly upon *Zelebin*. In regard I am not Queen of *Egypt*, reply'd *Galliana* laughing, and that my Name is not *Arſinoe*, the defeat of a *Carthaginian* ought not to go ſo near the heart of a *Granadine*. However I muſt confeſs ingenuouſly, that if my wiſhes may take place, *Arſinoe* ſhould not be mov'd out of her Chariot, but rather be the cauſe of others being carried thither. You will do them too great an Honour, reply'd *Lyndarache* laughing; nor do I believe there is any that earneſtly deſires to have any place in your *Egyptian* Majeſties Chariot. For my part, added *Fatima*, I ſhould rather chuſe to be upon one of *Zelebin's* Elephants among the Archers which appear in the Towers. An Elephant, reply'd *Galliana*, is but a ſtrange kind of Palfrey for a Lady to ride; nor do I believe they amble very eaſily: And truly it would be a very pleaſant ſight to ſee you, as little as you are, upon one of thoſe vaſt Monſters with the Trunk in your hand inſtead of a Bridle. Every one laugh'd at *Galliana's* neat fancy; and *Fatima* her ſelf could not chuſe but ſmile, though ſhe was not a little diſpleas'd to hear the ſmall wipe that was given her for the lowneſs of her Stature. After that, the King and all the Court talk'd of nothing elſe but of *Zelebin's* Magnificence, and of the Beauty of his Entry. But immediately a loud ſound of *Mooriſh* Trumpets gave notice of a ſecond Troop that was coming: Whereupon the Marſhal of the Field and his Aſſiſtants having perform'd his former Ceremonies, open'd the Barriers. But in regard that *Lyndarache* was then in Mourning for the Death of one of her neareſt Relations, and that the Noble *Abenamin* her Lover was ſomewhat intereſted in her concerns, The firſt Trumpeters were clad in Veſts of black Sattin, Button'd down before and behind; and upon the Sleeves with great Silver Buttons. Their Horſes, Crupper-cloaths, and Buskins were of the ſame colour and ſtuff button'd as before. Twenty four Horſe-men follow'd them, two a-breſt, mounted upon Courſers as black as jeat; their Crupper-cloaths were of black Velvet, cover'd over with large Silver Laces. Every Horſe-man had a Juſt-a-Corps of Velvet after the *Turkie* mode, embroider'd with branched work upon a ground of Silver Plate very glittering. Their Buskins that came but half way their Legs, were of the ſame ſtuff, with a Lions face of maſſie Silver before: The Hilts and Scabberds of their Scimitars, as alſo the chains wherein they hung, were of the ſame metal, onely their chains were buckled upon their right ſhoulders with a Lions head rarely emboſſed. They had every one a black Plume in their Turbants, and a long-headed Pike of Ebony after the *Mooriſh* Faſhion, inlaid with Silver in ſeveral parts. The firſt Pageant that follow'd them, repreſented the City of *Alexandria*, very eaſie to be known, as well by the Magnificence of its Buildings, as by the Lake *Mareotis* that waſhes the Walls, whoſe quiet and ſtill Waters were excellently well imitated. The ſecond was the Deſcription of *Cleopatra's* ſtately Tomb, wherein ſhe ſhut her ſelf up the day before the death of *Antony*. The Columns, the Pilaſters, the Corniſhes, the reaking Veſſels, the weeping Figures, the little Cupids, putting out their Torches, and all thoſe other Ornaments of Architecture that Adorned thoſe magnificent Sepulchres, ſeem'd to be of black and white Marble. Twelve Sepulchral Figures (as the *Egyptians* call them) ſeem'd to ſtand in ſo many Niche's, all cover'd over with *Hieroglyphicks*: and indeed eyes never beheld a fairer Object than that of this Tomb. And yet it was follow'd by a Chariot no leſs magnificent. It was made in the form of a Galley, and no doubt the Artificer took his Pattern from that wonderful Ship wherein ſhe Sail'd to meet the Famous *Roman*, who coſt her both her Scepter and her Life. The Chariot ſeem'd to be all of engrav'd Silver, and there in emboſſed work were to be ſeen all the Kings of *Egypt*, from which ſhe was deſcended, and of thoſe from whom ſhe obtain'd the right of the Crown. Four black Horſes drew the Chariot, having their Crupper-cloaths of black Sattin richly embroider'd with Silver, and black Plumes in Front-ſtalls of engrav'd Silver. The Charioter was clad in a Caſſock of black Velvet with great Silver Buttons; and twelve Slaves in the ſame habit with Silver Collars, environ'd the Chariot, or rather moving Galley; upon the poop whereof, if I may ſo call it, *Cleopatra* ſeem'd to ſit under a Tent of black Sattin, embroider'd all over with Silver, which was ty'd back before and behind on both ſides with large twiſts of Silver thread and taſſels of the ſame. She held an Aſp in her hand, and ſeem'd to be clad in cloath of Silver with black flowers; her Head, Ears, and Neck being adorn'd with thoſe Famous Pearls ſo often mention'd in Story. But every one at firſt ſight knew *Lyndarache's* countenance;

for

for the Graver and the Painter had ſo well hit the Air, Lineaments and Colours of her Face, that it was impoſſible to miſtake it. The Valiant *Abenamin* rode behind the Chariot alone, under the Name of *Jugurth*, King of *Numidia*. Twelve Slaves went by his ſide, in Tunicks of black Sattin, button'd with Silver buttons, their Collars being of the ſame metal. He himſelf was in a cloath of Silver Cuiraſſe plated, and enriched with a fair Embroidery of Trophy-work. About his ſhoulders and his waſte hung ſeveral labels cut in the faſhion of Oak leaves, the compaſs of his Jacket below being hung with little Bells of an extraordinary value. His Buskins were of black Sattin embroider'd with Silver Trophy-work, and faſtned with two Roſes of Diamonds that ſhone with an incomparable Luſtre. In his Turbant he wore a large black Plume, in the middle whereof ſtood the body of a Heron very black, and very brightly ſhining; and underneath a Jewel of Diamonds as rich as the Luſtre was bright and glittering. His Magnificent Scimitar, the Hilt and Scabberd whereof were all over cover'd with Diamonds, hung in ſix Chains of the ſame ſtones, enough to dazle the Eyes; he was mounted upon a black Barb, whoſe Eyes ſeem'd to ſparkle with fire: Upon his head was fix'd a fair black Plume, faſten'd at the bottom with a large Roſe of Diamonds that ſeem'd to vie with the flames that darted from the Horſes eyes. His Crupper-cloath was of black Sattin, embroider'd with Silver Trophy-work, cut about the edges in the ſhape of Oaken leaves, the tops whereof were hung with Bells of the ſame metal: The Valiant *Abenamin* held a black Lance in his right hand, painted over with Silver Cyphres; a Buckler upon his left Arm, in the midſt whereof was the repreſentation of a Throne and a Tomb, with this Motto, *EITHER THE ONE OR THE OTHER.* Twelve Slaves in the ſame Habit as the former, follow'd *Abenamin* with little Boxes cover'd with cloath of Silver and black Silk, out of which they preſented the following Verſes to the Spectators.

Leſs danger in the Aſps cold Poyſon lies,
Than in the Luſtre of thoſe eyes,
Which all the World doth Idolize;
For a moſt fatal Venom flies
From Cleopatra's *rowling glances,*
That ſtrikes the heart, and all the Soul intrances.

Twenty four Knights rode after the laſt Slaves, which concluded the Valiant *Abenamin*'s Entry, who after he had made his Obeyſance to the King, the Sultaneſs, and the Judges, and made his toure about the Liſts, alighted, and ſate at the entry of the ſecond Tent; his Troop drawing up next to *Zelebin*'s. If *Amilcar* and *Jugurth*, ſaid the Queen, are but as equal in their Activity and Skill, as in the ſplendour of their preparations, they will diſpute a long time for the Ring: And if they be as equal in their Fortune as *Arſinoe* and *Cleopatra* are equal in Fortune, I believe I ſhall neither be put to diſpoſe of the Ring, nor to ſee either of them Victorious. Though Fortune be painted blind, reply'd *Galliana*, I am perſwaded that ſhe has not ſuch bad Eyes, to do ſo great a piece of injuſtice to *Lyndarache*: and if *Zelebin* have any cauſe to doubt, 'tis becauſe he defends a bad cauſe in defending mine againſt hers. Your Eyes are not ſo humble as your Lips, anſwer'd *Lyndarache* ſmiling; for if *Abenamin*'s wit and skill were not more to be fear'd than my Eyes, I aſſure my ſelf you would never queſtion but that *Arſinoe* would ſoon be compell'd to yield to *Cleopatra*, and the firſt Queen of *Egypt* be laid at the feet of the ſecond. But ſince you ſay that Fortune is blind, have a care that ſhe does not make an ill choice, and that the diſmal Tomb of *Cleopatra*, how fair ſoever it ſeems to us, be not an ill Omen; and that the black and mournful Equipage of your Knight do not threaten you with ſome Accident that may diſpleaſe you. By what I ſee, reply'd the King of *Granada*, you are diſputing for the Ring, before the Champions have run for it: But they are not to enter alone into the Liſts, for if I am not miſtaken, the noiſe which I hear, informs me that there is ſome other Noble *African* coming that will diſpute a little farther for the Victory. And indeed all the Arches of the *Vivaramble* reſounded at the ſame time with a loud Warlike Harmony, when the Marſhal of the Field, and his Aſſiſtants, after they had done their Duty, let in the third Squadron. Twelve that beat upon Brazen Drums led the Van in Tunicks of *China* Taffaty of divers colours, border'd with ſix rows of Silver Embroidery, being girt about the waſte with Scarfs of Silver Tiſſue: their Buskins like their Tunicks, their Horſes py'd, with Crupper-cloaths of white Tabby embroider'd with Natural Flowers, lac'd with ſix Silver laces, and their Plumes of ſeveral colours very delightfully mix'd. Twenty four Horſe-men follow'd them two a-breſt, in Caſſocks of *China* Sattin, and Buskins of the ſame embroider'd with Silver Scales. About their waſts they wore Scarfs of Silver tiſſue, and in another of the ſame hung their Scimitars, the Hilts and Scabberds whereof were of Silver engrav'd. Underneath they had Veſts of Silver Tabby, with a large Embroidery of the ſame metal: their Plumes were of various colours, their Horſes py'd like the former, with Crupper-cloaths of *China* Sattin, of the ſame colour and embroidery with their Caſſocks. They had Bucklers of Silver engrav'd upon their left Arms, and a Silver Mace in their right hands. After this ſtately Troop came a Pageant more magnificent; for it repreſented the Iſland of *Meroe* in the River *Nile*, and under a Mountain cover'd with Cinamon-trees, the magnificent City of *Saba*, as *Strabo* deſcribes it, that is to ſay, ſhining with Gold and precious ſtones, and ſurrounded with Walls and Towers of the ſame. Another Pageant ſucceeded the former, repreſenting upon a ſquare Pedeſtal twelve Lions, and twelve flying Dragons that ſeem'd to fight together; the poſtures whereof were ſo lively and Natural, that they wanted but little of terrifying

fying rather than delighting the Beholders. The magnificence of the third Chariot appear'd ſoon after, drawn by four py'd Horſes with Liveries correſpondent in colour and embroideries to the reſt. The Charioters habit was the ſame, and the Horſes had great Feathers of various colours very well mix'd, and very pleaſing to the ſight: that Chariot ſeem'd to be of maſſie Silver, repreſenting ſeveral Garlands of Flowers, and between the Garlands certain ſmall Figures, which ſeem'd to ſignifie certain *African* Fables: That of *Atlas*, King of *Mauritania*, chang'd into a Mountain, carrying the Sun, the Heaven, and the Stars upon his ſhoulders: there was alſo to be ſeen his Garden, his Golden Apples, and his Dragon. There was alſo the whole ſtory of *Memnon*, and *Aurora* weeping for his Death. There was alſo to be ſeen the Temple of *Jupiter Ammon*, and the Fountain which is hot in the Night, and cold in the Day in one of the moſt ſcalding Climates in the World. The whole Chariot was border'd with Vermilion gilt, from whence exhal'd a perfume worthy of *Maqueda*, the Queen of *Saba*, who ſate under a rich Canopy, ſet all over with Precious ſtones. She was clad in a Robe of Tiffany, embroider'd with Natural Flowers, and her countenance reſembled *Fatima's*, one of the faireſt Ladies in the Court of *Granada*, which was preſently known by the Spectators. Twelve Slaves attended in *China* Sattin embroider'd with Silver collars and Scarfs of Silver wyre. Then follow'd the brave *Abdalla*, chief of the Family of the *Alatares*, repreſenting *Micipſa*, King of *Numidia*, Son of *Maſſiniſſa*, Father of *Adherbal* and *Hiempſal*, and Uncle to *Jugurth*, whom he Adopted, leaving them all three Heirs of his Kingdom: He wore a Curraſs of Gold after the Ancient Faſhion, emboſſed with flowers. His Sleeves and Buskins were of cloath of Silver plated, and embroider'd with all ſorts of Flowers, wherein the Embroiderer had equall'd, if not exceeded Nature. His Scimitar, the Hilt and Scabberd whereof was all over ſet with Opals and Giraſols, hung in twelve Chains or ſtrings of Opals and Giraſols, repreſenting the colour of the Rainbow, and the various colours of all ſorts of Flowers: And his Plume of Feathers was faſten'd to his Turbant with a glittering Jewel of the ſame ſtones. He was mounted upon a py'd Barb, the beſt proportioned, the moſt lively and beſt manag'd that was ever ſeen. His Crupper-cloath of *China* Sattin, embroider'd with Gold, and cut round like the leaves of Sowthiſtle. His Fore-head piece was gilt and emboſs'd with a Plume like his Riders. The brave *Abdalla* carried a Lance in his right hand painted with all ſorts of flowers mixed with Cyphers, with a Buckler of Gold upon his left Arm, wherein was repreſented a Phœnix, beautiful and vary-colour'd as Authors deſcribe her, with this Motto, *I AM ALONE*; denoting that his Miſtreſs was a ſingular Beauty. The twelve Slaves that follow'd in the ſame Habit with the former deliver'd out of rich little Hampers, the following Verſes.

No more the wonders of that Bird diſplay,
That Aſia *claims, and* Africk *boaſts her own;*
She is not now alone:
Another Beauty ſhares with her to day.

Four and twenty Knights Armed and Habited like the former, clos'd *Abdalla's* ſhew: who having perform'd his Ceremonies to the King and the Judges, drew up in the place appointed him next *Abenamin*; and then ſeating himſelf at the entrance of his Tent, he ſtay'd for the reſt that were to come. In regard that Praiſe and Applauſe are the moſt pleaſing perfumes in the World, ſaid the lovely *Aldoradine*, certainly we muſt aſcribe them moſt properly, added ſhe beholding the fair *Fatima*, to the Queen of *Saba*, both as being Miſtreſs of the Countrey, whence comes our Incenſe, Myrrh, Storax, Benjamin, and other precious perfumes, as in regard of the Magnificence of the Shew which her Champion has made. Without doubt, reply'd the Courtly *Zaida*, the perfume which you offer her, will more tranſport her mind than all thoſe little Boxes: And I make no queſtion but ſhe was more ready to underſtand it, than we are willing to hear it. You have an ill Opinion of my moderation, reply'd *Fatima*, if you think me ſo much inclin'd to Vanity, or ſo taken with the pleaſures which it affords: But I aſſure you that the Queen of *Saba* is more moderate than you imagine; and that ſhe is not ſo far concern'd for the Honour of *Micipſa*, as to make any ſuch uſe of it. But ſhe is more concern'd for *Abdalla*, reply'd *Zelindora*, than to be ſo indifferent for him. Yet it may be, ſhe may have learnt that Moral Philoſophy, which renders her ſo abſolute over her own Paſſions, from that Wiſe King of *Judea*, which the *Sabean* Queen formerly went to viſit. We ſhall ſee by and by, perhaps, added *Zambrina*, whether her Morals have taught her ſo much Moderation in her grief as in her joy, ſhould it happen that the Queen of *Saba* ſhould be oblig'd to deſcend from her Chariot, and to lie at the feet of ſome other Lady. You are one of thoſe ill-boding Birds, reply'd *Fatima*, to whom I will give no credit; and therefore I had rather behold that which the King of *Numidia* has painted upon his Buckler, which I hope portends better things. Hah, fair *Zambrina*, then ſaid *Aldorine* laughing, provoke no farther that Aromatick Queen; for if ſhe let looſe her Dragons, and her Lions againſt you, the whole Amphitheatre will be in a diſorder: So that 'tis much better to let her be at quiet among her pleaſant Odours. While they were thus Diſcourſing, a new noiſe requir'd their ſilence: for the Marſhal of the Field having perform'd the uſual Ceremonies, Uſher'd into the Liſts twelve that beat another ſort of brazen Drums, clad in Crimſon ſattin, lac'd with Gold and Silver lace, with Buskins of the ſame, and Scarfs about their waſts of Citron colour, Gold and Silver ſilk Tiſſue, and Feathers of a crimſon and citron mixture. They were mounted upon Bay Horſes, trapp'd with lemon colour,

Lac'd

Lac'd with gold and ſilver. Four and twenty Horſe-men follow'd them in *Mooriſh* Veſts of crimſon Velvet, embroider'd with leaves, the ground whereof was gold border'd with ſilver, their Buskins of the ſame. Their Scimitars, the hilts and ſcabberds whereof were of Vermilion gilt, hung in Lemon colour'd Scarfs, embroider'd with gold and ſilver, their plumes being of the ſame mixture with red. Their Crupper-cloaths of Lemon-colour'd Velvet, the ground whereof was ſilver edg'd with gold. Their Bucklers and Lances were red, the Mouldings and Ciphers whereof were ſilver and gold. A great Pageant follow'd them, repreſenting the famous City of *Carthage*, remarkable for its ſtrong Cittadel, which was called *Byrſa*: Both of them ſo magnificent and ſtately for their Architecture, that ſhe ſeem'd worthy to be *Rome*'s Competitrix, with whom ſhe ſo long diſputed for the Empire of the Univerſe. The ſecond Pageant repreſented the Wonderful *Pharos* of *Alexandria*, built at the mouth of the River *Nile*, by *Soſtratus* the *Gnidian*, that Famous Architect, by the command of *Ptolomeus Philadelphus*. 'Twas a round high Tower, cover'd like a Domo or Temple, ſeeming to be of white Marble, having twelve ſtatues in Niches, between twelve Baluſters, that jutted out from the Work, and added an incomparable magnificence to the Building. Next to this follow'd a Chariot, cover'd with Palmes, interlac'd ſome with gold and ſome with ſilver, and fix'd in a Lake of Ice, the moſt beautiful and gliſtering in the World. Four Bay Horſes drew it, Harneſs'd as the reſt, with a red and lemon colour'd Feather in a Front-piece gilded. The Charioter in a Veſt of the ſame colour: At the end of the Chariot, ſomewhat rais'd, ſate *Dido*, Queen of *Carthage* under a Rich Canopy, in a Robe of *Tyrian* Purple, emboſs'd with Gold, faſten'd upon her left ſhoulder with a claſp of Rubies, and diſcovering underneath a Veſt of plighted gold Tiſſue, with a mixture of ſilver and lemon colour, with a ſwaſh of Crimſon ſilk, interwoven with gold. From the top of a glittering Crown, hung down a large Tiffany, intermix'd with gold, ſilver, and lemon colour, which reaching down to her heels behind, was brought again, and tuckt within her ſwaſh. She held a Scepter of gold in her hand: And the Engraver had ſo well expreſs'd the Air and Lineaments of the Charming *Zelima*, that every one could not but know her again, who was one of the moſt ſplendid Ornaments of the Court of *Granada*. Twelve Slaves clad like the Drummers encompaſs'd the Chariot, after which rode Prince *Muſſa*, repreſenting *Hyarbes* King of *Getulia*, once a Lover of the firſt Queen of *Carthage*. He was mounted upon a Bay Steed, whoſe Trappings were of Lemon colour'd Velvet, embroider'd with ſilver and gold Palm-trees, with a lemon colour'd and crimſon Feather in a gilt fore-head piece, faſten'd with a Jewel of Rubies. The Prince's Turbant, Sleeves, and Buskins were of crimſon Velvet, embroider'd with gold and ſilver; the other Ornaments of his habit were of lemon-colour'd Velvet, embroider'd with gold and ſilver in the faſhion of Palm-trees intermix'd: And his plume of crimſon and lemon-colour'd Feathers was faſten'd with a rich Jewel compos'd of Rubies. His Scimitar hung in ſeveral ſtrings of thoſe gliſtering ſtones, the hilt and ſcabberd being enchac'd all over with the ſame. He carried a Lance in his right hand, where crimſon and gold, ſilver and lemon colour were pleaſingly intermix'd: On his left Arm he carried a red Vermilion Buckler gilt, in the midſt a Heart in flames, compos'd of Rubies, with this Motto, *THIS HEART HAS TOO MUCH FIRE TO BE CONCEAL'D.* Twelve ſlaves clad like the former follow'd the feigned King of *Getulia*, and deliver'd to the Spectators theſe Verſes.

They ſay, that for my ſcornful Pride,
This Charming Queen deſpair'd and dy'd:
But it were could be ſo, for my Paſſions aver,
That rather I would have dy'd for her.

Twenty four Knights, Mounted, Armed, and Habited like the former, were the laſt that brought up this Squadron, who, after they had rid round the Liſts, led by their Captain, who did his Obeyſance to their Majeſties and the Judges, drew up in their proper ſtation. And Prince *Muſſa* alighting, ſeated himſelf at the Entry of the Tent which was provided for him. I cannot tell why this *Aſian* Queen, (ſaid the fair *Axa* ſmiling, and looking upon *Zelima*) ſhould come to intrude her ſelf among our *African* Beauties, to contend for the Victory with us: And if I had thought of it, we would have ſent this *Phœnician* to *Tyre* or *Sidon*, and not have ſuffer'd her in *Granada*, where it may be ſhe may expoſe us to ſome occaſion of diſcontent among our ſelves. Methinks, (modeſtly reply'd *Zelima*) that by Building the ſtately City of *Carthage* in *Africa*, *Dido* has ſo ſufficiently merited the Priviledge of a free *Denizen*, that ſhe ought not to be ſo ſeverely Baniſhed: and 'tis my Opinion, that a City that ſo long reſiſted the Power of the *Romans*, ought not ſo eaſily to be forgot; but it is not poſſible to remember it ſo Generouſly as we ought, without remembring at the ſame time the perſon that Founded it. Therefore you ſee how unjuſt you are to uſe an Illuſtrious perſon ſo ſeverely, that has ſo well deſerv'd of our Ancient Countrey, and ſo highly ennobled the place of our firſt Nativity. And I cannot tell whether he that was the cauſe of her Death, did not do you a greater injury than her, if Honour is to be preferred before Life. By what I ſee, reply'd *Axa*, you Apologize for *Hyarbes*, while you make a Panegyrick upon *Eliſa*: and I conjecture that the King of *Getulia* pleaſes you as much at leaſt, as the Queen of the *Carthaginians* pleas'd him; though the one were a Prince of a moſt violent Nature, and that the other came to untimely end for being Faithful to the Memory of her Husband *Sichæus*. But I cannot apprehend whence this inclination of yours towards

toward him proceeds, unleſs it be that the reſemblance between that Prince and ſome other of your Acquaintance, obliges you to be vertuous and diſhoneſt both at a time; and to create a Prodigy by uniting things ſo abſolutely oppoſite. Ah fair *Zelima*, (then ſaid *Alicola*) I believe there is ſomething of that which the lovely *Axa* hath told ye: And that you take into your conſideration as well Prince *Muſſa*, as the King of *Getulia*. And I am of Opinion alſo, added *Aldoradine*, that if *Dido* did not ſo much reſemble *Zelima*, you would not have Baniſh'd her ſo cruelly; or that you would be willing that this Statue ſhould want a head, and be like ſome Ancient Figure half broken, which the curious preſerve. For I am aſſur'd that in that condition ſhe would pleaſe you better than any of thoſe Statues upon the Wonderful *Pharos*, though they be all perfect, and done by the hand of the beſt Artiſt living. All the Company laugh'd at the Opinion of the Charming *Aldoradine*; nay, the fair *Axa* laugh'd among the reſt, and was about to have return'd an anſwer, when they were ſilenc'd by a new noiſe. For indeed the Marſhal of the Camp and his Aſſiſtants had no ſooner performed their Duties, but there appear'd twelve players upon Cymbals. Their Habit was Grisdelin, cover'd with gold and ſilver ſpangles with *Aurora* colour'd Scarfs. Their Feathers were alſo of the ſame colours. They rode upon Roane Horſes, trapp'd with Gridelin Sattin, cover'd with ſpangles. Twenty four Horſe-men follow'd them, Habited in Gridelin Velvet, the ground whereof was ſilver, the branch'd work border'd with gold. Their Scimitars, the Hilts and Scabberds whereof were gold, hung in Scarfs of the ſame embroider'd with gold. Their Plumes were Gridelin and *Aurora* colour intermix'd. Their Crupper-cloaths were alſo of the ſame colour'd Velvet, with a golden Embroidery. And they carried in their hands a certain Boar-ſpear, the ſhaft whereof was cover'd with Velvet, and fring'd with gold. A ſtately Pageant follow'd them, repreſenting the City of *Argier*, the Capital City of *Mauritania*. 'Twas eaſily diſcern'd by the Magnificence of *Juba*'s Palace, which advanc'd it ſelf above all the other Buildings, by the Number of her Moſques, and the Beauty of her Port. A ſecond Pageant follow'd next to this, carrying the Statue of *Memnon*, with a Harp in his hand, from whence you might hear a harmonious ſound, ſuch as that Statue was ſaid to make when he was touch'd by the beams of the Sun. Next to that, follow'd a Magnificent Chariot, repreſenting one of thoſe vaſt ſhells of Mother of Pearl, where the Sun leaves ſo rich an impreſſion of his light, and where all thoſe colours were imitated beyond imagination. This wonderful ſhell ſeem'd to be enchac'd and faſten'd with Ornaments of Vermilion gilt. And upon ſeveral rich pieces of Parchment was painted the whole ſtory of *Theagenes* and *Cariclea*. The Chariot was drawn by four Roan Horſes, Harneſſed in Gridelin Velvet with a ſilver ground, lac'd with *Aurora* colour'd Velvet, embroider'd with gold. The Charioter like the Cymbal-players, and the twelve Slaves that attended upon the Chariot; in the latter part whereof two Tritons held a large ſhell of Mother of Pearl, which ſerv'd for a Canopy, under which ſate *Berenice*, Queen of *Egypt*, Daughter of *Ptolomeus Philadelphus* and *Arſinoe*; the Wife of *Ptolomeus Euergetes*: That famous Princeſs, whoſe Hair was chang'd into Stars, after ſhe had cut it off, upon a Vow which ſhe made for the return of her Husband, who was waging War in *Aſia*, and hung it up in the Temple of *Serapis*. This Statue was Habited in a light flying ſtuff of the ſame mixture of colours, which ſhew'd the whole Beauty of a perſon naked. Upon the hinder part of her Head-attire floated a large Plume of Grideline and *Aurora* colour'd Feathers; which did not a little grace the fair *Egyptian* Queen. But her chiefeſt Ornament was the Portraiture of the Charming *Aldoradina*, which the Statuary had exactly imitated. Behind the Chariot rode the Valiant *Abindarraya*, repreſenting *Juba*, King of *Mauritania*: A Prince both Valiant and Wiſe, who having oft-times vanquiſh'd the *Romans*, would not out-live his overthrow by *Caſar*. His Caſſock was like a Cuiraſs made after the Ancient faſhion, of *Aurora* colour'd Sattin, with a thick embroidery of gold that repreſented Eagles, which were the *Roman* Standards, with theſe four Letters, *S. P. Q. R.* with the Faſces and Axes: the Enſigns of the Ancient Commonwealth emboſſed in Trophy-work. All his other Habit was of the ſame ſtuff and colour, with a rich embroidery of ſilver intermix'd with gold. His plume of the ſame two colours with his Habit, was faſten'd with a Jewel of Jacinths. About his Neck he wore a Scarf of gold, ſilver, and *Aurora* colour'd Tiſſue, the main knot whereof was ty'd with a Jewel of the ſame ſtones; and about his Arm juſt ſuch another Scarf he wore as his Miſtreſſes Favour: In twelve chains of Gold gliſtering with Jacinths, hung his Magnificent Scimitar, the Hilt and Scabberd whereof were of gold, ſet thick with the ſame ſtones. He was mounted upon a Roan Barb, of a moſt incomparable ſhape and carriage. His Front-piece was ingrav'd in Trophy-work upon a ſilver ground, Vermilion and gilt, wherein his Feather was faſten'd with Jacinths. The Crupper-cloath was of *Aurora* colour'd Velvet, embroider'd with gold Trophy-works interlin'd with ſilver; which being indented upon the edges, from every end there hung a ſilver Bell of Maſſie ſilver, one Natural, and the other gilt; which as the Horſe mov'd made a very pleaſing noiſe The Knight himſelf carried a Lance in his right hand, painted all over with Ciphers and ſhining with Gold and Gridelin, Silver and *Aurora* colour. Upon his left Arm he wore a Shield engraven with Trophy-work, Vermilion'd and gilt upon a ground of poliſh'd ſilver, in the midſt whereof was an Eagle looking in the Sun, with this Motto; *NONE BUT MY SELF DARES LOOK UPON HIM.* Twelve Slaves Habited like the former, follow'd him, and deliver'd out of little golden Hampers the following Verſes.

Conquer we muſt for Berenice's *ſake,*
And of her Fame a double ſtory make:
For ſhe her ſelf in Heaven hath plac'd her hair;
'Tis now our part to place her Honour there.

Twenty four Horſe-men brought up this Squadron; the Captain whereof having rid his round, and made his Obeyſance to the Judges, drew up in his place, and then alighting, ſeated himſelf in his Tent. I muſt confeſs, ſaid the King, that *Abindarrays* is ſtill *Abindarrays*; that is to ſay, one of the moſt Courtly, Liberal, and Knowing Perſons among the *Moors*; and that in all things which he undertakes, there appears ſome mark or other which I cannot tell how to deſcribe, that denotes the Nobleneſs of his Birth and Diſpoſition; the gallantry of his Wit, the care which has been taken of his Education, and the great Experience which his Travels have added to his Natural parts. From what your Majeſty hath ſaid, reply'd the Sultaneſs, beholding *Aldoradine*, we muſt conclude that the Lady who is ador'd by ſuch an accompliſh'd Knight, is not a Perſon of ordinary merit; for that the great judgment of the Lover is an infallible ſign of the rare qualities of his Miſtreſs. 'Tis for *Berenice*, Madam, reply'd *Aldoradine* bluſhing, to return an anſwer to what you have ſo obligingly ſpoken in the behalf of the greateſt Queen in the World. For in regard that *Aldoradine* is not *Berenice*, nor *Abindarrays*, *Juba*; I cannot think it belongs to me, to ſhare in thoſe praiſes, which are given to the King of *Mauritania* and the Queen of *Egypt*. However you would be very much troubled, reply'd *Darache*, ſhould we not take the one for the other; and I am aſſur'd that you had rather ſee your face in the Chariot than in your Looking-glaſs, though, perhaps, it may be more Faithful than the knowing Artiſt could poſſibly be. And I am more certain, ſaid *Cadiga*, without giving any time to *Aldoradine* to anſwer, that ſhe looks upon this, as her Chariot of Triumph; and that in the bottom of her heart ſhe believes that ſhe ſees us already Chain'd to it. You judge, without doubt, of my vanity by your own, reply'd *Aldoradine*; but let me tell ye, I have more Moderation, neither do I truſt ſo much to Fortune: A needleſs thing, for there is nothing which *Abindarrays* Wit and Skill cannot accompliſh beyond my Beauty; whereby the haughtieſt of ye all may be expos'd to lie at the feet of the moſt humble. I cannot tell, reply'd *Cadiga*, who is that haughty Lady you ſpeak of, and far leſs who is the humble one. But I know that I ſhould rather chuſe to fall from this Balcony, than to be put to aſcend the Chariot where you ride. Fate, perhaps, will have more care of your Life than you have of your own, reply'd the amiable *Aldoradine*; and in regard it is leſs dangerous to alight out of one Chariot, and to aſcend into another, than to leap out of a Balcony, Deſtiny will not lend an ear to your deſpair, nor leave you to the choice either of ſo great a misfortune, or ſo ſmall a diſgrace. I am confident, reply'd *Zelima*, that what you have ſaid to *Cadiga*, is not ſo pleaſing to her ears, as the ſound of *Memnon*'s Harp which we hear, and if that wonderful Figure had but added words to his Notes, ſhe would have broken his Inſtrument in pieces to have made him hold his tongue. The haughty *Cadiga* was about to have return'd an anſwer, but ſhe was interrupted by a new noiſe of the ſixth Troop that made its Entry. For the Marſhal and his Aſſiſtants had no ſooner receiv'd the Kings and the Judges Order, but their enter'd twelve that ſounded Clarions, whoſe ſhrill harmony very much delighted all that numerous multitude. Their Habits were Roſe colour, lac'd with ſilver lace upon welts of Fuellemort Sattin, with a little Mantle of Fuellemort Sattin, lac'd with gold lace upon welts of Roſe colour'd Sattin, with a Plume of both colours. They rode upon dapple-grey Horſes, whoſe Furniture was of the ſame colour'd Sattin and trimming. Four and twenty Horſe-men follow'd them, in Velvet Veſts, and Buskins of Velvet, cover'd with Roſe colour branch'd work, the ground whereof was ſilver with long Buttons of ſilver wyre. Their Scimitars, the Hilts and Scabberds whereof were ſilver branch'd upon poliſh'd ſilver, hung in Fuellemort Scarfs embroider'd with gold. Their Plumes half Roſe colour, half Fuellemort. They rode upon dapple-grey Horſes, whoſe Furniture was Velvet branch'd with Fuellemort, the ground whereof was gold. They carried in their hands great Woodmens Beetles, that ſeem'd to be of Maſſie gold. The firſt Pageant that follow'd, repreſented the City of *Memphis*, which at preſent is called *Grand Cairo*; Remarkable for its extraordinary bigneſs, for the great number of her Pyramids, Columns, and Tombs without the Walls; and for the famous *Delta*, in the form whereof *Nile* has encompaſs'd a great part of *Egypt*. Next to this, there follow'd another in the form of a round Tower with a low Parapet, repreſenting a place deſign'd for Publick Shews and Sights, in the midſt whereof was a Rhinoceros incloſ'd, together with twelve *Ethiopian* Hunters, in different Poſtures aſſailing that furious and huge Beaſt with Darts in their hands; ſo well expreſs'd, that they ſeem'd to be all alive. Then follow'd a Chariot of Gold, Silver, and Roſe-colour intermix'd, drawn by four dapple-grey Horſes, their Harneſs being of the ſame Sattin, Colours, and Trimming as before; as alſo the Charioters Habit, and that of the Slaves who attended the Chariot, at the farther end whereof, under a Canopy with the ſame Colours and Ornaments appear'd the Statue of the fair and haughty *Cadiga*, repreſented by *Barce*, Queen of *Libya*, in an *African* Robe of Roſe-colour'd Fuellemort, Gold, and Silver, artificially mix'd. Behind the Chariot rode the noble *Amat*, repreſenting *Syphax*, King of *Numidia*, in a Cuiraſs of Fuellemort Sattin, enrich'd with an Embroidery of Gold like Lawrel Branches, with Ciphers within the ſeveral Ovals of the Branch-work. His Buskins and Sleeves were Roſe colour embroider'd with Silver, and his Breeches Fuellemort.

mort. His large Plume was of both colours, faſtned with a Jewel of pale Granats. His Scimitar hung in ſeveral ſtrings of the ſame ſtones, enchac'd in Gold, enamell'd with white and Fuellemort. His Hilt and Scabberd glitter'd with the flames of the Granats, ſet in gold enamell'd. He held a Lance in his right hand painted, as if four ſeveral ſorts of Ribands had been woond round about it, the one of gold, the other of ſilver, the other of Fuellemort, and the fourth of Roſe colour, with Ciphers over all. Upon his left hand he wore a Buckler, in the middle whereof upon a ground of Fuellemort, was painted an Altar of Gold, upon which the Veſtal Fire was repreſented, with this Motto, *PUT ME TO DEATH IF I LET IT GO OUT.* He was mounted upon a dapple-grey Barb, as nimble as the Wind; whoſe Furniture was of Fuellemort-Sattin embroider'd with gold like Branches of Laurel, with Ciphers in the Oval ſpaces, and a Feather like the reſt, in a Front-piece of Gold, faſten'd with a Jewel of Granats. Twelve Slaves habited like the formoſt, follow'd the *Numidian* King, delivering out of the coſtly Hampers the Verſes enſuing.

Cruel Queen! how fair thou art!
How alluring every part!
Better to love and die for love of thee;
Than live, and not thy Lover be.

Four and twenty Horſe-men, Arm'd, Habited, and Mounted like the reſt, brought up this Squadron, belonging to the Noble *Amat*; who having rid his Round, and done his Obeyſance, drew up his Troop next to *Abindarrays*, and Seated himſelf at the Entry of his Pavilion which was prepared for him. In ſhort, ſaid *Aldoradine* to *Cadiga*, you ſee your ſelf now in the number, and in the ſame danger with the reſt; nor does the Pride of your Statue and your own haughtineſs exempt you. But by the Order of the Entries, haughtily reply'd the latter, you will be in danger before me, and it may be we ſhall ſee the Queen of *Egypt* fall from her Chariot before the *Libyan* Queen be ſo much as ſhaken. In regard that neither you nor I can tell what will happen, modeſtly reply'd the fair *Aldoradine*, neither you nor I can tell what to anſwer: But let what will happen, added ſhe, I am perſwaded that I ſhall bear my good or evil Fortune with more moderation than you. It will be beſt then, ſmartly reply'd *Cadiga*, for you to alight from your Chariot; for I muſt confeſs that I am very well in my place, and ſhould be very much diſcontented to be put out of it. By what I can gheſs, ſaid *Zelindora*, *Abindarrays* is not lyable to the ſame hazard as the Noble *Amat*: For I am perſwaded, that if he be overcome, you will afford him but little comfort in his misfortune. I ſhall be ſo far from appeaſing the ſorrows of others, reply'd the haughty *Cadiga*, that I ſhall never be able to chear up my ſelf in my own unhappineſs. In ſhort, ſaid *Lyndarache*, behold a moſt unfortunate Lover, ſince the Friendſhip of his Miſtreſs depends upon the ſtumbling of his Horſe, or the carrying his Lance too high or too low; the falling down of the Ring, or a puff of Wind that may alter the hand of the beſt Horſe-man in the World. I acknowledge it, reply'd *Cadiga*; and I muſt confeſs moreover, that upon thoſe Occaſions, I know not how to diſtinguiſh between the unfortunate and the blame-worthy. There is no reſemblance between them, reply'd *Axa*, for if the Queen of *Libya* be of that humour, I would clearly adviſe the King of *Numidia* to free himſelf from ſo heavy a Yoak. But, perhaps, he would acquit himſelf of thoſe Fetters which are more worth than his Crown, ſmartly reply'd *Cadiga*. But there are no Chains that can be more worth than Liberty, reply'd *Alicola*, eſpecially when they grow tedious. If they never were, they never will be of any value, reply'd *Cadiga*; for 'tis onely their weight that makes them Honourable. For my part, ſaid *Zambrine*, I am for leſs honour and more quiet. I am of your Opinion, ſaid *Darache*; and I of my own, ſaid the diſdainful *Cadiga*; for if my Statue change place, I promiſe you that *Amat* ſhall be anſwerable to me for the misfortune or unskilfulneſs of *Syphax*, whatever you ſay to the contrary. For my part, ſaid *Axa*, I would adviſe *Syphax* to get upon his own Rhinoceros, and ſo flye with all ſpeed from the Service of ſo Tyrannical a Miſtreſs as *Barce* ſeems to be, and to leave her to Reign in the Deſarts of *Libya*, over the Tygers and Lions, which would be Subjects fit for ſuch a Queen. A ſudden noiſe put a ſtop to this Diſcourſe; for no ſooner had the Marſhal and his Aſſiſtants done their Duty, but there appear'd twelve players upon Dulcimers, their Habits of Iſabella Sattin, with borders of Violet Sattin, lac'd with gold lace; and Feathers of the ſame colours. Their Horſes were Iſabella colour'd, their Furniture being of Violet Sattin, border'd with Iſabella, and lac'd with gold lace. Next them, rode four and twenty Horſe-men in Caſſocks, with ſleeves of wrought violet Velvet, upon a ground of gold, their under-veſts and Buskins of Sky-colour'd Velvet, branch'd with Iſabella under a ground of Silver. Their Scarfs of gold Tiſſue and Violet, where hung their Scimitars, the Hilts and Scabberds whereof were of Iſabella Velvet with three hoops of gold in ſeveral places. Their Feathers of the two chief colours. They rode upon Iſabella colour'd Horſes, whoſe Furniture was of violet Velvet with a ground of gold, and their Feathers colour'd as their Riders were. They carried in their hands every one three Darts, the heads thereof being gilded. After this Troop follow'd a ſtately Pageant, repreſenting the Famous Town of *Thebes* in *Egypt*, Built by the Tyrant *Buſiris*, and known by its hundred Gates. Next to this, there came another, more admirable than the former; being three mighty Pyramids, which have been always accounted one of the ſeven Wonders of the World. Theſe were now an eighth, as well for their exceſſive height, as the Beauty of their Architecture, and the exactneſs of the

Figures plac'd about 'em, which were of People that ſeem'd to gaze upon 'em with Admiration. After them, follow'd a ſtately gilt Chariot, with Compartiments of Gold, Silver, and Iſabella, upon a violet ground. Four Iſabella-Horſes drew it, whoſe Furniture was of violet Velvet, embroider'd with Gold and Silver with Iſabella-ſilk intermix'd, and Feathers of the ſame colours as before. The Charioter was clad in Iſabella embroider'd with Silver, as were the twelve Slaves that follow'd the Chariot. At the farther end of the Chariot, under a Canopy of violet Velvet, embroider'd all over, ſate the Statue of *Memphis*, Daughter of *Ogdoüs*, King of *Egypt*; that very Princeſs from whom the City took its Name: She was clad in an *Egyptian* Mantle, guarded about with fillets of gold and violet, ſilver and Iſabella: Nor was it long e're every one knew her to be the amiable *Darache*, one of the faireſt Ladies in the Court of *Granada*. The Valiant *Alamin*, chief of the Family of the *Zumeles*, rode behind this Chariot ſingle, repreſenting the Renowned *Hannibal*, once the terror of *Rome*, and honour of *Carthage*; who after the Battle of *Cannæ*, ſent three great Buſhels full of the gold Rings of the *Roman* Knights Slain in the Battle, into his own Countrey. He was clad in a violet Sattin Cuiraſſe embroider'd with gold, the Ornaments belonging to it being cut in the ſhape of the leaves of Acanthus; but the embroidery was ſo rich, ſo deep, and ſo glittering, that nothing was ever ſeen more Beautiful. The reſt of his Habit was of Iſabella-Sattin embroider'd with Silver. His Scimitar hung in ſeveral Chains of *Sardonyx* ſtones, the Hilt and Scabberd whereof being enamell'd with violet, were ſet with all manner of ſtones of the ſame ſort. On his Turbant he wore a large violet and Iſabella Plume, faſtned alſo with a reſplendent Jewel of *Sardonyx's*. He carried a Lance in his right hand, painted with his own colours, with Ciphers of gold and ſilver. On his left Arm he wore a Buckler enamell'd with violet-colour, repreſenting the colour of the Skie by Night, with a Silver Moon and Stars of the ſame, with this Motto, *WHO DOES NOT SEE THAT I AM THEIR QUEEN?* Importing that *Darache's* Beauty as much excell'd all others, as the Moon did the Stars. He rode upon an Iſabella Barb, whoſe Furniture was violet embroider'd with gold, and in his Forehead-piece enamell'd with violet, floated a large Plume of Feathers of Violet and Iſabella, faſtned with a Jewel of Sardonyxes. Twelve Slaves Habited like the former, attended *Alamin*, and out of little violet Sattin Hampers embroider'd with gold, ſilver, and Iſabella ſilk, they diſpers'd the following Verſes.

This Princeſs, ſecond unto none,
Egypt's *Proud Wonder hath out-done:*
Beyond what Art or Nature ever fram'd;
For her Beauty paſt compare,
Is a Wonder greater far
Than all the ſeven, on Earth ſo loudly fam'd.

Twenty four Horſe-men, Mounted, Armed, and Habited like the former, brought up *Alamin's* Squadron, which, after they had performed their Ceremonies to the King and the Judges, drew up next to *Amat*, and then their Captain alighting, ſeated himſelf at the Entry of his Tent. In the mean time the King of *Granada* beholding the fair *Darache*, I am confident, ſaid he, that *Amat* was never by you better reſpected than at this time, and yet you do not think your ſelf much oblig'd to him, for having made ſuch a Magnificent Shew in honour of your Beauty. Sir, modeſtly anſwer'd the amiable Lady, I believe he has more conſulted his own Reputation than mine; and that if he have any other deſign, 'tis onely to pleaſe your Majeſties. But have a care of proving ingrateful (reply'd the Sultaneſs) while you would ſeem to be modeſt. Or rather to ſpeak little of truth or ſincerity, added *Zelima*, in ſpeaking as ſhe does, contrary to her own thoughts. You think, reply'd *Darache*, turning toward her, that you are able to read my heart. She reads the truth there, added *Fatima*, for your heart is in your eyes at this time. They muſt be very weak and dim-ſighted who perceive not, that ſhe ſpoke what ſhe ſees there, and that which viſibly appears. To know the heart, reply'd *Darache*, is a thing which the Holy *ALHA* has onely reſerv'd to himſelf; for men cannot penetrate thither but by conjectures, ſo deceitful, that it is a difficult thing for them not to be abus'd, and very eaſie for them to be deceiv'd. Though there be little aſſurance in the Art of Conjecturing, reply'd *Zaida*, yet are there ſuch ſtrong and convincing Evidences, that we may believe them, and yet never fear being deluded. And for my part, I believe that I not onely ſee what *Zelindora* hath ſaid ſhe ſaw there, and all that *Fatima* has affirm'd to be viſible therein; but I am of Opinion that I have made a farther Diſcovery: That the Princeſs *Memphis* will not eaſily renounce her ſhare in the hopes of a compleat Triumph; and ſhe is ſo well aſſur'd of *Hannibal's* Skill and Courage, that ſhe believes that ſhe already ſees *Arſinoe*, *Cleopatra*, the Queen of *Saba*, *Dido*, *Berenice*, *Barce*, and thoſe other Noble Ladies that are here, to appear lying at her Feet already. Your miſtake is far greater, than *Zelindora's* or *Fatima's*; nor can I tell, how a Perſon ſo knowing ſhould take Humility for Pride, which are ſo oppoſite one to another. No, no, ſaid *Galliana*, do not counterfeit ſo much Humility and Submiſſion; for I am aſſur'd that your heart, and your hope are as high as the tops of the Pyramids, which your Knight has ſhewn us. But if that heart and hope ſhould fall by miſchance from the tops of ſuch exalted Pyramids, their fall would be very ſteep and dangerous. But, reply'd the King, that hope and heart will be upheld by a heart that made *Rome* tremble. Nor could the height of the Alps put a ſtop to it. Since your Majeſty takes part with *Hannibal* and *Memphis*, ſaid *Darache*, they will have no cauſe to fear either *Amilcar*, *Jugurth*, *Micipſa*, *Hyarbes*, *Juba*,

Juba, nor *Syphax*. Nor can *Alamin* and *Darache* be afraid of *Zelebin* and *Galliana*, nor of *Abenamin* and *Lyndarache*, *Abdalla* and *Fatima*, *Muſſa* and *Zelima*, *Abindarrays* and *Aldoradine*, nor of *Amat* and *Cadiga*. Have a care however, ſaid *Lyndarache*, who had not yet ſpoken, how you confound Rahneſs and Valour; and ſince you aſſail me before I had drawn a Sword againſt you, take heed you be not puniſh'd for this Injuſtice. As *Darache* was about to anſwer, another ſound of Inſtruments interrupted them. So that the Field-Marſhal and his Aſſiſtants had no ſooner done their Duty, but there entred twelve Hautboys clad in Seagreen Sattin, lac'd with an engraile of gold, their Tunicks being of Columbine Sattin, lac'd with ſilver lace, and their Scarfs of Seagreen and Gold Tiſſue, with Feathers of both colours, mounted upon dark Sorrel Horſes, whoſe Furniture was of Columbine Sattin, lac'd with ſilver. Twenty four Horſemen follow'd them, clad in Caſſocks of wrought Seagreen Velvet in-laid with Gold: Their Scarfs were Columbine and Silver, and their Feathers of both colours. They were mounted upon Sorrel Horſes, whoſe Furniture was of blew Columbine with a ſilver ground. They carried Battle Axes gilt in their right hands. Next to them follow'd a Pageant, repreſenting the City of *Damieta*, one of the moſt Famous in all *Egypt*, heretofore called *Peluſium* or *Heliopolis*; Scituate at the mouth of the River *Nile*, toward the confines of *Aſia*; ſo remarkable for her Walls, Towers, Palaces, and Temples, that it ſeem'd to be one of the faireſt Cities in the World. The next that came after, was a Pageant, repreſenting the River *Nile*, in the ſhape of a venerable Old man, lying upon the top of thoſe frightful Mountains, from whence it is ſaid to ariſe; leaning his left Arm upon a vaſt Urn, whence iſſued out an immenſe quantity of Water, which in falling divided it ſelf into twelve ſtreams, and fell with ſuch a precipice, ſo much noiſe, and froth, that the real *Nile* could not have done more when he pours forth from his vaſt Caverns. Thoſe ſeven Rivers at length form'd one River, which environ'd the whole Engine, where in the Water, at a diſtance one from another, were to be ſeen ſeveral Crocodiles; but ſo large, and ſo Naturally repreſented, that their open Throats and Teeth had like to have ſcar'd the Beholders. After that, came a green Chariot, where, in Ovals of Columbine and Silver, were Painted Armodills, cover'd with Scales of Gold, and Icneumons, or *Egyptian* Rats, moſt wonderfully well imitated. Four dark Sorrel Horſes with Seagreen and Columbine Feathers, and harneſſed in Seagreen Velvet, lac'd with ſilver lace upon Fillets of Columbine, drew the Chariot, the Charioter being in the ſame Livery. At the latter part whereof appear'd the Statue of *Candace*, Queen of *Ethiopia*, in the Reign of *Auguſtus*; whoſe Fame was ſo great, that all the ſucceeding Queens took her Name upon them. She was clad in a flying Robe of Seagreen Tiffany, the ground whereof was gold. A Scarf of Columbine-Tiffany, with a ſilver ground about her Neck, with a ſwaſh of the ſame, and upon her Head a little flat Hat of gold wyre with compartiments of ſilver, ſhaded with a Plume of Seagreen and Columbine Feathers. The Graver and Painter had made her brown, and ſo like the Lovely *Zaida*, that *Zays* himſelf, as much her Servant as he was, might have been deceiv'd. Twelve Slaves, in the habit of the Charioter, encompaſs'd the Chariot; next to which, rode the Noble *Zays*, repreſenting *Asdrubal*, the chief of the *Barchinian* Faction. His Caſſock was of Columbine Sattin with Fillets of ſilver embroidery. The reſt of his habit was of Seagreen Sattin, embroider'd with gold. His Scimitar hung in twelve Chains of gold, garniſh'd with Chryſolites and Turquoiſes: the Hilt and Scabberd whereof were ſet all over with thoſe two ſorts of ſtones. A large Plume of Seagreen and Columbine ſhadow'd his Turbant, faſtned with a Jewel of the ſame: And about his ſhoulders he wore a Scarf of ſilver Columbine Tiffany, ty'd with a Jewel of Turquoiſes. He was Mounted upon a Sorrel Barb, whoſe Trappings were of Columbine Sattin, embroider'd with ſilver, with a Plume of the Livery colours, faſten'd with a Jewel of Chryſolites: he bore a Lance in his right hand ſtreak'd with Seagreen and Columbine, with Ciphers of gold and ſilver. Upon his left Arm he wore a Buckler enamell'd with Seagreen, border'd with two mouldings, the one of Silver, the other of Columbine: in the middle whereof was painted the Collar and Fetters of a Slave, in gold, and in the midſt of them ſeveral Crowns made of the ſame Metal, with this Motto, *MY FETTERS I PREFER BEFORE ANY CROWN.* Twelve Slaves attended the counterfeit *Asdrubal*, who out of their Seagreen ſilver and Columbine hampers, diſperſed the following Verſes among the Spectators.

What King, how great ſoe're his pow'r,
The bright Candace *dares adore?*
To whom no equal can aſpire:
For ſhe is fair, and fair alone;
She is the only Africk *Son;*
Then, burns not, think ye, ſuch a fire?

After the Slaves, rode four and twenty Horſe-men, habited like the former, that brought up the Noble *Zay*'s Squadron; who, after he had pay'd his Duty to the King and the Judges, drew up next to *Alamin*, and then alighting, ſeated himſelf at the entry of his Tent.

The Profitable Inundation of *Nile*, ſaid *Axa*, was never more viſible in *Egypt*, than the Joy which appears at preſent in *Zaida*'s countenance. No queſtion but ſhe believes, that the overflowing of that River which *Zays* has ſhewn us, will drown all our honour: and I am confident ſhe believes that her Crocodiles have already devour'd us. You judge of me by your ſelf, reply'd *Zaida*; but ſince I underſtand my ſelf better than you know me, I dare aſſure you with more truth than I find in your conjectures,

conjectures, or in your words, that I am full as Modeſt as you believe me to be otherwiſe: For I have ſo little confidence in the Skill and Activity of my Champion, in my Beauty, or in Fortune, that I have at this time more occaſion of fear than hope. Ha! reply'd *Axa*, I very much ſuſpect your Moderation; and while you feign it, me-thinks I hear the deluding and mournful voices of your Crocodiles. Infallibly you take me, reply'd *Zaida* laughing, for one of thoſe terrible Animals which are ador'd in *Egypt*; but I am not ſo dangerous: For I take more care to be belov'd, than fear'd. Let *Zays*, if he pleaſes, adore the fair Crocodile, reply'd *Axa* ſmiling, for my part, I will never Worſhip it, if I can avoid it: I had rather make my Vows to thoſe other Fantaſtick Divinities of that Countrey, than to one that ſo much affrights me. You have a ſtrange Prognoſticating fear (reply'd *Zaida*) ſeeing that you, not having any concernment in the ſucceſs of the Carrowſel, ſeem to be more Jealous than any of the reſt, whoſe Beauties have already appear'd upon their Chariots with ſo much ſplendour. I am no more troubled than they, reply'd *Axa*, but they diſſemble better than I. You will be always Divining or Propheſying, reply'd *Galliana*; but let your Prophecies and Divinations alone till another time, for I have another ſound in my ears that calls for our attention. She had no ſooner ſpoke thoſe words, but the Marſhal of the Field and his Aſſiſtants having performed their Duties, opened the Barriers for twelve Flutes, in Liveries of Aſh-colour'd Sattin, lac'd quite through with ſix ſilver laces; their Scarfs of a dark Ruſſet and Gold Tiſſue, with Plumes of Aſh-colour'd and Ruſſet Feathers. They rode upon Flea-bitten Horſes, the Furniture whereof was grey Ruſſet laid with gold lace. After them, appear'd four and twenty Horſe-men: their habits were Sky-colour'd Velvet, and Aſh-colour with a ſilver ground. Their Scarfs and Swaſhes of the ſame colour, wherein hung their gilded Scabberds, for they carried their Swords, with gilded hilts in their hands, as if they had been going to Charge. Their Feathers were Aſh-colour and Ruſſet mix'd together; and the Trappings of their Horſes were a dark Ruſſet Velvet, with a ground of gold. A fair Pageant follow'd them, repreſenting the City of *Fez*; which City being Built upon the brow of a Hill, the tops of the houſes were ſet out with Gold and Azure Compartiments; and the Gardens of Oranges full of Fountains and Rivolets appear'd juſt as they are really to be ſeen quite through that ſtately City, together with ſeven hundred Moſques, cover'd like Temples, of which the Principal was very Remarkable in that Pageant. Next to which, follow'd another, wherein upon a Terras was to be ſeen a Combat between twelve Oſtriches, and twelve Pigmies; in which the ſtrength of the former, and the imbecillity of the latter was ſo well ſet forth, that nothing was better imitated than thoſe two Rarities of *Africk*. A Chariot painted like panes of gilded Paſte-boord, entwin'd with Aſh-colour and Ruſſet Ribbands next appear'd; in the Ovals whereof were the Cities of *Syena*, where the Sun caſts no ſhadow at Noon upon the day of the *Solſtice*; *Cyrtha*, the Metropolis of *Numidia*; *Meroe*, Built by *Cambyſes*; *Heliopolis*, wherein are the faireſt Temples in the World: *Necropolis* and *Hippona*. It was drawn by four bright bay Horſes, harneſs'd with Ruſſet Velvet, the ground whereof was gold; to which were faſtned ſeveral ſilken cords, with taſſels of Aſh-colour and ſilver, and Feathers of the ſame colours in gilded Frontpieces. The Charioter and twelve Slaves were in Liveries of Aſh-colour'd Velvet, with a ſilver ground, with Scarfs about their waſtes of gold Tiſſue and Ruſſet. At the farther part of the Chariot two *Ethiopians* clad in ſhort Tunicks of gold Tiffany, held the ſtaves of a large Umbrello, which ſerv'd inſtead of a Canopy, for the Statue of *Tharbis*, the *African* Princeſs, that was in Love with *Moſes*. She was clad in a Cimarr of Cornelian-colour'd Tiffany, embroider'd with ſilver Flowers, and a Veil of the ſame that hung down from her ſhoulders, with a long Mantle after the *Egyptian* faſhion, of Ruſſet Tiffany with flowers of gold; ſo like the lovely *Axa*, that you would have taken her to have been the ſame. Behind the Chariot rode the couragious *Orthogule*, chief of the Family of the *Rheduans*, repreſenting *Bomilcar*, Captain of the *Carthaginians*: He had on a dark Ruſſet Caſſock, embroider'd with gold, the Ornaments thereof being of the ſame. The reſt of his habit was of Cornelian-colour'd Sattin, embroider'd with ſilver. His Plume of the ſame two colours, faſtned with a Conelian enchac'd in gold, enamell'd with Ruſſet. A Scarf of Fleſh-colour'd Tiffany, and flower'd with ſilver, was ty'd with a large knot under his chin. His Scimitar hung in twelve chains of gold, ſet with Cornelians, the Hilt and Scabberd being of gold, ſet with thoſe ſtones, which compoſing the moſt lively dark red in the World, added an incomparable Beauty to the dark grey Caſſock which *Orthogule* wore. He was Mounted upon a bright bay Barb, whoſe Trappings were of dark grey Sattin, embroider'd with gold, with cords and taſſels of Cornelian-colour'd ſilk, and ſilver wyre, with a large Feather of the ſame colours in a poliſh'd ſilver forehead-piece, embos'd with a frutage of Vermilion gilt, faſtned at the lower end with a Jewel of bright Cornelians. The Knight carried a Lance in his right hand, painted with fleſh-colour, with Ciphers of gold and ſilver, the Letters being ſhadow'd with Ruſſet. Upon his left Arm he wore a Buckler, the ground whereof was Ruſſet, in the midſt whereof were two Love-Knots interwoven with Gold, Silver, and Cornelian colour, with this Motto in *Arabick*: *KNOTS SO FAIR AND RICH WHO CAN UNTIE?* Twelve Slaves in Liveries like the former, carrying little Hampers of Cornelian-colour'd Sattin with a ground of Silver, attended the *Carthaginian* Captain, and preſented the following Lines to the Spectators.

Tharbis,

Tharbis, *above all renown'd,*
So the Reaſon does confound
With the Knots that ſtill ſhe ties:
That entangled in the Knot
Alexander *ne're could cut,*
That which binds the Deities.

Four and twenty Horſe-men, Arm'd, Habited, and Mounted like the former, brought up the Squadron of the Valiant *Orthogule*; who having rid his round, and made his Obeyſance to the King and the Judges, drew up next to *Zays*, and alighting, ſeated himſelf at the Entry of his Tent.

I do not wonder (ſaid *Zaida* to the fair *Axa*) that you told us ſo often that you were concern'd in the laſt ſhew, ſince it was made in honour of your ſelf: For it ſeems you were fully inform'd when this Troop would appear; or that you enquir'd after the News ſo diligently, ſince you ſo preciſely knew the whole Order of the Carrowſel. I muſt confeſs it, reply'd *Axa*; for I never care to deny a truth to my own Advantage. And indeed, whether you look upon my Champion as *Bomilcar*, or *Orthogule*, it is ſtill an honour to *Tharbis*, as well as for the Reputation of *Axa*, that ſuch a Perſon ſhould follow the Chariot either of the one or the other. How great ſoever your vain-glory may be, reply'd *Zaida*, I do not believe that *Fez* is able to contend with *Damiata*; *Bomilcar* againſt *Asdrubal*; nor it may be, *Tharbis* with *Candace*. And it may be, reply'd the other, *Candace* may be as unable to contend with *Tharbis*, though I onely make uſe of my Oſtridges and Dwarfs, added ſhe laughing, to defeat her. Your Dwarfs and Oſtridges (reply'd *Zaida* as merrily as the other) will never be able to contend with my Crocodiles, provided you will but permit me to ſet 'em on. While theſe two Ladies thus diſputed, the Sultaneſs ſaid not a word: But ſtedfaſtly viewing all the Balconies, Windows, and every part of the Amphitheater; ſhe ſeem'd to ſeek for what ſhe could not find: At length, ſpying not far from the place where ſhe ſate, her old Slave *Fernand*, ſitting behind *Rhodoric de Narva*, who had his Liberty for that day with a Guard, to be a Spectator among the reſt, She ſeem'd with her eyes tacitely to enquire what was become of *Ponce de Leon*: when at the ſame time a new harmony ſuppreſs'd her ſighs, and otherwiſe employ'd her eyes. For immediatly after leave demanded by the Field-Marſhal and his Aſſiſtants, there appear'd twelve Cornets in Yellow Sattin, thick lac'd with tranſparent ſilver, upon ſeveral fillets of flame-colour'd Sattin, with Scarfs about their middles of the ſame ſilk and colours, Tiſſu'd with ſilver. Their Plumes conſiſted of ſix yellow, and ſix flame-colour'd Feathers. They rode upon brown Bay Horſes, Trapp'd with flame-colour'd Sattin, lac'd with tranſparent ſilver, upon fillets of yellow. Twenty four Horſe-men follow'd them in Veſts of yellow Velvet, with a ſilver ground, inlay'd with ſilver looping, round about the Frutage; their Scarfs were of the ſame colour, Tiſſu'd with ſilver: One about their waſtes, and in the other hung their Scimitars, the Hilts and Scabberds whereof were of Maſſie ſilver engrav'd. Their Turbants were half ſhaded with yellow and flame-colour'd Plumes. And the Trappings of their brown Bay Horſes were of flame-colour'd Velvet, with a ſilver ground, border'd with yellow ſilk round about the flowers, after the *Mooriſh* faſhion. They carried in their hands a certain *Turkiſh* Weapon, with three Balls of ſilver gilt, ty'd together with three Chains of ſilver gilt, and thoſe three chains faſten'd to a Gauntlet of the ſame Metal. A moſt ſtately Pageant follow'd thoſe, repreſenting the great City of *Morocco*, in a Triangular form, built between Mount *Atlas* and the *Atlantick* Sea, which are the bounds of that Kingdom. 'Twas chiefly remarkable for the Magnificence of *Almanſor*'s Palace, that Wiſe and Juſt Prince, whoſe Renown is ſo far ſpread among the *Moors*, and whoſe Memory is ſo well belov'd by them. Next to this, appear'd the ſecond Pageant, wherein from the foot of a little Hill to the top, was nothing to be ſeen but ſeveral ſmall Paths, and Baluſters of white Marble. The Paths were ſo intricate and confus'd, that the real Labyrinth in the Province of *Heracleapolis* in *Egypt*, which this repreſented, was not more beautiful. In ſeveral parts of thoſe paths were to be ſeen ſeveral Figures of Men and Women, that ſeem'd to walk about, and ſeek to get out: The Skilful Artiſt had ſo well expreſs'd their trouble, as well as their behaviour, in their Faces, that it might eaſily be perceiv'd that they ſought what they could not find. Next to that, came a Chariot, which upon a yellow ground, was cover'd with a deep Frutage intermix'd with gold, flame-colour, and ſilver, drawn by four brown Bay Horſes, harneſſed in yellow Velvet with a ſilver ground, the Branch-work whereof was border'd with flame-colour'd ſilk: their Feathers, in a gilt forehead piece, being of the ſame two colours. The Charioter and the twelve Slaves that attended, were in the ſame Livery. At the farther end upon a Throne, under a Canopy of yellow Velvet with a ſilver ground, with ſilver loops, appear'd the Statue of *Judithis*, whom the Eunuch, having been in *Judea*, Converted to the Chriſtian Religion. She was clad in a Cimarr of gold Tiffany, interwoven with flowers of ſilver and flame-colour, with a kind of Tiara upon her head, ſhadow'd with a Plume of yellow and flame-colour; and underneath hung down a long and large flame-colour'd Tiffany, interwoven with ſilver flowers, with a Scarf about her Neck, ty'd at certain diſtances with gold Ribbands. The Artiſt had ſo well imitated the Air, Lineaments, and Colour of *Alicola's* Face, that there was no miſtake to be made. The Valiant *Orcam*, chief of the Houſe of the *Azarches*, follow'd her, repreſenting *Almanſor*, the great King of *Morocco*. He had on a Cuiraſs of flame-colour'd Sattin, embroider'd with ſilver, the Ornaments whereof were of the ſame, cut into Scollops. The reſt of his habit

habit was of yellow Sattin embroider'd with ſilver. A large Plume of the ſame two colours was faſten'd to the left ſide of his Turbant with a rich Jewel of Topazes enchac'd in gold, enamell'd with white and flame-colour. In twelve ſtrings of the ſame gold, the ſame ſtones, and the ſame enamel, hung his Scimitar, the Hilt and Scabber'd whereof were embelliſh'd in the ſame manner. In his right hand he held a Lance painted with flame-colour'd Ciphers, heighten'd with ſilver. Upon his left Arm he wore a gilded Buckler, in the midſt whereof were two Sinoper Crowns, the one of Lawrel, the other of Myrtle, with this Motto, *WHO WILL OBTAIN THE ONE, MUST MERIT FIRST THE OTHER.* The Knight himſelf was mounted upon a brown bay Barb, trapp'd with flame-colour'd Sattin, embroider'd with ſilver, mix'd with yellow, with a large Feather of both colours in a Front-piece of gilt Vermilion, faſten'd with a Jewel of Topazes. Twelve Slaves in the ſame Livery with the reſt, attended upon *Almanſor*, with little Hampers cover'd with panes of yellow, ſilver, and flame-colour, out of which they deliver'd the following Verſes to the Spectators.

From thoſe Climates parch'd with heat,
Where this Wonder grew alone;
To the frozen Winter's ſeat
Was her Equal never known.

Four and twenty Horſe-men, Habited, Armed, and Mounted like the former, clos'd this Squadron, under the Command of the Valiant *Orcam*, who having perform'd the Ceremonies requir'd, rang'd himſelf next to *Orthogule*, and alighting, ſate down at the entry of his own Pavilion.

I am perſwaded, ſaid *Zaida* ſmiling, that *Alicola* would be glad that all our Champions were in her Labyrinth, ſo they knew not how to get out again, that ſhe might not run the hazard of ſeeing the *Ethiopian* Queen, which is ſo like her, degraded from her Throne. On the contrary, I am of Opinion, reply'd ſhe, that *Zaida* in little time would be glad to ſee her Statue in the middle of that Labyrinth: For ſhe is much more expos'd upon her Chariot, than in that Maze, from whence it is ſo difficult to find the way out: and if ſhe would be rul'd by me, ſhe ſhould do well, to deſire the King of *Morocco*, to let her Statue be plac'd there. Truly, ſaid *Zambrine*, her Dwarfs would but ill Defend her there. But *Zays* is able to Defend her, reply'd ſhe. And ſhe that talks would be glad of my Oſtridges to ſecure her Statue by carrying it into the Air, to exempt it from the danger into which it may fall. Thoſe ſlow Birds that never flie far from the Earth, are not proper for that Employment (reply'd *Alicola*) nor do I believe they would be able to ſecure you from the misfortune, from which you would make us believe them able to defend the fair *Zambrine*.

No ſooner had ſhe ſpoken thoſe words, but twelve Bagpipes appear'd in blew Sattin, lac'd with ſilver lace, with Scarfs of gold Tiſſue and Musk-colour. Their Feathers alſo were blew and musk-colour. They rode upon Dun Horſes, the Furniture whereof was of Musk-colour'd Sattin, with gold lace. Next to them, four and twenty Horſe-men clad in blew Velvet, with a ſilver ground, enrich'd with great long Buttons of the ſame. They had every one Scarfs of Tiſſue of gold and musk-colour, one about their waſtes, in the other hung their Scimitars compartimented gold and ſilver, and enamell'd with blew and musk-colour. Their Dun Horſes were trapp'd with musk-colour'd Velvet, with a ground of gold round about the edges cut in ſcollops; in their hands they carried a kind of Trident. The firſt Pageant that follow'd them, was the repreſentation of *Temeſin*, the chief City of *Tremeſund*. The next was the reſemblance of a *Coloſſus*, of a Prodigious height; on each ſide whereof were two Obeliſques, and ſeveral Figures of men of an Ordinary ſtature, that ſeem'd but Dwarfs in compariſon of the Giant-like Figure ſo near them; for it deſerv'd to be accounted a Prodigy of Art, and to paſs for one of the Wonders of the World, as well as the *Coloſſus* of *Rhodes*. Next to that, appear'd a moſt ſtately Chariot, the ground of the Painting being musk-colour, adorn'd with ſmall Crocodiles, the ſcales whereof were vary'd gold, blew, and ſilver: Four Dun Horſes drew it, Harneſs'd in blew Velvet with a ſilver ground; the flowers whereof were edg'd with gold and musk-colour'd ſilk, with blew and musk-colour'd Feathers in Front-pieces of Vermilion gilded. The Charioter and twelve Slaves, in Liveries like the Harneſs; and under a Canopy of the ſame richneſs, ſate the Statue of *Thermut*, an *Egyptian* Princeſs, the Daughter of *Pharaoh*: She wore an *Egyptian* Mantle of blew and ſilver Tiffany, over a Tunick of gold and ſilver Tiffany; wherein the Artiſt had lively repreſented in ſmall Figures the River *Nile*, and the Cradle of Reeds floating upon the Water with the Infant *Moſes* in it, and the Princeſs her ſelf that ſav'd him. She had a Veil of the ſame Tiffany upon her head, which hid but ſome part of her hair, the reſt falling down in great curls upon both her ſhoulders. The Artiſt had ſo well hit *Zelindora's* Face, that it was apparent unto all the Spectators. The bold *Abinarax* follow'd her, repreſenting *Adherbal*, the Son of *Micipſa*, a Prince of high Renown in *Africa*. He was in a Cuiraſſe of musk-colour'd ſattin, embroider'd with gold, the Ornaments whereof were of the ſame, cut like the leaves of Acanthus. The reſt of his Habit was of blew ſattin, embroider'd with ſilver: about his Neck a ſcarf of blew and ſilver Tiffany, ty'd in a great knot under his chin. His Scimitar hung in twelve chains of blew Saphirs; the Hilt and Scabberd being ſet with the ſame ſtones. Upon the left ſide of his Turbant he wore a Plume of blew and musk-colour'd Feathers, faſten'd with a Jewel of Saphyrs, the brighteſt Azure in the World. He rode upon a Dun Barb, trapp'd with musk-colour'd ſattin, embroider'd

embroider'd with gold, cut about the edges like the leaves of Acanthus, with a Feather of the laſt colour and blew in a gilded Front-piece. He bore a Lance in his hand painted blew, and embelliſh'd with Ciphers of gold and ſilver, ſhaded with musk-colour. His Buckler was blew, enamell'd, and border'd with ſilver, in the middle whereof was a Circle of gold, with this Motto, *MY LOVE IS STILL THE SAME.* Twelve Slaves attended him in Liveries like the formoſt, and out of coſtly little Hampers, diſpers'd the following Lines.

You would hardly think it ſo,
Tet 'tis all but what I know.
Thermut *once ſo kind and free,*
Has not Pity left for me.

Four and twenty Horſe-men, Mounted, Armed, and Habited like the former, clos'd this Squadron, whoſe Captain having perform'd the Ceremonies requir'd, alighted, and plac'd himſelf at the entry of his own Pavilion.

At length, ſaid the Sultaneſs, addreſſing her Speech to *Zelindora*, you ſee your ſelf rang'd among the reſt: And now they will not upbraid you, for medling with that wherein you are not concern'd, as *Zaida* tax'd the Beautiful *Axa*; for now you have ſome reaſon to hope and fear as well as they, and you are to look for honour or diſgrace as well as the reſt. I cannot tell, Madam, reply'd *Zelindora*, which of the two will befall me; but I know, that if Fortune be juſt, ſhe will puniſh the Pride of thoſe vainglorious Perſons that inſulted over *Axa*: and who would impute that to her as a Crime, which would be onely an effect of her Misfortune; and which in me would be onely an effect of my want of Beauty. But fair *Zelindora*, ſaid the King, ſince your Beauty muſt be expos'd to the ſame hazard which the others run, I wonder you have taken no more care to ſatisfie your Champion, that he might be the more careful of your Statue and your Honour: For by his Verſes, he ſeems to complain of your Cruelty, which is not the way to Oblige him in your Defence. Sir, reply'd ſhe, his own Honour too highly engages him not to neglect mine, for me to engage him by Favours: And therefore as he cannot fail of his Duty, unleſs he fail in his Courage, I am ſure he will do his beſt without any encouragement of mine. Beſides, ſpightfully added *Alcola*, thoſe Complaints may proceed rather from the diſcretion of the Knight than the rigour of the Lady, and ſo you have nothing to be afraid of in that particular. If his hopes are as high as his *Coloſſus*, reply'd *Axa*, your conjectures are well grounded, and this complaining Lover is not ſo unfortunate as he ſays he is. I have been ſo kind to you, reply'd *Zelindora*, that me-thinks you ſhould not joyn with my Enemy. For my part, ſaid *Zambrina*, in regard it is not Lawful for me to ſpeak, eſpecially thoſe who are not concern'd either in the loſs or hopes of Honour, 'tis beſt for me to hold my peace. You are, it may be, ſo near being concern'd, reply'd *Aldoradine*, that no ſuch reaſon ought to Oblige you to ſilence. That we ſhall know by and by, added *Galliana*; for I hear another Troop coming. Immediately after the uſual Solemnities, entred ſix Kettle-Drummers and ſix Fifes, in Purple Sattin, lay'd with tranſparent gold, upon welts of Orange Tawny Sattin, and Scarfs of the laſt colour mix'd with ſilver, as well to wear about their waſtes, as to hang their gilded Scimitars in. Their Feathers of both colours equally mix'd. Their Horſes white ſpotted with a red bay, with Bridles and Crupper-cloaths of Orange-tawny Sattin, over-laid with tranſparent ſilver, upon welts of Violet Sattin. Four and twenty Horſe-men follow'd them, in wrought Purple violet with a ground of gold, and Orange-tawny Breeches. Scarfs of the ſame Tiſſu'd with ſilver, one about their waſtes, in the other hung their Scimitars, Hilt and Scabberd of Maſſie ſilver engrav'd. Their Feathers Purple and Orange-tawny. Their Horſes like the former, were trapp'd in wrought Orange-tawny Velvet, with a ſilver ground. They carried Croſs-bows gilded, and Quivers cover'd with the laſt ſort of Velvet. A huge Pageant follow'd them, repreſenting the City of *Gouletta*, the Buildings whereof are after the *Turkiſh* manner, but the Architecture ſo regular, and ſo well imitated, that a more pleaſing Object could not be ſeen. The next Pageant repreſented the Mount of the Moon, that bounds the Countrey of *Nubia*; full of Tigers, Panthers, Leopards, Ounces, Hyenaes, Baſilisks, and Dragons. Then follow'd a ſumptuous Chariot, drawn by four Horſes of the ſame colour with the former, Harneſs'd in Purple Velvet, with a ground of gold, wrought round about with branch'd work of ſilver and Orange tawny. Of the ſame two colours were their Feathers. And the Charioter, and the twelve Slaves that atttended, wore the ſame Livery. But the Chariot it ſelf more gliſtering than the Sun, ſeem'd to out-do all the reſt; being fram'd like one of thoſe famous Houſes of the *Amanthes*, a People adjoyning to the *Troglodites*; the Body of the Building being of Cryſtal, and ſhining with Carbuncles and other precious ſtones like them: Certainly one of the Rarities of *Africk* formerly, and the greateſt of all the Wonders in the World. At the farther end of the Chariot, upon a Balaſter'd Terraſs of one of thoſe admirable Palaces, ſate the Statue of *Edeſia*, an *Egyptian* Woman of Extraordinary Virtue, and moſt worthy to Eſpouſe *Hermeas*, one of the greateſt Captains that ever was. She was clad in a Purple Tiffany with flowers of gold, with an *Egyptian* Mantle of Orange tawny and ſilver Tiffany, with Scarfs of the ſame about her Head, Neck, and Waſte; but what was more Beautiful, the Countenance of the fair *Zambrina* appear'd ſo well hit, that there was hardly any difference to be ſeen. Behind the Chariot march'd the Couragious *Almoraby*, repreſenting *Hiempſal*, another Son of *Micipſa*, King of *Numidia*, and Brother of *Adherbal*. His Cuiraſs was of Orange tawny

Sattin, embroider'd with ſilver; the Ornaments whereof were the ſame. The reſt of his Habit was of Purple Sattin, embroider'd with gold. His Scimitar hung in twelve ſtrings of Amethyſts, the Hilt and Sheath whereof were of Maſſie gold, ſet with the ſame ſtones. In his Turbant he wore a Noble Plume of Orange-tawny and Purple faſten'd with a Jewel of Amethyſts. His Barb was of the ſame colour with the reſt, but more ſtately and fiery, the Trappings being of Orange-tawny Sattin, embroider'd with ſilver, with large Cords of breaded ſilk and Taſſels hanging down in ſeveral parts: He carried a Lance in his right hand painted over with Orange-tawny and Purple Ciphers intermix'd and heighten'd with ſilver. His Buckler upon his left Arm was gilded all over; and in the middle thereof the Flower *Amaranthus*, painted moſt exactly to the life, with this Motto, *LIKE THIS SAME FLOWER, HER HONOUR AND MY LOVE SHALL NEVER DYE.* The twelve Slaves that follow'd him, out of their coſtly Hampers preſented to the Spectators the following Lines.

The beams of her Beauty may dazle my eyes,
So lovely ſhe is without any diſguiſe: (*ſhine,*
But her Virtue is that, which more brightly doth
And makes me adore what is far more Divine.

Four and twenty Horſe-men, Habited, Armed, and Mounted like the firſt, brought up the Squadron of the Couragious *Almoraby*; who having perform'd the Ceremonies of the Field, drew up near *Abenarax*, and alighting, ſeated himſelf at the entry of his Pavilion like the reſt. After he had ſate a while, his Troop being the laſt of the twelve, all the Captains roſe, and went together to *Zelebin*'s Tent, the Defendant in the Carrowſel, there to appoint the Order of the Courſes. Hah, fair *Zambrina*, (then ſaid *Galliana* looking upon her) ſhould you be forc'd to quit that ſumptuous Palace of Precious ſtones, upon my word you will have great reaſon to bewail your ſelf. But if that misfortune happen, I adviſe you to let your own Wild Beaſts devour you in the Mountain of the Moon. For how is it poſſible to live after ſo great a diſgrace? In regard your Champion muſt run before mine, reply'd *Zambrine*, 'tis very probable that you may ſet me an Example of Moderation, without putting me to make uſe of my Leopards and Tygers to help me; and then growing wiſe by your Pattern, I hope I ſhall endure what you ſuffer with a conſtancy equal to yours. She has hit you home, fair *Galliana*, reply'd *Lyndarache*. Provided that ſhe who is to diſpoſe of the Reward, reply'd ſhe, does not declare againſt me, I ſhall be able to defend my ſelf againſt the Aſſaults of the other. And as I muſt confeſs that I had rather be guilty than unfortunate, ſo I muſt acknowledge, that I had rather People ſhould blame, than bemoan me. What you moſt fear will never befall you, reply'd *Alicola*, while you act in that manner: For it is ſo Natural to declare againſt a bad cauſe, that I believe there is no Perſon would take your part, as not thinking it reaſonable to condole a misfortune with you, that you your ſelf have ſo well deſerv'd. My Scarf however (ſaid ſhe laughing, and pointing to the Scarf upon her Statue) is ſo fair and rich, that no Perſon need be aſham'd to wear it; and I believe it will be no diſhonour for any Knight to accept it. The more glorious it is, reply'd *Zaida*, the better we ſhall diſcern afar off, whether the Lady that wears it have the misfortune to fall from her Throne or no. And therefore for my part, I believe in ſuch a caſe, a darker colour would have done much better, to conceal ſuch a miſchance. Let the worſt come to the worſt, ſaid *Aldoradine*, whoever have the ill luck, they will not be altogether without comfort, if it be any, to have Companions. For ſeeing that the Sultaneſs has but one Ring to beſtow, and that there can be but one Victor, we ſhall ſee in a ſhort time, a jolly Company lying altogether at ſome one of the *African* Ladies feet; and except one we are all ſure to be included in the ſame Circle. 'Tis a degree, ſaid *Fatima*, that I ſhall never envy thoſe that enjoy it; for I have ſo little ambition, that I deſire to be that unfortunate Perſon, whom Fortune ſhall not compel to change her place, to ſhare the honour of being in that Circle which you talk of. Really now without lying (reply'd *Darache* laughing) behold an Example of Moderation, worthy to be Recorded in the Hiſtory of *Granada*. And ſo worthy to be imitated, added *Zelima*, that I deſire to follow her Example, and to regulate my deſires according to *Fatima's*. But Fortune, reply'd *Cadiga*, is not wont to ſatisfie all Peoples wiſhes; and therefore while we all deſire the ſame thing, there muſt be ſome, to whom the Goddeſs will be inexorable. I ſcorn ſo much to be refus'd, reply'd *Axa*, that I will ask nothing of her for fear of a denyal. But Madam, ſaid the King to the Sultaneſs laughing, by what I ſee, your Beauty has not been ſo ſucceſsful at this time, for I do not find any Knight that has taken notice of it. And yet me-thinks, added he, it might have been worth their trouble; and had I thought it would have ſo fallen out, I would have been your Champion my ſelf. Sir, (reply'd the Sultaneſs bluſhing) your Language is moſt Courtly and Obliging, but not altogether ſo juſt, for your Subjects have at this time been more equal than their King, ſince they were unwilling to maintain a bad cauſe; nor to expoſe ſuch celebrated Beauties to the unjuſt hazard of being forc'd to yield to one ſo mean as mine. However they ought to have done it out of reſpect, reply'd *Aldoradine*, though indeed we ought all to give thanks to Fortune, that has ſav'd us from contending with your Majeſty; for who is there that can pretend to diſpute with you? However it be, reply'd the King, I am not well pleas'd with this contempt: Me-thinks that I am injur'd, in reference to the Queens Beauty; and I could wiſh that at the hazar'd of the beſt part of my Revenue, and againſt the Order of the Carrowſel,

ſel, that we could ſee another *Heros* appear to undertake her defence. He had no ſooner ſpoke the words, but a ſound of other Inſtruments, growing louder and louder toward the Barriers, ſurpriz'd all the Spectators. The Marſhal and his Aſſiſtants underſtanding what it was, came to the King and the Judges to tell them that there was another Troop at the Barriers that demanded Entrance, and that the Captain deſir'd leave to ſend a Herald to the Defendant and Aſſailants, to let them know the cauſe of his coming, and why he had taken Arms. The King and the Judges having conſulted together, ſent for the Defendant and Aſſailants, who being come, the King declared to them, that a certain unknown Knight deſir'd leave to ſend them an Herald. Let him ſend, let him ſend, Sir, fiercely anſwer'd *Zelebin*; and who e're he be, let him come, for we fear him not at all. The more Adverſaries, the more Honour, cry'd all the reſt of the Knights. Thereupon the Field-Marſhal having return'd that anſwer to the unknown Knight, immediately there entred a Herald, whoſe flying Caſſock, Coat, and Buskins were of Pearl-colour'd Sattin, lay'd with tranſparent gold, upon Carnation. He rode upon a grey *Andaluſian* Horſe, whoſe trappings were of Incarnation Sattin, lay'd with tranſparent gold, upon Pearl-colour, and carried a Mace of gold in his hand. After he had rid round the Liſts, he ſtopt at *Zelebin*'s Tent, where, without alighting, or any Compliments, he preſented him a Challenge, which the Valiant *Moor* accepted, and finding that the Herald addreſſed himſelf to all the Aſſailants as well as to him, he call'd them all together, and read theſe words aloud in their hearing.

A Challenge

To the Defendant and Aſſailants of the Carrowſel.

"Unjuſt and unreaſonable Knights, who "among all your Magnificent Shews, have for-"got both what *Africk* has moſt worthy of Ve-"neration, and the moſt Renowned of her "Queens; and a Prince whoſe Fame is as high-"ly extoll'd as any Knights in the World. And "which is a greater Crime, a Beauty that quite "Eclipſes all other Beauties. I am come to "puniſh you for this Offence, and to let you "know by the Victory that I ſhall win, how "much it concerns Skill and Valour to Defend "a good cauſe, and to have Juſtice on their "ſide. But becauſe it is not Lawful for a Perſon "above all Laws, to ſubmit to the Orders of "a Carrowſel, nor for us to uſe a Queen like "an Equal, who has none; I preſent you theſe "Conditions.

"If I Conquer, your Ladies ſhall lie at the "feet of mine.

"If I am Vanquiſh'd, I will follow your Cha-"riot as a Slave, that ſhe may not be forc'd to "deſcend from hers: For I know that none of "you will pretend to ſo much preſumption, as "to deſire it, when you know who ſhe is.

"Moreover I am content, not to enter the "Liſts till you have all compleated your Cour-"ſes, and then to diſpute the Ring againſt every "one of you, as if you had not yet run.

Which are the Conditions offer'd by the King of the Maſſiſſilians.

After *Zelebin* had read the Challenge aloud, he and the reſt of the Knights whiſper'd together, not being able to divine who this new Competitor ſhould be: But conjecturing right by ſome words who the Lady was, upon whoſe Chariot the unknown Knight would attend, Tell him, ſaid he with a loud voice, that ſent thee, whoever he be, that his threatning Language ſo little ſcares us, that how unjuſt ſoever his Propoſals are, we are reſolv'd to accept 'em. Let him come then, and put on his Fetters, and follow a Chariot, as he engages to do: For it will be a very hard caſe, if among ſo many brave Perſons as thou ſeeſt, ſome one or other prove not able and skilful enough to puniſh him for ſo raſh an undertaking. The actions of him that ſent me, reply'd the Herald, will better anſwer for him than I can: And upon thoſe words returning from whence he came, the Captains went back to their Tents, where they ſeated themſelves to ſee their new Adverſary march along, whom Fortune had ſo unexpectedly raiſed up. In the mean while, the King, to whom one of them had carried the Challenge, having diligently perus'd it, turning again toward the Queen, See here already, ſaid he, ſome part of my wiſhes accompliſhed: And if what I read does not deceive me, I believe the reſt will wholly come to paſs. For if I underſtand aright the ſence of the words, there is one Lady here, added he ſmiling, that we ſhall ſee ride upon one ſingle Chariot. Probabilities and Conjectures (reply'd the Sultaneſs with a bluſhing Modeſty) are very many times deceitful; and therefore, Sir, ſuſpend your judgment. If I am in an Error, reply'd the King, I ſhall not remain long in that condition, for the truth will ſoon appear. But the Obliging Caution which the unknown Knight has taken, in reference to his Ladies Statue, manifeſting the delicacy and bravery of his diſcretion, has made me give a ſhrewd gheſs at the Quality of the feigned *African* Queen. While the King ſpoke theſe words, a humming noiſe ran quite through the whole Amphitheater from one end to the other, which obliging him to caſt his eyes toward the Barriers, he beheld a Carr, ſurrounded with Baliſters painted with Carnation and Pearl-colour interchangeably mix'd, adorn'd with branch'd-work, gilded in the middle, and two Frizes of the ſame at the bottom and top. Over it was ſpread a Covering of Carnation Velvet, enrich'd with ſeveral guards of Pearl-colour'd Velvet, lay'd

with gold lace: ſix grey Horſes drew the Carr, Harneſſed after the ſame manner. The Carter and Poſtilion in Coats and Tunicks of Pearl-colour'd Velvet, guarded with Carnation and Gold. Twelve Slaves in the ſame Habit attended the Carr, that ſtop'd before the Tents, and then room being made by the Field-Marſhal and his Aſſiſtants, the Slaves took out a Pavilion of the ſame ſtuff, and trim'd as before, and ſet it up in the place which was appointed them. Which work being finiſh'd, and the Carr and the Slaves being plac'd conveniently out of the way, upon the return of the Field-Marſhal and his Aſſiſtants, firſt entred the Herald already mention'd: After him follow'd twelve Trumpets, with Banderols of Pearl-colour'd Sattin, embroider'd with Ciphers of Gold and Carnation, admirably intermix'd. Their Habits were of the ſame, chevron'd with Carnation Sattin, lay'd with two gold laces upon each guard. Their Breeches Carnation, and their Swaſhes, and their Scarfs of Tiſſue of Gold, and Carnation. Their Feathers were Carnation and Pearl-colour. Their grey Horſes were trapp'd with Carnation Sattin, chevron'd with Pearl-colour'd Sattin lac'd with gold lace. After them rode twenty four Horſe-men in Veſts of Pearl-colour'd Velvet, with a ground of Gold, the flowers whereof were rounded with carnation twiſt. Upon their ſhoulders they wore little Cloaks of carnation Velvet, with a ground of Gold: they had each two Scarfs of the ſame colour and gold; the one about their waſtes, in the other hung their Scimitars, which were gilded. Upon their Turbants floated large Plumes of pearl and carnation colour. Their grey Horſes were trapp'd with carnation Velvet, the ground whereof was gold: And every Horſe-man carried in his hand a Partiſan, the Iron heads whereof were gilt, and the ſtaff cover'd with pearl colour'd velvet, with little tuffts of the ſame very rich and glittering. Then follow'd a large Pageant, repreſenting the City of *Tripoli*, one of the moſt Famous in all *Barbary*. It was remarkable for its Harbour, full of Galleys and Veſſels of the Pirates, ſo much dreaded upon the *Levant* Seas. The Penons, Pendants, Jacks, and Engines, added a wonderful Majeſty to the Pageant. But the other was more rare, repreſenting the inſide of a Semicircular Temple of white Marble, vaulted at top: the Pillars, Baſis, Chapters, Pilaſters, Freeſes, and Corniſhes, being all gilt, as well as the Statues of the *Egyptian* gods that were plac'd between the Columns, in the Niches of the Building. There were two Ranks of theſe Ornaments, and ſixteen Niches; eight above, and eight below; between which, hung Garlands and Trophies, ty'd with Ribbands to certain Rams heads, that jutted out at an equal diſtance from the work. In the Niches above were the Statues of *Anubis*, *Canopus*, *Oſiris*, *Iſis*, *Ibis*, *Apis*, *Nilus*, and *Serapis*. In the Niches below were the Figures of a Crocodile, a Bull, a Bear, an Eagle, a Hee-Goat, a Fox, a Cat, and an Ape; all of them Beaſts that were ador'd by the *Egyptian* Idolaters. So that this incomparable Machine for Largeneſs, Luſtre, Pomp, and Majeſty, almoſt out-did all the reſt. Next to this, follow'd a Chariot no leſs Sumptuous; for inſtead of being long like the reſt, it was made round in the form of a Throne, rais'd four ſteps, and the moſt Magnificent that e're was ſeen. It was lin'd quite through with gilded panes of Paſte-boord, in the midſt whereof were large Ovals made by the joyning together of two Lawrel Branches ty'd together with broad carnation Ribbands. Thoſe Ovals were fill'd with the Fable of *Perſeus* and *Andromeda*; part painted, part inlay'd with Sardonyx ſtones. There you might ſee the *Nereides* conſulting how to be reveng'd for the Injury done them by the Mother of that fair *Ethiopian*. In another part, the terrible Monſter coming out of the Sea with a man half ſwallow'd in his throat. In another part, you might ſee the fair *Andromeda* Naked, ty'd to a Rock, the Monſter coming to devour her, and *Perſeus* flying over her head to defend her, with *Meduſa*'s Head in one hand, and his Sword in the other. The unfortunate *Cepheus*, the guilty *Caſſiopea*, with the whole Series of the Fable in exact Order, wherein the Monſter was at length chang'd into ſtone upon the ſight of *Meduſa*'s head, and *Andromeda* freed. On the farther ſide of the Chariot, upon a part ſomewhat high rais'd, ſtood two *Negroe* Figures, in ſhort gilded Habits, that diſcover'd their black Arms and Legs naked, who upheld a fair maſſie Crown of Gold, which ſerv'd as a Canopy for the Statue of *Sophonisba*, Queen of *Numidia*, who ſate with a Mazor of Gold in her hand, repreſenting that wherein the Generous Princeſs drank a draught of Poyſon to ſave her Liberty. She was clad in a Cimarr of Gold Tiffany, mix'd with pearl-colour, with three Scarfs of Carnation Tiffany mix'd with Gold; the one about her Waſte, the other about her Neck, the laſt upon her head under a Crown of Gold. But the Artiſt had ſo well hit the admirable countenance of the Sultaneſs *Almahide*, that ſhe was preſently known, which occaſion'd a loud ſhout, as ſoon as the Chariot entred the Piazza. It was drawn by four grey Horſes harneſſed in carnation velvet with a ground of Gold, with Feathers of the ſame colour, and pearl-colour, in Front-pieces gilded. The Charioter and twelve Slaves that attended the Chariot, were clad in the ſame Livery. Behind the Chariot rode the unknown Knight by himſelf, repreſenting *Maſſiniſſa*, the King of the *Maſſiſſilians*. He had on a Cuiraſs of carnation Sattin, embroider'd with Trophy-work in Gold; the Ornaments and Labels whereof were the ſame. The reſt of his Habit was of pearl-colour'd Sattin, embroider'd with gold Trophy-work, like his Cuiraſs. His Breeches carnation, and his plume of both colours, ty'd to his Turbant with two Ribbands of gold and ſilk carnation. His Scimitar hung in twelve chains of round pearls, the Hilt and Scabberd being of maſſie gold, enamell'd with carnation, and ſet with pearls. He beſtrid a grey Barb, fierce and tall beyond any

any of the reſt, and the beſt proportion'd in the World. The Trappings were of carnation-Sattin, embroider'd with Gold Trophy-work, the Crupper-cloath being jagg'd about like the leaves of Acanthus, with twines of ſilk and taſſels of gold: the Bitt and Front-piece of gold ſet with Pearls of an extraordinary bigneſs: for the *Moors* never make uſe of Stirrups no more than the *Turks*. Upon his head he toſs'd a fair Plume of pearl-colour and carnation: and indeed a more goodly Horſe-man was never ſeen than the unknown Knight, who repreſented *Maſſiniſſa*; ſo that all the Balconies and the Theatre rung with acclamations and ſhouts, ſo ſoon as he appear'd. He bore a Lance in his right hand, painted with carnation, and Ciphers of gold ſhaded with pearl-colour. Upon his left Arm he wore a Buckler gilded; in the middle whereof was to be ſeen Mount *Ætna*, cover'd with flame and ſmoak, with this Motto, *THE FLAMES WHICH ARE NOT SEEN, YET BURN THE MORE.* Twelve Slaves attended the unknown Knight, and out of coſtly little Hampers deliver'd out the following Lines.

That fear in ſuch a place as this ſhould reign
Among the Valiant, that all fear diſdain!
Ah! 'tis the poyſon of her killing eyes,
More Mortal far, than what her Cup ſupplies.

Four and twenty Horſe-men, Habited, Armed, and Mounted like the former, brought up the thirteenth and laſt Squadron of this Carrowſel: And the unknown Knight having perform'd the Ceremonies of the Field, cauſed his firſt Squadron to joyn with the latter, and making a ſtand before the Balcony where the King and Queen ſate, immediatly his twelve Trumpets began to ſound a Tune, while the whole Troop danc'd on Horſe-back. Sometimes they march'd ſlowly upon a bare walk, by and by they all chang'd their ground upon a Gallop, and put themſelves into the form of a Croſs, and ſtreight again as they were before. Sometimes their Captain was in the Front, ſometimes in the Reer, ſometimes in the middle. Several other Gallantries of Horſeman-ſhip they ſhew'd, which being at an end, their Captain cauſing his Horſe to fall upon his knees before the King and the Queen, and finiſhing his round, drew up in his proper place in the Rear of *Almoraby*, and then alighting from his Horſe, ſeated himſelf at the entry of his Tent, highly pleas'd with the Praiſes and Commendations that every one gave him. In the Interim, while he was looking about, and beholding the Pomp and Magnificence of the Habits, Colour, Furniture, and Attendance of all the Knights that made ſo goodly a Shew, beſides the richneſs of the Balconies and Windows, and the Beauty and number of the Spectators, which was the moſt Magnificent Object that ever Mortal eyes beheld: Ah, Madam, ſaid *Aldoradine* to the Sultaneſs, I ſee we ſhall not change our Fortune; for as it is always our Duty to ſit at the feet of your Majeſty, we muſt ſtill prepare our ſelves to continue our Seats: For that magnificent Temple of the *Egyptian* gods which we have ſeen, admoniſhes us, that it belongs onely to your Majeſty to appear over Altars, and upon Thrones, and to us onely to ſit at the feet of your Altar and your Throne to adore and ſerve your Majeſty. Truly, anſwer'd *Lyndarache*, if probabilities be not deceitful, notwithſtanding the Blazonrie of colours, which tells us that Green ſignifies Hope, I ſuſpect that *Zelebin*'s Livery will fail him e're long; and that he and *Galliana* muſt be ſuddenly contented to ſee *Bomilcar* and *Arſinoe* in a bad poſture. Your Champion, reply'd *Fatima*, has acted with more judgment and fore-ſight, for he has Order'd *Jugurth* and *Cleopatra* to put on Mourning before hand, for the misfortune that is to befall them; and in regard that evils fore-ſeen are ſo much the leſs, *Abenamin* and you will have leſs reaſon to bewail your ſelves than others, whoſe diſgrace will happen unexpectedly. You would deprive him however, ſaid *Fatima*, of that which is the onely conſolation the miſerable; and therefore for my part, if *Abdalla*, and conſequently, ſhe, prove unfortunate, the Queen of *Saba* will ſtand in need of *Micipſa* to comfort her, as much afflicted as he himſelf may be. For my part, ſaid *Zelima*, I ſhall adviſe *Dido* to hate *Hyarbes* ſtill, as much as ſhe did before, if he carry not away the Victory; though Prince *Muſſa* may be thereby expos'd to ſee himſelf puniſhed for the King of *Getulia*'s fault. For my part, ſaid *Aldoradine*, I ſhall be more juſt to *Abindarrays*, if any bad accident befall him; for the prudent *Juba* ſhall have no occaſion for his Eloquence, to comfort *Berenice*, though the report of her misfortune ſhould aſcend to the Stars like her hair. I will not ſay ſo, briskly reply'd *Cadiga*, for if *Amat* give me not a good account of *Barce*, *Siphax*, if I am not deceiv'd, will lead but an ill life. Your thoughts and mine agree, reply'd *Darache*; for if *Alamin* gain not the Ring, *Memphis* will make *Hannibal* know, that he had better have ſtaid among the pleaſures of *Capua*, than to come to *Granada* to tumble her Statue down from the top to the bottom of a Chariot, like *Phaeton*. *Zays* ſhall be more kindly entreated by *Zaida*, reply'd that amiable Perſon: For *Candace* never thought a misfortune to be a Crime, and therefore will never quarrel with *Aſdrubal*. You are very good Natur'd, reply'd *Axa*; but as long as *Orthogule* and *Bomilcar*'s crime was Voluntary, they ſhall not come off with *Tharbis* at ſo cheap a rate, nor will I puniſh them ſo gently. Truly, ſaid *Alicola*, I muſt confeſs that I ſhall be ſomewhat angry with *Orcam*; for being that *Judithis* is one of my Intimates, *Almanſor* Vanquiſh'd can never be my Friend. Who could look for patience at ſuch a time, reply'd *Zelindora*? Or *Abenarax* himſelf, durſt he blame *Thermut*, ſhould ſhe correct *Adherbal* for his want of Skill or Courage? They do well to boaſt of *Edeſia*'s Wiſdom, ſaid *Zambrina*; and *Almoraby* does well to make us a Panegyrick: But I promiſe him that *Hiempſal* ſhall be very ſeverely chaſtiz'd

ſtiz'd if he ſuffer his Miſtreſs to be dethron'd. Me-thinks, ſaid the Sultaneſs, that I ſhould be more moderate upon ſuch an occaſion, ſhould this courteous ſtranger miſcarry; nor ſhould *Maſſiniſſa* be ſo ill gratify'd by *Sophoniſba*. Ha! Madam, ſaid the King, you are more in love with Honour than you ſay you are; for I am perſwaded you are not at all troubled, that Queens are above the Laws. But who is this Rival of mine, purſued the King ſmiling? for the more I endeavour to find it out, the more I am in the dark. Can it be *Mahomed*, ſaid the Sultaneſs? No, reply'd the King, for he was never ſo well proportion'd. Perhaps it may be *Abenacis*, reply'd *Galliana*. What need he then to diſguiſe himſelf, reply'd *Lyndarache*? 'tis well known he has nothing ſo goodly a preſence. I rather gheſs him to be *Abencazin*. Has *Abencazin*, reply'd *Fatima*, ſo haughty an Air, or ſo Majeſtick a Carriage? No, no, reply'd *Zelima*, I have found him out now; 'tis *Muley*. *Muley!* reply'd *Aldoradine*; and where are your eyes? is there no difference between the comely Graces of the one, and the left-handed carriage of the other? If it be not *Abomelique*, ſaid *Cadiga*, I ſubmit, for I know not who elſe to name. Submit then, anſwer'd *Darache*, for *Abomelique* nothing reſembles that ſtranger: I can tell that it is not he, as well as if I ſaw the ſtrangers Face. Infallibly, ſaid *Zaida*, it is *Abulbar*. Infallibly 'tis not, ſaid *Axa*, for he ſits not ſo tall on Horſe-back as the other: I ſhould rather gheſs him to be *Tarfe*. As good a Horſe-woman as you are, reply'd *Alicola*, I am not of your Opinion. For though you were as skilful as an *Amazon*, you ſhould never perſwade me that *Tarfe* ſits a Horſe like that ſtranger. I have ſome ſuſpicion of Prince *Audalla*, ſaid *Zelindora*. You gheſs more improbably than any of the reſt, reply'd *Zambrina*, nor can I tell why you ſhould think ſo; for the one is tall, and the other little. But while theſe Illuſtrious Perſons were Divining what the ſubtleſt of them all could not conjecture, the noiſe of the People being appeas'd, and all the Inſtruments ceaſing, the Captains of the Squadrons ſent the Field-Marſhal and his Aſſiſtants, to know of the King whether they might begin their Courſes; who having obtained leave, the Defendant mounted, and all the reſt kept their places, except *Abenamin*; who being the firſt Aſſailant in the Liſts, was no leſs haſty than the other. Brave *Abenamin*, ſaid *Zelebin*, the colour which you wear, bodes no very good ſucceſs. And that which you have choſen, reply'd he, fails as often. Upon theſe words *Zelebin* began to walk his Horſe ſoftly, the better to take notice of the Carriere, and drawing near the Pillar upon which the Ring was hung, he fitted it to the height of his eye: Then taking his Lance from one of his Slaves, he return'd from whence he came; at which time being at the end of the Carriere, and the Kings Trumpets beginning to ſound, he caus'd his Horſe to make a half-bound, and at the ſame time ſetting Spurs to his ſides, and giving him his head, he flew away like Lightning, and carried his Lance with that skill and dexterity, that he bore away the Ring the firſt time, making his Horſe to curvet at the end of the Carriere with an admirable grace. Ha, *Galliana*, cry'd *Lyndarache*, if I may judge of the end by the beginning, 'twill not be long er'e *Cleopatra* be of *Arſinoe's* Court. However, reply'd the other laughing, ſhe will have the firſt place of pre-eminence, ſo that it will be no ſmall comfort to her to ſee ſo many others below her. In the mean time *Zelebin* having made another Courſe, had alſo the ſame good Fortune; but his third Courſe was not ſo ſucceſsful: So that he was twice within the Ring and one touch, which was no ſmall advantage. *Abenamin* was twice within, but the laſt Courſe he did not touch the Ring at all, and conſequently was Vanquiſh'd. Fortune, then ſaid *Zelebin*, not having favour'd your Skill, you muſt permit me to make uſe of the advantage which ſhe has given me. Till ſome other, anſwer'd *Abenamin*, more proſperous than my ſelf, ſhall Revenge both mine and my Lady's Quarrel. When he had ſo ſaid, he alighted, and returning to his Tent, ſate down to beho'd others. In the mean while *Zelebin* Order'd his Slaves to take down the Statue of *Cleopatra* and place it at the feet of *Arſinoe*. Ha! unfortunate Queen of *Egypt*, then ſaid *Fatima* to *Lyndarache*; now if your Aſp does not help you at a dead lift, 'twill be impoſſible for you to avoid the ſhame of a Triumph. For my part, I adviſe you to Bury your ſelf alive, or elſe to hide your ſelf in your own coſtly Tomb, together with your Knight, who muſt now be contented with but the one half of his Impreſs, the Sepulchre; for as for the Throne, he has nothing to do to pretend to it. I do not think it fair, anſwer'd *Lyndarache*, to inſult over the unſucceſsful: But it may be, Fortune, that has been unjuſt to me, may be juſt to you, in puniſhing your Pride. *Abdalla*, who appear'd next in the Liſts, was yet more unfortunate than *Abenamin*, or elſe not ſo good a Horſe-man: So that the Queen of *Saba* was ſoon ſeen the next to the Queen of *Egypt*. O my dear *Fatima*, ſaid *Galliana*, neither the Body nor the Soul of *Micipſa*'s device has any correſpondence with your condition: For not being alone in misfortune, the Phœnix and the Motto, *I AM ALONE*, agrees not at all with your luck. And if *Zelebin* continue, I fore-ſee that you will be ſo far from being alone, that you will have enough of that Company of which I have the honour already to be. How great ſoever the honour may be, ſaid *Aldoradine* laughing, I imagine that you never contended for it, and that you would rather deſire to be a Phœnix Victorious, than a Phœnix Vanquiſh'd. I acknowledge it, reply'd *Fatima*; and whether it be out of Humility, or out of any other thought far different, I confeſs I have moderation enough to wiſh that I had had no ſhare in an honour of this Nature; and that I may not ſhew more ambition than pride, I could deſire to be ſo much out of Favour at Court, as never to be ſeen in the Circle. The miſchief is, ſaid *Lyndarache*, that what is done,

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is done; that what is paſt cannot be recall'd: and that you that are ſuch an admirer of perfume, muſt be ſo unhappy as to loſe your Boxes. No ſooner had that charming Lady ſpoken thoſe words, but Prince *Muſſa* appear'd in the Liſts, under the Name of *Hyarbes*: But with all his skill, he was but once within and one touch; ſo that the ſucceſsful *Zelebin* overcame him likewiſe, and the Statue of *Dido* was forc'd to keep Company with *Maqueda* and *Cleopatra*. My Brother's ill luck, ſaid the King, is as viſible as the fire, which his Impreſs tells us he could not hide: but I am perſwaded, as diſcreet a Lover as he is, that he had rather the fire had been ſeen, than his defeat. Let it be how it will, added the Sultaneſs, there are three Illuſtrious Captives already at the feet of *Galliana*; ſo that if *Zelebin* hold on, he will get the Ring, and *Galliana* the Honour of the day. True, Madam, ſaid ſhe; but 'tis the laſt Victory that crowns the work, and not the firſt advantages: and your Majeſty knows that Fortune is a Lady whom all her Suiters accuſe of inconſtancy. *Abindarrays* appear'd next, when *Zelima* obſerving his jolly and brisk Air, turning toward *Galliana*, If I am not deceiv'd, yonder's the Perſon that will Revenge the poor Captive Ladies Quarrel; for I muſt confeſs that my heart tells me ſo. And indeed her Prediction was true, for *Zelebin* had the worſe: So that *Arſinoe*, *Cleopatra*, *Maqueda*, and *Dido* were conſtrain'd to change Chariots, and Queens as they were, they became Slaves to *Berenice*. How vain and deluſive is all hope, ſaid *Axa* to *Galliana*, ſhewing her that Goddeſs upon the Buckler of her Lover; and how little was he that carried her, acquainted with her, if he ever had any confidence in her Careſſes! Be not too prodigal however of your Moral reflexions, anſwer'd ſhe, for the Statue of *Tharbis* is no heavier than *Arſinoe's*, and may as well change place as ſhe. In the mean time, *Abindarrays* being Defendant of the Carrowſel by *Zelebin*'s ill ſucceſs, the brave *Amat* entred the Liſts, who more lucky than thoſe that preceded him, conſtrain'd the Gallant *Moor* that was his Competitor, through an equality of advantage, to renew their Courſes a ſecond time; but the third time *Juba* got the better of *Syphax*, and *Barce* was conſtrain'd to lie at *Berenice's* feet. Fair and haughty *Cadiga* (ſpightfully then cry'd *Darache*) your Veſtal fire is quite put out: And ſince that *Amat* is condemn'd to Death by his Impreſs, if this misfortune befell him; I adviſe you to take him at his word, and make an Example of him. If my anger hold out, anſwer'd ſhe, your Counſel will be certainly follow'd: and I am much deceiv'd, if the Perſon you ſpeak of, had not rather be Buried alive, like the Veſtals, than be expos'd to the chaſtiſement which I prepare for him. But that fire is not yet extinguiſh'd, ſaid *Zambrina*, for I ſee it ſtill flaming upon his Buckler. If it be not quenched, reply'd the haughty Lady, it has loſt its brightneſs, which is to me the ſame thing. After this Diſpute, *Alamin* appear'd upon the Liſts; but as good a Horſe-man as he was, he loſt himſelf by overſtriving to do well: he was always too low, or too much on one ſide. So that *Abindarrays* having the better in all the three Courſes, the counterfeit *Hannibal*, altogether out of hope, alighted, and the Statue of *Darache*, under the Name of *Memphis*, was lay'd at *Aldoradine's* feet, like the other five. Ha, my dear Companion, ſaid *Fatima* to *Alamin*'s Miſtreſs, your Champion, without doubt, look'd upon his Buckler and his Impreſs altogether in this Encounter: He ſaw the Moon and the Stars at Noon-day, which Prodigy ſo amazed him, that it diſabled him from doing any better. I cannot tell, anſwer'd *Darache*, whether it were the Moon, or the Stars, or the Sun that dazled his eyes, but I know this for certain, that I never ſaw the like in my life; and that if the Perſon you ſpeak of, could never do better than that, I would adviſe him to go to School again, and begin his Exerciſes anew. The beſt Horſemen in the World, reply'd *Aldoradine*, are ſubject to ſome miſchances. You are the unfitteſt Perſon in the World, reply'd *Darache*, to adviſe me at this time; for ſo long as your Statue remains where it is, your Arguments will never move me. I will then be dumb, as that is, reply'd *Aldoradine*, and my ſelf become a Statue, rather than diſoblige a Perſon whom I love ſo well. *Darache* had no time to reply; for the Valiant *Zays*, under the Name of *Aſdrubal*, appear'd at the end of the Liſts. His three Courſes were very brave and Noble, but *Abindarrays* out-did him; and *Candace's* Statue, or rather *Zaida's*, ran the ſame misfortune to be placed with the reſt. Your Champion was very provident (ſaid *Zelima* to that fair Lady,) for he knowing what the event of things would be, compos'd his Impreſs of Chains and Crowns; ſo that according to your condition, you might ſtill meet with that which was proper for it. Cruel Lady, anſwer'd ſhe, muſt I then put on the Fetters? Truly, reply'd the other, they will better befit your Statue than Crowns, conſidering the place where it lies. After that, appear'd the Valiant *Orthogule*: he was once within and had one touch; but he had the ill ſucceſs to be out-done, and with ſorrow beheld the Statue of his Miſtreſs compell'd to deſcend from her Chariot, the Names of *Tharbis* and *Bomilcar* not being able to hinder her. Unfortunate *Axa*, ſaid *Zelindora*, your Champion has been no leſs provident than *Zays*: for as the one has furniſh'd himſelf with Chains, the other has provided himſelf with a Knot, to make uſe of in his deſpair, and ſhould he dye in that manner, it might be then properly called The Nooſe of Love. Unjuſt Lady, reply'd *Axa*, inſult not over the unſucceſsful, nor deride a misfortune that may too ſoon befall your ſelf. If it do happen, reply'd ſhe, let not revengeful Juſtice ſpare me; but till then give me leave to laugh, for I cannot help it, both at the Impreſs, and the Perſon that bears it; as alſo to ſee the Chariot and the Statue over-whelm'd, and laſtly, to ſee how you are griev'd at it. You ſhall laugh then alone for me, for I confeſs I am

not

not in the mood. While they two were thus diſcourſing, *Orcam* appear'd, under the Famous Name of *Almanſor*: But though he carried the Ring twice, he carried his Lance ſo ill-favouredly, that he let the Ring fall both times. So that *Abindarrays* making better uſe of his advantages, the Statue of *Judithis*, reſembling *Alicola*, was forc'd to remove to *Aldoradine's* feet. Alas! ſaid *Galliana* ſcornfully to the newly unhappy Lady, what does your Champion intend to do with the Crowns on his Impreſs? He could never have any Houſhold-ſtuff leſs neceſſary, or more unprofitable; nor were the Lawrel and the Myrtle ever put to a worſe uſe. Truly, reply'd *Alicola* in anger, the Ivy or the Cypreſs would better have become him: For he might do well to kill himſelf for ſhame, after ſuch a diſgrace. Let's ſee then, whether *Zelindora* will have any better luck than you; for I ſee *Abenarax* in the Liſts, who under the Name of *Adherbal*, without doubt, has a huge deſire to dethrone *Berenice*, who has Reign'd ſo long, and to exalt *Thermut* in her place. 'Tis not ſo eaſily done, as ſaid, reply'd *Aldoradine*. However, reply'd the other, what has been done, may be done again, for there is nothing impoſſible. At leaſt, it will be very difficult, reply'd *Aldoradine*: The more difficulty the more honour, reply'd the other. While they were thus arguing, *Abenarax* and *Abindarrays* ran their Courſes, wherein the latter had the better: So that the Statue of *Zelindora* was taken down to bear the reſt Company. Moſt inhumane Lady, cry'd the fair *Axa*, you are puniſh'd, and I am Reveng'd. For the Circle in *Abenarax* Impreſs, is now of no more uſe, unleſs it be to make a Collar for *Thermut's* ſlave. But *Thermut* has this Satisfaction at leaſt, that *Tharbis* is not like to Triumph in the Chariot where ſhe is to remain a Captive, being to be a Partner with her in diſgrace, which is no ſmall eaſe to her mind. She had no ſooner utter'd her thoughts, but *Almoraby*, Captain of the twelfth Troop, appear'd in the Liſts, under the Name of *Hiempſal*: and no ſooner had he finiſh'd his three Courſes unſucceſsfully, but that *Abindarrays* having ran three others, fairer much than his, gave the laſt place in *Aldoradine's* Chariot to the Statue of *Edeſia*, that repreſented *Zambrina*. Your Champion, ſaid *Cadiga*, when he choſe the immortal *Amaranthus* for his Impreſs, thereby certainly intended, that the remembrance of his defeat ſhould be immortal. But for my part, had I been in his place, I would have rather choſen the moſt fading flower in the Field; and above all, one of thoſe frail flowers, whoſe Beauty laſts but a day, that the memory of my misfortune might have been as ſoon Buried with it. The haughty *Cadiga* could ſay no more, nor had the diſconſolate *Zambrina* time to anſwer: for a thouſand acclamations made the whole Amphitheater ring, and they began to look upon *Abindarrays* as the Victor of the Carrowſel, and the amiable *Aldoradine* as the Beauty that Triumphed over all the reſt. But upon thoſe acclamations accompanied with ſo pleaſing a Tumult, a Noble fierceneſs appear'd upon the ruddy Countenance of the Invincible ſtranger, who repreſented *Maſſiniſſa*,, that made his eyes to ſparkle through his Vizor: he vaulted into his Saddle like a Bird, and catching his Lance in the Air which one of his Slaves flung toward him, he rode to the end of the Liſts with ſuch a grace, that the multitude clapt their hands, as if they had already portended him the Victory. Brave *Abindarrays*, ſaid he, I cannot but deſpair ſo much as to put you in hazard of loſing the Palm which you have in your hands, and which you have already won with ſo much honour and pains: But ſince I am concern'd for the greateſt Queen in the World, I hope you will pardon my attempt. Courteous ſtranger, reply'd the Valiant *Moor*, if I may judge of the event by your Noble preſence, the fair *Aldoradine* has great reaſon to be afraid: However it behoves me to endeavour that the Palm which you mention, may not be eaſily wreſted out of my hands, but rather to tye an Illuſtrious Slave to *Berenice's* Chariot, ſince you your ſelf are condemn'd, if I prove the Victor. Having ſo ſaid, the Kings Trumpets ſounded, and *Abindarrays* ſtarting away ſwift as the wind, carried the Ring the firſt time. After he had finiſhed his Carriere, the ſtranger ſtarted, but with ſuch a grace, that the People cry'd out, *There's He, There's He*; nor did he fail to make good their Predictions: For after they had renewed three Courſes apiece, changing their Horſes every time, at length the good Fortune of *Abindarrays* was forc'd to ſubmit to the skill and dexterity of the incomparable ſtranger; there being onely the difference of a touch, and a within the Ring between them both, that gave him the Victory. Brave *Abindarrays*, ſaid he, ſince you ſubmit in this, I hope you will yield me all the reſt; for there is no queſtion to be made of the advantage on my ſide. I believe it, to my own Comfort, reply'd the Gallant *Moor*: and with that, becauſe he would not ſee *Aldoradine's* Statue taken down from her Chariot, he rode full Gallop to his own Tent, and alighting from his Horſe, he went in while the Slaves took down the Triumphant Statue, and lay'd her at the Queens feet. Ah, *Aldoradine*, ſaid the King, the Eagle dares no longer behold the Sun, ſince he hides himſelf in his Tent; ſurely the flames of Mount *Ætna* have affrighted him. The Sun which your Majeſty means, reply'd *Aldoradine*, is but Eclipſed at preſent. 'Tis but a ſlight Cloud that ſhadows him, reply'd the Queen, he will ſuddenly break forth with a brighter luſtre. Ah, Madam, ſaid the other, 'tis not for *Berenice* to contend with the Cœleſtial *Sophonisba*; for in ſubmitting to her, ſhe does no more than what all the World will do. But, ſaid *Cadiga*, while they are removing our Statues again from the Company of the haughty *Berenice*, I would adviſe her to make *Memnon* play upon his Harp, to chear her up in her Solitude, and ſing to ſome miſerable tune the ſad adventures of the Lady with the delicate Locks, and her diſcomfited Champion. Fair, but wrongful Ladies, merrily ſaid the King, you conſider not, that the Queens Champion is my Rival; and that you will engage me to take his

part

part against you, if you declare your self an Adversary to them that contend with him. Sir, in regard my side is the weakest, reply'd she, 'tis the most Honourable; and your Majesty is too just, to protect *Berenice* against *Barce*, or *Aldoradine* against *Cadiga*; since the Pride of the former has deserv'd to be humbled, as you see. However, answer'd the amiable *Aldoradine*, me-thinks that in both conditions of Fortune, I have appear'd sufficiently moderate: Nay, I have known others, who in their bad Fortune have shew'd more Vanity, than they observ'd in me during my Prosperity. I understand you very well, reply'd the other; but in regard they renew their Courses, I will defer my answer till another time. In short, all the brave Assailants took their turns to run with the stranger: But being Victorious over all, all the Statues of the Ladies were remov'd, and laid at the feet of the Queen of *Granada*. Then the Kings Trumpets, and all the other Instruments mix'd their loud sounds: And the Invincible stranger sending the Marshal and his Assistants to know of the King and the Judges whether there remained any thing more for him to do? They brought him word, that there was nothing more behind, but onely for him to receive the Prize, which was due to his Skill and Courage, at the Queens hands. Immediatly attended by his Slaves, he ascended the Judges Scaffold, who told him, that they pronounc'd him Victor. Madam, said he to the Queen, in the *Arabick* Language, after a profound Obeysance, The most happy in success is come to receive at your Majesties hands the Prize Ordained for the most expert and Fortunate. For in regard his rashness has been so lucky, he continues his boldness to demand a high Honour, when he rather merits a Capital Punishment. Whoever you are, Generous Stranger, reply'd the Queen, presenting him the Ring of a great Value, receive the recompence which you have so well deserv'd; and believe that she who gives it, will never refuse to honour your merit, when she shall have the Opportunity to know you better. I accept it, Madam, answer'd he, receiving the Ring, and kissing it with a low Obeysance, not as a favour that I have merited, but as an Honour that I shall labour to deserve by all Services imaginable. But, brave stranger, said the King, lose that Title, and since you have shewn us your Merit, let us know your Countenance, and by so much complaisance, try to appease these provok'd Ladies, whose Champions you have Vanquish'd. My Face, Sir, reply'd the stranger, will add nothing to my honour, and therefore I most humbly beseech your Majesty to dispense with my Obedience, and to give the liberty of the Carrowsel, for reasons too tedious to rehearse. As for these Ladies, I will endeavour to appease their sorrows, by giving them the Opportunity to Bury their discontents among the delights of another Festival. Having so said, he made a low Obeysance, and descended from the Scaffold, and re-mounted his Steed, the several Instruments of all the Troops sounding together, who began their march in the same Order as they came, passing by the King and Queen with their Pageants. There was only this difference in their return, that the Strangers Troop, which came last, now led the Van, the twelve empty Chariots being drawn in the middle, after *Sophonisba's*, wherein the twelve *African* Princesses were to be seen at the feet of the Queen of *Numidia*. No sooner was this magnificent Cavalcade at an end, and the several Troops had dispers'd themselves, but the Stranger slipp'd away, to avoid discovery, leaving the Spectators strangely perplex'd to know who it should be. In the mean while, Night now beginning to cover the Earth, the King, the Sultaness, and the whole Court retir'd to the *Alambre*; every one being fully satisfied in the Beauty of the Carrowsel, and the Magnificence of the Festival. But among the rest, *Rodorick de Narva* being return'd to his Apartment, together with the Queens old Slave, *Don Fernand de Solis*, discours'd of nothing else all his Supper time, but of the glory of the Carrowsel; of the Habits, variety of colours, Invention and Fabrick of the Pageants, confessing at length ingenuously that the *Moors* were a brave and Noble People. I must acknowledge, said he, rising from the Table, and retiring into his Alcove, that for things of this Nature, the *Moors* are truly our Masters; and that the Court of *Granada* is far beyond the Court of *Castile* or *Arragon*. Sir, answer'd *Don Fernand*, your Opinion is built upon good grounds; for of all the Courts that I have seen, there is none but that of *France* that can stand in competition with it. The *Moors* are certainly our Originals, and the *Spaniards* and *French* are but their Copies. Now, Sir, in regard the Natural Genius and inclination of these People carries them to the practice of such Ingenious inventions, they become equally absolute Masters thereof. And you will see them so expert, not onely in these, but in many other things, that you be engag'd to believe what I say to be true. The more you speak in their commendation, reply'd *Rodorick de Narva*, the more you increase the longing desire which I had to hear the end of the History of the divine *Almahide*, and the Invincible *Ponce de Leon*, and what strange mis-adventure brought her among the *Moors*, and what sad misfortune reduc'd him to the condition of a Captive. For as long as I have commanded the Kings Forces upon the Frontiers, I never heard that the Fortune of War was any way unkind to him; which makes me rather believe it to have been some accident of Love. You have reason, Sir, answer'd *Don Fernand*, so to believe; for it is most certain that Love is the true cause that the most Illustrious of Slaves now wears Fetters: and if I thought the tediousness of my first Relation did not make you fear the length of a second, your curiosity should soon be satisfied. Let not that reason, reply'd *Rodorick*, be any Obstruction, for I assure you it was so far from being troublesome to me, that it was rather a delight. Upon that assurance, answer'd the Sultanesses old Domestick,

meſtick, I ſhall presume to finiſh what I have already begun, by your Order, which I am ready to Obey; my Obedience being both my Excuſe and Juſtification: With that he proceeded in his Relation, as follows.

The Continuation of the Hiſtory of the Sultaneſs and the Noble Slave.

IN regard that Noble Actions make no ſlight impreſſion in the minds of thoſe that know how to apprehend them, I really believe, Sir, that you have not forgot what I have already related, and therefore without any repetition at all, I will onely tell you, that after the departure of the fair *Aminta*, the diſconſolate *Ponce de Leon* liv'd ſo diſcontentedly at *Fontaines*, that nothing could revive his Melancholy. He wandred continually from place to place, altogether diſcompos'd in his mind; and meeting in every place with thoſe Objects that brought to his remembrance the Image of his dear *Aminta*, he ſtill found out new matter to feed his Affliction. He ſought for his *Aminta* where he well knew ſhe was not. And though he were not ignorant of it, yet he forbore not to ſeek her there, as if he had not known of her departure. He walk'd over, if I may ſo ſay, every ſtep which he had ſeen that Heavenly Beauty tread, and recalling to his mind whatever ſhe had obligingly ſpoken to him in all thoſe ſeveral places, he perceiv'd himſelf the more miſerable, becauſe he had once been happy. The fair *Aminta's* lips had not utter'd one kind word to him which his love did not repeat; ſo that his content was his puniſhment, and his puniſhment was afterwards his conſolation: yet he utter'd fewer words than he fetch'd ſighs, but both ſighs and words gave way to the number of thoſe ſad thoughts that caus'd them. He became dull, Contemplative and Melancholy, and all his former divertiſements were troubleſome and tedious to him. He could not endure Company; nay, he could not endure himſelf, onely the reſemblance of the fair *Aminta* was the delight of his ſad and diſconſolate Soul. He took neither Food nor Reſt: He became wither'd and meagre like a Ghoſt. He grew as pale and penſive as a condemn'd Offender, and his eyes were continual Springs, that mix'd themſelves with the Rivolets at *Fontaines*: So that his ſadneſs at length became contagious, and his Affliction afflicted us. Alas, ſaid he in private, what a Fantaſtick deſtiny is mine! and to what particular misfortunes am I reſerv'd? All other Perſons of my Age and Quality are at Court, and I here in a Wilderneſs, and not knowing the cauſe of my reſtraint; here I waſte a ſad and diſconſolate life, and as if my Birth were the cauſe, I ſpin out my days in obſcurity, and a ſloth, like that of the dead. O Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, what ſtrange rigour is this of yours at this time? what reaſon, not to be div'd into, obliges you to confine me thus in a Deſart? and to condemn your onely Son to ſo cruel an Exilement? If I muſt one day ſee the World, why am I bred as if I were never to ſee it at all? Am I innocent, or am I guilty? Is it to puniſh or protect me? Is it to deſtroy or preſerve me, that you uſe me in this manner? Is it your love or hatred that Baniſhes me to *Fontaines*? Muſt I take it for my Priſon or my Tomb? Ah! if I am faulty, 'tis too little; if I have not tranſgreſſed, it is too much: But whether it be one or t'other, you cannot but be unjuſt. Nevertheleſs, purſued he, you have left me my Paſſion, and my Patience; and therefore I muſt either ſee *Sevil*, or never ſee any thing more. But unfortunate *Ponce*, added he, whence this increaſe of thy Curioſity? Is the Court more glorious than it was? Are there any new Palaces built at *Sevil*? or is *Fontaines* more deformed than formerly? Art thou more unreaſonable than thou wert? In ſhort, has this change happen'd at *Sevil*, or at *Fontaines*, or in thy ſelf? O Heavens! in all three, added he; for *Sevil* is infinitely more beautiful than it was, and *Fontaines* infinitely leſs delightful than it was, and the unfortunate *Ponce* never was ſo unhappy. *Aminta* has left *Fontaines*, cry'd he; *Aminta* is now at *Sevil*, and *Ponce* following her to *Sevil*, yet dwelling at *Fontaines*, knows not whether ſhe be here or there, nor where ſhe lives, or where ſhe is. Where ſhe lives! purſu'd he ſighing, ſhe lives in a place where all pleaſures are met, where all divertiſements crowd together, where they never dream of thoſe that are abſent; where forgetfulneſs paſſes for a vertue, where ſhe pleaſes all, and where ſome one, perhaps, may pleaſe her; where there are none but will be my Rivals, unleſs the Blind: and if *Don Fernand* have given me a true deſcription of the Court, the fair and dear *Aminta* is now in a place, where I have all the reaſon in the World to fear, but none to hope. However, we will hope, reply'd he to himſelf, we will hope: For ſeeing that hope is the laſt comfort that abides with the unfortunate, let us never loſe it, but with the loſs of our lives; ſeeing that without it, impoſſible it is for us to live. But alas! what means to preſerve this hope, when the unfortunate *Ponce* remains here, while the happy *Don Alvarez* abides at *Sevil*? For without doubt he will return thither ſo ſoon as he hears of her departure: Let us therefore go likewiſe, ſaid the deſpairing Lover, let us go and defend our own Intereſt: Let us go to keep a young Virgin ſtedfaſt in her reſolution; let us go and ſet her an Example of love and fidelity; let us go to obſtruct the proceedings of our Rivals, and oppoſe our diligence to their Induſtry; our Services to their Services, and the effectual Proofs of our Affection to their bare and ſingle Compliments. But alas, reply'd he to himſelf, fetching a deep ſigh, thou dar'ſt not do what thou ſay'ſt; or if thou ſhould'ſt, it would be

be all to no purpoſe. The imperious humour of the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* will not ſuffer it; his abſolute Commands chain thee to this place: All thy Attendants are thy Keepers; die then, miſerable *Ponce*, die; for I know no other remedy for thy misfortunes. Thus, Sir, the Illuſtrious Count of *Pegnaſiel* argued with his ſad and melancholy thoughts: when on purpoſe to interrupt him, Sir, ſaid I, I never thought that *Aminta's* good Fortune could render you unfortunate, or that you had ſo ſmall a love for her, as to be troubled to ſee her happy: For ſo long as their Excellencies have a kindneſs for her, her condition can never be bad. I am not troubled to ſee her happy, anſwer'd he, but I am perplex'd, that I muſt be miſerable my ſelf. Such unfortunate Perſons as you, ſaid I ſmiling, deſerve leſs pity than Envy; and you ſhall never ſee them much lamented. They deſerve it more than any others, anſwer'd he, for it is no ſmall comfort to find ſome one that has a ſenſe of our ſorrows, and lays our afflictions to heart. I believe, reply'd I, that you make no doubt of my affection. I make no doubt of it, reply'd he, but I queſtion your Indulgence, and I fear your Vertue is too ſevere to pardon my weakneſs. As there were ſome ſorts of failings, anſwer'd I, of which the Heroes were guilty, I cannot condemn all alike; and the moſt ſcrupulous vertue muſt diſtinguiſh between the Innocent and the Offenders. And therefore before I accuſe or condemn your Infirmity, it behoves me to know what it is. I ſwear by him that knows the ſecrets of hearts, ſaid he, that this Infirmity of mine is very innocent. Then, ſaid I, you are onely faulty in concealing it, ſince I never thought my Philoſophy ſo auſtere, to oblige you to commit that injuſtice: For having onely a deſign to make you a good and vertuous Man, I never thought it reaſonable to forbid you a Paſſion, to which ſo many good men are ſubject, but onely to regulate it, as all others ought to be. Ah! *Fernand*, ſaid he, how hard a thing is it to regulate that haughty and imperious Paſſion which you mention! How difficult is it to have a leſs love for that, which we think we can never love too much! You miſ-apply the meaning of my words, ſaid I, and therefore it behoves me to explain my ſelf. I do not ſay, Sir, purſued I, that we are to have but a little love for that which we ſee more than ordinarily amiable; but our Reaſon muſt examine, whether that which we account amiable, be ſo indeed; and whether it were not better for us not to love ſo well, what we have ſo great a kindneſs for. The ſame reaſon alſo ought to examine whether a juſt Paſſion may not commit great acts of injuſtice, and whether a bad effect may not proceed from a good cauſe. O, *Don Fernand*, anſwer'd he, fetching a deep ſigh, that a Philoſophical Lover ſhould be a bad Lover! that in arguing truly, we ſhould love amiſs! and that the wiſdom of Reaſon ſhould commit ſo great a folly! Beſides, it concerns you more than I, my dear *Fernand*, to know whether I do well or ill in loving *Aminta*: For as you alone know who ſhe is, you onely know whether my Paſſion be honourable or diſhonourable. True it is, that her Vertue and her Beauty alone might merit the affection of a King, though ſhe were but a Shepherdeſs born: but as Nobility of Blood adds a great Luſtre to that of Beauty and Vertue; I muſt acknowledge that if the Nobleneſs of her Birth be correſpondent to her merit, 'twould be my onely joy; nor could I deſire any thing more: Therefore my dear *Fernand*, ſaid he, embracing me, I conjure you by the Friendſhip I have for you, and the Affection you have for me, to diſcover to me a Truth of ſo great importance, which you have hitherto ſo carefully conceal'd from me. You conjure me, ſaid I, too powerfully for me to deny you ſatisfaction; eſpecially ſince you too highly honour the Intereſts of that lovely Perſon, to diſcover what they require ſhould be kept private. Nevertheleſs I will not tell you the Name of her Parents, and yet I will tell you enough to give you ſufficient ſatisfaction to your demands. Know then ——— At thoſe words, he redoubled his attention; he fix'd his eyes upon my lips, a bluſhing redneſs over-ſpread his face, and his fore-head began to ſweat, and his Soul, as I may ſo ſay, came into his Ears to underſtand who the Perſon was that had overcome him. Know then, Sir, purſued I, that the fair *Aminta* is of a Royal Extraction like your ſelf, and deſcended from the Race of Kings; and though this be not all that you would know, 'tis at leaſt as much as I can tell you at preſent. Ah my dear *Fernand*, embracing me again, and tranſported with joy, what you have told me, ſuffices; and I am happy without knowing more. You know more than *Aminta* her ſelf knows, ſaid I, though ſhe has urg'd me a hundred times, both in the Pirates Iſland, and ſince ſhe came hither, to inform her: But I intend to let her know as much as you, on purpoſe to raiſe her thoughts. For in ſuch places as thoſe where ſhe is, it is convenient that ſhe ſhould have a Noble haughtineſs to guard her, and to oppoſe againſt the Flatteries and Attempts, which Beauties like to hers, are ſubject to. Ah my dear *Fernand*, ſaid he, let me be the Perſon who ſhall tell her this pleaſing News. Moſt willingly, anſwer'd I, provided that none but ſhe alone may know it, and that you will Oblige her to the ſame ſecrecy, to which I have engaged you. He promis'd me punctually to obſerve my Orders; and after this diſcourſe he was not altogether ſo penſive as before: However, he was ſtill often in a deep contemplation, but his ſtudy was more delightful; for the diſcovery I had made him was a kind of counter-poyſon againſt his black Melancholy. While he was thus afflicted at *Fontaines*, *Don Alvarez* was no leſs diſquieted at *Paradas*; for when he came to be cur'd of his Wounds, underſtanding that the fair *Aminta* was gone to *Sevil*, the torments of his mind were ſuch, that his Body feeling the effects of his Souls diſtemper, he fell again into a Relapſe. Ah, *Don Alvarez*, ſaid he to himſelf, behoves it thee to rejoyce, or be afflicted at the fair *Aminta's* departure?

thinkeſt thou to gain or loſe by the change? or doſt thou believe it better for thee, that ſhe ſhould be at *Sevil*, rather than at *Fontaines*? 'Tis to thy advantage, moſt certainly, ſaid he, that ſhe ſhould be remov'd from the ſight of thy Rival: But O Heavens! reply'd he as ſoon, there you will find a thouſand more; for there is no queſtion but all the Court will ſee her, and that all Perſons that behold her, will fall in love with her: 'Tis no matter, ſaid he, fetching a deep ſigh, ſhe is better at the Court than in the Country; for the Rival which I have here is far more to be fear'd than all the Rivals which I ſhall have there. But unfortunate Creature, cry'd he, as things have fallen out, thou dar'ſt not go to ſee her in the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*'s Houſe: yet miſerable as thou art, thou canſt never hope to ſee her where his Son is; and therefore 'tis far better that ſhe is ſeparated from him. However, reply'd he as ſoon, ſince there are ſo many brave Perſons at Court, may it not happen, that ſome one among all thoſe that will love her, may prove ſo happy as to be belov'd by her? But why, added he again, may'ſt not thou be that happy Perſon as well as another? In ſhort, here ſhe ſees *Ponce de Leon*, but not Thee; there thou wilt ſee her, where ſhe ſees not him. Conclude then, that her departure is more advantageous, and that it behoves thee to haſten thine, to the end thou may'ſt make uſe of the advantage of thy good Fortune. But ſenſeleſs Creature, wherefore would'ſt thou ſee her? What reaſon obliges thee to it? Is it becauſe thou wouldſt love to no purpoſe? Becauſe thou wouldſt be the Laughter of all the Court, to ſuffer the contempt of a Slave, whoſe Slave thou art thy ſelf? Ah unfortunate Marqueſs of *Monte Major*, never go, never ſee her again; onely content thy ſelf that the Count of *Pegnafiel* is debarr'd from her Company as well as thou. It may be abſence will cure thee, ſaid he; and it may be abſence will cure her, added he as ſoon; for of the two, 'tis better to be belov'd by her, than to forbear to love her, when the ſame thing is both Voluntary and poſſible. She is a Virgin, and abſent; thou wilt be a Lover, and preſent: and there are certain lucky minutes, when that preſence may be advantageous. Beſides all this, doſt thou look upon the diſturbances that thou wilt give thy Rival, as nothing? Does not thy own heart tell thee, that thy content will be his ſorrow? He has overcome thee and diſarm'd thee; it behoves thee to diſarm and overcome him: and to try whether thou canſt not be more fortunate in Love than in War. Be gone then, miſerable *Alvarez*, be gone; go and endeavour thy own happineſs, by rendring miſerable, through the change of *Aminta's* Fidelity, the object of thy hatred and her love. In this manner, Sir, did the Marqueſs of *Monte Major* contrive his deſigns, and reaſon with his own thoughts, while the fair *Aminta* ſtruck the whole Court with Admiration. So ſoon as ſhe arriv'd at *Sevil* the King and the Queen deſired to ſee her, all the Nobility did the ſame, and every one Worſhip'd this riſing Sun; nay, this new Star eclipſed all the reſt, and tarniſh'd their luſtre. She was the Object of the Ladies hatred, and the Mens love. She was the Subject of Diſcourſe in all Companies: all the Courtiers follow'd her, to all Publick Aſſemblies, where-ever ſhe went, the report of her Beauty flew about every where; ſo that happy were they, that could but ſay they had ſeen the fair *Moor*. There appear'd nothing of the Country, either in her Diſcourſe, or in her Behaviour She was no way diſmay'd at the ſudden variety of Company, ſo well had ſhe the Air of the Court at her firſt entry into it; ſo well her wit and noble haughtineſs pleas'd all underſtanding Perſons. The Duke and Dutcheſs of *Medina Sidonia* us'd her with all reſpect and kindneſs. And in regard ſhe had acquir'd new graces ſince they ſaw her, their Friendſhip and Affection augmented. However, in the midſt of all this good Fortune, the fair *Granadine* did not think her ſelf ſo happy; for every time that her thoughts wandred from *Sevil*, and turn'd toward *Fontaines*, you might have heard her ſigh. Alas, ſaid ſhe to her ſelf, what an odd kind of Fortune is mine? which in the midſt of ſo many appearing favours, torments me with ſo many real miſchiefs, and with the ſhadow of pleaſure intermixes ſo much of real ſorrow: To what end is all this deceitful applauſe, with which they ſeek to flatter the fondneſs of a Virgin? Am I the more happy, or the more contented? Am I the leſs ſad, or the leſs afflicted in my mind? No, no, added ſhe, all the Pomp of the Court can never make me forget our Country delights: The Tumult and hurrey of Cities is nothing ſo pleaſing as the tranquillity of Solitude; the noiſe of the one diſturbs me more than the ſilence of the other: And the Shepherdeſs *Aminta* is ſtill the ſame Shepherdeſs, whom Palaces, Princes, Trumpets, Clarions, Crowns, Scepters, Guards, nor Slaves, Theatres nor Arms, can ever make forget the Cottages and Fields, the Pipes and Reeds, the Garlands and Sheep-hooks, the Fountains and Rivers, the Herds and Doggs, nor any of thoſe Innocent pleaſures that ſo ſweet a life enjoys. But, *Aminta*, never conceal thy real thoughts, ſince thou knoweſt not how to hide them from thy ſelf; examine the inſtigations of thy own heart, re-collect exactly all thy thoughts, and try whether thy thoughts, thy mind, thy ſoul and heart have any kindneſs for thoſe things which thou haſt mentioned, or no; and whether it be for the want of them alone that thou fetcheſt ſo many ſighs, and that thou ſtifleſt ſo many others. Alas! cry'd ſhe again, ſighing a-freſh, what does the lovely and unfortunate *Ponce de Leon* do at this preſent? Whom has he to talk to? What does he think? or what can he think or ſay? He who every moment enjoy'd the Company, of what he now enjoys no more, yet would be glad to enjoy all his life long: He muſes, ſighs, and bewails, ſaid ſhe. He wanders from Fountain to Fountain, from Grotto to Grotto, from Grove to Grove; as thou moſt certainly wouldſt do, wer't thou in his place,

and

and he in thine. Thy reſemblance haunts him every where, as his every where follows thee. But, added ſhe as ſoon, he is young, he is a Man, and he lives at a diſtance; and for that reaſon he may ſoon forget a Perſon that is out of ſight. But, added ſhe, thou art young, thou art a Maid, and thou art far abſent as well as he, yet thou haſt not forgot that he lov'd thee, and that thou loveſt him. Why then, ſo ingeniouſly unreaſonable, ſhould'ſt thou believe, on purpoſe to afflict thy ſelf, that thy memory is more happy than his. Preſerve, *Aminta*, more carefully preſerve that Noble haughtineſs, which ſo well becomes thy Sex; conceive greater thoughts of thy Merit, and never believe that it is poſſible for thee to love without being belov'd. No, no, added ſhe, that misfortune is not among thine; *Ponce de Leon* loves *Aminta*, as ſhe loves him; he dreams of her, as ſhe dreams of him; as he ſighs, ſhe ſighs; and as he weeps for her, ſhe ſheds tears for him. But alas, reply'd ſhe, after ſhe had conſider'd a while, ſuppoſing all were true that thou ſayeſt, what fruit canſt thou expect from thy grief and his diſcontents? Haſt thou alike forgot, as well that which thou knoweſt, as that which thou knoweſt not at all? I mean, his Condition, and thy Quality; the Grandeur of the one, and the uncertainty of the other? And canſt thou flatter thy ſelf with ſuch a Fooliſh thought, to think that things ſo different and inconſiſtent ever can unite? Proud and haughty as thou art, conſider thy Chains, and that thou ſeeſt him Crown'd; the obſcurity of thy Birth, and the Luſtre of his Extraction; his Wealth, and thy Poverty; and in a word, his Honour, and thy Ignominy. Ah! purſu'd ſhe, bluſhing, if I may believe my own heart, my Birth is not beneath his; for if my Birth be but as Noble as my thoughts are high, all things are as equal between us as our love: And *Ponce* has no advantage over *Aminta*. Ah, too unfortunate *Aminta!* Ah, too unknown *Almahide!* Ah, too ambitious Shepherdeſs! Ah, too raſh and inconſiderate Slave! deceive not thy ſelf, cheat not thy ſelf, nor ſuffer thy ſelf to be deluded by ſuch a pleaſing Chimera. Birth is a thing which by no means can be avoided or helped: *Ponce* will be always what he is, and *Aminta* muſt be always what ſhe is; and Love is too weak to contend againſt Fortune, Nature, and Vertue. Forbear then, unfortunate *Aminta*, forbear; not ſo much to love without hope, as to hope in loving: But always as Vertuous as ſenſible, neither demand nor grant love, and be belov'd as if thou didſt not love at all, or that he lov'd not thee; and without hearkning either to inclination, or the Lover himſelf; conſult thy Reaſon, and liſten to that alone. Thus, Sir, the fair *Aminta* bemoan'd her ſelf, while the Count of *Pegnafiel* bewail'd her departure from *Fontaines*. And the Marqueſs of *Monte Major* was laying his deſigns at *Paradas*: Inſomuch that he being confirm'd in his reſolution, and believing himſelf oblig'd to return that Viſit which *Ponce* had made him (deſirous, perhaps, out of that malice which is Natural to Rivals, to perplex him, by letting him underſtand his departure, and his intention to ſee *Aminta* in his conſtrained abſence) came one day to *Fontaines* to take his leave. Then it was, Sir, that I was forc'd to make uſe of all my wit and diſcretion to hinder their ſecret animoſities from breaking forth, and from giving one another ſevere Language; for indeed they were ſo diſpos'd to nip one another, that I had much ado to keep them both quiet. For after they had accoſted each other with a coldneſs and diſguſt eaſily viſible in their looks, that came little ſhort of an affront; The Command that I have received from the Duke of *Infantada*, ſaid *Don Alvarez* to *Ponce de Leon*, the neceſſity which lay upon me to come hither, has obliged me to give you a Viſit, which I always thought would be no way acceptable. I gave you one, reply'd *Ponce*, by vertue of a Command of the ſame Nature that I received from the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, which in my Opinion you car'd for as little: At leaſt, I know that it was much more troubleſome to you, for I was well in Health, but you were Wounded. Among Friends, ſaid I, to divert their Diſcourſe, there can be nothing troubleſome: For when two Perſons of your worth, pay their reſpects one to another, there can nothing of inconvenience diſturb ſuch a Viſit. I aſſure you, reply'd *Ponce*, with a haughty and ſcornful behaviour, there may be a Seaſon when all things may prove importunate and irkſome. That's very true, anſwer'd *Don Alvarez* as ſcornfully and haughtily as he, and within this little while I have had the Experience of it more than once. Such an Opinion does no injury at all, ſaid I; for in regard the animoſity which cauſes it, proceeds rather from the temper of the Perſon, than from the Will; Friends that have their reaſon about them, are never concern'd for it, and ſeldome take ſo much as any notice of it. 'Tis moſt certain, ſaid the Marqueſs, more than uſually at that time tranſported with his Paſſion, that among Courtiers, ſuch as you and I are, generally that behaviour is obſerv'd; but Countrey breeding walks by other Rules: thoſe formal Gentlemen being more exact, and more ſtudiouſly weighing all their words and actions. The Court however, reply'd *Ponce*, is more often accus'd than the Countrey, for exceſs of Ceremony and refin'd Impoſture: Beſides that, there are in the Court that you talk of, as unpoliſh'd, unmannerly Fellows, and ſuch as ſpeak as Clowniſhly as any in the Countrey. That may very well be, ſaid I; but in reference to the Court and Countrey, what you have both ſaid concerns none but the petty Nobility which are there. But as Perſons of your Quality are always accounted Courtiers, whether they be there or no, they are never reckoned in the Number of the Countrey Gentry. For my part, ſaid the Marqueſs, if I am one of them now, I will not continue ſo long; for to morrow I intend to return for *Sevil*. And in regard I ſhall not fail to take all Opportunities of waiting upon the Duke and Dutcheſs of *Medina Sidonia*, I came here, ſaid he with a ſpightful

utterance,

utterance, to know whether the Count of *Pegnaſiel* had any Service to command me in that place. The Count bluſh'd at theſe words, and for a while return'd no anſwer, Jealouſie intermixing with his love, and forcing him to ſilence. But in a ſhort time, Sir, ſaid he, I believe I ſhall follow you ſo ſuddenly, that it will not be needful for me to give you any Commiſſions. There then we ſhall ſee one another again, reply'd *Don Alvarez* riſing from his Chair. You may be ſure of it, reply'd *Ponce*, if I may have my will; and you may hear news of me there too, as you did at *Paradas*. I ſhall be glad to welcome it at any time, where-ever I am, anſwer'd the Marqueſs; and I ſhall return the ſame anſwer as before. I believe ſo, reply'd the Count, and I hope we ſhall have no worſe luck than we had. Not ſo, anſwer'd *Don Alvarez*, for in regard that Courteſies ought to be reciprocal, I make no queſtion but to do what you have done, and that you may endure what I have ſuffer'd. Ye ſhall both do that, ſaid I, to ſtop the Current of ſuch dangerous words, which Friendſhip requires, and ye ſhall do no more. With that the Marqueſs took Horſe, and rid home, after there had two or three cold Complements paſs'd between the Count and him. After he was gone, *Ponce de Leon* took a Walk in the Garden, and as he walk'd, Unfortunate *Ponce*, ſaid he, with a ſtrange deſpair, what a Capricious deſtiny is thine? and to what extravagant misfortunes art thou reſerv'd? what unſearchable reaſon Obliges the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* to keep thee in this Deſart? I have ſought to find it out more than once; and I have ſeveral times ask'd him to tell me the reaſon himſelf; and ſo long as my misfortune laſts, I will not ceaſe to importune him, though I am too certain how unprofitable my demand will be. But alas, purſu'd he, will this miſery endure as long as I live? Juſt Heavens, if it muſt be ſo, put a period to my life, that my ſorrows may be at an end. Certain it is that I am reduc'd to an extraordinary misfortune by the departure of *Don Alvarez*, whom I hate, and the abſence of the fair *Aminta*, whom I love. How do I dread this departure of his! purſu'd he: How am I conſtrain'd to apprehend the fatal conſequences of it! The happy Marqueſs of *Monte Major* is gone to live, where lives the fair *Aminta*; but the unhappy Count of *Pegnaſiel* is preparing to die where ſhe is not. Oh cruel and diſmal adventure! He is going to ſee her and ſpeak with her, while thou canſt do neither; and which is more terrible, he is going, perhaps, to put thee quite out of her remembrance. He is going, perhaps, to win her affection to himſelf: for what may not the abſent fear? What may not they accompliſh who are always in ſight? *Aminta* is Young, *Don Alvarez* is handſom, *Ponce* is unhappy; and thus am I trebly miſerable. *Aminta* may prove faithful, it may be not: And is not this incertainty alone ſufficient to caſt a Lover into deſpair? Generous *Ponce*, added he, thou haſt ſlain thy ſelf, in giving thy Rival his Life: Yet *Ponce*, purſu'd he, to repent of a Noble action is a Crime; and therefore is it not better to be Unfortunate than Criminal, to ſuffer Injuſtice than commit it? No, no, reply'd he, thou talk'ſt like one of the Sages, and not like a Lover; for Scrupulous Vertue, and the fire of Love are incompatible in the ſame heart: But peace, inordinate Paſſion, peace, and let Reaſon ſpeak, ſaid he. Were I a Criminal, 'twere not then for her Honour, longer to abide me; and ſhould ſhe not abide me, it were not then for me to love her any longer. No, no, irrational Creature, never repent of thy Vertue, but be in better hopes of hers: As thou loveſt her out of ſight, ſhe will love thee in thy abſence: And as thou art reſolv'd never to change in the midſt of all the Beauties of the World, hope that ſhe will prove as faithful in the midſt of the Court. Thou knoweſt her Humour, thou knoweſt her Vertue, thou knoweſt thy own Conſtancy; and if thou canſt not baniſh all thy fear, yet never baniſh all thy hope. Fear in hope, and hope in fear; try, ſuffer, expect, love, and believe that they who never change, at length conſtrain Fortune to change, and are not always miſerable. Thus, Sir, were *Ponce de Leon*'s thoughts in continual turmoyl after the departure of the Marqueſs of *Monte Major*. Theſe were the Mortal diſturbances that rent his Heart, and troubled the Peace of his Soul. In the mean time, becauſe he thought it long e're the return of the Perſon whom he had uſually ſent to *Sevil*, and of whom he had made himſelf ſure by Gifts, he engag'd the chief of his Lacqueys by the ſame means, and diſpatch'd him to the Court, with Letters for the Duke and the Dutcheſs, with farther Order to give one in particular to the fair *Aminta*, and to bring him back an anſwer in private. The firſt of thoſe Letters was to this effect.

To the Duke of Medina Sidonia.

SIR,

"Will your Excellency never vouchſafe me "the Opportunity to render my ſelf worthy "the Honour of being your Son? Will you al- "ways continue the Father of a ſlothful Perſon, "who never yet did any thing to deſerve that "Title? Call to your remembrance your Royal "Extraction, from which I am alſo ſprung; "for, for my part, I will never forget that my "Name is

Ponce de Leon.

The Letter which he wrote to the Dutcheſs, his Mother, contain'd theſe words.

To

To the Dutcheſs of Medina Sidonia.

"Be no longer, Madam, the Mother of an "Exile, if you intend to be long the Mother "of a Son ſo dear to you, and by whom your "ſelf is ſo highly reverenced; and therefore if "your Excellency deſires he ſhould live, ſend "for him to your preſence: For he can no lon-"ger endure neither his Baniſhment nor your "abſence.

Ponce de Leon.

That which he wrote to the fair *Aminta*, was to this effect.

The Unfortunate Ponce de Leon, *to the Divine* Aminta.

Fair Aminta,

"I cannot be ſaid to be dead for grief, becauſe "I am ſtill living: yet, could Affliction have "depriv'd me of my life, you would e're this "have heard of my death. I make no diffe-"rence between not ſeeing you, and not ſeeing "at all; and ſince your departure, me-thinks "my Priſon is my Tomb; and that I am al-"ready, what I am ſuddenly to be: For if your "abſence continue, the miſerable *Ponce* cannot "be long-liv'd. He ſees you no more, fair "*Aminta*; but *Don Alvarez* will be ſhortly with "you. Thus was not my former misfortune "enough, unleſs Deſtiny had added a ſecond; "and therefore if you take no care to revive "my drooping Soul, though I cannot die for "grief, I ſhall infallibly die for fear.

Ponce de Leon.

Now, in regard the laſt Diſcourſe which we had together, had fix'd in us both a confidence of each other, notwithſtanding the auſtere quality of Governour; and for that he found that I never condemn'd his Paſſion, neither did he conceal from me wherefore he had ſent one of his Lacqueys to *Sevil*, nor did I hide from him a Letter which I had written, to this effect.

To the Illuſtrious Duke of Medina Sidonia.

"It is my Duty to inform your Excellency, "that the Illuſtrious Count of *Pegnafiel* begins "to think his Baniſhment tedious; and that it "is impoſſible for him to abide it any longer "without endangering his health, and it may "be his life. Whatever pleas'd him before, "now diſpleaſes him, and a continual Melan-"choly waſtes him. You would hardly know "him, ſo is he chang'd, as well in his mind, as "in his body; for the departure of *Don Alva-"rez* has begat in him ſuch an antipathy againſt "the Countrey, and ſuch a deſire to ſee the "Court, that your Excellency would do well "to ſend for him, if you give any Credit to

Fernand de Solis.

I forgot to tell you, Sir, that the Count of *Pegnafiel* did not fail to inform the fair *Aminta* in a Poſtſcript to her Letter, of his Condition, and to requeſt her ſecrecy in a buſineſs of ſo much importance: But now, Sir, he expected the return of his Lacquey with an impatience not to be expreſs'd. Nor could he forbear af-ter he had diſcover'd his Love to me, to make known his Jealouſie alſo: But I convinc'd him by ſo many Arguments, that had he had more, I had remov'd it; ſo that he became much more quiet in his thoughts. At length, after many wiſhes, and long expectations, the Meſſenger return'd, and brought us anſwers to what we had written. From the Duke came one to this purpoſe.

To Ponce de Leon.

"You can do nothing better, than to Obey "me; nor any thing more prudently, than to "truſt to my Wiſdom. Be contented then, "and let me alone: For how great ſoever the "Honour be to which you aſpire, that of Obey-"ing me will be no leſs: Remember then what "I Command you; and that you may render "your ſelf worthy your Royal Pedigree, forget "not that it is to me, to whom you owe your "Extraction; and that your Father is

The Duke of Medina Sidonia.

The Illuſtrious *Ponce de Leon* could not read this Letter without ſighing; but hoping to find ſome other kind of Conſolation in that of the Dutcheſs his Mother, he haſtily opened it, and found it to this effect.

To the Count of Pegnafiel *my Son.*

"I more earneſtly long to ſee you here, than "you are deſirous to come hither: For Mothers "love their Children better than Children love "their Mothers. But in ſhort, my Lord and "yours, for reaſons altogether invincible, for-"bids you to ſtir. He will not make them "known, not being oblig'd to tell you. Con-"tent your ſelf then a while, for the moſt in-"dulgent of Mothers aſſures her Son, that his

"Baniſhment

" Baniſhment ſhall not long continue: And " therefore rely upon the promiſe of

Inez D' Arragon.

The mildneſs of this Letter qualify'd the tartneſs of the former; ſo that *Ponce de Leon*, leſs ſad than before, deſired me to read my Letter. But Sir, ſaid I ſmiling, for a man ſo much in Love, me-thinks you are not enough impatient to look upon your own. Ah! *Don Fernand*, ſaid he, kiſſing it at the ſame time, I am more impatient than you are aware of; but I keep it as a Remedy againſt the miſchief which I foreſee the others will do me. Are you then aſſur'd, Sir, ſaid I, ſmiling again, to find it ſo favourable to your expectations? No, anſwer'd he bluſhing; but whatever it be, there is nothing that can diſpleaſe me that comes from *Aminta*. You are a faithful, as well as a diſcreet Lover, ſaid I; and to ſatisfie him, I open'd my Letter, which was to this purpoſe.

To Don Fernand de Solis.

" You know the reaſons of my Son's Baniſh- " ment, and how invincible they are. Let not " him underſtand any thing, but onely require " his Obedience without giving him any ac- " count. If he be wiſe, he will Cure himſelf; " if not, 'tis no great matter for his Diſtemper. " Either then let him live ſuch as I would have " him to be, or let him dye; for I had rather " have no Son at all, than one without Reaſon: " And this I ſeriouſly proteſt.

The Duke of Medina Sidonia.

Ah, Sir, cry'd I ſmiling, take your Antidote. I have need of it, reply'd he very ſeriouſly: But ſince you know this great ſecret of the Duke my Father, the Antidote will be much the ſtronger, if you would but let me underſtand that which I am ignorant of. I ſhould then prove unfaithful, anſwer'd I. And indeed, ſince the Duke my Maſter has oblig'd me by Oath to perpetual ſilence, I know you are too generous to deſire that I ſhould break it. Thereupon he open'd the fair *Aminta's* Letter, which was to this effect.

The Unfortunate Aminta, *to the Obliging* Ponce de Leon.

" I will not diſcover to you all my grief, but " you may gheſs at it, and judge of it by your " own. 'Tis ſaid, that Perſons of my Sex die " for joy; if that be true, I ſhall live a long " time, for I am ſure I have no reaſon to be " glad. However, you have not a little re- " joyced me by writing; for how melancholy " ſoever it were, 'twas the greateſt pleaſure to " me ſince I left *Fontaines*, to read it. I had " not the power to tell you of it, ſince I came " hither: but if you find me too reſerv'd, I " give you leave to be more bold, and to think " what I dare not preſume to tell you. As for " the Court, 'tis very Beautiful, but I love not " every thing that is Beautiful, and the Shep- " herdeſs at *Sevil* ſighs oftner than ſhe laughs. " But whether they be the Groves, the Grot- " to's, and the Fountains, that ſhe longs to ſee, " or the Shepherd *Leonce* and his Flocks, is a " Riddle which I leave you to unfold, not for- " bidding you to put the moſt favourable con- " ſtruction upon it. Talk not therefore of dy- " ing, ſince your life is ſo dear to me, I give " you mine to keep, which is no leſs dear to " you; if you are real, give me a good account " of your charge, when I ſhall demand it. As " for the Perſon you ſpeak of, he has not ap- " pear'd here as yet; but be no more afraid of " him at *Sevil* than at *Paradas*. Your ſurpri- " zing Poſtſcript has infinitely Charm'd me. " However, I muſt chide *Don Fernand* for pre- " ferring an old Friend before a new Acquain- " tance: Nevertheleſs I ſhall forgive him, when- " ever he thinks fit to perfect the diſcovery " which he has begun. But does not the Shep- " herd *Leonce* fear, leſt *Aminta*, whom he has " known a Slave, a Shepherdeſs, and yet haughty, " ſhould grow more proud, now ſhe is a Prin- " ceſs, and aſſur'd that her Extraction is from " the Race of Kings, as well as his? I cannot " tell how he may be concern'd, but I know " that ſhe will never be what he ſuſpects, who " regarding her Vertue beyond the Thrones of " her Anceſtors, will never ſuffer any Exalta- " tion to change the Situation of her Soul; for " as long as *Ponce de Leon* ſhall continue *Ponce* " *de Leon*, *Aminta* will be ever

Aminta.

Oh moſt powerful Remedy for your Diſtemper, cry'd I, beholding the Count of *Pegnafiel*. I dare ſay, added I, that you already feel the wonderful Operation, and that your grief will vaniſh, by that time you have read this Taliſman three times over. I muſt acknowledge, anſwer'd he, kiſſing the Letter more than once, that all the ſeverity of the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* and my Mothers forſaking me, cannot hinder me at preſent from being ſupreamly happy. Learn then, Sir, ſaid I, by a change ſo ſudden and ſo great, never to deſpair of any thing, and to ſuffer your evil Fortune as a thing that will undoubtedly have an end. I ſhall endeavour for the future, ſaid he, to take your advice; but in regard there is no going from one extremity to another, without paſſing through the middle, you muſt give me leave to grow wiſe by degrees; for as all ſudden alterations are dangerous, it may be you may deſtroy me, while you onely think to correct me. Be firſt a hardned ſinner, ſaid I, and die rather in your

your ſin. Of all your advice, ſaid he, this is that which I ſhall follow with leaſt trouble and moſt ſincerity; and having ſo ſaid, he left me, and went to walk alone all the reſt of the day, reading and kiſſing by himſelf over and over again that kind Letter which *Aminta* had ſent him. In the mean time *Don Alvarez* being arriv'd at Court, after he had been ſharply reprov'd by the Duke of *Infantada* his Father, for what had paſs'd at *Fontaines* and *Paradas*: and having done his Duty to the King and Queen, prepar'd himſelf with all poſſible ſpeed to Viſit the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* and the Dutcheſs his Wife. He dreſs'd himſelf, he perfum'd and trim'd himſelf, omitting nothing of Faſhion or Coſt to ſet himſelf forth. And in that Garb he made his firſt Viſit to the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*. And in regard he had laid aſide all his anger, being out of the ſight of his Rival, he look'd with a free and chearful Countenance, and he made uſe of all the Flattery and Courtſhip that his Invention would afford him. Sir, ſaid he, I am come to pay a Duty, to which my inclination as well as my reſpect leads me: And I aſſure you, Sir, there was nothing that made me more impatient to return, than my deſire of having the honour to attend your Excellency, out of an apprehenſion that I had loſt your favour. 'Tis a loſs to which you can never be expos'd, reply'd the Duke; for beſides the ancient Amity which has been between our Families, and the particular kindneſs between your Father and my ſelf, your own Merit aſſures you of my Friendſhip and eſteem: And I proteſt, Sir, that I was infinitely troubled for what paſt between my Son and you, onely I attributed it to his imprudence. 'Twas rather to be attributed to my misfortune, reply'd *Don Alvarez*; for the Illuſtrious Count of *Pegnafiel* has ſo much wit and goodneſs, and I have ſo high a reſpect for whatever concerns him, that I know not my ſelf how we came to fall out in that manner. As I am not ignorant that my Son was the Aſſailant, and by conſequence guilty, I have been ill Obey'd at *Fontaines*, if my Son has not been to attend you at *Paradas*, to ask your pardon; and *Don Fernand* has deceiv'd me, and prov'd a Confederate with my Son, if my Commands were not fulfill'd. Oh, Sir, cry'd the Marqueſs of *Monte Major*, your Son has done too much; and I muſt confeſs he has overcome me a ſecond time by his Civility. Thence entring upon a Diſcourſe of the Action it ſelf, the Marqueſs took an occaſion to extoll the Count of *Pegnafiel* to the Stars: he made a *Heroe* of him rather than a man, to tickle the ears of the Duke, on purpoſe that he might be more kind to him; knowing that nothing could be more pleaſing to a Generous Father, than to hear the teſtimonies of his Son's Valour. And doubtleſs, their Diſcourſe had held much longer, had not the King ſent in all haſte for the Duke: who thereupon begg'd the Marqueſs's Excuſe, in all the Courtly expreſſions that Perſons who know the World make uſe of upon ſuch occaſions. He alſo carried the Marqueſs to the Dutcheſſes Apartment, where he begg'd his pardon a ſecond time at the door. Madam, ſaid the Marqueſs to the Dutcheſs, I know not with what face I have preſum'd to preſent my ſelf before your Excellency, conſidering what has befallen me. Sir, anſwer'd ſhe, it was *Ponce de Leon* that was in fault, and not you: For I am not ſo dim-ſighted, as not to be able to diſtinguiſh between the innocent and the guilty. Ah, Madam, reply'd he, they who have the misfortune to diſpleaſe you can never be innocent; and did I not hope to make amends for my fault by my particular Services, I would puniſh my ſelf for a Crime which your Excellency has the goodneſs to pardon. No, no, Sir, the Quality of a Mother does not deprive me of my Reaſon: I ſee things as I ought to ſee them, and as they are; and it is the Count of *Pegnafiel*, not you, that ſtands in need of my Clemency, after the unjuſt action which he perform'd. It was an action ſo Noble and Honourable, reply'd *Don Alvarez*, that it deſerv'd rather your Favour. Your applauſes, reply'd the Dutcheſs, deſerve more honour than your unkind Fortune depriv'd you of. Ah, Madam, reply'd he ſmiling, Honour is the Victors ſhare, and you well know I am not of that number. You merit ſo to be, reply'd the Dutcheſs; and I make no diſtinction between ſo deſerving and ſo being. After this, they fell upon other Diſcourſe, and upon ſeveral other Subjects, and all the while, the Marqueſs appear'd ſo pleaſant, ſo merry, ſo Courtly, ſuch excellent Company, that 'twas impoſſible to ſuſpect that he had any thing ſad in his mind, or any ſerious deſign in his brain. He jeaſted alſo upon the occaſion of the Quarrel; and at length made ſuch a pleaſant deſcription of the Count of *Pegnafiel*'s Jealouſie and his own, that no body knew whether he ſpake ſeriouſly, or out of meer Courtſhip. But while his Lips were employed in entertaining the Dutcheſs, his Eyes were buſie other where. So that looking, as it were, two ways at once, at laſt he eſpy'd what he ſought for, I mean, the fair *Aminta*, in an Alcove among the Dutcheſſes Ladies of Honour. After that, his looks were more active than his words: For while the one accompanied the Dutcheſs, the other went a pickeering toward the fair *Granadine*, on purpoſe to ſpie in hers, whether ſhe had no more reſpect for him at *Sevil* than ſhe had at *Granada*. But the *Portugal* Ambaſſador entring at the ſame time, to whom the Dutcheſs was to give an Audience of Ceremony, the Marqueſs roſe up, and intermixing himſelf among the crowd, while thoſe tedious and unprofitable Ceremonies laſted, he ſo order'd his buſineſs, that by ſlipping from place to place without any notice, at length he got behind the fair *Aminta*: So that while the Dutcheſs and the Ambaſſador were talking aloud, *Don Alvarez*, laying his Face to the fair *Aminta's* Ear, and whiſpering, as Courtiers well know how at ſuch times; Beautiful *Aminta*, ſaid he, I would fain know, whether I muſt be as unhappy at Court, as I was in the Countrey; and whether the Lady will be as cruel as the

Shepherdeſs. Sir, anſwer'd ſhe, never ſo much as turning toward him, if I knew the Lady as well as I know the Shepherdeſs, I could give you a more punctual reply; but now I can ſay no more, onely that if the Lady be of the ſame mind with the Shepherdeſs, your Fortune will no more alter, than ſhe change in her Opinion. But unjuſt Lady, reply'd he, that which is plauſible in the Countrey, is not ſo at Court: And the Perſon of whom I ſpeak, having left her Flocks and her Sheep-hook, ſhould now leave off her ſcorn and diſdain. I cannot tell whether ſhe ought or no, reply'd *Aminta*, but I am ſure ſhe has not done it; and that which formerly diſpleaſed her diſpleaſes her ſtill: and that if you ſpeak to her with the ſame preſumption that you have wrote to her, you will ſoon conſtrain her to hate the City, and covet ſolitude. Affect it ſtill then, fair *Aminta*, ſaid he; for the unfortunate Perſon that has accus'd her, muſt continue his complaints: Nor do I know but one way to hinder him, but that is infallible. I would inform my ſelf, reply'd the fair *Aminta*, were I the Party that you mean. 'Tis onely but to uſe him more kindly, anſwer'd *Don Alvarez*; for if after that, he ever complain more, publiſh my ignorance, and never follow my advice again. There be Remedies worſe than the Diſeaſe, reply'd *Aminta*; and I take yours to be ſuch. You ſhould never fore-judge a Remedy till you have try'd it, reply'd he; I very much ſuſpect a Phyſician of your Age, for his knowledge cannot be grounded upon Experience. Timorous fair one, ſaid he, certainly you miſtake this Tapeſtry Landskip for the Landskip of *Fontaines*, and you imagine your ſelf to be heard by the Shepherd that turns his back to you; or that it is the terrible *Leonce*, jealous and angry as you have ſeen him at other times. *Aminta* laught at his Diſcourſe, and putting her Fan before her mouth, It may be, ſaid ſhe, he has ſeem'd terrible to you, but he never yet appear'd ſo to me. Your Language is a little too ſevere, ſaid *Don Alvarez*, conſidering what has happen'd between him and me. That may teach you, reply'd ſhe, that the Shepherdeſſes have their Doggs that will bite; and that it is not for Courtiers, ſuch as you are, to have any thing to do with ſuch Clowns as they. Having ſo ſaid, ſhe turn'd her head away; and though he ſpoke ſomething more, yet ſhe pretended not to hear him, and made him no further anſwer. So that he finding no more buſineſs for him in that place, ſlipt out of the throng, and departed out of the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*'s Palace, more diſconſolate far than he entred. Being return'd home, Unfortunate Marqueſs of *Monte Major*, cry'd he, how vain and idle haſt thou been, to think that the haughty *Aminta* would forſake the Victor for the Vanquiſh'd? That having ſcorn'd thee at *Fontaines*, ſhe will love thee at *Sevil*? Forbear, ſenſeleſs Creature, forbear to deceive thy ſelf with ſuch an improbable Chimera; and that thou may'ſt bury in Oblivion all thoſe fooliſh thoughts that have hitherto flatter'd thee, remember the cruel words which her ingratitude hath ſpoken: She has upbraided thee with thy misfortune and the Victory of thy Rival, with a nipping and opprobrious ſcoff. She has laid before thy eyes the Image of her Honour and thy Diſgrace. Poor ſpirited *Don Alvarez*, cry'd he, if thou ſuffereſt this affront, thou deſerveſt to be abus'd; and if thou loveſt her ſtill that gave it thee, ſhe does well never to look upon thee. Proud Slave, added he in his anger, that haſt forgotten thy own Fetters, and remembreſt not the Crowns of my Anceſtors, and uſeſt me as if I were what thou art, and thou wer't what I am. It behoves me therefore, either to tear thee from my Heart, or to rend my Heart out of my Body. Yes, ſaid he, bewailing himſelf, I muſt either loſe the remembrance of thee, or loſe my ſelf: I muſt either ceaſe to be, or ceaſe to love thee. It behoves me to puniſh thee, and revenge my ſelf upon thee, by reducing thee once more to wear thoſe Chains which thou haſt forgot, Haughty, Cruel, Diſdainful, Inſolent Slave that thou art. But Slave that thou art thy ſelf, reply'd he, ſighing; haſt thou the boldneſs to ſpeak in this manner of a Cœleſtial Perſon, whoſe looks alone make thee tremble? And who compels thee to be more reſpectful when thou ſeeſt her, than thou art inſolent out of her ſight? Repent, indiſcreet Lover, repent this Capital preſumption, that ſo highly deſerves puniſhment. Remember, that if ſhe be unjuſt, thou art Sacrilegious; and that thy Crime is incomparably beyond her fault. For alas! ſhe loves thee not, but thou loveſt her; and which is worſe, ſhe never will love thee as long as ſhe lives, while thou art conſtrain'd to love her always. In a word, either thou muſt die, or ſee her, there is no Medium between thoſe two extreams; and therefore of neceſſity thou muſt reſolve either upon the one or the other. Suffer then, unfortunate *Don Alvarez*, ſuffer, whatever it is her pleaſure that thou ſhould'ſt endure. Her indifference, her ſcorn, her hatred, her reproaches, her injuries, her forgetfulneſs. Loſe thy Reſt, loſe thy Fortune, loſe the eſteem of all the World, loſe the Friendſhip of thy Parents; in ſhort, loſe all, rather than loſe thy hope; for with hope thou may'ſt ſuffer all things, without it, we may be ſaid to be damn'd; nor can the damn'd certainly have any greater puniſhment. Hope then, unfortunate *Alvarez*, hope, concluded he, and omit nothing that may change her mind and thy Fortune together: Suffer without murmuring, pray over and over, urge her again and again: offer, praiſe, flatter, ſpeak with thy eyes when thou canſt not ſpeak with thy mouth: Viſit her often, follow and attend her to all Meetings and Aſſemblies, and make the beſt uſe of thy Rivals abſence. But alas, reply'd he fetching a deep ſigh, moſt of theſe Remedies are impoſſible, both *Aminta's* Condition and my Quality render them ſo. In ſhort, purſu'd he, how can I dare to Viſit her often? if not, how can I hope? Will the Duke of *Sidonia* ſuffer my Viſits, when he knows to what end I make them? Or will the Duke of *Infantada* think good that I ſhould be a Servant

to

to a Slave? And that Slave her ſelf will ſhe not Baniſh me, either out of Intereſt or Antipathy? Oh, what difficulties, what troubles, what obſtacles are theſe to ſurmount? What Enemies to contend with? What Encounters muſt be hazarded for Victory? How many Victories to be won, before we can be compleatly Victorious, or obtain the Crown? Nevertheleſs, maugre all Obſtacles, Difficulties, Enemies, Combats, and Victories, we muſt love and Serve *Aminta*. Here I muſt ſtop, never alter this deſign; for though I would, it is not in my Power, nor in my Will. Theſe were the Reaſons, and this was the Reſolution of the Marqueſs of *Monte Major*.

On the other ſide, the fair *Aminta*, glorying in her Pride, and not willing to loſe the benefit of her diſdain, to comfort her abſent Lover, upon an Errand that the Dutcheſs diſpatch'd to *Fontaines*, ſhe engag'd one of the chief Lacqueys belonging to the Dutcheſs, whom ſhe had won by her Liberality, to deliver a Letter to her Illuſtrious Lover, the effect whereof was this.

Aminta *to the Generous* Ponce.

"At length, we have ſeen *Don Alvarez*; but "if I am not deceiv'd, we ſhall be troubled "with him no more: For in all probability his "firſt Viſit has given him no encouragement to "make a ſecond. He was not a little ſenſible "how my thoughts were incens'd; but expect "not that I ſhould tell you, whence my vexa"tion aroſe: There is always ſomething that I "leave you to conjecture, however I permit "you not to think any thing that may afflict "your mind; for I would rather be your com"fort to the utmoſt of my power.

Aminta.

The Illuſtrious Count of *Pegnafiel* was ſo over-joy'd at the reading of this Letter, that he ſeem'd, as it were, beſides himſelf; that thereby it was eaſie to conjecture what was in his heart. He fancy'd to himſelf *Aminta's* Noble Pride, and his Rivals ſhame; the diſdain of the one, and the others vexation; and feigning to apprehend what he never underſtood, bid the Meſſenger report back to the fair *Granadine*, not only every word that he had ſaid, but alſo what he thought it became him to ſay. To that purpoſe he kept the Lacquey a long time with him in private; he ask'd a hundred queſtions; whether *Aminta* were ſad or merry? what ſhe did? who they were that kept her Company? omitting nothing that an extraordinary Love, and ſomewhat of Jealouſie are wont to enquire after. At length, upon the Lacquey's earneſt entreaty, he gave him his diſpatches to the Duke and Dutcheſs; among the reſt, the faithful Meſſenger upon his return, brought an Anſwer, and gave it privately into the fair *Aminta's* hands, in theſe words.

The Fortunate Count of Pegnafiel, *to the Cœleſtial* Aminta.

"Though it were true, that I could not con"jecture right, tell me not however that I may "make a bad gheſs; but let me alone in my "pleaſing Error, to think my ſelf a true Pro"phet. There are Impoſtures more delightful "than the Truth; and Dreams, which I pre"fer before all the Pleaſures of thoſe that wake. "Thus, fair and kind *Aminta*, ſuffer me to flat"ter my ſelf with a belief, that I had ſome "ſhare in *Don Alvarez's* repulſe. And that "you deny'd him a happineſs, that you might "render infinitely Fortunate,

Ponce de Leon.

The fair *Granadine* kindly received his anſwer, that the affection and merit of a Lover could not have met with a more favourable reception at the hands of his Miſtreſs.

In the mean while the Marqueſs of *Monte Major*, ſince he could not vanquiſh his Paſſion, reſolv'd to try whether he could vanquiſh all obſtructions that oppos'd him; and to omit nothing that could move the heart of the fair *Aminta*, and facilitate his deſigns. True it is, that the uncertain Extraction of that incomparable Beauty, the Fetters that ſhe had worn, the ſevere humour of the Duke of *Infantada*, the regularity of the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, and the Dutcheſs his Wife; and common Prudence that would not ſuffer a Perſon of his rank to be a profeſſed Servant to a Perſon of her condition, were no ſmall impediments that perplex'd and diſcontented him. But on the other ſide, in regard the Prodigious Beauty of that Cœleſtial Perſon had already enthrall'd ſeveral Illuſtrious Captives, that cared not to conceal their Chains; Example made him bold, ſo that he reſolv'd neither to hide his own; ſo much the rather, becauſe he thought that what was permitted to his Rival, was as Lawful for him; and that Love might excuſe him, as well as he had excus'd the other. But there was a greater difficulty than all this oppos'd his deſign; I mean, the equality of Merit, and long Co-habitation, which had begat a reciprocal affection between the fair *Aminta* and *Ponce de Leon*: So that he was onely to attacque a place already taken, and which the Conquerour would undoubtedly as obſtinately defend. Nevertheleſs, as there is nothing which a great Soul dares not attempt, no Perſons more bold than Lovers, nor any thing that flatters more than Hope: He reſolv'd to take a by way; not to declare himſelf a profeſſed Lover, as others had done; but more cunningly carrying his Game, under the pretence of Mirth, and a

jollity of humour, he ſo order'd his affairs, that he did all that his Rivals had done, without offending either the Dukes of *Infantada*, or *Medina Sidonia*, or raiſing any report that might be diſadvantageous to him. He began to go more frequently to the Duke of *Medina Sidonia's* Palace: and being a great Maſter of a jeaſting wit, he behav'd himſelf in Publick as if he had minded nothing elſe; but his private aim was wholly the love of *Aminta*. He was always Nobly Habited, more faſhionable and magnificent than he us'd to be. The fair *Aminta* never went along with the Dutcheſs to any Publick Meetings, Balls, or Viſits, but he was there as ſoon. He made her Preſents, and gave her Serenades. But after he had made his approaches by Sighs and Looks, Muſick and Preſents, he began to lay cloſe Siege; and ſeeking to that end an Opportunity to ſpeak to the fair *Aminta* with more freedom, his Paſſion ſoon gave him one. For there being a Comedy to be Acted at the Queens Lodgings, the Marqueſs of *Monte Major* was ſo nimble, that he obtain'd of the Maſter of the Ceremonies, who was one of his Friends, to place a Kinſwoman of his next the fair *Granadine*; ſo that the Marqueſs coming afterwards, and looking about for a convenient ſeat, his Friend that knew to what end ſhe was ſeated there, preſently call'd him, and giving way, ſeated him juſt between her ſelf and the fair *Aminta*. Immediately as ſoon as he had civilly perform'd the firſt Ceremonies of addreſs, there began a Diſcourſe between them three, concerning the Play which was then to be Acted; of the merit of the Author, the Excellency of the Actors, and the magnificence of the Scenes. After this Diſcourſe had laſted for ſome time, *Don Alvarez* and his Kinſwoman grew ſilent; and while ſhe turning her head another way, was whiſpering to a Lady that ſate next her; the Marqueſs making uſe of that favourable Opportunity, Madam, ſaid he ſoftly in the ear of the fair *Granadine*, in regard it is ſo hard a thing to ſpeak with you in private, permit me not to loſe ſo fair an Occaſion as this, and that I may make the beſt uſe of moments ſo precious, and ſo rarely to be met with. Sir, anſwer'd ſhe, I wonder you ſhould be ſo diligent to ſeek thoſe Opportunities; for I know nothing of any buſineſs that you and I have together. I confeſs, Madam, ſaid he, that I neither can, nor intend to trouble you with a diſcourſe of many things: But you will confeſs, that there is one of that importance, that though I ſhould talk of it all my life, I could not talk of it enough; to let you underſtand what it is at preſent, and ever ſhall be. If you ſpeak that which is true, reply'd ſhe, I muſt have a very bad memory, for I remember nothing of it. I fear, anſwer'd he, that the defect is not ſo much in your Memory, as in your Will. As to my defect of Memory and Will, reply'd *Aminta*, though you ſhould add to it the deficiencie of Wit and Imagination, provided you leave me common ſenſe and judgment, I will never complain of ſo fair a Portraiture, nor wiſh any ill to the Painter. You will have ſome Reaſon however, reply'd *Don Alvarez*; for there are two things that all the Painters in the World never knew how to repreſent. I was never ſo ſtupid, reply'd *Aminta*, as I find my ſelf to day: So that if this Cloud continue upon my ſenſes, I ſhall underſtand nothing of the Comedy. In ſhort, I cannot apprehend what thoſe two things ſhould be, which are ſo difficult to be painted. Your Merit, and my Affection, reply'd the Marqueſs of *Monte Major*: For the one is ſo vaſt, and the other ſo great, that all the Eloquence of Language can never deſcribe them. Surely, Sir, reply'd the fair *Granadine*, I am come hither to Comedy upon Comedy; for you have compos'd a Fable, before that which the Court has provided be ready. Fable and Hiſtory are not the ſame thing, reply'd *Don Alvarez*; for indeed there is more of Truth than Invention in what I tell you. But in ſhort, Sir, anſwer'd ſhe, whether the Marqueſs of *Monte Major* be a Poet or an Hiſtorian, in regard his Reputation for that kind of Learning is not ſo great as the Famous *Riquelin*'s, that made this Comedy, he muſt not take it ill, that I preſer the Fable of the latter before his; or that I give no ear at all to his Story, that I may the better liſten to the Comedy. I muſt not give you over at ſo cheap a rate, merrily reply'd he, for you are little acquainted with Poets, if you do not think 'em much more in love with their own Fables, than to forbear ſo eaſily to recite them, when they are in the humour. Though I have not been long at Court, anſwer'd ſhe, yet I admirably underſtand already thoſe ſorts of People which may rightly be called *Narciſſuſſes*, and *Pigmalions*, that are ſo much in love with themſelves and their own works. But underſtanding that theſe Swans of *Parnaſſus* onely live upon that which kills the Phœnix; I mean, Perfumes and Smoak, Praiſes, Applauſe, and Commendations: when thoſe Birds ſing longer than I care to hear them, I uſe to kill 'em with my ſilence, and the little attention I give to what they ſay. You are too great a lover of Verſes, reply'd *Don Alvarez*, to uſe them ſo unkindly. I ever lov'd Verſes, reply'd *Aminta*, but I do not always love them that make 'em. Their Poetry and their Proſe, their Writings and their Diſcourſe, the Work and the Workman differ many times very much: for the greateſt part of thoſe Perſons are to be look'd upon juſt like pieces of Proſpective, neither too near, nor at too great a diſtance. Nevertheleſs, reply'd an Illuſtrious Poet, ſaid the Marqueſs, that the fair *Aminta* never yet deſpis'd, though ſhe has ſeen him at a nearer diſtance than they view Proſpective-work. That may be, reply'd ſhe; but if it be true, without doubt he is none of thoſe that I have mention'd, for his Reputation maintains his Works. I aſſure you, reply'd he, that in that as in all other things, Opinion and good luck bear a great ſway in the Reputation of men; and that Fortune is not always juſt in the diſtribution of the Lawrel, no more than ſhe is in bequeathing the Golden Crown. 'Tis agreed, reply'd *Aminta*; but if Fortune be ſometimes

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an unequal Judge, they who ſet up themſelves Judges in their own Cauſe, are always unjuſt. I will not diſpute it farther with you, anſwer'd *Don Alvarez*; for let it be as it will, I ſhall willingly yield the Lawrel Crown to the Count of *Pegnaſiel*, provided he will yield the Myrtle wreath to the Marqueſs of *Monte Major*. I never thought, anſwer'd *Aminta*, bluſhing for anger, that you were ever able to contend with him in any thing. However, anſwer'd he, there are ſome things that I ſhall diſpute with him as long as I live: For it is no neceſſary conſequence, that becauſe he has had the firſt advantage, that therefore he muſt have the ſecond. However, reply'd *Aminta*, all Beauty and all fire, 'tis a good Omen; and if we may gueſs at the future by what has happen'd before, I ſhould rather take his ſide than yours. In the mean time, Sir, added ſhe in a great heat, I find that you have not forgot that once you ſaw me a Shepherdeſs, and that I have been a Captive, conſidering the Liberty you take to ſpeak to me as you do: But beſides that, my Extraction is, it may be, more Noble than you are aware of, (ſaid ſhe, tranſported with her Paſſion) I am apt to think that my vertue merits more reſpect. Ah! fair *Aminta*, anſwer'd he, fetching a deep ſigh, I will pay you all profound reſpect, to the full of your ſatisfaction. You begin ill, anſwer'd ſhe; in ſo much that I can hardly believe you. Did the place permit me, anſwer'd he, I would throw my ſelf at your feet, and beg pardon for an Offence that has not been Voluntary. Upon your Repentance, ſaid ſhe (pulling down her Veil, and turning the other way) you may expect a pardon, provided that in ſign of your Repentance, you talk to me no more, while the Comedy laſts. That Penance I ſhall abſolutely abide, reply'd *Don Alvarez*; but I beg your favour between the Acts, whatever delight you may take in the Muſick. *Aminta* could not but ſmile at the Marqueſs of *Monte Major*'s requeſt, though ſhe were not a little angry at the liberty which he had already taken, to ſpeak ſo publickly to her of his Love. However, ſhe return'd him no anſwer; for at the ſame time the King and the Queen took their Seats under a high Canopy, at what time, the Curtain being drawn up, diſcover'd the Front of the Theatre, repreſenting a ſtately Palace, adorn'd with Statues, Freezes, Corniſhes, Mouldings, Baſes, Chapters, Columns, and Pilaſters of the *Corinthian* Order; being the Palace of *Creon*, King of *Corinth*; and the Play being the Tragedy of *Antigonus*. While the Muſick play'd, *Don Alvarez* began again, and whiſpering the fair *Granadine* in the ear; Divine *Aminta*, ſaid he, I take the Priviledge which I reſerv'd to my ſelf; for though the Kings Muſicians were all *Amphions*, *Arions*, and *Orpheuſes*, I could not permit you to hear them to my prejudice. If they that ſing did but hear you, anſwer'd ſhe, you would loſe your ſhare in their favour. Though the whole Symphonie were up in Arms againſt me, I could not forbear to tell you that I love you. You will Arm both me and them together, reply'd *Aminta*, if you continue this Diſcourſe; and I aſſure you, you will then find that you had better have liſten'd to good Voices, Lutes, Theorboes, and Violins, than to an incens'd and angred Perſon, who will onely take care to puniſh, and be reveng'd of your preſumption. Ah, cruel *Aminta*, you conſider not, that the Voice of the Perſon which we adore is the moſt Angelical Voice in the World; more ſweet to a Lover's ears, than all the Harmony in the Earth; and that her unkind anſwers are but the Cromatick deſcant, that make the more perfect ſounds more pleaſing. You are ſo indiſcreet, merrily anſwer'd *Aminta*, that I rather bemoan your folly, than appear troubled at your impertinency. That is all which I require, anſwer'd he; for provided you will bewail my Condition, let me be ſimple or wiſe, I can never be unhappy. Keep then to your Conditions, ſaid the fair *Granadine*, and ſince the Muſick has done, hold you your Tongue, and give me leave to hear. Having ſo ſaid, ſhe gave him a ſign with her hand to be quiet. He obey'd her, fetching a deep ſigh, and ſhrugging his ſhoulders, as it were making a ſilent complaint of her ſeverity. Though no ſooner was the firſt Act done, and that the Inſtruments began to play, but he began again: Inexorable Beauty, ſaid he, ſeeing that Tragedy was invented as well to inſtruct as to divertiſe, let the Example of this Noble Poem in ſome meaſure teach you to be kind and gentle, like *Antigona*, not cruel like *Creon*; for it is more Natural, and more becoming for a Young Virgin to imitate a Young Virgin, and a Fair one to imitate a Fair one, than to follow the Example of an old Tyrant that is hated every time that he appears upon the Stage. You have ſo little heeded the Play, ſaid *Aminta*, that I believe you divine what others have ſeen. Nor have you been very attentive, merrily anſwer'd he, elſe you could never ſo exactly know what I did: For of neceſſity you muſt have look'd oftner upon me than the Actors. However, anſwer'd ſhe, make no kind conſtructions of that, for I aſſure you, my looking upon you was for no good. You cannot look upon me, reply'd he, but it muſt be a kindneſs to me; for I had rather you ſhould look upon me, than all the Court of *Thebes*. But cruel Beauty, added the Marqueſs, are you reſolv'd that the Poet ſhall loſe his Time and his Verſes? Will you not be inſtructed by his Morals? Will not the good Nature of *Antigona*, that leads her blind Father ſo affectionatly, perſwade you to become good Natur'd like her? No, no, anſwer'd *Aminta*, never expect that I ſhould follow this Preſident; and as blind as you are, never imagine that I will lead you, as this fair Maid led her Father *Oedipus*. However moſt certainly, ſaid he, my Company would be more delightful than that of a real blind man; for they that are blind like me, cannot but ſee that you are the faireſt Perſon in the World; and not being dumb, they will never forbear to tell you ſo; which in my Opinion ſhould be as pleaſing to your Ears, as all the terrible Maxims of an enrag'd Politician,

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which this old Dotard with a Crown on, whom you make your Pattern, has utter'd. Well, *Don Alvarez*, ſaid ſhe, the Muſick has done, and therefore give over. That's ſtrange, ſaid he (ſtamping with his foot, and curſing the Muſicians)! that Perſons who can never tell when to have done ſometimes, after they have begun, ſhould now ſo ſoon lay by their Inſtruments to do me a miſchief. How well have they deſerv'd the Title of Fantaſticks, and how am I beholding to him that gave them that appellation! The Marqueſs of *Monte Major* ſpoke thoſe words with ſo much vehemence, that the fair *Aminta* could not chuſe but laugh; however, ſhe commanded him to be ſilent. No ſooner was the ſecond Act done, but obſerving that *Aminta* commended the Play and the Author, as others alſo did; Oh that cruel Lady, ſaid he, that will not permit the dead to be buried, but rather inhumanely ſuffer the body of unfortunate *Polynices* to be eaten by the Crows. You accuſe me without cauſe, ſaid *Aminta*, for a Crime which I never committed. For I aſſure you I was very much mov'd with what I ſaw. Yes, you were well pleas'd, ſaid *Don Alvarez*: for when the Meſſenger came to relate the Fatal death of the two Brothers, who had ſlain one another, and to recite the particulars of the Combat between *Polynices* and *Eteocles*, I heard you ſay above ten times, 'twas very fine. The Verſes were ſo, reply'd *Aminta*, not the Murder, which I deteſt. The Verſe! briskly reply'd *Don Alvarez*; Well! if the Muſicians are conceited Coxcombs, we may call the Poets Fools: In my life I never ſaw any thing ſo irregular, this ſecond Act was as long as a whole Play; and if this laſt Act, (for the Plays in *Spain* conſiſt but of three) be as long as that, we muſt ſit here all Night. You attribute a fault to the Author, reply'd the fair *Aminta*, when 'tis onely your own impatience, for this Act was no longer than the former. Cruel Lady, anſwer'd the Marqueſs, it ſeem'd ſhort to you becauſe you lik'd it: nay, I ſaw you were pleas'd when they put the fair *Antigona* in Priſon: But what ſurpaſſes all Cruelty and belief, when the Old Tyrant of *Corinth* and *Thebes* commanded that Princeſs to be buried alive in a Cave, I heard you ſay 'twas wonderful. So that whether they bury or not bury, uſe the dead like the living, or the living like the dead, 'tis all one to you; and *Creon* has the honour to be in your favour, and the art to pleaſe you above all the Perſons in the Play. That's not ſo, reply'd *Aminta*: For the misfortunes of *Antigona* and her Lover *Haemon*, made a far deeper impreſſion in my heart. You do well to diſſemble your thoughts, anſwer'd *Don Alvarez*; nor will I ever ſpeak a good word more in your behalf, if you will not let me hold you in Diſcourſe all this laſt Act, ſince you may eaſily foreſee what it will be. For the King of *Corinth* will not be Rul'd ——— I will hearken to it however, reply'd *Aminta*, and therefore I deſire not to be interrupted. The Marqueſs Obey'd her for the time; but no ſooner was the Play done, but riſing up in a diſſembled paſſion, I fore-told you, ſaid he, what fine things you would ſee, an innocent Princeſs ſtrangled in her own Hair, for having perform'd a Noble Action. A Lover ſtabb'd upon the body of his dead Miſtreſs. A Barbarous Father, who is the cauſe of his Son's untimely death. Another ſtark blind, that wiſhes the deſtruction of his Children. And two Brothers whoſe hatred lives after their death; and who fight in the Grave, and knock their Bones one againſt another, if we may believe the Story. Now, I would fain know, purſued he, whether my Company has not been more humane and civil than all theſe. Rather acknowledge, ſaid ſhe, riſing up to follow the Dutcheſs of *Medina Sidonia*, that *Riquelin* is a great Poet; and that your Proſe was nothing ſo pleaſing to me as his Verſe: Upon thoſe words ſhe went forth, ſo that the Marqueſs could return no anſwer but with a profound Obeyſance. In the mean while, though he had been very good Company, he was never the more happy or ſucceſsful; for from that time forward *Aminta* carefully ſhunned all occaſions of ſeeing him. She leſs frequented the Court, and publick Meetings, and went leſs abroad. And when the Marqueſs of *Monte Major* came to viſit the Dutcheſs, ſhe always retir'd into her own Apartment. This new courſe of Severity caſt him into deſpair; ſo that not being able by means of any Invention to ſpeak, he reſolv'd to write to her: And the fair and diſdainful *Granadine* found theſe Verſes upon the Table in her Cloſet, though ſhe never could know how they came there.

IN ſhort, this day I am undone,
For my hopes are loſt and gone:
Then if Love in Hope ſurvive;
What can keep my Love alive?

Yet though the Obſtacle remain,
My Love ſtill ſtrives to dye in vain:
I live, I love, but yet deſpair,
That's a Wonder, none ſo rare.

Superfluous ſighs and idle moans
Give way unto my Rage for once;
For either I will love no more;
Or hope, if I muſt ſtill adore.

Her Scorn o're-whelmes me in the Grave,
While her feign'd mildneſs ſeems to Save.
Thus a continual Victim, I
Unto her anger live and dye.

Strange and unheard-of Novelty,
Yet in no other found, but me:
For I would have her as unkind
As others wiſh her well inclin'd.

For in exceſs of kindneſs ſome
More fearful of her love become,
Than others, in exceſs of pain,
Affrighted at her ſowre diſdain.

Aminta!

Aminta! *for ſo odd a part*
Strange Fortune acts within my heart,
I care not what thy Rage deſign,
Let but my Rivals caſe be mine.

Let him but loſe, like me diſgrac'd,
The Prize in which my hopes are plac'd;
Be cruel, laugh my tears to ſcorn,
And vex my Soul, I'le never mourn.

But Love perſwades me otherwiſe,
She'l not be what ſhe ſeems, he cries:
That now thy onely fear behind
Is left Aminta *prove too kind.*

That fear is ill grounded in *Don Alvarez*, ſaid *Aminta* after ſhe had read the Verſes; ſo that if he have nothing elſe to trouble him, he may be certain of perpetual repoſe. In the mean while the Marqueſs of *Monte Major* not being able to live without ſeeing the amiable Perſon that he ador'd, and earneſtly deſiring to know what ſucceſs his Verſes had had, ſought ſo long an Opportunity to ſpeak to her, that at length he found one, at a Viſit whither the Dutcheſs of *Medina Sidonia* had carried her; where making uſe of the Priviledge which his brisk and jolly humour allow'd him, he chang'd places five or ſix times, whiſpering one while to one Lady, and then to another, till at length he got behind the admirable *Granadine*. Fair *Aminta* ſaid he ſmiling, will the King of *Corinth* do any thing conſiderable to advance your Fortune, to recompence your Zeal for his bad Maximes? Sir, anſwer'd ſhe, I never act for the ſake of Intereſt; ſo that if it were true that I thought thoſe Maximes as juſt as they are unjuſt, I would infallibly countenance them without expecting any encouragement of Reward from the King of *Corinth*. 'Tis Nobly and Generouſly ſaid, reply'd *Don Alvarez*; and were you but as good Natur'd in other things, you would be out of favour in the Court of *Corinth*, but in favour with every Perſon that I know. Whoever thoſe *every Perſons* may be, reply'd *Aminta*, you may eaſily underſtand by what I have told you, that I am not a ſeeker of my own Intereſt, nor one that ſtrives to advance my Fortune: and therefore I take leſs heed to do that for a Subject, that I would not do for a King; and if you would but conſult your Reaſon, you would not doubt of my words. You have taken an excellent Courſe, moſt cruel Lady, to make me believe it. And the Perſon in queſtion takes no care to flatter himſelf with any thought for his own advantage. For to paſs from things of greater moment, to thoſe of leſſer concerment, he aſſures himſelf, that though he ſhould make as good Verſes as *Riquelin*, you would not allow his Labours the leaſt of thoſe commendations which you gave the other day to that Excellent Poet. The Work may be of that Nature, reply'd *Aminta*, and beſtow'd upon me in ſuch a manner, that I may do more for the Author than you are aware of; for I may afford him my hatred, or at leaſt, my diſlike. You are too Liberal, anſwer'd *Alvarez*; nor did ever any Writer receive ſo fair a Reward of his Labours. But fair *Aminta*, purſued he, Prodigality is a fault as great as Covetouſneſs: and therefore have a care of beſtowing too much, as well as giving too little; ſince both the one and the other are equally Criminal, and equally to be condemn'd. Were I to chuſe, reply'd the fair *Granadine*, I would rather be guilty of the Nobler Crime, which is to be a Prodigal, than a Niggard. Then I would never adviſe any poor Author to acknowledge his Infant, how lovely ſoever it were, but rather to conceal his Name as long as he lives. Truly, anſwer'd *Aminta*, I think the unknown Author that you mean cannot take a better courſe. But what will become of Poetical Licence, reply'd *Don Alvarez*, if your ſeverity take place? What will become of all thoſe Noble tranſportations of the mind, which are the ſoul of Poetry? Let what will become of 'em, anſwer'd the fair *Granadine*; for if the unknown Author write not very diſcreetly, he will never write luckily, nor ſhall he ever receive the Lawrel Crown at my hands. Then I adviſe him, ſaid *Don Alvarez*, to renounce all Enthuſiaſme, and to turn his Verſe into Proſe, rather than expoſe them to your diſpleaſure, through that Noble boldneſs which all People ſo much eſteem. 'Twill be the beſt Counſel to follow, reply'd the fair *Aminta*; and in regard the Title of Wife is to be preferred before that of Poet, how Noble ſoever it be, he is the wiſe man that takes it. But Wife, Poet, and Lover, ſaid *Don Alvarez*, are all three things incompatible, if the common Opinion be true. I am very willing, anſwer'd *Aminta* laughing, that Poetry and Love ſhould keep up their good Name, but not that they ſhould arrogate to themſelves that which ought not to be permitted them. This was the ſecond attempt that *Don Alvarez* made, and this was the ſucceſs. In the mean while the Dutcheſs of *Medina Sidonia* having ſent her accuſtomed Meſſenger to *Fontaines*, the fair *Granadine*, being aſſur'd of his diſcretion and fidelity, gave him a pacquet alſo to deliver to *Ponce de Leon*, wherein among other things was a Letter to this effect.

Aminta *to the Generous Count of* Pegnafiel.

"You will ſee by what I ſend you that the "Court Muſes can tell how to lie, as well as "thoſe in the Countrey; and that they are not "ignorant that Fable and Fiction are the chief-"eſt Ornaments of Poetry. Let this therefore "that would not pleaſe me, divertiſe you; to "the end ſo Noble an Author may not loſe his "labour: and let it be more acceptable to *Ponce* "*de Leon*, than it was to

Aminta.

The

The Count of *Pegnafiel* found the Marqueſs of *Monte Major*'s Verſes inclos'd in this Letter; but he found more cauſe to rejoyce withal, perceiving that his Rival had wrought no impreſſion in the heart of *Aminta* with his Stanza's, nor had made no advantage of his abſence: that his Divine *Granadine* could not hate him, ſince ſhe ſacrificed *Don Alvarez*'s Works in this manner to his contempt, and was ſo far from keeping them ſecret, that ſhe truſted him freely with what he could not elſe have poſſibly known. In ſo much that not being able to keep all his content within his own breaſt, though he were the diſcreeteſt Lover in the World, as he had already diſcover'd his flame to me, he made no ſcruple to ſhew me the Letter and the Verſes, together with his exceſs of joy for the receit of ſo obliging a favour. At length, in teſtimony of his acknowledgment, he haſtned the return of the Meſſenger, and gave him a Letter to the amiable Virgin, in theſe words.

To the Obliging and Divine Aminta.

"Had I an intention to Apologize for the "Countrey Muſes, Divine *Aminta*, I could "find ſufficient Matter: nor would it be a dif-"ficult thing to advance their glory, by op-"poſing their Innocence to the Artifice of thoſe "at Court. But I will make no other uſe of "my words but onely to give you thanks for all "your Favours; for I had rather ſettle my eyes "and my wit upon your goodneſs, than the "faults of others. I return you then, Divine "*Aminta*, thoſe thanks which are your due. "And I conjure you, to read in my heart, where "onely you can read, the moſt affectionate and "paſſionate thoughts, that acknowledgement "and gratitude ever infus'd. As to what re-"mains, Divine *Aminta*, a Rival is always a "Rival, and conſequently, an Object that di-"ſturbs the ſight. But when we find him "Chain'd in the midſt of his own Trophies, we "need not be afraid to ſee him. I have beheld "mine in your Letter, he being aſſuredly in the "Number; and have look'd upon his Stanza's "as his Weapons, and the Ornaments of the "Victors Chariot. However, this Victor is "reckoned among the Number of the Van-"quiſh'd, as you onely have long ſince under-"ſtood; and if you had forgot him, I would "have recall'd him to your remembrance, by "putting you in mind that his Name is

Ponce de Leon.

To this he added a Poſtſcript.

"One of my Servants is in *Sevil*: He is diſ-"creet and faithful, he Limnes admirably in "Water-colours. I ſhall ſay no more for fear "of ſaying too much; for if you are ſincere, "you will underſtand me well enough without "any further Explanation of my meaning.

But that he might have an anſwer the ſooner from the fair *Aminta*, he ſent one of his own Lacqueys with him that belong'd to the Dutcheſs, under pretence of certain Cloaths that were preparing for him in the City. And between theſe two the Count of *Pegnafiel*'s Orders being exactly obeyed, the fair *Aminta* ſoon received the Letter: But ſo ſoon as ſhe read his cunning demand of her Picture, for ſhe preſently underſtood it, ſhe began to be ſomewhat angry: In ſo much, that upon the firſt motions of her fancy, not having ſeriouſly examin'd the matter, ſhe ſent the Count's Lacquey back to *Fontaines* with an anſwer. But when he was gone, recollecting in her mind, as well what her Lover, as what ſhe her ſelf had done, ſhe could not reſolve whether to condemn or pardon him, whether to abſolve or condemn her ſelf. Was he not over-raſh, ſaid ſhe, to preſume to demand of thee a thing of this Nature? But are not thou as inconſiderate, reply'd ſhe to her ſelf, to refuſe him with ſo much ſeverity? He was too bold in his demand, added the fair *Aminta*; rather, reply'd ſhe, he had too much love in his heart. He has preſum'd to deſire thee that he may have thy Picture; but is this ſo much, ſaid ſhe to her ſelf, after he had given thee his heart? and which is more, after thou hadſt given him thine? Thou would'ſt not deceive thy ſelf, ſilly *Aminta*; yet if thou ſearcheſt too narrowly into the bottom of thy Soul, to the very bottom of all thy thoughts and thy will, I am aſſur'd that thou would'ſt find, that it is thy deſire he ſhould have already, what thou ſayſt thou art not willing he ſhould ever enjoy. By no means, ſaid ſhe to her ſelf, bluſhing at her own words, Modeſty forbids it, and it behoves thee always to ſhun, what Modeſty will not permit. But alas, purſued ſhe, too Generous and too Liberal *Aminta*; did'ſt thou never before give away any thing of equal concernment, to what thou at preſent refuſeſt? Why then ſhouldeſt thou refuſe him leſs, when thou haſt granted him more? Is thy Portraiture more precious than thy affection? Art thou more jealous of the Shadow than of the Subſtance? Diſſemble not the truth, too kind *Aminta*, yet too ſevere *Aminta*. While thou refuſeſt him thy Portraiture, wouldſt thou not willingly have his? Wouldſt not thou be glad to have it? Would not he be glad to have thine? Why ſhouldeſt thou then refuſe that which he demands of thee, knowing that he would willingly grant thee what thou darſt not preſume to ask of him? Doſt thou not believe, that in the object of the Perſon belov'd, the pleaſing Viſion that repreſents it, tranſports the mind beyond all other Objects? and that there is nothing more the conſolation of an abſent Lover? Repent then, too fierce, and haſty *Aminta*, and if *Ponce de Leon* once more requeſt what he has already demanded, be not inexorable for fear of being too unjuſt. But I fear, added ſhe, that this kindneſs &

this

this pity comes too late, and that grief or vexation have already undone him, or have made me the Original of his undoing. Thus was the fair *Aminta* turmoyl'd between Repentance for what was paſt, preſent grief, and fear of what might happen; while *Ponce de Leon* was no leſs diſturb'd, ſeeing his Meſſenger ſo ſuddenly return'd: For he knew that the Picture which he deſir'd could not be drawn in ſo ſhort a time; in ſo much, that before he knew of any denial, he was almoſt aſſur'd ſhe had refus'd him. But upon opening his Packet, he found a Letter in theſe words.

For the Count of Pegnafiel.

"I underſtand you not, nor will I underſtand "you; and I think 'tis for your good that I do "not apprehend your meaning. Therefore "either write not to me at all, or write more "Myſtically; for the plain conſtruction of "words will do you more injury, than a My-"ſterious ſenſe; and it is better for you to per-"plex your ſelf, than for you to be perplexed "by

Aminta.

You may judge, Sir, how the inamoured Count of *Pegnafiel* was aſtoniſh'd when he had read the Letter. His ſpeech fail'd him, and his colour left him; he became penſive and pale, and reading it over again with tears in his eyes, he fetch'd as many ſighs as the fatal writing had letters in it. Alas! ſaid he, what haſt thou done; indiſcreet *Ponce de Leon*, what haſt thou done? What blindneſs, what raſhneſs was this of thine? Thou haſt offended the fair *Aminta*, who oughteſt to dream of nothing but pleaſing her; and through an unparallell'd unadviſedneſs, and for the ſhadow of a happineſs, thou haſt endanger'd a hundred real felicities, and expos'd thy ſelf to a thouſand miſchiefs. Didſt thou not know how ſevere ſhe is? oughteſt thou not to have fore-ſeen what has befallen thee this day? And was it not eaſie for thee to imagine, knowing her ſo well as thou doſt, that thy ſuit would offend her; and that inſtead of rendring thy ſelf more happy, thou would'ſt make thy ſelf more miſerable? Yes, unfortunate Criminal, ſenſeleſs piece of Improvidence, 'twas eaſie for thee to ſee what would befall thee, and thou ſuffereſt but what thou deſerveſt to ſuffer, conſidering the fault which thou haſt committed. As thou knoweſt how ſenſible thou art of thy own, thou canſt not but know how nice and tender ſhe is of her Honour: and if thy Love prevail'd with thee to commit a Crime, ought not thy Reaſon to have hindred thee? But Reaſon and Love, anſwer'd he to himſelf fetching a deep ſigh, Lodge they often together in the ſame heart? As inconſiderate as I was, have I done any thing that other Lovers are not wont to do? On the other ſide, how ſtrong ſoever my fear may be, can it be without Hope? And if thou art ſtill in a condition to hope, what canſt thou fear? Doſt thou not ſee that when her Arm was up to ſtrike, ſhe with-held her hand? That ſhe has diſſembled a want of underſtanding, to the end ſhe might not puniſh? That ſhe has left thee the means to Repent, that ſhe might find a way to pardon thee upon thy Repentance. Repent then, added he. But I know not how, anſwer'd he as ſoon. For to loſe the deſire of ſo great a felicity, would be to ceaſe to be a rational Creature. Perſiſt then in ſo Noble a Crime, inamour'd *Ponce*, concluded he. And if thou muſt Repent to ſave thy life, rather dye than repent. Being thus confirm'd in his Reſolution, he wrote another Letter to the fair *Aminta*, and ſending away the Lacquey next Morning early, the incomparable Lady open'd the Paper, and found theſe words.

The Unfortunate Ponce de Leon, *to the Cruel* Aminta.

"I have not fail'd of my reſpect, but I have "wanted patience. I had no intention to diſ-"pleaſe you, but I ſought to comfort my ſelf; "for while my Rivals poſſeſs'd a real good, I "onely deſired a Picture. Nevertheleſs the Sha-"dow and the Subſtance are two different "things, fair and cruel *Aminta*; ſo that while "they enjoy the Company of the one, you "ought not to have refuſed me the other. But "ſince you have not thought me worthy that "Honour, I do not think my ſelf worthy to live "any longer, and you may count already "among the Number of the Dead

Ponce de Leon.

The fair *Granadine* could not reſiſt the force of the laſt line, for the life of the Count of *Pegnafiel* was too dear to her, to loſe it for a trifle of that Nature. However, her Modeſty and her Pride diſputed this laſt Argument with her to the utmoſt extremity; but Love at length overcame her, and that imperious vanquiſher of all the World entred a Victor into her heart, and Triumphed over the Cittadel which he had won. Thereupon ſhe reſolv'd to ſatisfie her Lover, though not without ſome reluctancy. And ſpeaking in private to the Count of *Pegnafiel*'s Servant, that knew how to draw in Water-colours, they obſerv'd their Seaſons ſo well, that the Picture was finiſh'd, unknown to any Perſon near her. The Painter procur'd a Golden Box enamell'd for a Caſe, in the middle whereof was to be ſeen a burning heart upon an Altar, with a Sun in the Sky, that ſeem'd to have kindled it with his Beams, with this Motto,

Happy He that burns with ſo Noble a Flame.

When all was ready, the fair *Aminta* pre-

pared a Letter, which ſhe enclos'd together with the Picture in a ſmall Pacquet, ſending away the Painter and the Lacquey in all haſte to *Fontaines*. In the mean time *Ponce de Leon* counted the minutes with a ſtrange exactneſs, expecting the anſwer of the fair *Granadine*, as the Sentence of his life or death. When he ſaw his Servants were return'd, his fear redoubled, nay, when he opened the Charming *Aminta's* Pacquet, he trembled and look'd pale; for though he obſerv'd in the looks of his Servants a chearfulneſs that boded good luck, yet could he not forbear to ſhew his diſtruſt. But at length he was deceiv'd to his own content. For together with the Picture of that incomparable Lady, he found a Letter of hers directed to him, of which theſe were the Contents.

Aminta *to the Illuſtrious* Ponce de Leon.

" You have overcome me, Generous Count, " for I have granted you that which I would " have refus'd to all the World. I cannot tell " whether I do that which I ought, but I know " I do that which I was not willing to do, but " that which I could not forbear either to will " or do. But ſince the Life of the Illuſtrious " *Ponce* is concern'd, what can be refus'd him " by

Aminta.

All that the wit of man could now expreſs of Effectual, Significative, Paſſionate, or next to Ecſtaſie, would but imperfectly repreſent the tranſportation of mind, and extraordinary joy of the Count of *Pegnaſiel*. He was almoſt ready to die for joy, as he had been about to die for grief: So that his Paſſions on a ſudden altering from ſadneſs to delight, from the extremity of one, to the extremity of the other; he thought himſelf too weak to ſuſtain ſo great, and ſo unexpected a change. He look'd ſometimes upon the Picture, and ſometimes upon the Letter: He kiſs'd the one, and then the other; and not being able to forbear either kiſſing or reading, he ſpent the whole day buſied in that manner. He almoſt enrich'd the Painter with the Preſents he gave him, and his Lacquey receiv'd the ſame marks of his Liberality, which were not ſmall, but according to the Grandeur of his Love. He paſs'd the Night, as he had ſpent the Day, without ſo much as ſhutting his eyes, manifeſting thereby that the weakneſs of Nature renders men as incapable of great pleaſures, as of great pains. O happy Lover, ſaid he, what felicity can equallize thine, or what remains more for thee to wiſh for? Think, imagine, contrive, and ſeek always to acquit thy ſelf of ſo great and dear an Obligation by the utmoſt of thy Service; though all that thou canſt conceive, imagine, think, contrive, or do, will be ever much beneath the ſignal favour which thou haſt received from the fair *Aminta*. Seek then all Occaſions to live and die for her, and labour to render thy ſelf worthy of that advantage, by performances moſt worthy her acceptance. Thus, Sir, did the Illuſtrious Count of *Pegnaſiel* ſpend the whole Night; but as ſoon as the Morning came, which is a great Friend to the Muſes, he wrote a Letter and certain Verſes to the fair *Granadine*; the Letter being to this effect.

The Happy Ponce de Leon, *to the Obliging and Divine* Aminta.

" I cannot diſcharge my ſelf by words of a " debt for which all my blood can never ſatis- " fie. For in ſome meaſure to requite that in- " eſtimable Favour wherewith you have ſo " highly oblig'd me, 'tis neceſſary all my Life " ſhould be a continual ſeries of Acknowledg- " ment, and that this ſame life it ſelf, ſpeak " for me, in Sacrificing it ſelf for you. No, " fair *Aminta*, all that I can do cannot equal " the Favour which you have done me; for " though I had another Heart and Soul to give " you, that other Heart and Soul would not " ſuffice. In ſhort, Divine *Aminta*, I muſt " have dyed, had not your Divine Portraiture " kept me alive. For as there be thoſe that " make little Images, whoſe occult power de- " prives the party repreſented of his life; yours " onely has the power to preſerve mine. Yours " from hence-forward ſhall be that fatal Image " wherein the ſafety of a City lay, which I am " certain never to loſe, unleſs withall you ſee " at the ſame time deſtroy'd

Ponce de Leon.

This Letter was accompanied with a Copy of Verſes, upon the Portraiture of the fair *Aminta*, whereof this was a Copy.

I See thoſe fair Eyes that Raviſh'd my Soul,
More happy than Kings, with all their controul;
New life to my life they reſtore,
That gave me my Death before.

Of their Beautiful Rays I ſee the fair flame;
Their Luſtre I find, and their Heat is the ſame,
That into my Boſom doth ſteal;
And I burn, but no torment I feel.

Brave Painter, how much do I owe to thy Art,
For thy Pencil has cur'd the griefs of my Heart.
My Fate had my Ruine deſign'd,
But thy merciful Colours were kind.

'Tis

'Tis like her, 'tis true, for I ſtudy'd her face;
My Victor ſo kind, whoſe Chains I embrace:
Tet alas! had the Painter done more,
In my Heart ſhe was better before.

After this, I wrote my ſelf to the fair *Aminta*, giving her ſeveral Inſtructions how to carry her ſelf: To which ſhe anſwer'd with all the Modeſty and Submiſſion imaginable, though ſhe were Naturally very proud and haughty. So eaſie it is to perſwade a Noble Soul to follow the Conduct of Reaſon, when the Teacher has the Art to demonſtrate it. Nor was it long e're ſhe return'd an anſwer to the Illuſtrious *Ponce de Leon*, to this effect.

To the Count of Pegnafiel.

"You are too grateful, and the price of your "thanks takes away from the value of the Pre- "ſent. But I cannot tell, Generous Prince, "whether I have ſo much cauſe to thank you, "as you have to thank me; and whether the "demand of my Picture be not a ſign that you "have need of ſome help to preſerve me in "your memory: So that I am beholding to the "Painter for the continuance of our Friend- "ſhip, rather than to the real Paſſion of the "Count of *Pegnafiel*. In ſhort, what need "have you of that Picture, if you keep one in "your Heart more Noble, and more reſemb- "ling than that? Satisfie me in this, when you "think fit. In the mean time, I aſſure you that "your ſpeaking Portraitures are far better than "a dumb Picture; unleſs the Portraitures of "your hand have flatter'd me, or that you "have forgot

Aminta.

You may well conjecture, Sir, that this laſt Letter was not long without an anſwer; wherein the Illuſtrious *Ponce* made uſe of all the flowers of Eloquence upon ſo florid a Subject, to prove the neceſſity of Portraitures, and their Advantage to Lovers. For from thence, ſaid he, proceeds the onely Conſolation that Lovers have; that it was the onely Antidote againſt the Poyſon of Abſence, and the onely particular favour that a Virtuous Lady could grant her Suitor. That the Eyes by reaſon of their Correſpondence with the Heart, more ſuddenly conveyed thither that neceſſary Conſolation, which Letters could not; being to ſtir up all the faculties of the Soul, and to make an impreſſion in the mind, by arguing, e're the heart can receive any eaſe. That the continual ſight of the beloved Object, corroborated a Lovers conſtancy, and preſerv'd him from running aſtray; more eaſily containing himſelf in his Duty, having the Portraiture of the Object which he loves, to oppoſe againſt thoſe real Beauties that he ſees in her abſence. That the ſight of the Object urg'd the Lover to labour with more diligence to remove the Obſtacles of a return, and to the diſpatch of thoſe affairs that caus'd his abſence: That the greatneſs of the Obligation might make a Heart Faithful through Gratitude, that would be unfaithful by Inclination. That the Importance of the Engagement was the moſt powerful preſervative againſt the Inconſtancy of the Lady. And laſtly, That a Picture was the greateſt preſervative that ever Love invented to confirm his Empire, and defend him againſt Oblivion, his moſt Potent Adverſary.

But while Affairs went thus both at *Sevil* and *Fontaines*, there happen'd an Accident at the former place, that put *Aminta's* Fidelity upon the utmoſt proof, and eminently ſignaliz'd her. For it happen'd that while the Marqueſs of *Monte Major* was leaſt in hope, though moſt in Love, that the Duke of *Infantada* his Father dyed ſuddenly, leaving him abſolute Maſter of his own Will, and of his Wealth, of which he had the greateſt ſtore, next to the King, of any Noble-man in *Spain*. After the Ceremonies of the Funeral were paſt, the new Duke of *Infantada* began to repay the Viſits which his Friends had made him upon the Death of his Father. And becauſe the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* was one of the greateſt Perſons in the Court of *Spain*, except the King, he was one of the firſt, on whom the new Duke waited in Perſon. But it happen'd that when the Duke of *Infantada* came to the Duke of *Medina Sidonia's* Palace, neither he nor the Dutcheſs were within. So that while the new Duke was ſtaying at the Gate, and deſiring the Attendants to let their Maſter know who had been to kiſs his hands, it fell out that the fair *Aminta* return'd in the Dutcheſſes Coach, with her Governeſs, and the Dutcheſſes Women, who had left her by her own Order, where ſhe was to ſtay all day. The Duke of *Infantada* no ſooner perceiv'd her, but alighting out of his own Coach, attended by a great number of Lacqueys and Footmen, he made haſte to give the fair *Aminta* his hand to help her out of hers. Nor was it a diſgrace to give her that reſpect, conſidering her extraordinary Wit and Beauty, which was admir'd by all the Court. Fair *Aminta*, ſaid he, as he led her along, I came to pay my thanks to the Illuſtrious Duke and Dutcheſs of *Medina Sidonia*, for thoſe favours for which I ſtand indebted to their Excellencies. But not meeting them now at home, I ſhall not fail to come again, and again, till I can find an Opportunity to diſcharge my ſelf of ſo ſtrict an Obligation. Sir, anſwer'd the fair *Granadine*, I ſhall not fail to let the Duke and Dutcheſs of *Medina Sidonia* be acquainted with your Excellencies Civility; and I am confident the latter will not fail to manifeſt his gratitude by repaying your Viſit. While they were thus talking, the politick Duke of *Infantada* led the fair *Aminta* under the Arches that encompaſs'd the Court of the Palace, ſtill diſcourſing of his loſs, and the Obligations which the Duke and Dutcheſs had laid upon him. Being got thither, he took an occaſion to walk ſeveral turns with her, while the reſt, out of a reſpect, ſtood at a diſtance:

So that *Don Alvarez* finding the Opportunity ſo favourable, beholding her with Eyes that already ſpoke all that he had deſign'd to ſay, Divine *Aminta*, ſaid he with a low Voice, the paſſion which I have for you is too potent, and the Opportunities of ſpeaking with you ſo rare to be met with, that I cannot but make uſe of this which Chance has offer'd me to day. Sir, anſwer'd ſhe, with a kind of ſcornful ſmile, you are too Courtly for a Mourner; and indeed I never thought that in a Combat of Nature and Love, the former had been the weakeſt, or that your viſible cloſe Mourning had been compatible with your inviſible Flames. Love, reply'd the Duke, knows nothing more potent than himſelf; ſo that let my good Nature be what it will, I am not forbid to look after my ſelf, while I pay my Duty to the dead. They are at reſt in their Tombs, but I unhappy upon Earth; ſo that ------ So that your Excellency, ſaid the fair *Granadine*, interrupting him, having laid the dead in their Graves, you are reſolv'd not to trouble their happy repoſe with your ſighs and moans; nor to continue the remembrance of your ſorrow, otherwiſe than in the colour of your Cloaths, and Train, which is the moſt commodious affliction in the World. Theſe are ſerious things, reply'd the Duke; but now ſuffer me, ſaid he, Solemnly to Vow once more, that I have for you the moſt Faithful, and moſt affectionate paſſion that ever any Heart was capable of. Sir, reply'd *Aminta*, I am oblig'd to acknowledge this great paſſion, with a ſincerity of Friendſhip equal to it; to the end, that as you have no reaſon much to thank me, you may have no cauſe to complain of me. I will tell you them —— You ſhall tell me nothing, reply'd the Duke, interrupting her; but if my humble prayers may prevail, be pleas'd to lend me ſo much patience as to hear me ſpeak. I ſee no neceſſity for it, reply'd the fair *Aminta*, for I give a ſhrewd gheſs what you would ſay, before you put your ſelf to the trouble of ſpeaking. I am confident you cannot at all conjecture, ſaid the Duke. We keep no ſuch correſpondency together, reply'd *Aminta*, that I ſhould be deceiv'd. However you ſhall ſee you are deceiv'd, anſwer'd the Duke; for you do not imagine, I am about to tell you, that in regard a Ducal Crown would rarely well become the faireſt Head in the World, it ſhall be your fault that you do not wear one, and that you are not Dutcheſs of *Infantada*: or that, if with the ſame eaſe, I could advance you to a Throne, and put a Scepter in your Hand, I would willingly do it more joyfully than I would perform what now I promiſe. I am now at my own freedom, of an Age that permits me to diſpoſe of my ſelf; next to the King my Maſter, there is no perſon in *Spain* more wealthy than my ſelf; nor any perſon in Quality above me, unleſs it be the King. My Anceſtors have been Kings themſelves: Our Ages agree, there is no difference in our Humours: You love Honour, I do not hate it. But above all, I know your Vertue and your Merit; and in making me happy, I dare preſume to ſay, your own Condition will be no leſs Fortunate. Speak then, Divine *Aminta*, ſpeak; Sentence me to Honour or Diſgrace, and in a word, either to Life or Death. You had reaſon, Sir, ſaid the fair *Granadine*, after ſhe had paus'd a while, to aſſure me, that I could not divine what you had to ſay; for it was ſo improbable, that I never dreamt of making any ſuch conjecture. But that I may in ſome meaſure ſhew my ſelf worthy an Honour ſo unexpected, and ſo little deſerved, I am ready to make you an acknowledgment of Friendſhip, though not of Affection, which is not in my power. Ah, divine *Aminta*, ſaid he, pronounce not ſo haſtily a Sentence of this importance; conſider your ſelf, conſider me; conſult your own Reaſon, hear mine, and come not hand over head to a concluſion, whereupon depends your good or bad Fortune; my Felicity or my Ruine. No, no, Sir, ſaid ſhe, I ſhall do nothing hand over head; nor will I give you any anſwer till I have conſider'd the full extent of your Excellencies Obligation, and have beheld the full luſtre and glory of your Vertue upon this occaſion. Know then, Sir, purſued ſhe, that I am neither blind nor ſtupid; nor have I ſo little Wit as not to know who you are, and who, in all probability, I am my ſelf; and that the great diſproportion between our Qualities, is an infallible ſign of the largeneſs of your Soul, that ſo juſtly prefers Vertue above Fortune, and Merit before Titles. Yes, Sir, I apprehend the Gallantry of your Actions, yet the luſtre of your Crown does not ſo dazle my Eyes, as to hinder me from beholding my own Fetters, or from conſidering what I have been, and what you are. In ſhort, Sir, *Aminta* is ſenſible of Honour, and ſhe is infinitely oblig'd to you, for this Honourable mark of your Love; of which that ſhe may make her ſelf the leſs unworthy, it behoves her to deal freely with you, and that ſhe may in ſome meaſure deſerve the favours you would heap upon her, it becomes her to make you this open proteſtation, that ſhe cannot accept them. How Fatal will this freedom of ſpeech prove to me! (ſaid the Duke with grief and deſpair in his eyes.) All your obliging words are but contempt diſſembled; nor am I ſo dim-ſighted, as not to diſcern, but there is one more happy, who is better accepted than one more Faithful: That *Ponce de Leon* has a better ſhare in your Heart than *Don Alvarez*. Were it ſo, reply'd *Aminta*, 'tis no Secret that I have known *Ponce de Leon* longer than I have been acquainted with you. How cunningly you tell me, reply'd the Duke, that you lov'd *Ponce de Leon* before you hated the Marqueſs of *Monte Major*, or contemn'd the miſerable Duke of *Infantada*. I never contemn'd the one no more than I hated the other, reply'd the fair *Granadine*. But fair *Aminta*, ſaid *Don Alvarez*, do you not conſider that *Ponce de Leon* is under the power of his Father, and that I am free? I have Titles, Wealth, and I love, onely I am unfortunate: And ſo my Wealth, my Honour, and my Love ſerve to no other end, but to make the unfortunate more miſerable. You have more than

you

you ſpeak of, reply'd the lovely Lady; for you have a goodly Preſence, Wit, and Valour, and above all, Generoſity and Vertue; ſo that you ſee I am more juſt than your Modeſty. But after all, Sir, as our Fortunes are different, our intentions are ſo likewiſe; an invincible Obſtacle ſeparates our deſtinies; ſo that if you will not be contented with *Aminta's* Friendſhip, ſhe can never anſwer your deſires. Suffer me however to ſee and adore you, and to expect from Time and Patience, what I cannot obtain from your Goodneſs. Time can make no alteration in *Aminta's* Heart, reply'd ſhe; and your Patience will effect as little in behalf of your Paſſion: and ſo far muſt you be from adoring me, that you will never ſee me more, if you but hearken to the Counſel that *Aminta* and Reaſon give you. *Aminta* and Reaſon, ſaid he, do not ſpeak the ſame thing; nor can I adhere to *Aminta's* advice, not deſiring to love or ſee any thing but her alone. 'Twill not then be my fault, anſwer'd the conſtant Virgin, that you follow'd not better Counſel; yet if all my Friendſhip can ſatisfie you, I ſhall never deny it. 'Tis too much for my deſert, reply'd he, but not ſufficient for my Love; and having ſo ſaid, he made her a profound Obeyſance, and ſo leading her to the door of her Apartment, he return'd to his Coach full of grief and deſpair; and driving home, he ſhut himſelf up in his Cloſet, in a Humour as black as the Hangings of his Palace. Alas, ſaid he, what more haſt thou to hope for? But for thy fears, what greater canſt thou have? Her Paſſion for the Count of *Pegnafiel*, can it be more viſible? Has ſhe not ſaid as much in his behalf as her Natural Modeſty, and the prudence of her Sex will permit her? Conſidering her Pride ſhe ſpoke a great deal; but I obſerv'd that ſhe thought more than ſhe ſpoke. Unfortunate Duke of *Infantada!* ſhe is not onely belov'd, but ſhe equally loves; and thou ſeeſt it too manifeſt for thy repoſe. True it is, that ſhe temper'd the bitterneſs of her Refuſal with ſomething of gentle Language, nevertheleſs ſhe has deny'd thee; and all thy Offers have ſerv'd to no other end, but to ſignalize her Pride and thy Folly. However this is not thy greateſt Miſchief, purſued he in a Fury, for infallibly ſhe will make known to the Count of *Pegnafiel* thy Prayers, and her Reſiſtance; thy Offers, and her Refuſal; thy Submiſſion, and her Scorn; thy Flames, and her Iſicles; and Sacrificing all theſe things to the Honour and Felicity of thy Rival, thou wilt become his Trophy, after thou haſt been already Vanquiſh'd by him. Die, unfortunate *Alvarez*, die, rather than live thus diſgrac'd: And if thou canſt not rend the Image of *Aminta* from thy heart, tear out that pitiful Heart, that ſtill preſerves it there. Theſe laſt thoughts of his were truly Prophetical, for as ſoon as the Dutcheſs of *Medina Sidonia* ſent to *Fontaines*, the fair *Granadine* took her Opportunity, and wrote theſe words.

To

To the Illuſtrious Count of Pegnafiel.

"As a Recompence for your not contemning my Fetters, you muſt know that I have deſpis'd Crowns for your ſake. For *Don Alvarez*, now both Duke and Marqueſs, has made me the offers of his Wealth and Dignity, which I have refus'd. By that you may gheſs, whether the Shepherdeſs *Aminta* have chang'd her thoughts or no, and whether ſhe be not ſtill

Aminta.

You may well think, Sir, that the Count of *Pegnafiel* was not a little over-joy'd upon the receit of this Letter. There was nothing equal to his content, unleſs it were his Reputation: So that his heart thought it ſelf fully recompenc'd by that joy, for all the grief that he had ſuffer'd, or might endure. In the mean while as the Paſſion was violent, the effects thereof were no leſs ſudden; from whence you may well conjecture that the Illuſtrious *Ponce de Leon* was not long before he return'd an anſwer to his Charming Miſtreſs, which he wrote in theſe words.

To the Noble and Generous Aminta.

"Had I the Crown of all the World, it were at your Command, Divine *Aminta*, inſtead of the Ducal Coronet which you have refus'd. But in regard the Scepters of my Anceſtors are not in my cuſtody to put into your hands, and that Fortune that over-threw their Throne, has left me their heart immovable, be content to Reign there: which I dare preſume to ſay is a Dominion large enough, which you ſhall always poſſeſs, while you enjoy

Ponce de Leon.

The fair *Aminta* receiv'd the Letter with as much kindneſs as he that wrote it could poſſibly wiſh or deſire; for the teſtimony of her Lovers ſatisfaction augmented her own. Nor could ſhe be more contented to hear of the Duke of *Infantada's* affliction, of whoſe Heart grief had taken ſo full a poſſeſſion, that his Reſt forſook him, and nothing would ſerve his turn but killing himſelf. There was nothing which he left unattempted to cure his Paſſion; nor was there any thing which he did not attempt in vain. He forbore to ſee *Aminta*, he began to viſit other Ladies; he ran to the Balls and Comedies; he went a Hunting, he avoided

Solitude,

Solitude, he thruſt himſelf into Company, he fell to play, to ſhake off the love of *Aminta*. He went to the Wars, that he might overcome his Amours: He ſummon'd up his anger, that he might Revenge the injury which he thought he had receiv'd. He ſtrove to expell one Paſſion by another, and by the help of his malice, to free himſelf from that which had ſo long tormented him. But whatever he did was all to no purpoſe; the Tyrannical reſemblance of the fair *Granadine* ſtill Reign'd imperiouſly in his Thoughts, in his Heart, and in his Soul; not being to be chas'd from thence. He reſolv'd therefore not to reſiſt a Power which was too Potent for him, but to abandon himſelf to Fortune, and to have at all. To this purpoſe, though the Duke had ſworn never to ſee *Aminta* more; and though it were his wiſeſt courſe never to ſee her again, yet he would needs give her one more Viſit with all the ſpeed that might be. For which end, he greedily laid hold upon a favourable pretence of a Viſit which he ow'd to the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*; inſomuch, that the inamour'd *Don Alvarez* not willing to loſe this Opportunity, fail'd not to wait upon the Duke and Dutcheſs of *Medina Sidonia* as often as he had done before. But notwithſtanding all his diligence to ſteal an Opportunity to ſpeak in private with *Aminta*, he could never obtain it; for the witty *Granadine* ſtill thwarted his deſigns. But he had this Conſolation in his grief, that all the croud of Idolaters that admir'd the fair *Aminta*, ſeeing a Perſon of that Rank and Quality as the Duke of *Infantada* ſo ſlightly regarded, did not wonder to ſee themſelves deſpis'd. In the mean time, as the Court is always as ſubject to change as the Sea, it happen'd that the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* had a Quarrel with the Marqueſs of *Ayamont*, who was then the King's Favourite; ſo that upon the continuance of thoſe differences, there was a Report ſpread about the Town, that the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* had had a Command to retire to one of his Houſes in the Countrey; and that Report ſo increaſed, that it was carried to *Fontaines*. But as Intereſt of State ſeldom troubles a Heart that is deeply in Love, the Count of *Pegnafiel* was not ſo much concern'd for his Fathers diſgrace, as he was over-joy'd at the expected return of the fair *Aminta*. For he that deſir'd nothing more than to ſee her, was willing to flatter himſelf with the moſt ſweet imagination that could ariſe in his thoughts, or delight his Paſſionate Heart. In the mean time, it being the Cuſtom to follow Fortune at the heels, like ſo many Slaves, though the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* were in Merit and Quality far before the Marqueſs of *Ayamont*, the King's Favour ſet him above all thoſe things. So that while all the whole Court crouded to offer their Service to the Favourite, the Duke kept himſelf within in his own Palace, in a ſolitude ſtrange to himſelf, and ſhameful to them that procur'd it; while they ſhew'd the poorneſs of their Spirits, and their own Mercenary humour; preferring private Intereſt before Reputation, and Profit before Honour. But the Duke of *Infantada* follow'd not theſe unworthy Maximes, whoſe Natural Generoſity correſponding with his Love, he went to offer his Service to the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* at the head of all his Friends. You may well think, Sir, that ſo brave an offer did no leſs pleaſe the haughty humour of the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, than the Cowardly and byaſſed Politicks of his other Friends had diſpleaſed him. Thereupon he entertained the Young Duke with all the acknowledgment imaginable: Telling him that from thenceforward he would look upon him as another *Ponce de Leon*; and that he would utterly diſclaim the latter if he did not look upon him as a Brother, whom he himſelf regarded as a Son. The Dutcheſs alſo was infinitely civil to the Young Duke; and the fair *Aminta* her ſelf was Obliged to commend ſo worthy an Action, for fear of diſpleaſing thoſe Perſons, on whom her Fortune depended.

However the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* like an Old and cunning Courtier, rightly foreſeeing that a Thunder-clap would ſuddenly purſue this Lightning, prudently reſolv'd to prevent the blow. And therefore he begg'd leave of the King to retire to *Fontaines*, under a ſpecious pretence of his own private concerns: which being that which his Adverſaries deſir'd, and which they would by force have conſtrain'd him to do, they were not negligent to grant him. He departed therefore with the Dutcheſs his Wife, and the fair *Aminta*, prudently giving way to a ſtorm that he could not withſtand, and ſheltring himſelf out of the Wind, till the Tempeſt was over. But this unexpected departure of the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, ſtrangely ſurpriz'd *Don Alvarez*; ſo that the Thunder which had onely rumbled over the Duke of *Medina*'s Head, ſeem'd to clatter indeed over the Duke of *Infantada*'s. He mourn'd, he ſigh'd, he curs'd the King's Favour and his Favourite; and had his Power and his Will been prevalent alike, no queſtion but he would have over-turn'd the State, as they had ruin'd his deſigns, and deſtroy'd all his hopes. He took his leave of the Duke and the Dutcheſs with ſuch a Melancholy in his Face, as evidently ſignaliz'd his Friendſhip, and caus'd that to be taken for Amity, which indeed was but his Paſſionate Love. So cunning alſo he was withal, that while *Don Pedro* and *Inez* of *Arragon* were taking their leaves of ſeveral other Perſons of Quality, he got near the fair *Aminta*, and with a low Voice, Divine *Aminta*, ſaid he, with ſo much grief in his eyes that he never felt the like; you look pleaſant and chearful at your departure, but I muſt ſtay behind in deſpair; ſo little reſpect you have for your Friends at *Sevil*, and ſo high a value for thoſe at *Fontaines*. Sir, anſwer'd ſhe, ſeeing that the Duke and Dutcheſs of *Medina Sidonia* are to be there, you may aſſure your ſelf that I ſhall not diſown what your Excellency ſays. But that's no Argument that I am not ſorry to leave thoſe Friends at *Sevil*, to whom I am ſo much engaged, becauſe I am ſo glad to go along with better Friends to *Fontaines*.

taines. 'Tis the firſt time, reply'd he, that ever Joy and Grief met together in the ſame Heart; but if I may ſpeak the truth, there is ſo much of the one in your Countenance, that infallibly there is very little of the other in your Heart. However, added he, give me leave to tell you, that the Duke's diſgrace does not a little condemn your pleaſant humour, and ſhews you to be no ſuffering Friend. He bears his diſgrace, anſwer'd ſhe, with ſo much moderation, that it would be injurious to afflict him. Beſides, Sir, purſued ſhe ſmiling, if you have not forgot that *Aminta* was a Shepherdeſs, you cannot think it ſtrange, that ſhe ſhould be ſo glad to return to her Fountains, her Groves, and her Flocks. I would not condemn your ſatisfaction, reply'd the Duke, provided you would onely follow your Shepherdeſſes Calling, and not mind the Shepherd. The Shepherd, without doubt, reply'd *Aminta*, is a Perſon of high deſert. I would have ſaid, a moſt Fortunate Perſon, had I been in your ſtead. Merit and good Fortune are not incompatible, added the Divine Beauty: Nor Misfortune neither, reply'd the unhappy Lover; and it may well befall them that prefer Cottages before Palaces. Cottages like *Fontaines*, reply'd the witty *Granadine*, are little inferiour to Palaces. But the Shepherd *Leonce* is not Maſter of thoſe Cottages anſwer'd the Duke; nor can he beſtow them upon you, as it is in the Will and Power of others to give you better. But to ſpeak more ſeriouſly, and more to the purpoſe, I offer you, Divine *Aminta*, all that I have already offered; and had I the Empire of the world, Heaven is my witneſs, I would lay it at your feet, and believe I had given you too little. I ſpeak as ſeriouſly to your Excellency, anſwer'd ſhe, and I aſſure you, that I acknowledge with all due gratitude the kindneſs of your advantageous Offers: But, Sir, an invincible Star oppoſes your Intentions and my Happineſs; for till I know my own Condition, I will never engage to any Perſon. Promiſe me then, at leaſt, cruel *Aminta*, that having always made ſo great a difference between the Happy *Ponce de Leon*, and the Unfortunate *Don Alvarez*, that you will but ſtill obſerve that equality. I do promiſe it you, anſwer'd ſhe, or to ſay better, I promiſe it to my ſelf; for I am perſwaded that it is my Duty ſo to do: and when I think it is my Duty to do a thing, I never fail to perform it. I wiſh then to Heaven, reply'd he, fetching a deep ſigh, that you may be at length convinc'd of the greatneſs of my Love, and the reciprocal and Lawful Affection which you owe me. After theſe words the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* came and took his leave of the Duke of *Infantada*, who gave the Dutcheſs his hand, and led her to the Coach, which went away ſo ſuddenly, that he could not bid *Aminta* farewell any otherwiſe than with his Eyes; but ſo ſad and paſſionate a farewell it was, that the ſtrength of Eloquence could not ſo well expreſs it as his looks. Alas, ſaid he, being return'd home, I that could hardly live, when I enjoy'd her Society, how ſhall I live now ſhe is gone? Then one onely glance of her Eyes ſweetned all my ſorrows, and calm'd my diſturbances; now the ſame ſorrows, the ſame diſturbances will torment me without any remedy. But what do I ſay? the ſame griefs, the ſame diſturbances! Oh that they may not prove more cruel than ever I had, and more difficult to be endur'd. *Ponce de Leon* was abſent, the Duke of *Infantada* was preſent: But now unhappy change that murders me, the latter is abſent, and the other ſees *Aminta* every hour. Then onely Love, now Love and Jealouſie afflicts me. Then I was but penſive, now I am in deſpair. Then I had ſome hope mix'd with my fear, now I fear without hope. Then I was onely afraid of my Miſtreſs, now I am afraid both of my Miſtreſs and my Rival: And upon what ſide ſoever I caſt my eyes, I ſee nothing but dangers and precipices round about me. No queſtion but the Count of *Pegnaſca* converſing with *Aminta* every moment will find ſome one favourable to his deſigns. But the Duke of *Infantada* having none of thoſe Opportunities, muſt meet with nothing but misfortune. Let us then wait on her again, added he, to the end we may be happy, at leaſt, that we may not be miſerable; and let us return to *Paradas*, that we may return to *Fontaines*. Let us oppoſe the happineſs of the one, and the inclinations of the other; and if we cannot be at reſt our ſelves, let us labour to diſturb their ſweet repoſe. For 'tis a miſchief enough to deſtroy both Life and Reaſon, to be in Hell himſelf, and ſee his Rival in Heaven. Let us go then, without further deliberation; for ſhould we meet with Death at *Fontaines*, it would be more welcome than at *Sevil*, ſince *Aminta* is in the one place, and not in the other; and that 'tis impoſſible for me to live where ſhe is not. But Sir, while the Duke of *Infantada* took this reſolution, *Ferdinand* and *Iſabell* took another quite contrary. For the Duke's proffer of his Service to the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* having exaſperated the Marqueſs of *Ayamont*, their Favourite, he repreſented to their Majeſties, that thoſe two Dukes being the moſt Potent in all *Spain*, while the one remain'd a diſcontented Perſon at *Fontaines*, it was dangerous to let the ſecond return to *Paradas*; conſidering the Paſſion which he had for the fair *Granadine*, and the Neighbour-hood of the two Palaces, which would occaſion frequent Interviews between thoſe two Illuſtrious Male-contents. At length he ſo aggravated the violent and daring humour of the one, and the cunning and Policy of the other, together with their Reputation in the Countrey, that juſt as the Duke of *Infantada* was laying his deſign to go for *Paradas*, one of the Captains of the Guard brought him a Command from the King not to ſtir out of *Sevil* till farther Order. You may readily conjecture how the Duke was ſurpriz'd, and how terribly it griev'd him to hear a Command ſo contrary to his deſigns, and the preſent condition of his Fortune. However, he told the Officer that he would Obey; for you know the imperious humour of the Queen will not permit her Subjects

jects to act otherwise, let them be never so great. But after the Captain was gone, and he alone, O miserable condition of a Subject! cry'd he; how miserable are they, that being such, are notwithstanding advanced in Dignity above the Common People; without any Crime committed, without any Reason, without any Cause, without any Pretence, they have depriv'd a Grandee of *Spain* of his Liberty. They will not permit him to go to his own House, but to satisfie the disgust and hatred of a Favourite, the Court must become his Prison rather than his Habitation; and though his Fetters are not seen, he is however a Captive. What conceited Politicks are these of a Favourite? Others whom the humour of the Prince, or the whimsies of Fortune have rais'd where this Ambitious Minister is advanc'd, are wont to be willing that Persons of my Quality should refrain from coming to Court: Yet is the Marquess of *Ayamont* so far from expelling me the Court by force, that he keeps me here against my will. What may his meaning be? pursu'd the Duke. Certainly I have found it out, cry'd he: The Offer which I made of my Service to the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, is the ground of his displeasure, and to be reveng'd upon me for that Action, he puts a publick Affront upon me, without the least colour in the World. Thus an imaginary Crime is the cause of thy Imprisonment, for all *Sevil* is a Prison to thee at present. All this while thou dar'st not stir; thou dar'st not return to *Fontaines*, thou dar'st not see *Aminta*: But in the mean time the happy *Ponce de Leon* sees her, converses with her, loves her, gains her love; but deprives thee of all thy hopes. Alas! these are miseries too great for thee to suffer; rather be gone in despight of the King's Command: Venture the anger of thy Sovereign, rather than these misfortunes that threaten thee. Or rather to avoid the danger of being expos'd to that hazard, let them Banish thee. I believe I have thought upon a way, and whatever come of it, I will try the issue. In short, Sir, the next Morning he went to the King, and meeting with the Marquess of *Ayamont* as he was going from his Lodgings to the King, follow'd by a great croud, which his Power drew after him, he fiercely accosted him, and looking upon him from top to toe, with his Eyes full of Choler and Disdain, You might have taken, said he with an imperious and menacing utterance, several Nobler ways to have Reveng'd your self, than those which you have made use of; for in my Opinion, you have either done too little or too much. As I never received any injury, reply'd the Marquess, I never sought to be Reveng'd of any Person in my life: And therefore if your Excellency intends to be understood, you must speak more plainly. 'Twill be a very severe Explanation that I shall make, reply'd the Duke, for I shall talk so loud, that you shall have no need to listen to understand me. I understand too well the Art of answering in the same Language, reply'd the Favourite, to be much troubled at what you can say to me: For they that talk loud to me, may be assur'd that I shall not whisper to them. But in short, Sir, pursued he, what is it that your Excellency complains of? I complain, answer'd the Duke, that such a Person as You, should have the boldness to injure such a Person as I, by making the City my Prison. Such a Person as I, reply'd the Marquess, is not so much beneath such a Person as You, that the remembrance of who I am, or who you are, should Oblige me to keep such a distance: but letting that pass, the King must give you an account of his own Acts, if you have the boldness and the rashness to make your grievance known to him. If I ask him any thing, reply'd the Duke, it shall onely be how you come to be so insolent; and if he refuse to tell me, I can tell what to do my self. You shall do what you can presently, reply'd the Marquess, laying his hand upon the Hilt of his Sword. I will do it to purpose, answer'd the Duke, if thy Cowardize or thy Valour hinder me not. It shall be rather the one than the other, reply'd the Marquess, drawing immediately, as did the Duke of *Infantada* at the same instant. But as they were ready to engage, so many Persons press'd between to part 'em, that they were constrain'd to defer their Quarrel and their Revenge till another time. In the mean time the King and the Queen being advertiz'd thereof, were most excessively incens'd; for you know how jealous they are both of their Authority, and how exactly they maintain it: So that having understood the occasion of the difference, as also looking upon themselves to be concern'd, and finding the Duke to be the Assailant, the Captain of the Guards was sent to take him into Custody, and to demand his Sword in the King's Name. There, take it, said he in great fury; and things must be better order'd, if ever I wear it, for the Service of those that send for it. He was carried to his own House, and a Guard set over him in his own Chamber, out of which he was not to stir. And that there might be some equality observed between the two Adversaries, the Marquess of *Ayamont* was confin'd to his own Apartment; and for some time thus stood Affairs at *Sevil*. All this while the Duke of *Infantada* would admit of no Consolation; for by the loss of his Liberty having lost the sight of his Mistress, he had almost lost all his Patience and his Reason. Alas, said he, the Unfortunate are unfortunate in all things, and nothing befalls them but what augments their grief, and lays new Obstacles in the way of their Designs. Their own Prudence is mischievous; they undermine themselves, while they think to establish themselves; and what they do for their own good serves to do them a mischief. So blind is the Wisdom of Men, even in their own Affairs. Oh unfortunate *Don Alvarez*, thou hast destroy'd thy self in seeking to save thy self; and while thou didst think to hasten thy return to *Paradas*, thou hast thrown thy self into Fetters in *Sevil*; and thy own imprudence absolutely deprives thee of the means of waiting on thy *Aminta*. Yet she is all this

while

while at *Fontaines*; the fair, amiable, the incomparable, the divine *Aminta*; and that which perfects thy despair, *Ponce de Leon* is there also with her. That is an unhappiness too great for me to endure; and the good Fortune of my Rival afflicts me more than my disgraces. His Felicity causes my Trouble, his Happiness my Calamity; his joy my grief, his repose my disturbance, his glory is my torment. So that were not he with *Aminta*, I should not be so discontented at my absence from her. But he is with her, he converses with her, while thou art far remote from her presence, unfortunate Duke of *Infantada*; and while he lives in the full satisfaction of her Company, thou languishest in affliction: though it were better to die than thus to live tormented by Jealousie and Love. This was the sad life that the Duke led in his confinement: And these were the cruel reflexions that he made upon the sad condition of his Fortune. But in regard the King was more kind to the Marquess of *Ayamont*, than angry with the Duke of *Infantada*, he sent for them both into his Presence; and after he had very severely reprov'd *Don Alvarez*, he commanded them to embrace and be Friends, which they did more out of Obedience, than of their own free-will. For by reason that the King laid a new injunction upon the Duke, not to stir out of the City till farther Order, his Rancor was rather conceal'd than extinguish'd; and he return'd to his Palace, as to his first confinement, walking upon the Banks of the *Guadalquivir*, and pondering upon the felicity of his Rival, and his own Misfortune. But while these melancholy thoughts possess'd him, the happy Count of *Pegnafiel* was better pleas'd. He counted the Minutes in hopes of *Aminta's* return; but his disturbance was accompany'd with delight: and while he consider'd that every moment she drew nearer and nearer, and that the happy minute of seeing her was at hand, he abandon'd his Soul to the utmost pleasing ecstasies of his joy, drowning therein the remembrance of all his sorrows past. What shall I say, Sir? At length arriv'd the blessed hour, long wish'd for by *Ponce de Leon*, and perhaps, by the fair *Aminta* her self. And those two Illustrious Persons that had been ready to dye for grief of each others absence, were now ready to dye for joy of meeting again. So true it is that the excess of both is dangerous, the Soul being hardly able to bear it. But after the Duke and the Dutchess had caressed the Count their Son, and had observ'd the delicacy of his wit from every word that he spoke, the Duke, whose removal from the Court very much afflicted him, commanded me to follow him into his Gallery, where he fell into a long discourse of his being fallen from the Kings Favour, while the Dutchess was busied about her Houshold affairs. Then it was that those two Amorous Souls abandon'd themselves to their own content, and laying aside all Obstacles of respect, gave themselves a Liberty to the full extent of their inclinations. At length, Divine *Aminta*, said *Ponce*, beholding her with Eyes full of Joy & Love, kind Heaven has lent a gentle ear to my Prayers, and granted me the onely thing which I desir'd. 'Tis true, it was so long before I obtain'd my request, that had I suffer'd a longer delay, it would have been too late, for Death would have depriv'd me of the benefit of my good Fortune. By what I find (said she with an obliging smile) the Shepherd *Leonce* is still the same, nor is he become a jot the more Clowniish or Wild for living in the Countrey. I cannot tell, reply'd the Count of *Pegnafiel*, whether the Shepherdess *Aminta* can say so much; for the Court, they say, is a place, where there happen strange Metamorphoses. I assure you, answer'd she, that the Shepherdess you mean, brings back to your Groves and Fields, the same vertues, and the same defects she carried with her; and that you will find at her return all that she had at parting, except her Scrip and her Sheep-hook. If it be so, reply'd he, then is *Ponce de Leon* more than happy; and he has nothing more to request, either of Fortune or of you, than the continuance of his Felicity. I have told you already, added *Aminta*, that as you saw me before, so you find me now, and ever shall find me; for I always act as becomes me, and never willingly do that which does not beseem me. Ha, fair *Aminta*, cry'd the Count, you think to moderate my joy by those obscure words, wherein I apprehend something that does not please me; belike you take care that I shall not dye for joy: but take heed you do not kill me with grief, and the apprehension of what may befall me. No, no, I give you leave to enjoy a more perfect tranquillity; and to go as far as I can to do you kindness, I promise you, that if you prove unhappy, you must onely thank Fortune; and that I will have no more hand in your misery, than onely to compassionate your sorrow. But cruel *Aminta*, be less a *Moor*, and less a *Turk*, since you are become a Christian. Impute not so much to Destiny, but attribute something to Love and the Will: And since my Fortune is so assuredly in your hands, never go to search among the Stars for what you may find in your Heart; for whatever befall me, I will blame you; and instead of quarrelling with the Stars, who without doubt know nothing of it, I must complain of the fair and cruel *Aminta*, who knew my Love, and what she ows my affection, yet was the cause of my Ruine. In regard the *Moors* are descended from the *Arabians*, merrily answer'd the fair *Granadine*, you must not think it strange that she gives a little more Credit than you to Astrology, wherein that Nation is so knowing, and which it so much reverences. But to settle Peace between us, if you will Credit me, neither examine the Rigor nor the Power of the Stars, nor of the Will; nor let us hunt after the knowledge of things to come, which is conceal'd from men, but enjoy our present tranquillity, which is within the reach of our Capacity. The present time that you mean is so full of delight, reply'd the Count of *Pegnafiel*, that I had best accept the proposition which you make me; and provided I may always talk of

your Beauty and my Paſſion, of my Love and Fidelity; let time to come lye buried in darkneſs. After this, they were almoſt inſeparable, for the Duke keeping himſelf retir'd by reaſon of his melancholy, and the Dutcheſs minding altogether her Houſhold Affairs, gave them all the decent Liberty that their flames which burnt ſo purely, could wiſh or deſire. They alſo reſum'd their Shepherds Weeds, with no ſmall delight and recreation to the penſive humour of the Duke. But while *Ponce de Leon* and the fair *Granadine* ſpent their time ſo merrily at *Fontaines*, the Duke of *Infantada* continued at *Sevil*, tormented with his Love and Jealouſie, which having Uſurp'd the Empire of his Heart, exercis'd their Tyranny to the utmoſt. The Image of the fair *Aminta* no ſooner preſented it ſelf to his fancy, but *Ponce de Leon*'s appear'd next to hers: And though he ſtrove with all his might to ſeparate them, yet *Ponce de Leon* and the fair *Aminta* were oftner together in his extravagant Imagination, than they were really at *Fontaines*. For this jealouſie of his, being an ingenious Paſſion, found a thouſand ways to torment him: The Unfortunate follow'd the Fortunate Lover in his thoughts from Grotto to Grotto, from Fountain to Fountain, and from Alley to Alley; and repeating to himſelf the Converſe which he fanſied they had had together, he ſtill met with ſufficient matter to afflict himſelf. Ah! ſaid he, at this very hour that I ſpeak theſe words, the happy Count of *Pegnafiel* ſpeaks to the fair *Aminta*; I ſee the Love that ſhe perceives in his Eyes. He fetches not a ſigh but what reaches my Ears; he ſpeaks not a word but what ſounds in my ſad heart; and his felicity cauſing my pain, my troubles have no end, like his felicity. But oh Heavens, if what he tells her be ſo rigorous, her anſwers to him pierce me to the heart; I ſuffer under the former, but the latter kills me out-right. What I ſee in the eyes of the one, I obſerve in the eyes of the other: if one ſighs, the other ſighs; and glances are paid with glances: If *Ponce de Leon*'s eyes be Eloquent, *Aminta*'s are not dumb. But though theſe are miſchiefs great enough, added the Duke, yet are theſe the leaſt, and leaſt to be dreaded of my torments; for I underſtand that in this reciprocal flame, that Inhumane, Cruel, and Unjuſt Perſon, tells him again whatever I ſay to her; forgets not a Syllable; ſacrifices to him whatever I offer her; informs him of my Ecſtaſies, and her own Coldneſs; my Conſtancy, and her Reſiſtance; my Offers, and her Refuſal, my Shame and her Glory; my Patience and her Pride: while that inſolent and fortunate Victor Triumphs over me a ſecond time without fighting; ſcoffs at my misfortune, laughs at my tears, and proud as he is, erects his Trophies upon my Ruine. If my Heart can endure all this and live, then is it not fit to live, but worthy to ſuffer. Oh what a rigorous, what a Cruel, what an odd kind of Deſtiny in mine! added he; I have nothing to do at *Sevil*, all my buſineſs lies at *Fontaines*, and yet I dare not go to *Fontaines*, nor ſtir out of *Sevil*; ſo that I am compell'd to tarry here to be ruin'd. Die then, unfortunate Duke of *Infantada*, die; and meet that quiet in thy Grave which thou canſt not find upon Earth. Theſe, Sir, were the ſad and doleful reflexions of that Noble, though unfortunate Lover; who ſtill keeping a ſecret coreſpondence at *Fontaines*, which we could never diſcover, ſo ordered his Affairs, that the fair *Aminta*, having as I ſaid before, reſum'd her Shepherdeſſes Weeds, one Morning found the following Verſes in her Scrip.

PEerleſs Beauty, yet unkind,
Whom beyond my ſelf I love;
Though ye ſtill ſo cruel prove,
And my Ruine have deſign'd:
Judge but you what I endure,
When that dreadful thing, ye call
Abſence, is the leaſt of all;
And that's bad enough, be ſure.

For to loſe the Charming ſight
Of thoſe all enlivening eyes,
One would think might well ſuffice
To accuſe the Heav'ns of ſpight:
But envelop'd with deſpair,
Not to ſee, yet know that you
Are both ſeen, and willing too;
Such a torment who can bear?

Neither Hell, with which we ſcare
Fanſies that to Cuſtom yield;
Nor the Earth, with terrors fill'd,
With that miſchief can compare.
That the Reaſon quite confounds;
For by Jealouſie diſeas'd,
When the Soul it ſelf is ſeiz'd,
Worſe than Devils walk their Rounds.

Apparitions, (yet I ſwear
Late I thought 'em but pretences)
Strangely have diſmay'd my ſenſes;
And I burn, though cold with fear.
'Twas my Rival that I ſaw
With Aminta *in a Viſion,*
Whether true, or an Illuſion,
Death ne're carry'd ſo much aw.

Theſe Verſes were accompanied with certain Proſe, to this Effect.

"Might I live a long life without your Com-
"pany, fair and pitileſs *Aminta*, I would ra-
"ther chuſe not to live at all; being not half ſo
"ſenſible of the loſs of my life, as of loſing the
"happineſs of ſeeing you. In the mean time,
"Fortune is no leſs unkind to me, than Love;
"for ſhe has joyned the Tyranny of the King
"to yours, and deprives me of my Liberty a
"ſecond time. My laſt confinement is more
"inſupportable than my former; and if my
"Power were equal to my Will, I would ſoon
"break one Priſon, though I were ſure to die
"in the other. But becauſe I cannot command

"my

"my own Deſtiny, I muſt patiently undergo it; "ſo that all which I can do, thus doubly laden "with Fetters as I am, is once more to conjure "you, by all that you account moſt dear in the "World, to change my evil Fortune into a bet-"ter, ſince it is you alone are the abſolute Mi-"ſtreſs of it. Accept then, Divine *Aminta*, "what I have already offer'd, and what you "have already refus'd: And be aſſur'd, that "having given you my Heart and my Soul, that "I would not refuſe you the Empire of the "World, were it in my power, as that Heart "and Soul are in yours; which is the Solemn "Proteſtation of

The Duke of Infantada.

This Letter, and theſe Verſes would have very much puzled the fair *Aminta*, had not Love and good Fortune delivered her out of her perplexity. For as well as ſhe lov'd, and as wiſe as ſhe was, ſhe could not reſolve whether to ſhew them to the Count of *Pegnafiel*, or to ſuppreſs 'em in ſilence: For on the one ſide, that fidelity and exactneſs which is to be obſerved in a Paſſion like hers, perſwaded her not to hide a thing of that Nature from *Ponce de Leon*. On the other ſide, Prudence, the fear of ſome new Accident, the remembrance of what had paſt, ſeem'd to adviſe her to hold her peace, and not to ſpeak a word. But as I ſaid before, Love and Fortune interpos'd: For Love Obliging the Count of *Pegnafiel* diligently to obſerve the Actions of the fair *Aminta*, Fortune ſo luckily ordered the Matter, that he ſurpriz'd the fair *Granadine*, as ſhe was reading in private what ſhe had found in her Scrip: So that without giving her time to conſider or take any deliberation upon a point ſo nice, after he had ſeen all that was contained in the Paper over her ſhoulders, Fair *Aminta*, ſaid he with a forc'd ſmile, what anſwer intend you to give to that Proſe and that Verſe? And how will you diſpoſe of the Duke of *Infantada*'s Deſtiny and mine? I cannot tell yet what anſwer to make, nor what to do (anſwer'd *Aminta*, bluſhing and ſomewhat ſurpriz'd) but this I can aſſure you, that your Curioſity is both troubleſome and injurious; and that I might have done more to your content, had you left me the Liberty to act according to my own humour, than now I ſhall do. If I have committed a fault, anſwer'd the Count, 'twas Chance that made me commit it: I ſaw nothing but what I could not avoid ſeeing, and without any intention to interrupt your Privacies, Chance onely has made me fortunate and miſerable; for I believe my ſelf to be both upon this occaſion. You are ſomething more, reply'd *Aminta* ſmiling, or my conjectures deceive me. You mean I am jealous, anſwer'd he. And will you ſay you are not, reply'd ſhe. I could very well, ſaid the Count; but I dare not do as I would. Your fear is better grounded than your jealouſie, anſwer'd *Aminta*; and ſo Naturally does jealouſie deſire to conceal its own weakneſs, that for fear of ſhewing yours, I adviſe you not to ſpeak a word more of this Proſe or Verſe. Ah, cruel *Aminta*, cry'd he, you would make me too Wiſe, and too little inquiſitive for a Lover; for certainly I believe that I may ask this queſtion, whether you like the Verſes and the Proſe or no? How like you them your ſelf, reply'd the fair *Granadine* with a kind of ſcornful ſmile; for as you are better able to judge of ſuch things than I, I am contented to be guided by your Opinion. If you do as you ſay, anſwer'd he, the Duke of *Infantada* will prove the worſt Poet, and the moſt pitiful Orator in the World. For I'le ſwear there is not one word that pleaſes me, either in his Verſes, or in his Letter. But you do not tell us yet, reply'd *Aminta*, whether you diſlike the Poet or the Poetry. Both, as I think, briskly anſwer'd he; and ſince you ſay, you will truſt to my judgment in theſe things, be as good as your word, and believe me. I ſpoke of nothing but the Poetry, anſwer'd ſhe, and you bring in the Author. I am diſ-ſatisfied as well in the Author as the Poetry, reply'd he. And if the Divine *Aminta* be but as kind as ſhe is fair, ſhe alſo will deſpiſe as well the Workmanſhip, as the Author. However, ſaid he, to reaſon more ſeriouſly of a thing which is of the higheſt importance, I conjure you, to tell me ſeriouſly, what anſwer you intend to return to the Duke, or whether you will ſend him any anſwer at all? To puniſh your firſt Curioſity, reply'd *Aminta*, I will not ſatisfie your ſecond; and I deſire you to leave me to my own Liberty, with a blind Obedience, and a Submiſſion not to be parallell'd. Since 'tis your deſire, I muſt Obey, reply'd he; though it be a very difficult thing to ſubmit. As you have no way to vanquiſh me but by yielding, reply'd ſhe, I aſſure you, that if you will let me Triumph firſt, you ſhall then Triumph over me. And in acknowledgment of the willing Sacrifice which you Offer me, I will ſhew you the anſwer which I purpoſe to ſend to him, that you call your Rival. But fair *Aminta*, reply'd the Count of *Pegnafiel*, were it not better to give him no anſwer at all? You ſwerve from the Conditions of your Promiſe, anſwer'd ſhe; and if you violate your word, you cannot expect that I ſhould keep mine. I Obey and am ſilent, anſwer'd he. 'Tis the way to pleaſe me and be happy, reply'd ſhe. And indeed the next day ſhe ſhewed him her anſwer before ſhe Seal'd it, to this effect.

To the Illuſtrious Duke of Infantada.

"Your Verſes are good, your Letter hand-"ſome, your manner of conveying it to me "much like a Courtier; and your Offers might "tempt a weak Soul, an ambitious Spirit, or a "Heart that regarded Intereſt. But, Sir, your "addreſs is to a Shepherdeſs, that is, to a Per-"ſon not curious, who knows not the value of "what ſhe might enjoy, or what ſhe refuſes;

"and who having nothing fit to be esteemed,
"but her sincerity onely, thinks her self ob-
"lig'd to make use of it, to assure you that she
"will never change her Resolution, but that
"you shall always find her to be

Aminta.

After the fair *Granadine* had written this answer, she took an occasion to shew it to the Count of *Pegnasiel*, and when he had read it, Now, said she with a low voice, you see there is no danger in leaving me to my Liberty; and that when I am able to do what I intend, I never do but onely that which becomes me. I find indeed, reply'd the Illustrious *Ponce de Leon*, that you are kind and obliging. And therefore, though the Commendations which you have given the Duke, do not please me so well as they will like him, I will intermix no Reproaches with the thanks which you have merited; being resolv'd to rest satisfied in my own, without opposing the happiness of my Rival. I consent thereto, reply'd *Aminta*, upon Condition, that when you see me do what I ought for your sake, the Count of *Pegnasiel* will believe me to be still the same. And that if my Duty requires me hereafter to act contrary to his inclinations and mine, I shall not contradict my Duty, how unwilling soever I may be to do it. Cruel Lady, answer'd he, wherefore intermix ye favours and threats together? And when you grant me so great a delight, wherefore do you not bestow it upon me entire? By reason that mischiefs fore-seen are so much the less, answer'd she. Ah! fair *Aminta*, reply'd he, be not so provident at this time, though it prove to my greater misfortune hereafter. He had no sooner utter'd those words, but the Duke and the Dutchess interrupted their Discourse, coming into the place where they were. And presently after, the Duke taking me along with him into his Gallery, engag'd me in a long Discourse upon the Changes of Fortune; and in several Politick reflexions upon the confinement of the Duke of *Infantada*, and upon the Motives that induc'd the King to deal with him in that manner. In the mean while, one of the Count of *Pegnasiel*'s Servants, and I think the same that drew *Aminta's* Picture, going to *Sevil*, she entrusted him with the Letter which she had written to the Duke, with Order to deliver it into his own hand, but not to stay for an answer. The Messenger faithfully discharg'd his trust; and after he had deliver'd the Letter, pretending extraordinary business in the City, he went his way, but return'd no more. Then with a strange Palpitation, the Passionate Lover opened *Aminta's* Letter, but finding it such as I have told you already, he was very ill satisfied. He read it over and over again with an extraordinary exactness; and when he had well weigh'd the words, and consider'd the force of the Expressions, Ah, cry'd he, lamenting himself, this is not *Aminta*, this is *Ponce de Leon* that sent me this answer, and I will swear that he dictated every word which thou hast read. Yes, pursu'd the disconsolate Lover, this writing came from thy Rival, and not from thy Mistress. She has discover'd to him the Marks of thy Passion, they have infallibly made sport thereof among themselves; the cause of thy Grief has been the Subject of their Laughter. Thy Submission has been the Object of *Ponce*'s Pride, and thy Offers the Scorn of *Aminta*. I see it, I know it, I perceive it in every part of this cruel Letter. There is not a word but what perplexes me, not a thought but what offends me, not a syllable but what assassinates my Love. O Heavens, reply'd he in despair! was ever so great a piece of Injustice known? Instead of accepting my Offers, or civilly refusing them, *Aminta*, the cruel *Aminta*, the incompassionate *Aminta*, tells me a story, That *my Verses are good, that my Letter is well penn'd, and the manner of conveying it to her very Friendly.* After this, she insults, adding injury to her Contempt. *Your Offers may tempt a Weak Soul.* What! are they not to be accepted then but by Fools? Is the Title of Dutchess of *Infantada* so inconsiderable in the Court of *Spain*, that none but Women of no Value will take it upon them? She adds, that these Offers may tempt *an Ambitious Spirit*. But may they not tempt a Person of Reason? Or are they of so little worth, that none but they that are out of their wits will design them acceptance? You say, ingrateful, that they may make some impression upon *a Heart that looks upon Interest*. Oh just Heaven, is the Duke of *Infantada* so inconsiderable in the World, that a Noble Heart should be ashamed to do that for him, which onely base Souls would stoop to out of Covetousness? Are not his Person, his Love, and his Quality to be at all respected? Insolent, haughty, disdainful Slave, pursued he, transported with his Choler, look upon thy Fetters, since thou refusest my Diadems; consider thy own condition, since thou wilt not consider mine; and dye in Poverty, since thou despisest Grandeur. *Your address is to a Shepherdess*, fallly she crys; rather to a Slave, more truly say I, who knows not how to discern between good and bad; and that understands not how to advance her self. Thou say'st in derision of thy self, *That thou knowest not the Value of the things which thou art proffer'd, nor of what thou refusest.* Thou say'st true, Ingrateful Slave, thou say'st true; and more truly than thou art aware of: For if thou knewest the tenderness of my Affection, thou wouldst never accept of the Count of *Pegnasiel*'s heart, and refuse the unfortunate Duke of *Infantada*'s. Then thou tellest me, insolent Slave, that *thy sincerity obliges thee to assure me, that thou wilt never change thy mind.* I will not say as thou sayst, pitiless Maid, I will change mine if I can; and if it be possible, I will hate thee as much as ever I lov'd thee. At length, thy Conclusion is, *That thou wilt be alwayes* Aminta. But I conclude, that I will not be always *Alvarez*, and that I will either tear out my Heart, or the Passion that possesses it. I did keep thee in my Memory; I will now forget thee:

thee: I did love thee, I will hate thee now. I will —— I know not what I would have, though I well know what I ought to desire; and my mind is as uncertain as it is certain that I am miserable, and thou ingrateful. But I deceive my self, reply'd he; I know 'tis my desire to trouble thy repose and thy delights; I know that I cannot endure thou should'st live contented, while I remain afflicted. I know that I cannot be at quiet, while my Rival enjoys thy Company while I am absent, and cannot come near thee. And thou art to know too that either I will lose my life, or disturb you both in that tranquillity which you have so cruelly depriv'd me of. In short, Sir, for many days, the Duke of *Infantada* lay Plotting and Contriving by what means he might ruine the repose of these two Illustrious Persons, and communicate his misfortune to others. But considering his condition and theirs, it was not a thing so easie to be done: So that he emptied his Imagination of all those Inventions which Rage and Spight, Love and Hatred, Grief and Revenge had Muster'd together. Nevertheless, Chance at length accomplish'd what he could not perform; and Fortune was at length more favourable. And thus it fell out. A Gentleman of *Andalusia*, named *Don Osorio*, who had been a long time a Servant to the Duke of *Infantada* lately deceas'd, being out of Employment, obtain'd a Command in the Army, and was taken Prisoner as well as I, in the War of *Granada*. So that being Captives at the same time, of the same Age, equal in Quality, and Neighbours also, in regard that our Masters liv'd near one another as well in the City as the Countrey, we entred into a strict Friendship, which continued as long as I remain'd in *Granada*. In the mean while the Illustrious *Morayzel* and the Vertuous *Semahis*, having chosen me, as I have already related, to attend upon the Young *Almahide* into *Africa*, I departed from *Granada* with her, though extraordinary sorrowful to leave *Don Osorio*, who was no less grieved at my departure: So that the News of our being cast away being spread abroad in the Court, he was not a little afflicted to hear it, not doubting the loss of his Faithful Friend. Now, Sir, some years after, his Master having made him free in Reward of his good Services; he return'd into his Countrey, which you know was the same with mine, so that coming to *Palma* by chance, his Curiosity led him to enquire whether they had heard any more particulars of my being cast away, which was but confusedly reported at *Granada*. There he understood that I was not onely alive, but that I liv'd not far off; for he met with a Kinsman of mine, that told him of my return into *Spain*, of the ruine of my Estate, and how I liv'd at *Fontaines*, Tutor to the Young Count of *Pegnafiel*, Son to the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*. This News was very welcom to *Don Osorio*, who believing me dead, lookt upon me then as a man risen from the Grave. So that, as it is certain that many times joy as well as affliction redoubles Friendship, he felt an increase of kindness for me; and though his business call'd him another way, after he understood that the Duke of *Infantada* was dead, and that *Don Alvarez* was not at *Paradas*, he came directly to *Fontaines*: Where he having seen the fair *Aminta*, and being inform'd by the Count of *Pegnafiel*'s Servants, both of what Countrey she was, and by what strange Adventure she came thither, it was impossible for me to conceal it from him that she was the Daughter of *Morayzel*; so that all I could do, was to entreat him not to discover it to any Person breathing, telling him the reasons that oblig'd me to conceal her Condition. He promis'd me faithfully to perform what I desired, and indeed, so long as he was at *Fontaines*, he kept his Word very punctually. But being departed from me, and going to *Sevil*, he went to proffer his Service to the Young Duke of *Infantada*, who was then confin'd to the City: There he found him so Melancholy and full of Contemplation, that to divert his dull and pensive humour, he fell into a Discourse concerning the Gallantry of the Court of *Granada*, and of all the Illustrious Persons there: of which *Morayzel* and *Semahis* being the Chief, he did not omit them. And as Slaves enfranchized and Travellers always love to insist upon the particulars of their Adventures, when he spoke of those two Noble Persons, with a strange transportation of mind, he inform'd the Duke, that he had seen their Daughter at *Fontaines* by the most miraculous Fortune that ever was; and dilating upon all the particulars of the Relation, where all indiscreet Tatlers finish theirs, he concluded his; that is to say, with a request to the Duke to keep it as a Secret, not to be divulg'd to any Person living. When the Duke had got out of him all that he desir'd to know, he dismiss'd him his Chamber, retaining him however in his Service. But when the despairing Lover was alone, reflecting upon the information of the Releas'd Captive: Ah! cry'd he, I will enquire no more whence *Aminta's* Pride, and *Ponce*'s Love proceed; she knows her Extraction, and he knows it as well as she; and from that equality of their Condition, proceeds the equality of their esteem, and the tie of their Friendship. Yet as ill as she uses me, if the knowledge thereof pleases me, how highly then does it please the Count of *Pegnafiel*, whom she treats favourably? And what then, stupid Lover, wilt thou always brook the good fortune of thy Rival and thy own dishonour? Wilt thou never have so much Wit as to find out what may serve thy turn, or at least what may injure him? Certainly thou hast deserv'd this misfortune, because thou hast not Wit enough to quit thy self of it. Nor dost thou know how to Love, if thy Invention fail thee in a thing of this Nature. Think, ponder, ruminate, examine, and then resolve upon a way to ruine the felicity of thy Rival and establish thy own. In a word, display thy Ingenuity, or close thy Heart; calm thy own mind, or trouble *Ponce*'s: Either cease to adore *Aminta*, or deprive him that adores her of her sight. And if thou canst not enjoy

so

ſo great a Happineſs thy ſelf, ſuffer not him to enjoy it. But 'twill be a hard matter to part 'em, reply'd he to himſelf; yet not impoſſible, anſwer'd he again, and the more difficulty the more honour. Take heed therefore that thou becomeſt not more miſerable by venturing without ſucceſs. 'Tis no matter, added he of an inſtant; for if I prove more unhappy, I ſhall die, and death will deliver me at length from all my troubles. Upon thoſe words he fell into a deep ſtudy, and labouring to ſeparate the confuſed Notions which he had in his fancy upon this Subject, he ſtood for ſome time immovable, lockt up as it were within himſelf. Then rouſing himſelf in a moment out of a profound ſleep, I have found it, cry'd he, with a *Sardonic* ſmile; and my Rival ſhall ſoon find, when he ſhall ſee the end of all his Comfort, that there is nothing violent of long continuance. Yes, I have found the kind Expedient to ſeparate *Aminta* from *Ponce*, and it muſt prove Infallible, if I can but have the Power to execute my deſign. But why ſhouldſt thou want this power, ſo neceſſary to procure thy preſervation? Why ſhouldſt thou ſubmit to ſuch a weakneſs, that would poorly deſtroy thee? Conſider however, unreaſonable Duke of *Infantada*, whether what thou art going about to do be juſt: If it be not juſt, 'tis neceſſary, ſaid he preſently, and that neceſſity is ſufficient to juſtifie it. For if thou doſt not accompliſh thy Enterprize, thou art never like to ſee *Aminta* again. But if it ſucceed, then ſhall thy Rival be no more happy than thy ſelf. Thou findeſt, added he ſtill, what a grief it is, not to ſee her at all; rather, reply'd he to himſelf, thou art ſenſible what an intolerable grief it is, not to be able to come near her, while thy Rival ſees her, and converſes with her every hour. But haſt thou the courage to deprive thy ſelf of her? Yet, reply'd he to himſelf, art thou ſuch a Coward to let another deprive thee of her? no, no, rather lay violent hands upon thy ſelf, than ſuffer another to be the cauſe of thy death: and therefore ſince thou canſt not enjoy the Company of *Aminta* thy ſelf, let not thy Rival however glory in the ſame happineſs. Therefore to this end, Sir, the Reſolution which *Don Alvarez* took, was to find out a way to let *Morayzel* underſtand in what part of the World his Daughter was, whom he thought he had loſt; not queſtioning but that he would endeavour to re-obtain his onely Daughter, ſo ſoon as he heard where ſhe was; whether it were by Ranſom, or by exchange of ſome conſiderable Priſoner which the *Moors* had taken: It being alſo very unlikely but that ſuch a Perſon as *Morayzel*, was in Credit ſufficient with the King of *Granada*, to Oblige him to Write to the Kings of *Caſtile* and *Leon*, who would never refuſe the former ſo ſmall a favour. Being thus confirm'd in his Reſolution, he eaſily found means to put it in Execution. For the Merchants of *Sevil*, having ſet up a private Trade with the *Granadines* during the Truce, there was one among the reſt particularly ty'd to the Duke's Family, who promiſed faithfully to deliver a Letter from him into *Morayzel*'s own hands; whereupon the Duke of *Infantada* wrote one, the Contents whereof were theſe.

To the Illuſtrious MORAYZEL, *Chief of the Royal Family of the* ALMORADI'S.

"As Vertue Creates Friends in all places, "the Report of yours has found you out one in "the Court of *Spain*, who as unknown as you "are to him, and he to you, fails not to give "you Notice, that the fair *Almahide* your "Daughter, whom you took to have been caſt "away ſo long ago, is however ſtill living; "and that all the Court of *Ferdinand* and *Iſabell* "has ſeen her in the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*'s "Palace, with whom ſhe lives in a condition "equal to yours and her own Quality. Thus "far a Generous Enemy has gone in your fa-"vour, it belongs to your Prudence to manage "the reſt.

This Letter, neither Written by the Duke of *Infantada* himſelf, nor ſign'd with any Name, was faithfully delivered to *Morayzel*, as the Merchant had promiſed. I leave you to gheſs how pleaſingly the Valiant *Moor*, and the Illuſtrious *Semahis* his Wife were ſurpriz'd, when they underſtood that their Daughter was living, ſo long ſince concluded to have been dead; and not onely living, but almoſt their Neighbour. At firſt they began to queſtion the truth of the Writing; but not being able to conjecture what advantage any Perſon could make of ſuch a lie, they made no farther doubt of the certainty of the Advice; but began to conſider how they might beſt improve it. At firſt the remembrance of the *Arabian*'s Prediction did ſomewhat obſtruct their intentions; for ſeeing the beginning of his Prophecie fulfill'd, they were willing that their own private Affections ſhould give way to the publick Intereſt: Fearing leſt the Return of their Daughter ſhould be the Ruine of their Countrey. But Nature was more prevalent than fears, and the Quality of a loving Parent, defac'd the Title of a good Patriot. And therefore going immediately to the King, Sir, ſaid he, as your Majeſty is the Father of all your Subjects, I hope you will not condemn the boldneſs of a Parent, who verily believing his Daughter to have been ſo long ſince dead, now underſtands that ſhe is living and in the hands of your Enemies, and therefore flies to your Protection for her deliverance. Flattering himſelf with a high Opinion, that ſince ſhe is ſo nearly related to your ſelf, your Majeſty will not longer ſuffer her to wear Fetters, whoſe Anceſtors have worn Diadems. How, *Morayzel*, ſaid the King, is that Daughter ſtill alive, that you have ſo long ſigh'd and wiſh'd for?

for? Yes, Sir, ſhe is alive, reply'd the Valiant Husband of the Noble *Semahis*: And I underſtand by this Letter, that ſhe is at the Court of *Spain*, in the Houſe of the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*. With that he preſented the Letter which he had received, to the King, who after he had read it, return'd him for anſwer; You never have had any Reaſon, *Morayzel*, ſaid he, to queſtion my kindneſs for any Intereſt of yours, or that I will not do whatever lies in my Power to deliver your Daughter out of a condition of Captivity beneath her Quality; nay, I will rather ſet at Liberty all the Chriſtian Slaves which I have under my Jurisdiction, than fail of doing you that kind Office which you expect. Sir, reply'd *Morayzel*, throwing himſelf at his feet, though I ſhould ſpill all the Blood in my Body for the Service of your Majeſty, it would not be an acknowledgment ſufficient for ſo great a favour; the remembrance whereof I ſhall preſerve ſo deeply imprinted in my Heart, that neither Time nor Oblivion ſhall ever deface it. In regard there is at preſent a Truce with the King of *Caſtile*, (anſwer'd the King of *Granada*, raiſing him up) I hope he will not refuſe me ſuch a kindneſs; and I promiſe you to diſpatch away to morrow an Envoy to demand her of that Prince, upon his own Conditions. In ſhort, the next day he ſent away one of the Principal Officers of his Court, accompany'd with a Trumpeter; who coming to the Frontiers, was conducted to *Sevil* by his Order that Commanded the King's Forces in thoſe Parts. As ſoon as he arrived at *Sevil* he had his Audience, at which time he preſented a Letter to the Catholick King, in theſe words.

To the moſt Illuſtrious Kings of CASTILE *and* LEON, FERDINAND *and* ISABELL.

"As Kings have always more Ambition than "Anger, and that they rather love Glory than "hate their Enemies, War and Civility are "never incompatible between them; and after "Battels fought between them, they refuſe no "reciprocal marks of Civility and Courteſie "during Truce or Peace; and ſometimes in the "heat of Fight with their Swords in their "hands: Which Noble Cuſtome has begat a "confidence in me, that Princes, whoſe Gene-"roſity is known to all the World, and whoſe "Renown is ſpread as far, will not deny me a "favour, notwithſtanding the difference of "our Religions, and the Animoſity of the Ad-"verſaries, ſince there is nothing which I would "not willingly grant to you in the ſame Nature, "were I ſo happy as to meet with an Opportu-"nity. But leſt I ſhould be tedious, I refer it "to the Bearer, to let you underſtand what it "is that I requeſt, and what I offer to obtain it. "And therefore deſiring you to give the ſame "Credit to his words as to mine, I conclude; "praying the Holy *ALLA*, to give Victory "to your Armies, provided they March not "againſt me, nor any of the *Muſſulman* Princes. "Given at Our Royal City of *Granada*, in the "eight hundredth Year of the *Egira*, the firſt "day of the Moneth *Rancadau*, and the ſixth "of our Reign.

Boandelin.

When the Secretary of State had read the Letter, ſaid the King of *Caſtile* to the Envoy by an Interpreter, The Letter which you have brought is onely a Letter of Credence, and therefore it remains for you to tell us what farther Inſtructions you have from the King your Maſter, aſſuring you before-hand, that your Maſters requeſt ſhall be impoſſible, if we refuſe to grant it. Sir, anſwer'd the Envoy (after he had made a profound Obeyſance) your Majeſties Excelling Generoſity upon this occaſion will be no ſurprize to my Maſter, for all *Europe* is fill'd with the report thereof. Thereupon he began to tell the King all that I have told you already, concluding his Diſcourſe with a Compliment, the juſteſt and moſt Obliging in the World. When he had done, the great *Ferdinand* whiſper'd a while with the Illuſtrious *Iſabell*, and then turning toward the *Moor*; What you have given us to underſtand, ſaid he, does not at all perſwade us to alter our Reſolutions. But there is a certain Circumſtance in what your Maſter demands, which neceſſarily obliges me to call my Council together, before I can give you a preciſe anſwer. Thereupon the Envoy retir'd, being conducted by the Maſter of the Ceremonies to a Noble Apartment prepared for him, where he was magnificently treated. But when the Council met, and that the Buſineſs was debated, it was generally carried, that the fair *Aminta* ſhould be reſtor'd upon ſome advantagious Exchange for ſome Noble Perſons, Captives among the *Moors*. Onely the Marqueſs of *Ayamont* contradicted this Univerſal Vote, ſaying, that it became the Grandeur of the King and Queen, to reſtore the fair *Granadine* without Conditions. That it would be an Act more Noble, and perhaps, more profitable, conſidering the high Profeſſion of Generoſity which all the *Moors* make in general, but their Kings in particular. Beſides that, the Exchange of a Maid, let her be never ſo fair, for ſo many brave Perſons, was beneath the Grandeur of *Spain*. This Counſel coming from a Perſon that was a Favourite, and being according to the Genius of the Nation, eaſily prevail'd; and the Matter was ſo concluded. However, Sir, the King and Queen being ſo exact as you know, in their Religion, ſubmitting to the Inquiſition themſelves, which they ſet up in their Dominions, they would not fully reſolve, till they had aſſembled their Council of Conſcience; where the whole Matter was debated over again: the Queſtion being, whether

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it were lawful to ſend a Chriſtian Maid among the *Mahumetans*: and whether it were not better to prefer the intereſt of Religion before that of the State, and than to reſtore *Aminta*, who would be thereby in danger of being compell'd to change her Religion a ſecond time. Many various diſputes aroſe among the Divines upon this ſubject. Some were of opinion, that ſince our Faith oblig'd us to ſuffer Martyrdom rather than forgo it, we ought not to do any thing contrary to Religion for the State of of humane intereſt. Others on the contrary ſtiffly maintained, that the miſchief which was feared being uncertain, 'twas a great piece of imprudence to deprive the Kingdom of ſo many brave Priſoners, who would certainly be more ſerviceable as well to Religion as the State, than a young Maid. To theſe others adher'd, who aſſur'd the reſt, that the Virgin was ſo well inſtructed and grounded, in matters of Religion, that they had no reaſon to fear her, though they ſent her back; that they might rather have ſome reaſon to hope, that a perſon of her rank and knowledge might by degrees introduce the Chriſtian Religion into the very Kingdom of *Granada*, provided ſhe did not make too ſudden a profeſſion of it, and that ſhe were diſcreet in her zeal. This opinion abſolutely prevail'd, ſo that next morning the King ſent the Captain of his Guards and one of the Queens Maids of Honour to *Fontaines*, giving them Command not to ſpeak a word of the cauſe of their coming, but only to deliver his Letter, that he might ſhew himſelf the more ſevere to the perſon to whom it was directed. The Letter was no more than thus,

To the Duke of MEDINA SIDONIA.

"Send us *Aminta*, Intereſt of State requires "it, and we command it

We the King.

This Imperious Note and ſevere manner of proceeding, was an effect of the Marqueſs of *Ayamonts* reſentment, who thought to revenge his old Quarrel with a new injury. It went to the very bottom of the Duke of *Sidonia*'s heart; but the affront was not ſo great as his ſurprize. I know the Kings Hand to this Imperious Letter, ſaid he to the Captain of the Guards: but I obſerve there as apparently the inſolent ſtyle of his Favourite. So that if the duty which I owe to his Maſter and mine, did not protect him from my juſt indignation, I would make him underſtand, that it did not become him to write in this manner to Perſons of my Quality. But in ſhort we muſt obey, ſince it is the Kings expreſs Will. Sir, anſwer'd the Captain of the Guards, I am ſorry to be ſent of an Errand that diſpleaſes your Excellency, but you know too well my duty to the King, to deny me your pardon. No, no, reply'd the Duke, I make a diſtinction between the guilty and the innocent: nay if there were none but ſuch perſons of Worth about the King and Queen, I am perſwaded the unfortunate Duke of *Medina Sidonia* would not be ſo ſtrangely dealt withal. But once more let us be obedient, and talk no more of a thing which is leſs a ſhame to him that ſuffers, than to him that cauſes my ſuffering. Having ſo ſaid, he took the Meſſenger into his Gallery, where he walk'd with him till dinner time, diſcourſing with him about the neweſt Affairs at Court. In the mean while the Queens Maid of Honour was not a little put to it, to juſtifie her Commiſſion to the Dutcheſs: who on the one ſide loving *Aminta* and her Honour, very impatiently endur'd to be depriv'd of the one, and to be injur'd in the other. But, Sir, there was nothing comparable to the Count of *Peonafiel*'s grief, nor the fair *Aminta*'s ſadneſs: for they had heard every word that paſs'd: ſo that it ſeemed to them as if the ſentence of death had been pronounc'd againſt them both, when they underſtood that they were to be ſeparated. They beheld one another at the ſame time, but ſo heavily and ſo ſorrowfully, that their ſad and doleful looks ſeem'd to pierce them to the very heart, ſo reciprocal was their love and their affliction. The ſighs of the one were accompanied by the ſighs of the other; and the Illuſtrious Prince no ſooner lifted his eyes towards Heaven, but the fair *Aminta* look't upon the ground to hide thoſe tears which her Conſtancy could not retain. For my part, I was no leſs afflicted, nor no leſs perplex'd than they; for as their concerns were as dear to me, as my own, their ſorrows became mine. But that tormented Lover perceiving that his deſpair began to grow more prevalent than his reaſon, and that infallibly he ſhould be conſtrain'd to break out into a paſſion before the whole Company, he went through the Hall into the Garden, and made me a ſign to follow him. When we came there, neither of us had the power to ſpeak a word: but pulling his Hat over his eyes, and croſſing his arms upon his breaſt, he began to walk in that melancholy poſture, with the ſame ſilence as before; ſuch was his deſpair, ſuch was my grief. At length coming to the middle of one of the Allies, he ſtopp'd of a ſudden, and violently cocking his Hat with his left hand, and lifting up his right hand to Heaven; Ah! my dear *Fernand*, ſaid he, with a mournful utterance, and beholding me with eyes full of rage and grief, what new Thunder-clap is this, that this day falls upon my head? or who can this treacherous and potent Adverſary be that hurls it down upon me? Sir, anſwer'd I, 'tis no difficult thing to make a ſhrewd conjecture. I believe then, ſaid he, that I give a notable gueſs. For if I divine right, the Duke of *Infantada* has made his peace with the Earl of *Ayamont*, and that for ſome poor and pitiful reward which he has promis'd that Favourite, the Count has procur'd the Kings conſent for the Duke to eſpouſe *Aminta*. But all the power of the King purſu'd he with a threatning behaviour, and menacing utterance, ſhall not

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bring this Match to perfection, ſo long as I live; nor ſhall all the Authority of the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* keep me at *Fontaines*, when the fair *Aminta* is once gone. Sir, reply'd I, on purpoſe to chear him up, I do not find any ground for your conjectures: for in regard *Aminta*'s Quality is not known, I know not why they ſhould conceal a Marriage, that ſeems to be ſo much for her advantage. To ſay he acts in this matter for fear you ſhould make any Obſtruction, is a thing very unlikely: for beſides that your Love has been onely lookt upon as a bare piece of Courtſhip; the Court, which onely knows you by report, never heard any thing of it, but confuſedly. Moreover, the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* being out of favour, and the Duke of *Infantada* ſupported by kindneſs, there can be no neceſſity for any ſuch ſilence; and being upheld by the Kings Authority, he would have come himſelf to have demanded the Lovely *Granadine*, were it but onely to publiſh his good Fortune; well knowing that the Duke your Father has no reaſon to oppoſe him, nor Power, had he any ſuch intention. And therefore, Sir, never be ſo violent in your Reſolutions, ſince it is moſt certain that your Rival is not ſo happy as you believe him to be. But my dear *Fernand*, reply'd the afflicted Count of *Pegnafiel*, if it be not according to my conjecture, what can the Reaſon be? Sir, ſaid I, it comes into my head, that perhaps, by ſome accident or other *Aminta's* Parents may have diſcover'd where their Daughter is; and they having ſent to demand her of the King, he has condeſcended to gratifie two Noble Perſons of their Merit and Condition: And that thereupon the Marqueſs of *Ayamont* has ſent to demand her thus imperiouſly to put an Affront upon the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*. If it be true that you tell me, 'tis the accompliſhment of all my misfortunes; for *Aminta* going now to live among the *Moors*, where the Chriſtians dare not come, I muſt reſolve never to ſee her more; that is in ſhort, I muſt reſolve to die. Why Sir, anſwer'd I, had you rather ſhe ſhould Marry, than be abſent? No, no, reply'd he, let her depart rather from *Fontaines*, from *Sevil*; nay, let her go quite out of *Spain*, even to the farther parts of the World; for I had rather that her abſence ſhould kill me, than ſee her in the poſſeſſion of my Rival. Alas, if the Perſon beloved be once in the enjoyment of another, all the Power of Heaven and Earth cannot prevent it, when it is once come to paſs: And the miſerable Lover, that is ſtrook with ſuch a Thunderbolt, dyes a thouſand deaths inſtead of one; and ſuffers greater torments than the damned. But my dear *Fernand*, added he with Tears in his eyes, and affectionately embracing me, forſake me not now, when all the World abandons me; and in this incertainty of the Nature of my misfortunes, follow *Aminta* where-ever ſhe goes, and let me know her Deſtiny, from time to time, which ſhall be the Rule of mine. Sir, anſwer'd I, you ask me no more than what I was about to have deſir'd leave of you to do my ſelf: For in regard I was entruſted with *Almahide*, I am unwilling to quit *Aminta* till I ſee how her Fates will diſpoſe of her. So that if my conjectures are true, and that Fortune reſtores her to the Embraces of her Parents, I will never forſake her ſo long as ſhe abides there, though I cannot do it without ſome danger, conſidering how I have already Acted. To this purpoſe, I will go and deſire leave of the Duke your Father, and tell him, with all the Reaſons that oblige me to it, and whatever may prevail with him to permit me. In ſhort, after I had made the Count of *Pegnafiel* a new promiſe faithfully to advertiſe him of all things from time to time that concern'd *Aminta*, I left him in the Garden, and return'd into the Hall, where meeting the Duke all alone, I diſcover'd to him my deſign, and the Reaſons that Oblig'd me to wait upon her; for which I gave him ſuch convincing Arguments, that at laſt he conſented: Engaging afterwards with me in a long Diſcourſe upon this Accident, which gave him not a little trouble. In the mean while, the Lovely *Granadine*, to hide her own ſorrows, ſlipping unperceiv'd out of the Company that was with the Dutcheſs, went into the Garden by a Private pair of ſtairs, to give a little more Liberty to thoſe ſighs that almoſt ſtifled her. O Heavens! (ſaid ſhe when ſhe was alone) to what unknown misfortunes do you reſerve me? How will you diſpoſe of *Aminta*? What courſe would you have her to take? Or rather, what courſe can ſhe take, when ſhe leaves this place? All that ſhe knows abide here; all that know her inhabit here likewiſe. All that love her, and all that ſhe loves muſt ſtay here behind her; and into what part ſoever of the World Fortune throws her, if ſhe brings her not to her Parents, to whom ſhe is altogether a ſtranger, ſhe is aſſur'd to leave here all her delights, and in any other place to meet with nothing but ſorrow. Alas! whither do I go? Or whither can I deſire to go? For of all the Parts in the World, my Tomb excepted, is there any other that I can rationally make the Object of my wiſhes? I am ignorant of the place of my Nativity, I am ignorant who are my Parents, I am ignorant what the Sovereigns of *Caſtile* intend to do with me, I am ignorant what will become of me; onely I know that I muſt leave *Fontaines*, that I muſt leave *Ponce de Leon*; and that being born in the midſt of Misfortune, I muſt die ſurrounded with them. Let us dye then, purſued ſhe; and ſince nothing can alter the Influence of that Malignant Star that Perſecutes me, let us ſubmit to the violence of its Fury: For to part and dye is the ſame thing to a Heart that knows what it is to Love. But oh Heavens! added the fair Diſconſolate; may not the Duke of *Infantada* have made his Peace at Court, and the King be perſwaded to make uſe of his abſolute Power to compel me to Marry the Duke? If it be ſo, the Duke is very little acquainted with *Aminta*, and is leſs acquainted with himſelf, to believe that a Heart that can reſiſt his Merit, his Love, and his Offers, will be brought to yield to any Tyrannical Power that would force her Will. No, no,

all Power of the World can never move it. A conſtant and reſolute heart is a Fortreſs that cannot be taken: It may ſuffer, it may dye, but never change. While thus the Charming *Aminta* reaſon'd within the one ſide of the Pale, the unfortunate Count of *Pegnaſiel* ſigh'd out his complaints on the other ſide, ſo that at length they met at the end of the Alleys with their Eyes and Hands reciprocally lifted up to Heaven with a ſadneſs alike in both their Faces, but a Modeſt ſhamefac'dneſs caus'd the diſconſolate *Aminta* to caſt down hers, and that very Modeſty bedewing her bluſhes with her tears, ſeem'd to make an intermixture of Pearls and Coral. But after the fair *Aminta's* ſighs had made anſwer more than once to the ſighs of the unfortunate *Ponce de Leon*, he ſtrove with himſelf, and giving paſſage to his Lamentations, Alas, ſaid he, Divine *Aminta*, I know not what to hope, but far leſs what I may juſtly fear: For Miſchiefs once known, there is ſome Remedy; but thoſe which cannot be known are abſolutely incurable. I feel the ſtroak of Death, but cannot ſee the hand that ſtrikes: I find my ſelf unfortunate, but cannot divine from whence my misfortune proceeds. You muſt be gone, you muſt be gone; and yet I am not able to deviſe wherefore you ſhould go, who ſends for you, whither you go, nor whether you ſhall ever or never return. And in a word, I am ignorant of all things, in reference to this cruel Adventure. Nothing can comfort me but your return; and if that wiſh'd-for, dear and neceſſary return be never ſo little delay'd, Death will prevent my Happineſs, and you will return in vain to the miſerable *Ponce de Leon*. But why do I flatter my afflicted heart with pronouncing that word, Return? Ah! no, no, 'twill never be, that bleſſed Return will never happen. Yes, Divine Perſon, that Imperious Billet of the King, as obſcure as it is, clearly diſcovers to me my Ruine; in ſigning that, he ſign'd the Sentence of my Death. But ſince the death of that unfortunate Perſon that loves you beyond his life, is ſo inevitable, leave behind this conſolation with him, that you will compaſſionate his overthrow; and that when Fortune ſhall have advanced you to the Throne, you will ſometimes caſt your eyes toward his Tomb. O God! anſwer'd the ſorrowful *Aminta* (laying her fair hand upon her lovely Eyes, to hide her tears and bluſhes) forbear to augment my troubles by lamenting your own: Conceal from me ſome part of your grief, leſt I be conſtrain'd to diſcover all my ſorrows; labour to be more Couragious, that I may be the leſs faint-hearted; and do nothing meanly, that I may do nothing unworthy of my ſelf. Alas, how great ſoever your affliction is, mine is ſtill more: For you living without the unfortunate *Aminta*, are ſtill in the Company of your Relations, in the midſt of Perſons who are belov'd by you, and you dear to them. Your Wiſdom will be more prevalent than your Grief, and you will live for theirs and your own ſake inſtead of dying for me. But alas! it is not ſo with the miſerable *Aminta*, ſhe knows not whither ſhe goes, while the Inſolency of her Deſtiny ſtill hurries her up and down like a Slave. Her Inclination ſtays her here, but a Tyrannick Power drags her hence, and the Tyranny of the Stars and the Kings together ſeems to caſt me into a dark Abyſs, into which the moſt piercing fore-ſight could not penetrate. However there is a neceſſity that I muſt tumble into this Abyſs, and that abandoning my ſelf to Fortune, I muſt ſuffer my ſelf to go whereſoever that blind Guide is pleas'd to lead me. And how then, cruel and unjuſt *Aminta*, ſaid the Noble *Ponce de Leon* interrupting her, what if that blind Fortune would carry you to the Palace of the Duke of *Infantada*, would you ſuffer your ſelf to be led thither? No, no, I will rather be carried to my Tomb, than into his Palace: And ſo long as the conduct of my life depends upon my Will, the Count of *Pegnaſiel* ſhall have no cauſe to be afraid of any thing. O Heaven! how many things has he to fear! reply'd he, bemoaning himſelf; for what is there that Kings cannot do? And what may not abſence bring to paſs? Neither abſence nor Kings, anſwer'd the fair *Aminta*, can move a heart like mine: and you are more unjuſt than Fortune while you talk in that manner. But Divine *Aminta*, reply'd *Ponce de Leon*, not to attribute any thing to Fortune, or to expoſe our ſelves to the injuſtice of Kings, give me leave to draw my Sword once more againſt my Rival, and to try whether the Duke of *Infantada* be more formidable than was the Marqueſs of *Monte Major*. And if that be not ſufficient to ſave me, permit me to diſcharge my Deſpair and my Revenge even upon the Throne it ſelf. No, no, reply'd the fair *Granadine*, when we complain of the injuſtice of others, it behoves us not to be unjuſt our ſelves; and it may be there is no ſuch thing as you dream of. But alas, reply'd the Count, is it juſt to venture a thing of this importance upon *It may be's*? Is it not better to tranſgreſs, than periſh? No, by no means, anſwer'd *Aminta*; that Criminal ſucceſs is worſe than Innocent Calamity: Suppreſs therefore theſe tranſportations of your fury, that would fall, perhaps, upon the Innocent; and which Aſſail both You and Me, while they precipitate your Ruine. Let us therefore patiently expect what Heaven has decreed; and aſſure our ſelves that all the Power of Kings can never go beyond the bounds which Providence has ordained. However, Divine *Aminta*, if violent Remedies are not ſo convenient, let us not refuſe thoſe which are more gentle: Preſerve your ſelf and me by not denying me; and do a juſt Action, to hinder me from doing one that is unjuſt. If it be ſuch a one, anſwer'd the lovely *Granadine*, you need not queſtion but I will be rul'd by your advice; but before you tell me your thought, examine it well, Illuſtrious *Ponce*. How abſolutely neceſſary ſoever it be for me to ſpeak, I am conſtrain'd to hold my peace, reply'd the Count; and fearing a refuſal more than death, I muſt reſolve upon the latter: though certainly it can be no Crime to let Tyrants and Rivals live, and onely be contented

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to flye the rigor of their Power. Though you explain your ſelf but by halves, anſwer'd *Aminta*, yet I underſtand your meaning; but having made the ſame Propoſal already, I can give you no other anſwer than what I gave you before. No, no, Illuſtrious *Ponce*, purſued ſhe, whatever unknown misfortune threatens me, if there be no other means to avoid it, than by acting againſt my Duty, I had rather endure, than avoid it: Forbear then farther to Adviſe me, and let me find that you have an eſteem for me, if you would have me believe that you love me. But alas! too ſevere and over-wiſe *Aminta*, anſwer'd the Count of *Pegnafiel*, what would you then ſhould become of me? I that know not what will become of you, think you I can live and be ignorant of that? And are not you the cauſe of my death, in refuſing that which might ſave my life? Ah! reply'd ſhe, the moſt rigorous Law of Friendſhip does not oblige us to love our Friends better than our ſelves: and therefore being one that had rather dye a thouſand times, than do any thing unworthy of my Quality; I am not bound to have more care of you than of my ſelf: So that while things are thus equal, I have done what I ought, and you have no reaſon to complain. I muſt complain however, for I am ſo far from loving you barely but as well as my ſelf, that I love you a thouſand times better than my ſelf. So that notwithſtanding the coldneſs of your Morals and your Friendſhip, I am reſolv'd not to loſe ye, nor is there any thing which I will leave undone to preſerve ye to my ſelf. If you doubt of my Friendſhip, reply'd the fair *Aminta*, you deſerve it no longer; and if any thing could make me doubt of yours 'twere this unjuſt Propoſal: Would you diſpoſe of your ſelf without the conſent of the Duke and the Dutcheſs of *Medina Sidonia*? Or ſhall I diſpoſe of my ſelf without the Advice of thoſe to whom I owe my life, without ſo much as knowing who they are? You would be ingrateful to afflict thoſe to whom you are beholding for your being; and I ſhould prove as ingrateful, to diſconſolate thoſe Illuſtrious Perſons to whom I owe my Life and Liberty. Shall I render you happy to hinder my ſelf from being unhappy? Shall I ruine your Fortune to eſtabliſh my own? and wander with you like a Vagabond in the ſight of all *Spain*, without Eſtate or Honour? No, no; I declare to you, 'tis a thing will never come to paſs: And ſince you force me to confeſs it with bluſhes, I love you, 'tis true, more than my ſelf, but I love my Honour better than you. Over-nice *Aminta*, reply'd the Count of *Pegnafiel*; what would you then ſhould become of me? Or what do you deſire ſhould become of your ſelf? Deſire of Heaven to inform you in that particular, anſwer'd ſhe, for 'tis a queſtion too hard for me to reſolve. Will you leave me then to deſpair? ſaid he. Alas, ſaid ſhe, I muſt part no leſs afflicted. What then, do you onely think of your departure? reply'd the Count. Good God, reply'd the lovely *Granadine*, think you my departure is Voluntary? But has Love no Power? ſaid *Ponce de Leon*. Have Kings no Authority? anſwer'd the fair *Granadine*. No, reply'd he, not over a heart that knows what Love is. What can a heart do againſt a Tyrant? anſwer'd ſhe. Laugh at their Tyranny, reply'd the Count; flye them, and follow Love. I had rather obey Vertue, reply'd the lovely *Granadine*, from which nothing can ſeparate me. Alas, you ſay no ſuch thing of the miſerable *Ponce de Leon*, reply'd he; you forſake him, and conſent that he ſhould forſake you, and this without any trouble or diſcontent. Heaven that ſees your heart, anſwer'd ſhe, knows whether you ſpeak truth or no. However, reply'd the Count, you leave me, and think 'tis poſſible that I can forſake you. But diſ-abuſe your ſelf, cruel *Aminta*, diſ-abuſe your ſelf; for I will follow you over all the World, to comfort you in your misfortunes, or to accuſe your Infidelity. Alas, reply'd ſhe, if I wanted no more good Fortune, we ſhould both of us ſhed fewer Tears, and the miſerable *Aminta* ſhould not part from hence. Then ſhe is reſolv'd to be gone, reply'd the Count. I muſt reſolve, ſaid ſhe, ſince my evil Deſtiny will have it ſo. Let us be gone then, reply'd afflicted *Ponce*, ſince Fate and you command it. I rather forbid it anſwer'd ſhe; and you can no way better manifeſt your love, than by obeying me. I had rather you ſhould ſee it, by my ſubmitting to Death, reply'd he; for I could be as Prodigal of my Blood, as of my Tears. Diſpoſe not of that which you have given me, cry'd *Aminta*; I forbid you thoſe attempts, and I command you to obey me. Obedience can go no farther than poſſibilities, reply'd the Count; but it is impoſſible for me to live without you. Once more, cry'd ſhe with an utterance as imperious as mournful, I command you to live, and ſhe that commands you to live thought ſhe could have rais'd you from the dead to obey her. Since then I muſt die in lingring out my life, Promiſe me once more, that the Duke of *Infantada* ſhall never be happy while the Count of *Pegnafiel* continues miſerable. I freely grant your deſire, reply'd the Charming *Granadine*; and I farther promiſe you that no Perſon ſhall ever enjoy me while I have the power to diſpoſe of my ſelf. Add to this favour but one more, reply'd *Ponce de Leon*, which is, to inform me what change of Fortune is deſtined for you, ſo ſoon as you ſhall underſtand it, either by the Mouth of the King or Queen. I grant you that likewiſe, reply'd ſhe. And for the laſt favour, ſaid he, promiſe the moſt unfortunate of Men, that you will allow him ſome few minutes every day, wherein to be onely in your remembrance: You that every minute ſhall Reign alone in his. Alas! reply'd ſhe ſighing, if nothing but voluntary Actions can oblige you, it can be no Obligation to conſent to your requeſt; for it is not in my Power to forget you. Upon theſe laſt words the fair *Aminta* laid one of her lovely hands upon her face to hide her bluſhes, which thoſe her laſt Expreſſions had caus'd, while the diſconſolate *Ponce de Leon* taking her by the other, and falling upon his knees, kiſs'd it before ſhe had ſo much time as to hinder him; however

ſhe preſently pull'd it away, and then beholding him with Eyes that overflowed with tears, ſhe made him a low Courteſie, and left him without ſpeaking a word more, and return'd to the Dutcheſs after ſhe had dry'd her Eyes, and ſettled her Countenance. As for the Count of *Pegnafiel* he ſtood with his Arms open as long as he could ſee her; but when he had loſt the ſight of her, he went in a-dores again, that he might not loſe one Moment wherein he might enjoy her Preſence. After Dinner, the Duke pull'd out a Letter ſeal'd, and gave it the Meſſenger, with a Countenance where Melancholy and Anger were intermix'd. Tell the King and the Queen, ſaid he with a haughty and ſomewhat haſty utterance, that I have not forgot that I was born a Subject, but never underſtood that the Marqueſs of *Ayamont* was my Maſter; and that if ever he fall from their favour, I ſhall remember the unkindneſs he has done me. But the Captain of the Guards deſir'd his Excuſe, for not ſpeaking any thing that might be prejudicial to his Excellency. As for the Duke's Letter, if my Memory fail me not, it was to this effect.

To the KINGS.

"In regard your Majeſties Command as So-
"vereigns, I obey as a Subject. True it is, that
"had I forgot my ſelf, the ſtile of your ſhort
"Letter would have ſoon refreſhed my Memo-
"ry. But in ſhort, it behoves me to obey in
"whatever you Command, though it were to
"forget that I am call'd

The Duke of Medina Sidonia.

When the Officer had receiv'd his diſpatches, the Maid of Honour and he took leave of the Duke and the Dutcheſs, when the fair *Aminta* mov'd forward to pay her laſt devoires to the Duke and Dutcheſs, who affectionately embrac'd her; and while the Dutcheſs ſhed ſome tears, that ſeem'd to Authorize *Aminta's*, ſhe let fall a Torrent, of which *Ponce de Leon* had the beſt ſhare: Toward whom the fair afflicted Lady turning, and beholding him with Eyes as full of Sweetneſs as Melancholy, yet had not the Power to ſpeak any otherwiſe than with her looks; while the Count having no more courage than ſhe, onely anſwer'd her with his ſighs and ſobs; but thoſe looks, thoſe ſighs, thoſe ſobs were not ſo mute as their Tongues, for their afflicted hearts well underſtood that Language. In the mean while I took my leave of the Duke and the Dutcheſs, who recommended the fair *Aminta* to my care, with a Friendſhip more than ordinary. And as I made my Obeyſance to the Count, whiſpering me in the Ear, and Embracing me; Ah my dear *Don Fernand*, ſaid he, remember your Promiſes. To whom I made anſwer as ſoftly, that I would always obſerve his Commands. After that, the Coach went on, while the diſconſolate Count of *Pegnafiel* ſtood upon the ſteps before the Palace door like one that had been Thunder-ſtruck, ſo that you would have taken him for one of the Statues that adorned the Front of that ſtately Structure. O Heavens, ſaid he to himſelf, this ſecond ſeparation is far more ſevere than the former, and I am now far more unfortunate than ever I was: Then I knew whither ſhe went, I knew ſhe would infallibly return; but now I ſhall never ſee her more. Never ſee her more! reply'd he, lamenting his Condition; I may die where once ſhe was, but I cannot live where ſhe is not. There is a neceſſity for me to follow her where ever ſhe goes, there is nothing can hinder me. She is but juſt gone, ſaid he; and yet me-thinks 'tis an Age ſince ſhe went. O Fortune! O Kings! O Tyrants! what intend ye to do with her? that is to ſay, what do you intend to do with me? For her Deſtiny and mine are inſeparable; nor can all your Power, nor all your Cruelty divide us. With that he went into the Garden all alone, and wandring among the Alleys entertained himſelf with thoſe drouſie Imaginations which Grief and Love infus'd into thoughts, which were wholly clouded with the thick Vapours of Melancholy. And certainly he had all the Opportunity requiſite for ſo ſad an Entertainment, in regard the Duke was ſo pierced to the quick for the Affront he had received, and the Dutcheſs ſo afflicted for *Aminta's* departure, that they ſhut themſelves up in their Cloſets all the reſt of that day. In the mean while we drove on toward *Sevil*, not but that the fair *Aminta* turn'd her Eyes every Moment toward *Fontaines*, and fetch'd a thouſand ſecret ſighs. The Lady of Honour and the Captain of the Guards did all they could to divert her; and ſhe her ſelf ſtrove to the utmoſt of her ability to hide her ſadneſs, but all to no purpoſe; for it was ſo lively painted in her Countenance, that any Perſon, not blind, might eaſily perceive it. For my part, I was ſo taken up with thinking and divining what would become of *Aminta* and my ſelf, that I was never worſe Company in my life. But at length, Sir, after a Melancholy Journey, we arriv'd at *Sevil*; and the fair *Granadine* was Preſented to the Queen, who receiv'd her with Civility altogether Extraordinary, and thoſe Careſſes which were not common for *Iſabell* to ſhew. She carried her alone into her Cabinet; and having, as we afterwards underſtood, inform'd her of her Extraction, and of the Kings Reſolution to ſend her to *Granada*, ſhe exhorted her very earneſtly not to change her Religion in changing the Countrey and her Habit; but rather to ſeek to Convert and bring the Court, whither ſhe was going, to hers, being the onely true Religion amongſt all the reſt, and onely to be follow'd. To which the Charming Beauty anſwer'd, that her Majeſty ſhould have no cauſe to fear; that ſhe was ſtrongly perſwaded, and abſolutely convinc'd of thoſe Truths wherein ſhe had been Inſtructed during her abode in *Spain*; and that the eminent Example of the greateſt Queen in the World was enough to keep her ſtedfaſt: And that this Reſolution was ſo ſtrongly fix'd in her Soul, that all the

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torments in the World ſhould never be able to move it. While ſhe was talking in this manner, the King came into the Queens Chamber, and joyning his perſwaſions to hers, he ſpake much to the ſame purpoſe as the Queen had done, and received the ſame anſwer. After which their Majeſties took leave of her, and the Marqueſs of *Ayamont* giving her his hand, led her to the Apartment prepared for her where ſhe was attended by the Queens Maids of Honour, who had orders to wait upon her. So ſoon as ſhe found her ſelf at liberty to reaſon with her ſelf concerning what had hitherto fallen out, and to recollect in her mind what the Queen had ſaid to her, ſhe was not a little overjoy'd, notwithſtanding all her affliction to underſtand that ſhe was deſcended from the Kings of *Tremeſen*, and the Princes of *Goulette*, and that ſhe was related to all that was great and eminent in *Africk*. Yet no ſooner had that noble and pleaſing thought but ſlightly touch'd her Soul, but that another far more prevalent, chac'd it thence, and imperiouſly took its place. Alas! ſaid that lovely Lady ſighing and lifting up her eyes to Heaven, What new Comforts are theſe, unfortunate *Aminta?* Seeſt thou not that Fortune makes thee a venemous Preſent? that thy Grandeur will coſt thee all thy delights? that thy happineſs will prove fatal to thee? Thou art returning to thy Parents and thy Country; but returning thither, thou muſt loſe—— At theſe words ſhe ſtopt, not having the power to ſay *Ponce de Leon*. However in a few minutes after, beginning again, Thou muſt loſe *Ponce de Leon*, ſaid ſhe: or to ſpeak more juſtly, thou muſt loſe thy ſelf. For to live where thou muſt never ſee him more, will but be to dye. And whatever good Fortune befal thee at *Granada*, thou wouldſt be more happy at *Fontaines*. Yes, yes, ſaid ſhe, the Shepherdeſs *Aminta* was far more happy, than ever the Princeſs *Almahide* can be: Her Sheep-hook was to be preferred before a Scepter. Her Dogs were more faithful than her Guards will be, and her Flocks more obedient than her Subjects. Oh the pleaſures of tranquillity, of innocent life, of Groves, Fountains, Grotto's, Rivulets, Meadows, and Gardens; how far are Crowns and Thrones beneath your ineſtimable value! And how far does the ſilence of the Woods exceed the tumultuous noiſe of Cities! But poor ſpirited *Aminta*, reply'd ſhe to her ſelf, is it poſſible a mind ſo haughty can admit of ſuch low thoughts? Is not the Dignity of a Princeſs more honourable than the Title of a Slave? Is not liberty ſweeter than ſervitude? *Granada* more magnificent than a Deſart? Thy Country more pleaſant than the place of thy Exile? Thy Parents more to be reſpected than ſtrangers? And is thy Honour leſs conſiderable to thee than the ſhame of thy Captivity? Ah! no, no; thy inclinations are too noble to yield to any ſuch opinion, added ſhe; and thy Fetters have been too terrible for thee to covet them again. Go then, *Aminta*, go where thy Deſtiny commands thee. But Oh my Country! my Parents! Oh my Honour! My reaſon offers you a ſufficient Sacrifice in quitting *Ponce de Leon*, without deſiring that it ſhould be offer'd willingly. Demand not therefore more than I can do, and content your ſelves with a forc'd obedience, ſince a voluntary ſubmiſſion is impoſſible. But, O Heaven! reply'd ſhe, is ſuch a ſubmiſſion more poſſible, than that which is voluntary? ſhouldſt thou however deliberate upon a thing already reſolv'd? Or canſt thou reſolve, reply'd that divine Afflicted, upon that which thou canſt not perform? or at leaſt canſt thou perform it and live? Dye then, added the fair Diſconſolate, for whatever happen go thou muſt. But canſt thou forſake *Ponce de Leon?* but canſt thou ſtain thy Honour, cry'd ſhe as ſoon? Canſt thou quit him for ever, ſaid ſhe at the ſame inſtant? but canſt thou loſe thy reputation for ever, cry'd ſhe the next moment? Yes, yes, purſu'd ſhe, weeping, yet endeavouring to hide her tears, thou muſt forſake him, thou muſt loſe him, loſe the only Object of thy Affection, that is to ſay, thou muſt ruine thy ſelf to preſerve thy Honour. Theſe, Sir, were the paſſionate expoſtulations of the fair *Aminta*; and this the Victory which her Vertue obtained over her thoughts, while I laboured to know by the report of the King of *Granada*'s Envoy, what the Illuſtrious *Morayzel* thought of me. On the other ſide, the Duke of *Infantada* underſtanding that the divine *Granadine* was arriv'd, appeared more contented in his mind, than was that penſive Beauty; his heart being equally divided between joy and grief. For he ſaw his deſign had ſucceeded, and that he had render'd his Rival the moſt unhappy among men: but on the other ſide, he found that his condition was not much better, being quite out of all hope not only of enjoying her, but of ever ſeeing her again. For the difference of Religions, the War which was ſuddenly to be renew'd, the Kings Command not to ſtir out of *Sevil*, would not permit him the liberty to follow *Aminta*. Nevertheleſs in regard the preſent benefit more prevails, than the fear of what is to come, the pleaſure which he took in the grief of his Rival was ſome kind of conſolation to him in the height of his other extremity. But when he came to conſider whether he ſhould viſit the fair *Granadine* before her departure or no, he found himſelf in greater trouble than before. In which ſuſpence, or rather Hell, Comfort thy ſelf, unfortunate Duke of *Infantada*, comfort thy ſelf, cry'd he. They that proſper in their deſigns cannot be called unfortunate. Thank Fortune therefore, and never complain. Thou didſt not pray to her, but only to diſunite what Love had joyn'd. *Aminta* and *Ponce de Leon* are ſeparated: What wouldſt thou more? Yet I underſtand, ſaid he, what my importunate Reaſon tells me, and what my old Paſſion layes before me: For I find that in depriving the Count of *Pegnafiel* of the ſight of the fair *Aminta*, I have loſt it my ſelf; that in afflicting him, I do but ruine my ſelf, and in digging his grave, I do but open a Tomb for my ſelf. But after all I ruine him, and revenge my ſelf, and my

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own damage cannot be too much to purchaſe two ſuch benefits. But alas, added he ſighing, *Aminta* is going from *Sevil*, ſhe is returning to *Granada*; and canſt thou ſuffer her to depart without ſo much as once ſeeing her? If thou canſt, can it be ever thought that thou didſt once love the fair *Aminta?* But to what purpoſe will it be to ſee her? art not thou ſenſible of the repoſe thou wilt enjoy, if thou never ſeeſt her more? Then never mind that fair, that dangerous perſon, the ſight of whoſe Eyes hath already done thee ſo much miſchief. Never go about to drink anew the poyſon of her glances, but rather by avoiding the ſight of her, endeavour to remove that which ſtill remains at the bottom of thy heart. However, added he, who knows but that thou mayſt enjoy a favourable moment after ſo many days of trouble? There needs no more ſometimes but a ſad, languiſhing, and paſſionate Look to change all the bad Fortune of a Lover: For Ladies are as capricious as Fortune her ſelf. Reviſit then this fair, this imperious perſon; and labour to make uſe of thoſe fortunate and powerful Looks, if it be true that there be any ſuch, and that thou art acquainted with them. But Oh inconſiderate *Don Alvarez* never do it, never reviſit that haughty *Granadine*, unleſs thou wilt review thy own diſgraces: nor expoſe thy ſelf to certain miſchiefs to enjoy an uncertain pleaſure. Fond man, added he ſighing, ſhe that deſpis'd thee when ſhe was a Slave, will ſhe be now more kind, knowing her ſelf to be a Princeſs? Will *Almahide* be more favourable than *Aminta?* If the ſight of her Fetters could not bound her pride, will the Thrones of her Anceſtors debaſe her Courage? Ah! no, no, ſaid he, never never ſee her more; pluck out thy eyes, rather than venture ſo great a hazard. Alas thou wilt find her but peeviſh for the abſence of thy Rival. Thy love and her affliction will be infallibly manifeſt in her fair Eyes: and the quick ſight of a jealous Lover ſoon diſcerning the moſt hidden thoughts of that fair Afflicted, that fatal knowledge will but augment thy deſpair. Dye then rather than ſee her. For though ſhe ſhould prove more kind, yet by order of her Soveraign and her Father, ſhe muſt be gone, and I muſt then be more miſerable than before: for to loſe a Miſtreſs when ſhe loves, is worſe than to loſe her while ſhe remains inflexible. Let her go then, ſince ſhe muſt be gone. But O Heavens, cry'd he in an inſtant, to let her go without ſeeing her, never to ſee her more, that's impoſſible for a Lover, it can never enter into his heart; no, no, 'tis neither poſſible nor reaſonable. *Don Alvarez* cannot do it. *Don Alvarez* will not do it. He will ſee her; he will overcome or dye: For of the choice of evils, it is better to ſee her and dye, than to dye, and not ſee her at all. In ſhort, Sir, the Duke of *Infantada* had no ſooner taken this reſolution, but he went to the Court, though he had been very ſeldom there, ſince the quarrel had happen'd, and his confinement thereupon. For the Quality of *Aminta* being now known, all the Court made their Viſits to her, under which pretence the Duke goes to the Palace, and underſtanding which was the fair *Granadine*'s Apartment, he went directly thither. She was then without Company, except ſome few of her Attendants: and therefore unwilling to loſe ſo fair an opportunity, Madam, ſaid he, after he had made her a profound obeyſance, I come to rejoyce with the reſt of the Court, for your good Fortune; and to teſtifie, that of all thoſe that ſhew you the marks of their joy, there is none more concern'd therein than my ſelf. Sir, anſwer'd ſhe, this new proof of your kindneſs does not at all ſurprize me. For already ſome time ſince I have experienced the grandeur of your Soul, and your Generous diſpoſition, which though far from the Court of *Spain*, I ſhall always charily preſerve in my remembrance. Ah! Madam, anſwer'd he, beholding her with eyes as ſad as paſſionate, if I am come to rejoyce with you, I am not come to afflict my ſelf; for though the advancement of your Fortune be that which infinitely pleaſes me, your departure is no leſs the cauſe of my grief. You add a ſecond favour to your firſt, reply'd the fair *Aminta*, and that new favour requires a new acknowledgment. I aſſure you, Madam, that if only voluntary Acts are obliging, you are no way oblig'd to me at this time; for were it in my power to put a ſtop to your departure and my trouble, you ſhould tarry here, and I eſcape my torments. However, anſwer'd ſhe ſmiling, I have heard ſay, that the friendſhip of unintereſſed perſons is the moſt noble: and that we ought to rejoyce for the happineſs of thoſe we eſteem more than for our own. I agree with you, Madam, provided that their happineſs be not the cauſe of our Misfortune. But when the felicity of any perſon renders us miſerable, 'tis enough that we endure it without being ſo deeply ſenſible. Oh! Sir, anſwer'd ſhe, I did not think you had ſo keenly hated me, that what was advantageous to me, ſhould be injurious to you: eſpecially not ſo hurtful as to coſt you your life. And therefore I believe it to be a thing indifferent, that I may depart hence, and that you will live long after I am gone. So that what you ſay, is but the ordinary effect of your Courtly Wit, that renders you the Charm of all Converſations, and the Wonder of *Spain*. For Heavens ſake, Madam, ſaid he, commend me leſs, and blame me a little more: and ſince you have done me the Honour to look upon me, give your ſelf the trouble of ſeeing, whether there be any thing more contrary to a frolick humor, than what you may find in my eyes and my face: and whether the ſadneſs which appears in your own, how great ſoever it be, be not leſs than mine. That Melancholy wherewith you tax me, reply'd the fair *Granadine*, deſerv'd in my opinion rather to be commended, than upbraided: for ſeeing I am ſo ſad to quit my Fetters, it ſeems to ſignifie that I prefer *Sevil* before *Granada*, and the pleaſure of being here, before the advantages of being there. Ah! Madam, reply'd the Duke, I fear you meant *Fontaines*, when you ſaid *Sevil*. Thoſe

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two words, reply'd she somewhat scornfully, are so unlike, that it is not an easie thing to mistake them one for another: Though to speak ingenuously, there are certain Persons so dear to me at *Fontaines*, that though I should prefer that place before any residence in the World, except my own Countrey, no Person living could tax me for being unjust. O God, Madam, answer'd the Duke lifting up his eyes to Heaven, you need not have told me that, I know it too well already. But if the Capital of *Andaluſia* had any Charms within it powerful enough to detain you; if the *Spaniards* could Vanquish the *Moors* in the Field of your Heart; if our *Sevil* could contest with your *Granada*, 'twould then be your fault if you tarried not here, to build up the felicity of a Person that would Sacrifice his Blood and Life to your Service, if his Blood and Life could establish your Happiness. The *Moors* and *Caſtilians*, reply'd she with a half-smile, are always Prisoners the one to the other. So that as you would not much care to live at *Granada*, so neither should I care to abide in *Sevil*. But Madam, be pleas'd to remember, that if the fair *Almahide* were a *Mahumetan*, the divine *Aminta* is a Christian, and so cannot quit our Party, but upon the account of desertion. If she fail in her Duty, reply'd the Charming *Granadine*, you are not to punish her: And as you are neither her King, nor her Instructer, leave the Interest of State and Religion to them, without troubling your self any farther. Ah, cruel one, cry'd he, if I may presume to call you so, when you were in Fetters, then if your Pride were not so just, yet was it Noble to refuse a Diadem: A Slave appear'd a Queen, refusing to be a Dutchess. But now that Fortune has advanc'd you as much above me, as I was then above you; it would be as great honour for you to descend, as it was your glory before not to ascend. Honour, in my Opinion, reply'd *Aminta*, chiefly consists in doing that which becomes us. As I refus'd that which it became me not to accept, so neither I accept that which Reason perswades me to refuse: So that there appearing no contempt in either of these denyals, you may as well excuse the Princess as pardon the Slave. The Princess and the Slave, briskly reply'd the Duke of *Infantada*, are alike cruel to me. They are equally cruel to all the World, reply'd the fair *Aminta* sighing. Ah, Madam, answer'd the despairing Lover, your sighs and your words speak not the same Language, no more than your lips and your heart. My sighs and words, my lips and my heart, fiercely reply'd *Aminta*, owe to you no account of my thoughts: And considering your Expressions, I have as much reason to complain of your boldness, as I had before to commend your Civility; since a Princess merits as much respect as a Slave or a Shepherdess. Despair, Madam, makes me dispense with all those Rules, cry'd he; for the Princess, the Slave, and the Shepherdess have been all so unkind, that they have almost confounded my Reason; as they intend to deprive me of my Life. All my comfort is, that the Count of *Pegnaſiel* will be no happier than the Duke of *Infantada*; and that your injustice having made such a distinction between us, your absence makes us equal, and both equally miserable. And upon those words, without expecting the incens'd *Aminta's* answer, he rose from his seat, and having made her an ordinary Obeysance in great disorder, he flung out of the Chamber transported with the fury that possess'd him: and so delivering her from an importunate Visit, and a troublesome Conversation, he went to walk in the Palace Garden. Being got thither, he thrust himself into the middle of a thick Grove, whose obscure shade very well agreed with his black, Melancholy, and Cloudy humour. Where, after he had been a while without speaking, the fire of his temper intermixing with that of his love and anger, Let her go, cry'd he stamping with his foot upon the ground; let her go, Proud, Inhumane, and Ingrateful as she is: Let the *Barbarian* return to the *Barbarians*, from whence she came. *Africa*, the place from which she is Originally descended, is the Countrey where Monsters are bred; I do not therefore wonder that she should be one for Cruelty. But alas, her Cruelty, added he, is not the greatest cause of my complaint. The Proud *Moor* has been too sensible in favour of *Ponce de Leon*: I have seen her sad, I have heard her fetch many a sigh; and when I spoke any thing that seem'd to thwart her Passion, I have seen her proud, I have seen her injurious; and all her Modesty, or to speak better, all her Cunning, could not hide her Passion. She has scornfully contemn'd all the marks of mine; she has mock'd my grief, and refus'd all my Offers: so strange an affection has she for the Count of *Pegnaſiel*, and so strange an Antipathy against the Duke of *Infantada*. Let us not therefore repent of what we have written to *Granada*; our offended Love could do no less: 'twas requisite, 'twas my Duty; and had I not done it, there was a necessity for me to have done it. In a word, therefore let us quit her before she quit us; and as we shall banish her from our Eyes, let us endeavour to banish her from my Heart. But O Heavens! how difficult is this last Enterprize, and how little hopes have I of success! 'Tis no matter, pursued he, 'tis no matter; when a man dyes reveng'd, he dyes in some measure the less miserable. Let her go then, once more, let her go; and though it would cost us no more than a single sigh or a tear to retain her, let us flatter our despair with a thought, that we would refuse to fetch that sigh, or shed that tear, rather than commit so great a piece of Folly. After those words, the Pensive Lover over-whelm'd with grief, return'd to his own Palace; where, as it were, burying himself alive in the most Cloudy and Melancholy thoughts that affliction could imprint in his Soul; he stirr'd no more out of his House, as if it had been his Tomb, so long as we remain'd in *Sevil*; and whatever desire he had to re-visit *Aminta*, he contended against it, vanquish'd it, and never saw the fair *Granadine* more. But if he were thus turmoyl'd

moyl'd at Court, the Count of *Pegnafiel* was no leſs in an Agony in the Countrey. For the abſence of the Incomparable *Aminta*, the incertainty where ſhe was, what would become of her, and what would become of himſelf, kept his Soul in a continual torment, and gave him no repoſe. His own thoughts alſo, ingenious to afflict him, to the evils that already moleſted him, added all thoſe that might befall him: ſo that the memory of his paſt felicity became his preſent misfortune. The Image of the fair *Aminta* haunted him every where; and every where Melancholy and Deſpair accompany'd him. However, though he might eaſily foreſee that the firſt News he ſhould hear of *Aminta* could be no way ſatisfactory; yet the ignorance of what he had to fear, ſeeming however more ſevere than all he could apprehend, he diſpatch'd away the ſame Painter his truſty Servant, of whom he had already made uſe more than once, with a Letter, to this effect.

The Diſconſolate Count of PEGNAFIEL, *to the Incomparable* AMINTA.

"I declare to you, that I cannot keep my "word; for Experience teaches me, that to "live and not to ſee you, is to me a thing im- "poſſible. Three days have ſeem'd to me three "Ages; ſo that if I muſt loſe your lovely preſence "long, the loſs either of my Life or Reaſon "will certainly enſue. Every thing diſturbs "me, nothing pleaſes me; the brightneſs of "the day is inſupportable, and the horrour of "the night redoubles my diſturbances: the day "I ſpend in Contemplation, and all the Night "long I wake. I flye Company as much as I "was wont to ſeek it. Sighs, Tears, Sobs, "and Lamentations are my moſt delightful "Employments, and the onely Divertiſements "of my Solitude. Judge then, cruel *Aminta*, "whether I can perform what you commanded "me; and whether it be in the Power of one "ſo Miſerable to live and endure all theſe evils. "No, lovely Maid, 'tis not within my Power; "and therefore as impoſſible Promiſes never "oblige, I beg the liberty either to ſee you "again, or to dye: If you grant me the firſt "favour, you will heap happineſs upon me; "and if you deny me not the ſecond, I ſhall "remain deeply ſenſible of the Obligation; "ſince the life I lead is worſe than death. But "which ſoever of theſe two favours I obtain at "your hands, or whether you refuſe me both, "I declare to you once more, too pitileſs *Amin-* "*ta*, that you ſhall either ſuddenly hear of my "death, or ſuddenly ſee

Ponce de Leon.

This Letter was accompanied with another to my ſelf, wherein I found theſe words.

To DON FERNAND DE SOLIS.

"I require of you the effect of your Promiſes, "dear *Fernand*, and to be inform'd of *Aminta*'s "Fortune. Tell me then what has befallen her, "and what muſt befall me: For no queſtion but "you believe that her Deſtiny muſt be the rule "of mine. Therefore I expect to hear News "of my ſelf, as well as of her. But I expect "it with ſo much grief and fear together, that "if you delay me but a little longer, you may "write to the living, but there will be none but "the dead to receive it. Make haſte therefore "to ſuccour me, if you have any intention to "ſave

Ponce de Leon.

The fair *Aminta*, Sir, read both theſe Letters with a diſcompoſure of mind that ſoon appear'd in her Face, notwithſtanding all her Modeſty that endeavour'd to hide it; while her bluſhes evinc'd the trouble of her thoughts. However, becauſe there was no other Perſon but my ſelf, to whom ſhe could diſcover her heart and her moſt ſecret thoughts, ſhe did me the honour to entruſt me. So that as ſoon as the Painter was retir'd, after a diſpute within her ſelf, whether ſhe ſhould ſpeak or no, her Paſſion got the upper hand of her reſervedneſs, and then laying her hand careleſly upon her fair Eyes, Ah, *Don Fernand*, ſaid ſhe, fetching a deep ſigh, what means the Count of *Pegnafiel* to do, or what would he have me to do? Alas, he is ignorant who I am, and how it becomes me to Act; and as unhappy as he thinks himſelf, he knows not half his Misfortune. For in ſhort, *Spain* and the Kingdom of *Granada* are too Ancient Enemies, which nothing can reconcile. So that while a General War endures, 'twill be impoſſible to think of particular Alliances; and as the *Moors* are no leſs ſenſible of Honour than the Chriſtians, they will never ſeek for Sons-in-Law in the Camp of their Enemies. No, no, the Truce between the two Nations at preſent, is no Peace. Thus, to what purpoſe is it to flatter himſelf in a Misfortune that is inevitable? No, I ſhall never ſee *Ponce de Leon* again; nor *Ponce de Leon* will never ſee *Aminta* more. But Madam, anſwer'd I, having heard her with great attention, 'tis in your Power to obſtruct your departure, and ſo to hinder the ruine of the moſt faithful Lover in the World; and of the Man of the Earth, that beſt deſerves to be preſerv'd. I muſt confeſs, reply'd ſhe, that I have not wit enough to dive into your thoughts, nor to divine what you mean but by halves; but if there be any truth in your words, or any poſſibility in the deſign, make haſte and let me underſtand it, that I may make haſte to put it in Execution: For I value not the Count of *Pegnafiel*'s Life at

ſo

ſo cheap a rate; nor do I ſlight ſo much my own repoſe, as to neglect any thing to ſave the one, and preſerve the other. You have no more to do, Madam, reply'd I, than to make uſe of the ſpecious pretence of Religion; and to repreſent to the King, that you are too Young and too Weak to venture the danger of being forc'd to embrace the *Mahumetan* Religion again, being to conteſt with the Commands of a King, and the Authority of a Father. For our Princes Profeſſing an exact Piety, if you give but the leaſt Countenance to the deſign, I am ſure it will ſucceed, and you need never to go. Ah! *Don Fernand,* ſaid ſhe with an utterance denoting a Noble Anger, that you ſhould know me no better, to think I could follow an Advice that has ſo little of Generoſity in it. I love my life very well, nor do I hate the Count of *Pegnaſiel*: But I prefer my Honour before the Count of *Pegnaſiel* or my Life either; and I will loſe both to preſerve my Reputation. Shall I diſobey my Sovereign and my Father that Command me hence? Shall I refuſe to return into my Countrey, where Honour and Grandeur attend me? Shall I go about faintly to acknowledge a weakneſs of mind, for fear of being tempted, or conſtrained in Matters of Faith and Religion? Or ſhall I beg to be detained in *Spain*, for all the Court, not ignorant of the Paſſion which the Count has for me, to upbraid me, and ſay, that the inclination I had for him made me forge a bad pretence; that I became a Chriſtian becauſe I was in Love; and that I preferr'd that Love before my Countrey, my King, my Parents, and my Honour. But Madam, who has aſſur'd you, reply'd I, that what I have perſwaded you to counterfeit, may not come to paſs indeed? Or who hath undertaken that you will have the power to withſtand prayers, perſwaſions, and menaces? The Grandeur of my Soul, and the Conſtancy of my Heart, reply'd ſhe. But you will never ſee *Ponce de Leon* more, ſaid I. He would not deſire himſelf to ſee me diſhonour'd, reply'd ſhe. What, loſe him for ever, added I? What, loſe for ever that which would compel me to quit him for ever? reply'd the fair *Granadine*: Should I loſe my Reputation, I ſhould never preſerve his Friendſhip; and therefore let us preſerve his Eſteem and Friendſhip by doing that which it becomes us to do. This is my Reſolution, which you will in vain labour to contend with. I conjure you beſides, added ſhe, if you really love the Count of *Pegnaſiel*, never to diſcover preciſely to him the place of my Birth, for fear his Paſſion ſhould incite him to do that which might not become him, or any thing particularly againſt my Will. Ah, Madam, ſaid I, what Counſel you give, or how do you think I ſhould follow it? You know what I have promis'd, and you would have me be worſe than my word to my Maſter. Beſides, do you believe that the ignorance of the place of your Birth would produce any other effect in him, than to oblige the unfortunate *Ponce de Leon* to rove from Port to Port over all the *African* Seas, which would onely expoſe him to the danger of Pirates, Tempeſts, Rocks, and Shipwracks. No, no, Madam, I will never do a thing wherein there is ſo little Juſtice and ſo much danger. Beſides, it would be an Offence committed to no purpoſe. For how ſhould that be conceal'd from the Count of *Pegnaſiel*, which all the Court knows already? And ſhould he be inform'd of a Matter of ſuch importance by any other hand but mine, what would he think of me? Forbear then, Madam, to exact from me a thing ſo diſſonant to Reaſon: For ſince your ſcrupulous Vertue will not preſerve my Maſters life, think it not ſtrange that I refuſe to kill him out-right. Let us then commit the care of his preſervation and mine to Heaven; and do that which onely becomes our Birth and Education. In the mean time the fair *Granadine* being advertiz'd, that the Magnificent *Moreſco* Habits, which the Queen intended to Preſent her, were ready, and the King of *Granada*'s Agent having alſo appointed the next day to be gone, fearing alſo leſt I ſhould give the Count ſome advice, that might put a ſtop to her Journey, ſhe reſolv'd not to defer it by any means; however ſhe ſpar'd a little time to Write a few Lines, to this purpoſe.

To the Illuſtrious Count of PEGNAFIEL.

"Sir, accept my laſt farewel, and the laſt "marks of my Friendſhip; for if outward ap- "pearances be not ſo kind as to deceive me, I "muſt never hope to ſee you more, nor ſo much "as to Write to you. However 'tis certain "that Fortune onely is in the fault, and that I "have contributed nothing to our ſeparation, "but the grief of which I am ſo ſenſible, or "rather the Obedience I owe to him that gave "me my Life. I hope you will be ſatisfied in "relation to the former, and that you are not "ſo unreaſonable as not to approve the ſecond, "that proceeds onely from my Vertue. But "if there be a neceſſity of any more powerful "Argument for your further conſolation, I will "tell you, my dear *Leonce*, (bear with that "Title this one time from the unfortunate "*Aminta*,) that at this very time, that I un- "derſtand at length the Names of thoſe Kings "from whence your Shepherdeſs is deſcended; "yet my grief is nothing leſs at my departure, "and that what I gain thereby, is no recom- "pence to me for my loſs. However, as I am "reſolv'd eternally to bear you in my remem- "brance, I beſeech you not to forget me. And "though I know as well by my ſelf, as by the "marks of your Affection, that I ſhall prove "the torment of your Memory, I conjure you "however to preſerve me always there, as you "ſhall ever Reign in mine. But at the ſame "time I beſeech you for your Intereſt and mine, "never to come to live, where ſhe is going to "dye that was your

Aminta.

With this Letter I ſent another to the Duke, giving him an account of *Aminta's* condition; and one to the Count his Son, to this effect.

To the Illuſtrious Count of PEGNAFIEL.

"I was a better Prophet than you, and more "truly divin'd the cauſe of *Aminta's* departure "and your ſorrows. Your Rival is no way "guilty of her journey, or your misfortunes, "as you at firſt believ'd: But Fortune by ſome "means unknown diſcover'd to the Young La- "dies Father where his Illuſtrious Daughter "was. This Father of hers, Sir, is the brave "*Morayzel*, one of the moſt Valiant in the "Court of *Granada*, and the moſt conſiderable "in Dignity, being deſcended from the Kings "of *Tremeſen*, Related nearly to thoſe of *Gra-* "*nada* themſelves, Ally'd alſo to thoſe of *Mo-* "*rocco*, and all the other Kings of *Africa*. So "that if the departure of the fair *Aminta* grieve "you, the knowledge of her Quality ought to "be your comfort, ſince it might be ſome diſ- "advantage to love a Slave and a Shepherdeſs, "but none to love a Princeſs. True it is, that "the War between the two Nations, and the "*Mahumetan* Religion, ſeem invincible ob- "ſtructions to your happineſs. But as Fortune "has wrought Prodigies in the Birth of your "Amours, it may be ſhe will work Miracles "to Crown the End. I wiſh it, nor am I out "of hopes; for what is not your Merit and "your Noble Courage worthy of? Neverthe- "leſs, Sir, how dangerous ſoever it may be for "me to return to the Court of *Granada*, that "have ſo long conceal'd the faireſt Ornament "thereof, according to my promiſe, I will ne- "ver forſake *Aminta*, to the end you may find "by the hazards which I run, that the Man of "the World who honours your Vertue moſt, "is

Fernand de Solis.

But, Sir, when I wrote this Letter, and told *Ponce de Leon* that he was but a bad Prophet, I my ſelf was but a bad Soothſayer; for as you know, the Duke of *Infantada* had committed the Crime, of which I thought him innocent; and was the cauſe of the departure of the fair *Granadine*, and the misfortune of her Lover. After this, I put up the Magnificent Habit of *Aminta's* Infancy, which were made her in the Iſland of *Origni*, and her ſwathing Cloaths as ſhe was dreſt when ſhe was firſt carried from *Granada*, which were ſufficient tokens whereby to know her again, if *Morayzel* or *Semahis* ſhould queſtion any thing of the truth; and ſo reſuming the Habit of a Slave, and abandoning my ſelf to Providence, I reſolv'd to wait with patience upon the Decrees of Deſtiny. But now all things being ready for our departure, the Divine *Almahide* (for ſo I muſt now begin to call her again) and the Envoy of the King of *Granada* were introduc'd to a Publick Audience; where the Kings after they had diſpatch'd the latter with a thouſand Compliments to his Maſter, and a Magnificent Preſent for himſelf, they treated the fair *Granadine* with more than ordinary Civilities, and the Queen embrac'd her moſt affectionately, at her laſt farewell: And the ſame Lady of Honour, and the ſame Captain of the Guards that brought her from *Fontaines* being Order'd to attend her to *Granada* with a Convoy, before which the *Mooriſh* Trumpeter rode, the Noble Perſons took Coach, and we departed from *Sevil*, taking the Road for the Frontiers of *Andaluſia*, the neareſt way. When ſhe was gone, the Duke of *Infantada* intermixing a world of Malice with a great deal of Love, upon his return from the Kings Gardens, had ſhut himſelf up in his Palace with a reſolution never to ſee her more; and had commanded his confidents not to ſpeak a word more of her, nor to ſay any thing of her departure. After that, he ſpent ſome days in entertaining himſelf alone with his misfortune, and the pretended injuſtice of *Almahide*; and though he ſtrove with himſelf to think no more of her, he could not but always think upon her. Thus it was almoſt a Week after the Divine *Almahide's* departure, that he had not ſo much as Nam'd her himſelf, nor durſt any of his Servants mention her to him. But being no longer able to endure this long and reciprocal ſilence, he began to ſeek in the Eyes of his Servants, what they durſt not tell him with their Lips, and privately to accuſe their cruel reſpect, and inconſiderate reſervedneſs. Sometime with far fetch'd Speeches he endeavour'd to oblige 'em to talk; ſometimes commending the Beauty of the Seaſon, and telling them 'twas Excellent Weather to Travel in; ſometimes asking them, whether ſince the *Moor* that came from *Granada* to demand *Almahide*, any other ſtranger were come to Court: But all his Servants were mute to a queſtion ſo nice and tender to be handled. Wherefore at length, loſing all patience, as not able to endure a taciturnity ſo long and tedious, one day that no other Perſon was with him, but the Gentleman who had been at the ſame time a Slave with me at *Granada*, and who had inform'd him who *Almahide* was; he ask'd him how long it was ſince he ſaw me, and whether our Friendſhip ſtill continued? The Gentleman ſurpriz'd at ſuch a Queſtion, was in a quandary what to anſwer, labouring therefore wittily to avoid it; Sir, ſaid he, I cannot preciſely tell you when it was that I met him laſt in the Palace. You have ſpoken ſo much in his Commendation, reply'd the Duke, that I have a great deſire to be acquainted with him, for which Reaſon I deſire you to ſeek him out preſently, and bring him hither. The other ſtill more at a plunge, ſought to evade it, by repreſenting to the Duke that ſuch a Viſit would be ill conſtrued by his Enemies at Court, conſidering how things ſtood between him and the Count of *Pegnafiel*, *Don Fernand's* Maſter. But though the Gentleman

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fended off the first blow, he could not avoid the second; for the Duke with a Magisterial utterance, and beholding him with a sowre look, There are some that assure me he is gone, and if it be so, you have not dealt justly by me, which will be no way pleasing to a Person of my Humour. Upon those words he made answer, that not having seen me with *Almahide* when she took Coach, he suppos'd I might be still in *Sevil*. Retire then, said the Duke, I desire to know no more, for I know enough already. So soon as the Gentleman was gone, as bad a Lyar as he was a good Friend; the Duke began to fetch large steps about the Room with his Arms a-cross, and his Hat over his Eyes, while his Body was scarce able to retain his labouring Soul. In the Combat of his joy and grief he breath'd forth a thousand Lamentations and Complaints, and his Heart uncertain of the Passion which it felt, was ready to expire, without being able to distinguish whether it were through the excess of grief or pleasure. On the one hand the fair *Aminta's* absence afflicted him, on the other his Rivals Calamity was his Consolation. When he thought upon *Almahide's* Beauty, despair overcame him; but when he thought upon her Pride and her Scorn, his despair turn'd into hatred. If the thought of never seeing *Almahide* more made him languish, her unkindness reviv'd him. And thus those two violent Passions Reigning successively in his Soul, neither sav'd nor ruin'd him; and his condition was such, that he was neither dead, nor could be said to live. Nor was the Count of *Pegnafiel* in a better condition at *Fontaines*; for as soon as the Painter return'd he found his Master negligently laid by the brink of a Fountain, which he augmented with his Tears: Upon the sight of the Messenger which he had sent to *Granada*, he rose in so much haste, that in a staggering condition he had like to have tumbled backward. His Visage was also pale, his Forehead all over of a cold sweat, his sight dim, his eyes troubled, his knees trembling, and his heart panting, out of the fear which he had, lest he should hear bad News. He fix'd his eyes at first upon the Messengers Face, and observing his Melancholy look, which he took for an ill Omen, Conceal not my Misfortune, cry'd he, for thou dost but augment it in hiding it from me; speak then ingenuously, for thou wilt tell me nothing but what I already fore-see; and if I am not deceived in my conjectures (Oh Heavens! can I speak it and not dye) thou hast brought me News that the Duke of *Infantada* has Triumphed over *Aminta's* heart and mine; and that either by the compulsion of *Ferdinand* and *Isabell*, or through the infidelity of that ingrateful Person, she has Espous'd him. Sir, answer'd the Painter, presenting to him *Almahide's* Letter and mine, here is that which will inform you better than I can, both of the ground of your fear, and the Original of your misfortune. The Count of *Pegnafiel* receiv'd the Letter, trembling more violently than he did before; but at last opening *Almahide's* Letter before mine, he fell down almost in a swoon, as soon as he had read the first line, wherein she had Written, *Receive my last adieus*: For upon those words he made no farther question, but that the fair *Aminta* had been his Rivals Wife, that he was e'ne ready to expire with that dreadful thought. But his heart oppress'd with grief, having recover'd some strength, and having made a sign to the Messenger to retire, he read on, watering the Paper with his tears. *Receive my last adieus.* Alas! what strange kind of Civility is this, cry'd he, for People to bid them whom they have already slain, farewel! Ingrateful Woman! was it not sufficient to be cruel, but thou must laugh at me too? *And the last marks of my Friendship.* Rather the first marks of thy Hatred, which till now thou hast so cunningly dissembled. O cruel, proud, and disdainful *Moor*; thou call'st me thy Lord, and so I am indeed, because thou wert my Slave. But yet she goes on still Murthering me, as she writes: *If outward appearances do not kindly deceive me, I must never hope to see you more, nor so much as to write to you.* Ah! never write to me more, never again, inconstant Woman, (cry'd the despairing Lover, mis-informing himself by his own mis-interpretation of the Letter) I desire nothing but death at thy hands; nay, without being beholding to thee, I will put an end to my own life my self. But instead of saying *never hope*, thou shouldst have said, *always fear*; for having so cruelly injur'd me, 'tis impossible but that thou shouldst fear to meet me. O Heavens! added he, what means she by these deceitful probabilities? What intricate Riddle is wrapt up in these words? Ah! how deceitful have these appearances been indeed? For how perfidious hast thou prov'd? *Nevertheless* (adds this inhumane Beauty) *Fortune is onely guilty of what I do.* O Unjust, Treacherous, and Perfidious Maid! pursu'd he, never accuse Fortune for thy own faults: Thou art onely guilty, for thou hast Acted according to thy own desires, without any constraint. But, Sir, the mistaken Count of *Pegnafiel* coming to the other part of the Letter which would not admit of that Variety of construction; and wherein *Almahide's* Innocency appear'd, as well as her Friendship, he did nothing else but shift out of one grief to another; for shame and repentance succeeded his anger: However he read over more than once, those favourable Periods that reviv'd him, before he would believe his Eyes. But when he understood the truth, all his grief could not hinder, but that a motion of joy surpriz'd his Soul, which made him happy for some few moments. Pardon, alas, Pardon, too kind, too faithful, and too generous *Aminta* (cry'd he, kissing the Letter) I have onely committed too great a Crime, because my Love was so exceeding. I should have spar'd my Expressions, had I been less Amorous: Had I not lost my Reason, I should not have lost my respect, but should be still Innocent as you are Innocent. But shall I presume to confess it, most Divine Creature? I had rather be guilty my self, than that you should be so. I had rather endure all manner of punish-

ments, than that insupportable torment which I begin to endure. For alas, pursued he, though the fair *Aminta* do not clearly explain her self, there is a Fatal Chastisement hanging over my Head, of which I am ignorant. O Heavens! what can this new affliction be, thus Destined by my obstinate and cruel Fate? Why should the fair *Aminta* imagine that I shall never see her more? Or why should she lay such an injunction upon me never to see her again? Though the Dominions of those Kings, from which she boasts her self descended, were at the other end of the World, can she suppose them to be far enough to hinder me from following her? Ah, no, no; she is guilty also in her turn, as well for having such a thought, as for requesting of me a boon which it is impossible for me to grant. Yes, her fault makes me amends for mine; and if I be as unfortunate, I am somewhat less afflicted. However, added he, let us now see whether *Don Fernand*'s Letter will be more Intelligible than *Aminta's*: and since so great a misfortune must befall us, let us endeavour to overcome it, or let us dye, if we cannot surmount it. With that, Sir, he open'd my Letter, and after he had read it over and over again with all the seriousness of a Lover deeply concern'd; O just Heaven, I was in the right (cry'd he) when I said, I must onely change my woes; for if I lose not the Divine *Aminta* through her infidelity, I must lose her through my own misfortune; and either way I find that I must be always miserable. All that I love is going to reside among those People that I most mortally hate; more separated than if the Seas were between us: So little intercourse have the *Moors* and *Spaniards* together. Such is the Animosity between *Sevil* and *Granada*, that in all probability, there can be no other way for me to be more unfortunate. In the mean time, what course can I take to live, possessed with the cruel thought, and Fatal imagination of never seeing *Aminta* more? But alas! reply'd he to himself, is there no way to see her, maugre the War it self? And to abide where she is, in the midst of our Enemies? Ah! the thing I seek is not easie to be found: I foresee it will cost me much pains, and many tears, before I shall be able to contrive a design where the whole repose of my life depends. Let us then sit and consider with all the strength of our Imagination; we must apply our selves wholly to that one thing, we must not rob so weighty an Employment of one single minute; nor the Execution of our design of the least moment when we have well laid it. Having said these words, the pensive Count of *Pegnafiel* return'd into the House, where we will leave him for a while. For now the fair *Almahide* having crost the River *Genil*, and keeping the Road toward *Aquilar*, we arriv'd at *Isnagar*, the first Town in the Kingdom of *Granada* in those parts. There we met the Noble *Morayzel* and the Haughty *Semahis*, who were got thither before us, impatiently expecting our coming; together with many other Persons of Quality, whom their Curiosity had led thither. I must tell you, Sir, that *Aminta's* extraordinary Beauty so pleasingly surpriz'd her Parents, that for a long time they kept their Eyes fix'd upon her most admirable Face and Person, not being able to speak so much as one word; so much did an Object so incomparable astonish them, so tenderly did their Natural affection move them. In truth, never did *Almahide* appear so fair as then; for that Commotion which the first sight of her Parents rais'd within her, having added a lovely Carnation to her other Charms, they could not behold her without admiration, nor admire her without loving her. But after that first Commotion had for some time kept their Eyes and Thoughts in a pleasing suspense, the fair *Almahide* advanc'd toward them to make her Obeysance, with a grace inconceivable and a Queen-like Majesty; while *Morayzel* and *Semahis*, transported with the Ardour of their Affection, embrac'd her at the same time with all imaginable tenderness; *Semahis*, notwithstanding her Natural fierceness, being constrain'd at that time to let fall some tears upon those Cheeks, where still remain'd most evident marks of their former Beauty. My dear Daughter, cry'd *Morayzel*, were that faithless Slave here, to whose care we once entrusted thee, there would be no need of any testimony to convince our mistrust; for thou art now, what formerly thy Mother was; and I now behold in thee, what I formerly so much admir'd in her. When I heard my self so severely mentioned, notwithstanding the real ground which I had to be afraid, I went forward, and casting my self at *Morayzel*'s feet, Sir, said I, though Report had been unjustly false, these Tokens would have been sufficient to have evinc'd the Truth; for all along I have carefully preserv'd them. With that, Sir, having them in my hand, I shew'd them to *Semahis*, who knew them again, though their shape was chang'd. After that, Sir, said I to *Morayzel*, I confess my self guilty; but Heaven that knows my heart, well knows that I am not altogether so guilty as I may seem to be; and that if I have acted ill, my intentions have been honest. *Fernand*, reply'd the brave *Moor*, knowing me by my Voice, though my Countenance were alter'd; The Daughter which you have restor'd me now, is so far beyond the Daughter which I committed to your trust, that gaining so well by the Change, I should be unjust to inflict a punishment, where I ought rather to return thanks. And therefore (said he, giving me his hand to kiss) let us forget what has past, and be Friends as we were before; for it becomes me not for one fault to forget so many good Services, as you have done me, nor so many fair endowments of your mind. Then returning to the Princess, But *Almahide*, said he smiling, you have been so long among the *Spaniards*, that I cannot tell whether you understand me; and whether those testimonies of my kindness which I repeat in the *Arabick* Language be to any purpose? Sir, answer'd she in the same Language, though I did not understand the Language of my Countrey, yet would my heart understand what

what you ſay: Nature it ſelf would Interpret the Expreſſions of your Goodneſs, and ſuffice to teach me my Duty. But Daughter, ſaid *Semahis*, I begin to be jealous of your Courtſhip to the Prince your Father; and if Daughters in *Spain* have Mothers, added ſhe with a ſmile, I ſhall not eaſily pardon your coldneſs towards your own. Ah Madam, reply'd *Almahide* embracing her, never call that a defect of Duty, which rather deſerves the Name of reſpect: And be pleas'd to be perſwaded, that I am not ſo inſenſible of that which is my Honour; but that my ſilence proceeds from my recognition, and my admiration. You ſhall decide this little difference by your ſelves, reply'd *Morayzel*; in the mean while let us carry the Lady and the Noble Stranger to their Apartments, where they may repoſe themſelves after their journey. Thereupon, though the Captain of the Guard, and the Lady of Honour mainly oppos'd it, they led them to their Chambers; where leaving them at their liberty, *Semahis* retir'd to her own, together with *Almahide*, commanding me alſo to follow her, whither *Morayzel* himſelf likewiſe came, ſo ſoon as he had given Order, where to Quarter the Convoy. Being all ſeated, *Morayzel* beholding me with eyes wherein there appear'd nothing of anger, *Fernand*, ſaid he, I here in private confirm to you the pardon which I have already granted you in publick. But as all faults deſerve ſome puniſhment, I condemn you to give us an account of my Daughters Adventures from the time of her departure to the day of her return. Thoſe words caus'd the fair *Almahide* to bluſh, and therefore turning her eyes toward me, before I had time to anſwer, I underſtood that her looks requir'd me to be careful and diſcreet in what I had to ſay; and I gave her to underſtand by mine, that I would obſerve her ocular Caution. Sir, ſaid I then to *Morayzel*, 'tis not in words, but in deeds that I deſire to requite your Goodneſs: For though I cannot pretend to be altogether Innocent, yet I hope you will not find me to be altogether guilty, when you ſhall underſtand that my affection caus'd my ſilence; and that I conceal'd the place of *Almahide's* abode, onely that I might make her one of the Wonders of the World, as now ſhe is. So that Fortune having brought us to a place where Politeneſs of Education Reigns, and where ſhe wanted no more than if ſhe had been at home; not forgetting moreover your own deſign, that ſhe ſhould not return in a long time to *Granada*, I could not think it any forfeit of my Fidelity to do as I did. And it is ſome ſign that I have truſted to my Innocency, in that I have ſo voluntarily left my own Countrey, to attend upon your Illuſtrious Daughter, who can her ſelf teſtifie the care which I have taken for ſo many years, both of her Perſon and her Education. After that, I began a recital of the variety of Accidents which had befallen us from the beginning to the end, not omitting any thing that concern'd the fair *Almahide*, unleſs it were the Count of *Pegnafiel's* Amours, the Marqueſs of *Monte Major's* Paſſion, and her changing her Religion; concluding with the great admiration which all the Court of *Spain* had of *Almahide's* incomparable Beauty, and moſt Excellent Wit. When I had done, the Illuſtrious *Morayzel* very tenderly embracing me, told me, that inſtead of blaming, he had great reaſon to thank me, and liberally to Reward the pains that I had taken: Nor was *Semahis* leſs obliging in her Expreſſions toward me. But then both the one and the other entring into a long Diſcourſe with *Almahide*, obſerv'd therein ſo much Wit, ſo much Neatneſs, ſo much Modeſty, ſo much Vertue, that they were both in a manner Charm'd therewith. So that notwithſtanding the Ancient *Arabian Cid Hamet's* Predictions, they were ſo over-joy'd, not onely to ſee her Return, but to behold her ſo Amiable withal, that they renewed their Compliments and Promiſes to me. Toward the Evening thoſe three Illuſtrious Perſons went to wait upon the Captain of the Guards and the Lady of Honour, whom they Treated for three days together with a Royal Magnificence. The fourth day we departed for the ſtately City of *Granada*, leaving the Convoy behind us with Order to ſtay till the return of the Lady of Honour and the Captain of the Guards. And becauſe the Fame of *Almahide's* Beauty had ſpread it ſelf ſo long before her Arrival, and fill'd the whole Nation with a Curioſity to ſee her, that very day ſhe came to Town, all the Ladies went to Viſit the King though he were then a Batchelor; which they might the more conveniently do, in regard that *Morayma* his Siſter, then liv'd at the Court. They had dreſs'd themſelves with that exactneſs, that you might perceive they look'd upon that day as a day of Battel, and that they had a deſign to diſpute the Victory with their formidable Enemy, or rather their dangerous Rival in Beauty. The Men alſo, Perſons of Quality, being more deſirous to know her than the Ladies, were no leſs ſedulous to dreſs themſelves, and the Young Courtiers rode forth to meet her as far as the Plain of *Granada*. Among the reſt were all the Kindred and Relations of *Morayzel* and *Semahis*, that is to ſay, all the Race of the *Almoradi's*, deſcended from the Kings of *Tremeſen*; and all the Progeny of the *Almohades*, deſcended from the Princes of *Goulette*. So that when they were all embody'd, and began their March toward the City, after they had ended their Compliments, you would have thought it to have been ſome Triumph of the Divine *Almahide*, rather than a bare Convoy. When we came to the Gate of *Elvira*, where we made our Entry, the Maſter of the Ceremonies attended there to Compliment the Lady of Honour and the Captain of the Guards on the King's behalf, and thence Conducting the Illuſtrious Train to the Caſtle of the *Alhambre*, the fair *Almahide* there alighted, after ſhe had been welcomed by the acclamations of all the People that crouded in all the ſtreets as ſhe paſs'd along, to behold her Charming Beauties. But thoſe acclamations were nothing to the praiſes that were given her when ſhe appear'd in the great

great Hall, where the King ſtaid to receive her, ſeated upon his Throne, environ'd with his Guards, and the Chief Officers of his Houſhold. On the one hand went the Lady of Honour, on the other the Captain of the Guards, who came in the Quality of an Envoy from the Kings of *Leon* and *Caſtile*: Behind her follow'd *Morayzel*, *Semahis*, and all the Noble Train that had accompany'd her from the Fountain of *Pines*. After the three Illuſtrious Perſons that went before the reſt, had made a profound Obeyſance to the King, he aroſe, and deſcended one ſtep to receive them, when the Captain of the Guards, Sir, ſaid he, I have Commiſſion from the Kings my Maſters, to Preſent this fair and moſt admirable Perſon to your Majeſty, and to aſſure you in their Name, that though Fortune has made them your Enemies, they are however over-joy'd to meet with an occaſion to oblige your Majeſty, and they have Commanded me to tell you, that though the difference of Religion, and the War deprive them of your Friendſhip, yet they are no impediments of their high Eſteem and Value of your Worth. Having ſo ſaid, he made another low Obeyſance to the King and preſented him a Letter, with all due reſpect, which the King as gladly receiv'd, and having given it to his Secretary, he return'd for anſwer to the Envoy, That he was infinitely Engag'd to his Maſters for their Civility; that neither the difference of Religions, nor the animoſity of Parties ſhould abate his acknowledgment. And that he might give ſome Teſtimonies thereof, and pay a Ranſom in ſome meaſure proportionable to the merit of ſo fair a Lady, he freely gave the Duke of *Nayar*, the Marqueſs of *Altamire*, the Count *de Monterey*, and all the other Priſoners of War within his power their full Diſcharge. The Envoy renewed his thanks, to which *Morayzel* alſo and *Semahis* added theirs. After that, the Secretary read the Credential Letters preſented to the King, who after he had expreſs'd himſelf in moſt obliging Language to the fair *Granadine*, retir'd to his Cloſet. The Captain of the Guard was Lodg'd and Treated in the *Alhambre*: The Noble *Semahis* carry'd the Lady of Honour to her own Houſe, where ſhe was Entertained with all the Civility and Magnificence imaginable, the fair *Almahide* alſo diligently keeping her Company. The next day after Dinner, the King having commanded all reſpect to be ſhewn to the ſtrange Lady, all the perſons of Quality in the Court, of both Sexes, went to Viſit *Morayzel*. There was to be ſeen, together with their Mothers, *Galliana*, *Aldoradine*, *Lyndarache*, *Fatima*, *Zelima*, *Cadiga*, *Darache*, *Zayda*, *Axa*, *Alicola*, *Zelindora*, *Zambrine*, and ſeveral others. From whence you may eaſily conjecture, that Prince *Muſſa*, *Abindarrays*, *Zelebin*, *Abenamin*, *Abdalla*, *Amat*, *Alamin*, *Zays*, *Orthogule*, *Orcam*, *Abenarax*, *Almoraby*, and many more beſides, fail'd not to be there. Nor were the Princeſs *Morayma*, and *Mahomad* her Husband, wanting. So that the Captain of the Guards, *Morayzel*, and *Semahis* compleating the Company, a more Numerous and Nobler Aſſembly of Perſons of that degree could not be ſeen. Nor had they any trouble to underſtand one another, in regard that the Court of *Granada* are very skilful in the *Spaniſh*, and can alſo ſpeak that *Lingua Franca*, which the Court of *Spain* underſtands as well as they. I cannot but believe, ſaid the *Caſtilian* Lady ſmiling, but that you eaſily believe us to be Strangers. The Reaſon of that, is, Madam, (anſwer'd Prince *Muſſa* with another ſmile) becauſe you find us to be ſuch; for you are as much Strangers to us, as we can be to you. 'Tis moſt certain, reply'd *Abindarrays*, that whatever ſurprizes the Eyes, ſurprizes the Underſtanding; and that all Novelties beget Admiration. But for all that, I do not think the People in one Court to be Antipodes to the other; for I know certain People that live at a greater diſtance one from the other. In ſhort, purſued he, ſome particular Perſon in thoſe Courts which I mean, may differ in ſome particular Action, and make his Obeyſances according to the Cuſtom of his own Countrey, not ſo uſual in the place where he is; however there is a certain ſpirit of Civility and Politeneſs that Reigns in all Courts, whereby it comes to paſs that they are never Ridiculous to one another, and never Strangers one to the other, as in a certain Barbarous Nation that I know. I have ſeen *Cartha*, ſaid the Captain of the Guards, and been a Traveller in other Countries, but I muſt confeſs I cannot underſtand what Barbarous Nation you mean. I believe I give a ſhrewd gheſs, reply'd *Morayzel*, for the Noble *Abindarrays* means the *Provincials*, that never were abroad out of their own Countrey. I muſt confeſs, anſwer'd he, 'tis my Opinion that thoſe People that were Diſcover'd by the Famous *Chriſtopher Columbus*, were never ſo Wild and Savage as one of thoſe. I agree with you, ſaid *Semahis*; and when I call to mind the Perſecution which I have ſuffer'd in that Countrey, I pity thoſe that Fortune conſtrains to live among them. They know not how to ſpeak to the People at Court, reply'd *Abindarrays*, neither do the People at Court know what to ſay to them. Truly, ſaid *Almahide*, thoſe people as it were out of the World, knowing nothing of Novelty, and as ignorant beſides of the World it ſelf, will put the beſt accompliſh'd Perſon that ever was to the Non-plus; for hardly knowing what News in their own Countrey Village, their Diſcourſe languiſhes, grows cold, barren, inſipid, and troubleſome. I confeſs, ſaid *Zelebin*, your Clowniſh *Provincials* are very dangerous perſons, but in my Opinion there are others who are more to be ſhun'd. Who ſhould they be, demanded the fair *Galliana*? They are ſuch, as in that Countrey, reply'd *Zelebin*, are offended, and will be carping at Wit and good Manners; certainly there is not ſuch a troubleſome Generation in Nature as that is, for I prefer Clowns and Fools far before 'em. They know not what belongs to a Courtly, Free, and Facile Converſation. Rhodomantada's and high-flown Fancies Raviſh 'em, and put 'em into an ecſtaſie.

They

They count it mighty graceful to ſpeak as they were Singing, to Walk as they were Dancing, and always to be ſoaring like Goſhawks; to ſcrew up their Wits as it were with Engines, to reach ſome miſerable fancy, enough to murther a man of ſence. Others there be, ſaid *Lyndarache*, who having heard that they are very civil at Court, lade ye with Compliments and Praiſes; ſo that you are more plagued with thoſe wicked Apes, than if they abus'd ye. Among theſe ſort of people modeſty is upon the Rack; for they always look down with their Eyes, and ſit ſo demurely; and then you muſt take the Cenſor by turns, and give 'em perfume for perfume; that is, praiſe them, as they prais'd you, though there be nothing in 'em worthy commendation. By this I find, ſaid the Lady of Honour, that there are impertinent people in *Granada* as well as in *Andaluſia*. As well in *Andaluſia* as in *Granada*, reply'd the Noble *Spaniard*. For there is nothing in the Countrey of the Chriſtians that is more excelling than in the Countrey of the *Moors*. There has been nothing ſaid yet, purſu'd *Amat*, of thoſe that talk of nothing but Dogs and Hunting, and can endure no Muſick but Bugles and Horns. In my Opinion a very impertinent Race of men, that make a bare Divertiſement their Buſineſs, and know nothing but the Hiſtory of Hares and Hounds, who having led their Lives among Beaſts, know not how to live among men. Nor muſt we forget, ſaid *Cadiga*, a ſort of *Provincials*, that are always bragging of their Valour, and their Combats, who kill at leaſt ſix or ſeven men every Viſit they make, and praiſe themſelves as if they were making their own Panegyricks, or their own Funeral Orations. Ah, reply'd *Alamin*, theſe are nothing ſo impertinent as they that are always talking of Genealogies, and will be telling thoſe that are no way concern'd, that *Selim* had four Sons, *Bajazet*, *Bajazet Orcan*, *Orcan Alamut*, and *Alamut Giangir*; and ſo repeating over all their Anceſtry, tell you a ſtory that would even tyre you to death, were it not your good Fortune to fall aſleep. However, reply'd *Darache*, there is ſomething more commendable in theſe Trumpeters of Nobility, than in thoſe other inſupportable *Provincials*, who are always talking of their Law buſineſs, who diſcourſe to the company, as if they were talking to their Council. There are others, ſaid *Zays*, no leſs tyreſome, who are always chatting of their Countrey Affairs, who talk of nothing but their Turneps and their Coleworts. And wherefore, purſu'd *Orthogule*, have you forgot thoſe bad Jeaſters, your Ruſtick Buffoons, whoſe beſt words are ſo bad; and who not being able to make others laugh, are conſtrain'd to laugh themſelves at what they ſay? And what think you of thoſe facetious Ladies, that not onely hear Ribaldry, but ſometimes alſo ſpeak it very freely? I will ſay nothing of thoſe, reply'd *Axa*: But I cannot forget thoſe detracting Clowns, who are always telling a ſcandalous Story of their own Countrey to all Strangers that they meet with, who inform 'em very carefully of all the blemiſhes of private Families; and will not fail, for want of Diſcourſe, to tell diſgraceful ſtories of their own Perſons and Parents. And why, ſaid *Zelebin*, muſt we leave out your impertinent Gentry, who are always bragging of their Eſtates, their Lands, and their Tenants? I aſſure you, ſaid *Galliana*, they who are always whining out their Poverty in a lamentable Tune, are altogether as troubleſome. That is nothing, ſaid *Abenamin*, in compariſon of many Married Men that are continually telling Tales of their Wives Humours: And of many indiſcreet Women, who are always tatling of their Husbands failings, or the towardlineſs of their Children, as if all People were as much pleas'd as they, to ſee Puppets dance. How much beyond theſe are they, ſaid *Abdalla*, who having never been either at the Court, or in War, will be always talking of the Court, and of the Wars, fight Battels that never were fought, and pretend to underſtand the Affairs of the Cabinet Council, as well as what is done in the Field? For my part, ſaid *Fatima*, I know ſome that are more ridiculous; certain Knights that go from Houſe to Houſe, as they were going to Market, though they have nothing to do there but to eat, and make their Inns of Gentlemens Houſes, though there be Inns enough upon the Road. Theſe are all in my opinion more to be endur'd, ſaid *Orcam*, than thoſe impertinent Creatures, that are always quarrelling with whatever a man ſays, and making their own Interpretations upon his words: certainly there are not a more troubleſome Generation in the World. Let me give one touch of my Pencil, purſu'd *Orcam*, upon thoſe that run from Houſe to Houſe, whiſpering Tales with ſo much gravity and reſervedneſs, that they would make you believe it to be a great Secret, which they would have you divulge rather than their lives. Let us not forget, cry'd *Alicola*, thoſe liperous Countrey Minxes, whoſe eyes cry to all the World *Come*, and who with thoſe very eyes, ſpeak more than others dare utter with their lips. Clownery is always in the Exceſs, reply'd *Abenarax*, which is the Reaſon that there are ſome Women who are angry at every thing, and are endu'd with ſuch a Wild and Savage Vertue, that they will not endure the leaſt civility; thinking every bare Compliment to be a Proteſtation of Love. Yet, added *Zelindora*, are they rather to be born withal, than thoſe baſhful Peageeſe, that neither underſtand what you ſay, nor are able to return an anſwer. Me-thinks, reply'd *Almoraby*, thoſe baſhful creatures are leſs to be condemn'd than your confident Girles, who believe they talk beſt, who talk loudeſt, and therefore bawl to a man, as if he were deaf, and think that Wit conſiſts in Boldneſs. We may conclude then, added the Gallant *Abindarraya*, that perfect Civility and true Gallantry is onely to be found at Court; and that in what Court ſoever you are, whether Forreign or in your own Countrey, 'tis an eaſie thing to diſtinguiſh accompliſh'd Perſons from others: Not but that there are ſome perſons in the Countrey that have

have ſeen the World, and preſerve the Politeneſs of the Court in the midſt of the Clownery of thoſe that never were abroad. And ſome there are, who though they never were abroad, yet their Natural Endowments are ſo Excellent, that they find out that which was never taught 'em. But theſe ingenuities are very rare: For generally the Court is ſtill the Court, and the Countrey is always the Countrey. 'Tis very true, reply'd *Morayma*; but this is the beſt of it, that in regard this Politeneſs is not known to thoſe People, they are not ſenſible of the want of it: So that while they believe themſelves perfectly accompliſh'd, they are as well contented as if they were ſo indeed. After that, Sir, they fell into a long Diſcourſe of the Courts of *Spain* and *Granada*; and every one propounded their Queſtions in order, that they might be perfectly inform'd in the Gallantry of each. The next day divers Perſons of Quality came to wait upon the Lady of Honour, and the Captain of the Guards, and to ſhew 'em what was moſt remarkable at Court, and in the City; and when they had taken their leaves, the King accompany'd his Careſſes with very magnificent Preſents, and withall gave the Captain of the Guards a Letter to the Kings his Maſters. The Brave *Morayzel* and the Noble *Semahis* no leſs ſumptuouſly preſented them themſelves. And at length, the releaſed Priſoners having return'd their acknowledgment to the King, the chief of the Company in a ſtately Coach that *Semahis* lent 'em, return'd to *Iſnagar*, where their Convoy and Train attended, to whom *Morayzel* was truly liberal: from whence they Travelled back to *Sevil*. Where our Kings anſwer'd the Civility of the Kings of *Granada* with another; for they alſo deliver'd all the *Moors* of Quality that were their priſoners, without any Ranſom. As for *Almahide*, when we came firſt to *Granada*, the Luſtre and Grandeur of the Family of her Anceſtors, the High degree wherein *Morayzel* appear'd at Court; the difference which ſhe found between her Cottage in the Iſland of *Origni*, and the ſtately Palace where ſhe then liv'd; between the ſullen Humour of the Pirates, and the Courtſhip of the *Moors* of *Granada*; the difference which ſhe ſaw between a Slave and a Princeſs, the continual Encomiums of her Beauty and Wit: All theſe conſiderations for ſome days ſuſpended that melancholy which poſſeſs'd her Soul. But when Novelty being over, which had ſo pleaſingly ſurpriz'd, if not enchanted her, had given leave to her heart to make ſome reflection upon her ſelf and her firſt thoughts, thoſe gay Apparitions ſoon diſappear'd: And the Image of *Ponce de Leon* recommencing an imperious Reign in her Heart and Soul, where it had held Dominion ſo long; threw her into her former melancholy, and her firſt diſcontents. At firſt ſhe kept this diſcontent and melancholy cloſe lock'd up in her Breaſt; but ſoon after they began to appear in her looks, and in her face, notwithſtanding all her care to hide them. For the Grief that ſtifled her, not finding paſſage free enough through her ſighs, ſhe wanted, for the preſervation of her life, ſome Faithful Friend, to whom ſhe might unboſome her thoughts, and diſcover the ſorrows that tormented her. In this extremity, her Virgin Slaves not having long enough attended her, to be aſſur'd of their Fidelity, ſhe was conſtrain'd to caſt an Eye upon me, notwithſtanding the difference between our Ages and Sexes; and the reſpect which ſhe gave me for the care which I had taken of her in her Infancy. Nor was the kindneſs which ſhe had for the Count of *Pegnafiel*, and conſequently, the Innocency of her Paſſion, unknown to me. And therefore one day being alone with her in one of the Alleys of the Valiant *Morayzel*'s Garden, after ſhe had walked two or three turns in a deep contemplation, not ſpeaking one word, upon a ſudden ſhe made a ſtop; and beholding me with eyes full of ſadneſs: I am apt to believe, ſaid ſhe to me ſighing, that if the Count of *Pegnafiel* knew the Grandeur of my Quality here, and how I am here reſpected, his joy would ſurpaſs his reſentment; and his Friendſhip would have no ſmall ſhare in the Honours which are done me. You have no Reaſon to doubt it, Madam, anſwer'd I; for you would ſeem very little to underſtand his mind, ſhould you queſtion the truth of his ſincerity. But alas, reply'd ſhe, ſighing anew, he can never enjoy that comfort which you ſpeak of; nor can I ever expect the happineſs of ſeeing more a Perſon whom I have ſo many Reaſons to reſpect. However, Fortune and Love, reply'd I, have often wrought greater Miracles than this: And becauſe I know the bottom of his heart, and his infinite Paſſion, I make no queſtion but he will certainly ſee you again. And I take it to be ſome more wonderful Prodigy, that muſt hinder him from it. Ah, *Don Fernand*, anſwer'd ſhe, you ſpeak at this time contrary to your own thoughts, on purpoſe to flatter mine: For you know very well that the War between the two Nations, and the difference between the *Mahumetan* and Chriſtian Religion, are invincible Obſtacles to what you ſay. Madam, reply'd I, the Count's Imperious Paſſion which you ſpeak of, often goes by particular Rules; and the Ecſtaſies of Love go beyond Probability. Difficulty rather ſpurs a Lover forward, than foils him; Obſtacles do but provoke his Courage. For while he delivers himſelf from a Miſchief, and recovers a Benefit, by re-beholding that which he loves, all Enterprizes ſeem eaſie to be undertaken. But grant all this, reply'd the fair *Granadine*, I have ſtill more cauſe to fear than hope; for I have heard ſay, that Abſence is the moſt dangerous Enemy of Love. Yes, Madam, ſaid I, in poor ſpirited Souls; but it nothing prevails upon the Reſolute: and I ſuppoſe you never reckoned *Ponce de Leon* among the Number of the faint-hearted. I acknowledge it, anſwer'd ſhe: But to ſpeak as we find, and not to abuſe our ſelves with Flatteries, That which Abſence does not preſently effect, Time infallibly brings to paſs. And his inſenſible Power imperceptibly defaces

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an Image, the moſt deeply imprinted in a Heart, till it leave no ſign remaining. That happens, Madam, ſaid I, when that Image is but onely rough drawn, or but ſlightly Painted in a Heart. But when Love has deeply Engrav'd it there, neither Time nor Abſence can deface it; for that Fatal Power onely belongs to Death. But *Don Fernand*, reply'd ſhe with a ſmile, you cannot tell whether my Image be onely Painted or Grav'd in the Count of *Pegnafiel*'s Heart. Pardon me, Madam, anſwer'd I, I know which, very well: For I ſhould be very unskilful in the Art of Painting, could I not diſcern between two things, that ſo little reſemble one another. And though, Madam, purſued I, without giving her time to interrupt me, there are ſome inconſtant Perſons found in the World; that happens, when a fairer Object expels a meaner, when a brighter Luſtre extinguiſhes the former; and that the Soul, which Naturally inclines to the faireſt, or at leaſt, which it believes to be ſo, quits the meaner merit, and unites inſeparably to the higher deſert. And therefore, Madam, 'tis eaſie for you to perceive, that you have no cauſe to fear any Change in the Count of *Pegnafiel*; it being certain, that though he could ſee all the Earth at once, he can ſee nothing ſo perfect there, as your ſelf, nor any thing that approaches near your perfection. Alas! reply'd that Divine Perſon, ſighing, though your Language pleaſe me, I am of Opinion, it behoves me to wiſh it may never come to paſs. For in ſhort, *Ponce de Leon* would thereby become more miſerable, and yet never ſhould I be the leſs unfortunate. And therefore, ſince our ſeparation muſt always continue, Me-thinks I ſhould rather deſire that his Paſſion ſhould ceaſe. But Madam, ſaid I, do you deſire it ſeriouſly? Ah! though I do not, I ought to do ſo, reply'd ſhe, (bluſhing and turning her head a little aſide) ſo that without farther preſſing me in reference to that Queſtion, or putting me to ſay that which I have no mind to ſpeak, permit me the Liberty to believe I do what I ought, though I fail in the exact performance. You may freely do whatever you think fitting, reply'd I; nor will I ever ſpeak more of that Illuſtrious Exile, for ſuch he muſt be ſuddenly from your Remembrance, ſince you believe your ſelf Baniſh'd out of his. Ah, *Don Fernand*, anſwer'd ſhe, you will do more than I deſire, if you uſe him after that manner; and my words have betray'd my heart, if they ever told you, that I deſire *Ponce de Leon* ſhould forget me, or that I deſire to forget him. On the contrary, ſpeak of him always to me, if you intend to pleaſe me. For beſides that forgetfulneſs is a Weakneſs too much unworthy a fair Soul, I am ſo far oblig'd to the Count of *Pegnafiel*, that I ſhould want Vertue, as well as Reaſon and Friendſhip, ſhould I not preſerve him in my memory as long as I live. Gheſs then at my thoughts, by your own, reply'd I, Madam: And as he is abſolutely perſwaded that your Merit is far beyond his, though his be far above the deſert of other Men; never believe that he forgets you, more than you forget him; onely his remembrance is crouded with more ſorrows than yours. I have not yet entruſted you ſo far (reply'd ſhe with a modeſt baſhfulneſs that made her bluſh) that you can tell ſo exactly what are my thoughts: but this you may eaſily judge, that the Illuſtrious *Ponce* is not in the worſt Condition, when a Perſon of my Rank and Diſpoſition permits you to talk ſo freely of him in private. In the mean time, added ſhe to change the Subject of the Diſcourſe, you ſee 'tis no great trouble to me, to paſs for a *Mahumetan* in *Granada*, and to counterfeit that which I am not indeed. For in regard the *Turks* and *Moors* hold that the Souls of Women dye with their Bodies, they never go to the *Moſques*: So that not being oblig'd to any Ceremonies in their Religion, I can the more eaſily conceal my own, and enjoy the private Exerciſe of it too, by means of certain Religious *Spaniards* that lye hid among us. Having ſo ſaid, ſhe went into another Alley, without giving me time to return her an anſwer; onely ſhe made me a ſign to be gone, and I readily obey'd her. For no doubt the Divine *Almahide* went to Entertain her private Thoughts with ſomething more dear to her, than either the *Alchoran*, or *Mahomet* himſelf, ſo highly priz'd by the *Turks* and *Moors*. But Sir, if ſhe forgot not *Ponce de Leon* at *Granada*, he forgat not *Almahide* at *Fontaines*. For the deſpairing Count of *Pegnafiel* had no other Object in his Thoughts. In ſhort, he juſtified too truly for his repoſe, what I had ſpoken to the fair *Almahide*. For Time and Abſence were ſo far from Baniſhing her from his Memory, that ſhe both Triumphed and Reigned there in the higheſt degree of Sovereignty. The leſs he ſaw her, the more he deſir'd to ſee her. That Heavenly Apparition alwayes haunted him; every moment, and in all places he beheld the Portraiture of *Almahide*: And if I may ſo ſay, with the water of his Tears he waſh'd the Picture, which renewed the Beauty of the Painting. He loſt the uſe of his ſpeech, and onely entertain'd himſelf with Melancholy Meditations. He avoided Company and Day-light. And the moſt dark Groves not being dark enough for his Humour, he would have hid himſelf in the Centre of the Earth, that he might neither ſee nor be ſeen. For he ſuffer'd Torments beyond what the Juſtice of Heaven inflicts upon thoſe that are in that place. And the ſtrict Alliance between the Body and the Soul, communicated their ſorrows the one to the other. So that the unhappy Lover was no leſs Sick, than Afflicted. He eat nothing, ſlept not at all: And thus his Faſting and

Watching joyn'd to the Diſtempers of his Mind, had ſo alter'd his Temper of Body, and ſo chang'd his Countenance, that he ſeem'd to be but the Shadow of what he was before. In vain the Duke and Dutcheſs labour'd to abate his Melancholy by all the Divertiſements they could imagine: but on the contrary, they rather increaſed his Malady. For while he put a conſtraint upon himſelf in their Preſence, and retain'd his Tears, thoſe very Tears afterwards fell down in larger Showers: So that the Remedy increas'd his Diſeaſe, and became his Poyſon.

The End of the Second Book.

ALMAHIDE,

ALMAHIDE,

OR,

The Captive Queen.

PART I. BOOK III.

HIS ſadneſs every moment increas'd; and when he thought it had an end, in an inſtant he found that it began again, and that every minute added to his Affliction. His ſorrows when he wak'd ſeem'd always to be new; nor did Cuſtom, the uſual effect whereof is to render affliction more eaſie to be endur'd, afford him any comfort at all. The Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, who for his own part was exreamly troubled for his removal from the Court, was yet more perplexed to ſee his Son ſo Melancholy, and challeng'd him ſeveral times about it. The Dutcheſs alſo, though leſs ſevere than her Husband, blam'd him very much, inſtead of ſeeking any means to revive him. His Servants likewiſe durſt not come near him in that ſullen Humour, but left him alone to waſte himſelf with ſadneſs, pining, and moaning. All which things were ſo far from curing his Diſtemper, that they augmented it. So that his Paſſion moving from Melancholy to Affliction, from Affliction to Anger, from Anger to Deſpair; he led a life far worſe than death it ſelf. But like thoſe that are perplexed in the windings of a Labyrinth, who take no other care than how to get out: This unfortunate Lover had no other thoughts, but how he might once more ſee the fair *Almahide*, who alone could put an end to his diſcontents, and reſtore him to his former joys. But the more Obſtacles he encountred, the more obſtinate he was to overcome 'em; and the more he labour'd in his deſign, the more it ſeem'd impoſſible. Ah! (cry'd he ſeveral times when he was alone) thou wilt never be able to overcome theſe invincible Obſtacles that oppoſe thy happineſs. Thou canſt never re-behold *Almahide*; thou canſt not live without ſeeing her, and therefore thou muſt reſolve to dye. In ſhort, purſu'd he, will that unſearchable reaſon that confines me here, permit me never to obtain leave of the Duke to follow *Almahide* to *Granada*? And will not his knowledge of my deſign, rather rivet the faſter that invincible Chain that holds me in this Deſart? And will it not render my confinement more cloſe, and my grief more inſupportable? No, no, added that Illuſtrious Afflicted, thou canſt never obtain a Liberty ſo neceſſary to thy repoſe; and thy Requeſt will ſerve to no other purpoſe than to make thee to be look'd to with more care, and to redouble thy unreſt. Be gone therefore, added he, without taking leave: Withdraw thy ſelf from thy

Father and thy grief; and for once forget thy Duty to ſave thy ſelf, ſince thou canſt not ſave thy ſelf without forgetting it. O ſtupid Fool, added he immediately after, what Road canſt thou take, and not be diſcover'd? Yet ſilly Lover, are there not by-ways enough? are there no Woods nor Rocks to hide thee, between *Fontaines* and *Granada*? Is thy Wit ſo dull, that thou canſt invent no Diſguiſe? what need of Travelling by day? Canſt thou not, canſt thou not truſt the darkneſs of the Night with thy journey and deſign? But alas, added he at the ſame inſtant, though thou ſhouldſt be ſo Fortunate as to vanquiſh all theſe difficulties, and to paſs through *Andaluſia* without being ſtopp'd, will they not ſtop thee upon the Frontiers? And the Governours of thoſe places, knowing thy Father to be out of favour at Court, will they not look upon thy flight as proceeding from ſome Crime committed againſt the State? Will they not imagine that thy Father's indignation has ſent thee to the *Moors*, there to plot ſome miſchief to the diſſervice of thy King? And will they not ſend thee a Priſoner to *Sevil*, inſtead of letting thee paſs for *Granada*? Art thou ignorant of the hatred which the Marqueſs of *Ayamont* bears thy Father? and of the Power which he has over both the Kings? Canſt thou doubt but from hence he will take an occaſion to exerciſe his Revenge? Wouldſt thou behold the ruine of thy Houſe, loſe thy Father, loſe thy ſelf, and all to no purpoſe? Knoweſt thou not how unfortunate thou art? and canſt thou flatter thy ſelf with a vain hope to avoid thoſe troubleſome impediments, which oppoſe thy undertakings? Yes, yes, thou may'ſt; it behoves thee (reply'd he immediately) and if thy heart be ſo Cowardly, to queſtion it, thou art not generous, thou art no Lover; and thou bewaileſt a misfortune, occaſioned by thy own faint-heartedneſs, ſince 'tis within thy own power to go if thou wilt, or rather to go if thou dar'ſt. But Oh Heavens! (reply'd he ſighing) ſuppoſe we get free of our own Frontiers, will it not be the ſame thing among the *Moors*? Will the Truce permit any Commerce between thoſe Nations, which War and Religion have diſ-united? Knoweſt thou the Language or the Countrey? Haſt thou any Cloaths after the *Moreſco* Faſhion? And therefore wilt thou not be ſo far from getting ſo far as *Granada*, that thou wilt be made a Slave in the firſt place where thou comeſt, under the Juriſdiction of the *Moors*? And haſt thou not rather wanted judgment than good luck, to enterprize an attempt of this Nature? No, no; thou overwiſe and wary Lover, (haſtily reply'd he) They that truly Love muſt Hope, Dare, and abſolutely abandon themſelves to Love and Fortune. But alas (added he, after he had ponder'd a while,) though I eſcape all theſe precipices, I have not eſcaped all the danger; for am I not acquainted with *Almahide*, the haughty *Almahide*? And is it not eaſie therefore for me to fore-ſee, that her ſcrupulous Vertue will never endure me near her in Diſguiſe? And that I muſt either leave *Granada*, or dye? But what Value have I put upon the pleaſure of her Company? Can ſuch a Felicity be too dearly bought, though I ſhould purchaſe it with my life? For though I ſhould enjoy the ſight of her but one moment, that one moment would be more worth than a whole Age in that miſerable condition wherein I live. Beſides, notwithſtanding the Modeſty and reſervedneſs of the Incomparable *Almahide*, have I not found by Experience that the knowledge of my extream paſſion has mov'd her? And may I not believe without flattery, that I am not a Perſon upon whom ſhe looks with indifference; that my Company will not diſpleaſe her, or that ſhe will Baniſh me from her ſight? I may think ſo, I ought, I will, and I do think ſo. For ſince I Love, it behoves me to Hope; Hope never abandoning Love, while Love can never forſake my heart. But Oh Heavens! if my deſign be eaſie, how difficult is it to put it in Execution? Ah unfortunate Count of *Pegnafiel*! Death is more near thee than the fair *Almahide*: And without doubt it will be leſs difficult for thee to go to thy Tomb, than to *Granada*. Theſe were the ſad expoſtulations which he made with himſelf, when the Painter, by me more than once mentioned, came into his Chamber: Who becauſe he was the onely Perſon that had the knowledge of his Love after my departure, he onely entruſted him with his choiceſt Secrets; for in regard *Almahide's* Picture which he had drawn, was the onely comfort which that unfortunate Lover had, he thought he ow'd his life to him, to whom he was oblig'd for the Portraiture. He ſeeing his Maſter ſo ſad, was exceedingly troubled, and therefore took the liberty to ſpeak to him in this manner. Sir, ſaid he, my Devotion to ſerve you, may in ſome meaſure excuſe me, and permit me the Liberty which I take to enquire into the cauſe of your obſtinate Melancholy, ſo apparent in your Eyes, and over all your Countenance, and which no leſs predominates in your heart, ſince the viſible Symptoms are but an effect of what lies there conceal'd. Ah, *Sancha*! (anſwer'd the Count, for ſo was the Painter call'd) lay aſide that vain curioſity of yours; and ſince thou canſt not do me any Service, diſturb me not, nor increaſe thoſe evils which thou canſt not remedy. Sir, anſwer'd *Sancha*, it fares not with the Diſeaſes of the Mind as with the Diſtempers of the Body; for the laſt are many times incurable, but the other I am perſwaded may eaſily be cur'd, how deſperate ſoever the Malady may be. Alas! reply'd *Ponce de Leon*, thou knoweſt not mine, while thou talkeſt in that manner. There are no cures for me, ſince Religion forbids me to make uſe of Precipices, Poiniards and Poyſons; ſo that I am onely to haſten my ſelf to a Natural Death, being commanded not to uſe Violence. True it is, I have ſome ground to hope that the former may be as ſudden as the latter; for if nothing Violent continue long, my grief cannot long endure, though it cannot be at an end, but with the period of my life. Ah, Sir, reply'd

ply'd the Painter, be pleas'd to remember that no Perſon ought to be a Judge in his own cauſe; for he muſt prove impartial: and by conſequence, no ſick Perſon ought to be his own Phyſician. Time, reply'd the Count of *Pegnaſiel*, has been always look'd upon as the onely Phyſician of the Soul; but ſhouldſt thou call Reaſon likewiſe to thy aſſiſtance, which vaunts that ſhe can Cure all things; I aſſure thee that all the Remedies of both together are too weak for me; nay, their Art it ſelf is not powerful enough to prevail over my Diſtemper. I confeſs, reply'd *Sancha*, that their Operation is too ſlow, conſidering the violence of your Diſeaſe: and I muſt acknowledge there is an urgent Neceſſity for you to look out the quickeſt Remedies that Invention can think of, if you have a deſign to ſave your ſelf. But Sir, though I may not be altogether ſo knowing, yet I have had ſome Experience in the World, nor have I always ſpent my time in handling Pencils, and grinding Colours: So that I dare almoſt Warrant you the Cure, if you will but diſcover your Diſtemper. Alas, reply'd the Count, I foreſee thou art one of thoſe Chymicks, who promiſe vaſtly, but perform leſs than ordinary Phyſick; and that all thy Oſtentation will vaniſh into ſmoak, like the Labours of thoſe Quacks. Sir, reply'd *Sancha*, the good or bad Opinion which the ſick Party has of his Doctor, mainly advances, or keeps back the Cure, which is forwarded to admiration by belief. Thou wilt fall from Phyſick to Withcraft by and by, reply'd *Ponce de Leon*: But I aſſure that thy Charms will as little avail thee, as thy Herbs, Roots, and Minerals; and that thou wilt prove no better a Magician than a Phyſician. But if I bring you to the fair *Almahide*, anſwer'd *Sancha*, will you not have a better Opinion of my Enchantments? Alas, thou haſt done that already (reply'd *Ponce de Leon*, ſhewing him the Picture of *Almahide*;) but this pleaſing Illuſion onely ſuſpends my grief, but removes not the evil that cauſes it. No, no, Sir, anſwer'd the Painter, I do not talk of *Almahide's* Picture, I mean her her ſelf: And as I am not ſo thick skull'd, but I can eaſily gheſs that it is her abſence that afflicts you; 'tis with her Preſence I intend to remove your Miſery. Ah *Sancha*, in regard that Lovers eaſily believe what they deſire ſhould come to paſs, put me not in hopes of a thing that cannot be; nor flatter me with a falſe pleaſure, that will but create a real miſery. The reſpect which I bear you is too great, reply'd *Sancha*, for me to abuſe your Love; and therefore if I do not perform what I ſay, caſt me for ever from your favour, which will be moſt certainly the greateſt misfortune that can befall me. Ah my dear Friend, (ſaid *Ponce de Leon* embracing him) if thou doſt what thou undertakeſt, I ſhall be oblig'd to thee for all my comfort, all my repoſe, all my honour, all my delight, even for my life it ſelf. Well, Sir, I will do it, (reply'd the Painter) and though in ſo doing I expoſe my ſelf to the hatred of the Duke and Dutcheſs, I will venture all for your Service. My Protection ſhall not be wanting, reply'd the Count, and I engage thee my word never to make my own Peace unleſs I make thine. Speak then my beloved *Sancha* (ſaid the Count embracing him again) ſpeak quickly; if thou haſt any reſpect for me; for I die with impatience to hear thee. Lend me then a favourable Ear, reply'd the ſuttle Painter, and hear me attentively without interruption. To thoſe words the Count reply'd not a Syllable; and *Sancha* alſo making a ſhort ſtop, as if he were ſeriouſly conſidering what he had to ſay, after he ſaw that *Ponce de Leon* prepar'd to liſten with an attention as well in his Eyes as in his Mind, Sir, ſaid he, having obſerved your diſturbances, and eaſily divining the cauſe, I ſought, and have at length found out the moſt Infallible means for their removal; and beſides, not having forgot the obſtacles that might oppoſe the happy ſucceſs of that deſign, I am confident of the Event, being prepar'd againſt all difficulties that ſhall encounter it. I will tell you then, Sir, one of theſe mornings, under pretence of taking the Air, provide your ſelf with one of your beſt Horſes, and command me to follow you with another, without any other perſon at all. From *Fontaines* we will ride with all ſpeed to *Sevil*, by ſuch by-ways, and turnings which I very well know. When we are there, I will carry you to a Friends Houſe, a plain perſon, diſcreet, and Faithful, where you ſhall remain conceal'd, ſo long as we ſhall have occaſion to ſtay in *Sevil*; where we will tarry ſo ſhort a while that we muſt be very unfortunate, to be diſcover'd, though the Duke your Father ſhould ſearch for us, which is very improbable. For he imagining the cauſe of your departure, will rather make purſuit upon the Road to *Granada*, than upon the way to *Sevil*. Beſides, in regard that Friend of mine keeps all the money I have, we can make uſe of it, without expoſing our ſelves to the hazard of diſcovery: For as I hazard my life in your Service, you can never think me more covetous of my Eſtate than Life. In the next place I will get a Slaves Habit made for you, as faſhionable and neat, as your condition will permit, that you may not appear in a misbecoming poſture before that Illuſtrious Lady, whom you ſo much deſire to ſee. For my ſelf, I will provide the Habit of a *Mooriſh* Merchant; for having been ten years a Slave in *Algier*, I underſtand the *Arabick*, as well as my own Language; ſo that I ſhall eaſily paſs for one of thoſe Merchants, that Traffick through the *Levant* for Slaves, and often go to ſell 'em at *Granada*. Theſe Habits we will put in our Cloak-bags; and thus fitted, I will carry you through ſuch by-ways, that we will not onely avoid all troubleſome Encounters, but alſo ſhun both our own and our Enemies Frontier-Towns, where there is any likelihood of our being ſtopp'd; onely Travelling by Night, and lying all day in the Woods. When we have thus paſſed *Andaluſia*, and are come into the Territories of the *Moors*, we will ſhun the high Road, and in the firſt Wood that we meet with in our way, there will we ſhift our Habits, leaving our other

Cloaths

Cloaths and Horſes to the mercy of Fortune, in the next Village, againſt our return, pretending to the Hoſt that we leave 'em there, being to undertake ſome particular deſign againſt the Chriſtians, which a good Reward will eaſily perſwade him to believe. Coming to *Granada*, we will enter the City in the dusk of the Evening, and enquire where the Merchant ſtrangers uſually lie, where you ſhall ſtay and reſt your ſelf. In the mean time, will I inform my ſelf where *Morayzel*, the Father of the Incomparable *Almahide*, lives: and when I have found his Palace, there will I wait till the Noble *Moor* comes forth; and as ſoon as I ſee him, I will go to him, and ask him whether he will buy a Slave. It muſt be your good Fortune, and your diſcretion to manage the reſt. For my part, I will ſell the moſt precious Merchandize in the World ſo cheap, that it ſhall be a very hard caſe if we do not agree; and that I do not ſell him that which all the Gold in the World is not ſufficient to purchaſe. Then as all the *Moors* as well as the *Turks*, underſtand the *Lingua Franca*, which is nothing but a corrupt mixture of *Spaniſh* and *Italian*; If *Morayzel* ask you what Country-man you are, you may anſwer, that you are a *Portugal*: For it is impoſſible that he ſhould be ſo skilful in the dialects of our Provinces, as to convince you of an untruth. If he buys you, as there is no other likelihood, then you muſt make uſe of your own Wit, to manage your Affairs to the beſt advantage; and never diſcover your ſelf to the Divine *Almahide*, but at a moſt convenient Opportunity, for fear that being ſurpriz'd to ſee you ſo unexpectedly, ſhe ſhould fall into ſome Paſſion which might detect that which it concerns her ſo much to conceal. I will make it my buſineſs alſo to ſpeak in private to *Don Alvarez*, for fear he ſhould be ſurpriz'd as well as the fair *Aminta*, and that he may do you no prejudice unwittingly, who I am aſſur'd is deſirous to ſerve you to the utmoſt of his Power. If it ſhould happen by misfortune that *Morayzel* ſhould refuſe to buy you, then will I endeavour to ſell you to ſome other Perſon of Quality: For in regard the Ladies of *Granada* are not always mew'd up like the *Turkiſh* Women, you will ſtill have the pleaſure at leaſt to ſee the fair *Almahide*, in ſeveral places when ſhe walks abroad, and it may be to ſpeak in ſome one of thoſe places, while *Don Fernand* and my ſelf labour to procure you an Opportunity. In the mean time I will ſtay in *Granada*, at as little Expence as I can, upon the remainder of my money, as well to give you time enough, as that you may have a place of retreat; and that upon the pretence of Trading; ſeldom ſeeing you, and that onely by chance, for fear of being ſuſpected; it not being lawful for the Maſter that ſells, and the Slave that is ſold to hold any correſpondence together. The onely thing which I have to fear, is, leſt the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, Infallibly gheſſing whither you are gone, ſhould obtain the favour of the Kings to write in your behalf for your delivery from a Captivity out of which you would not be willing to be ſet at Liberty. But he is at preſent ſo much out of favour at Court, ſo little belov'd by the Marqueſs of *Ayamont*, that there is little likelihood that the haughty Duke will ever condeſcend ſo low, as to requeſt a favour of his Enemy; nor that he ſhould obtain it, ſhould he deſire it: Or that the Kings ſhould grant his Petition before they impart it to their Favourite. But let the worſt come to the worſt, it behoves you to preſs *Almahide* ſo powerfully to return with you into *Spain*, that if ſhe love you, as I believe ſhe does, the buſineſs will be done e're any thing of what I ſuſpect can happen. Nor do I doubt but that the Duke and the Dutcheſs have that Eſteem for *Almahide*, that they will both receive and Entertain her according to her Quality. Thus, Sir, you have heard what I have contriv'd, and what I intend to do for your particular ſake. It belongs to your Prudence, and your Love, to conſider and deliberate, and to me faithfully to execute, what I have promis'd, and what I have reſolv'd upon. Here the Painter ceas'd, and the Count of *Pegnafiel* was as much raviſh'd at the kind contrivance which he had laid to bring him to the fair *Almahide*, as he was before wearied with the obſcure life which he had led at *Fontaines*. So that the Count ran with unfolded Arms to embrace him, and hugging his ſhoulders, Ah, my beloved *Sancha*, ſaid he, if thou getteſt me but out of this place, I muſt owe thee my life: For my death is inevitable, if I languiſh any longer here. Away, away then quickly to *Granada*, purſu'd the Lover tranſported with joy; let us not loſe a minute, for they are all moſt precious, that ſerve me to re-gain *Aminta*. For this Secret of our departure ſo tranſports and raviſhes me, that if I ſtay here with theſe happy thoughts, my heart will ſuddenly aſcend into my Face, and the ſudden change from the extremity of ſadneſs to the extremity of joy will cauſe a ſuſpicion of ſome extraordinary deſign. No, no, *Sancha*, 'tis not the Title of Slave that ſcares me; for I was *Aminta's* Vaſſal, before I was her Father's: And my former Fetters will eaſily make the latter more ſupportable. My Heart is proud and haughty enough, 'tis true; but there is nothing ſhameful or mean, when Love commands us to undertake it. For ſince he has conſtrain'd *Hero's* to ſpin, a King may ſtoop to Captivity without diſhonour or cowardiſe. 'Tis not, alas! (added he ſighing) that I hope to engage *Aminta* to follow me, or that ſhe will ſo much as ſuffer me diſguiz'd in *Morayzel's* Palace: For I know the ſeverity of her Vertue, the niceneſs of her thoughts, upon other propoſals of the ſame Nature. However an attempt of this Nature merits to be undertaken, though without hopes of any ſucceſs: For the onely ſatisfaction of re-beholding the fair *Almahide*, would put me upon Enterprizes far more difficult, than this ſeems to be. Once more therefore, my dear Friend, let's away; let's away whither our Inclinations carry us, and our Love calls us; and without being too wiſe for a Lover, let us flatter our ſelves; let us hope, let us be gone,

gone; and perſwade our ſelves that Love and Fortune are not always at odds. In ſhort, Sir, the next Morning early the inamour'd Counta bandoned himſelf to the conduct of thoſe two blind Guides; and calling for Horſes, under pretence of taking the Air, he and *Sancha* departed from *Fontaines*, and Poſted to *Sevil* by by-ways which the Painter well underſtood. Travelling in that manner with a ſpeed proportionable to the Count of *Pegnafiel*'s Ardor, they quickly got to the Capital City of *Andaluſia*, where they conceal'd themſelves with *Sancha*'s Friend. But what ſaid the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, when he underſtood the flight of his Son? At firſt, in regard the Illuſtrious *Ponce de Leon* was wont to ride abroad to take the Air, he minded not his riding forth in the Morning. But when he appear'd not at Dinner, and that he had ſtaid for him a long time before he ſate down, he began then to be troubled, and to ſuſpect ſomething of the truth. This Accident put the whole Houſe into a diſorder, whereupon one of the Count of *Pegnafiel*'s Pages going up into his Maſters Cloſet, found two Letters upon the Table, and knowing the Superſcriptions to be his Maſters hand, he brought them preſently to the Duke and the Dutcheſs, who were together in the Parlour, where the Cloath was laid. Sir, ſaid he to the Duke (preſenting him both the Letters) I have here found ſomething upon the Table in my Maſters Cloſet, which I thought it my Duty to let your Honour ſee. The Duke took both the Papers with a diſcompoſure in his Face, that evinc'd the diſturbance of his Mind; and turning toward the Dutcheſs, if my conjectures fail me not (ſaid he ſighing, and ſhewing her the Letters) here is that will ſhew us, that all the Providence of man nothing avails againſt the Decrees of Heaven: And that the Aſtrologer whom we conſulted upon the Birth of the Count of *Pegnafiel*, fore-ſaw the future events of things, and that the Stars did neither deceive him, nor he us. With that the Duke open'd one of the Letters, directed to himſelf, wherein he found theſe words.

To the Duke my Lord.

"In regard I fore-ſee that what I have done "will diſpleaſe your Excellency, I am guilty: "And not being able to juſtifie my departure, "'tis better for me to beg for pardon, than "make Excuſes. Therefore I beg it of your "Excellency with all the ſorrow that may ſuf-"fice to obtain it; and withall I make a real "Proteſtation that I have done nothing but "what I could not avoid. Nevertheleſs, though "the Crime be onely in the Will, and that from "thence I may ſeem to inſinuate my own Inno-"cency; I think it better to ſay nothing, but to "let your own Natural Affection plead for me "in your heart, and to aſſure you onely in ſin-"cerity, that I departed not from your Houſe, "nor from my Duty, but through the invincible "Influence of a Star, which could not be re-"ſiſted by *Ponce de Leon.*

When the Duke had read his own, he gave the other to the Dutcheſs, telling her, with a ſigh mingled with Anger, Pride, and Grief, that he made no queſtion but that the raſh Count apply'd himſelf to her to be his Interceſſor; but that his Offence, as it was without Example, ſhould never be Pardon'd. This is not the firſt Extravagance we ſhall hear of, ſaid ſhe, and without giving him time to anſwer, ſhe open'd the Count her Sons Letter, in theſe words.

To the beſt of Mothers, the Illuſtrious Dutcheſs of Medina Sidonia.

"If I have committed a Crime in going "away, Madam, I am puniſhed for it, by de-"parting without taking my leave of you. For "I am ſo unwilling to do any thing that may "diſpleaſe you, that my Puniſhment equals my "Crime, and puts me in a condition rather to "be Lamented than Accus'd. I have onely "comforted my ſelf up with a hope that you "will not declare War againſt me, but rather "ſtrive to make my Peace with the Duke my "Lord. Judge from hence, Madam, whether "I am not acquainted with your goodneſs, and "whether I do not altogether confide in it; "ſince that after I have Offended you, I dare "preſume to beg a favour, and hope to obtain "it.

Ponce de Leon.

Ah, cry'd the Duke, ſhould you your ſelf grant him that favour which the idle Young Man ſpeaks of, I would never pardon the Folly which he has committed this day. Expoſe me not therefore, Madam, to the diſcontent of being forc'd to deny you: But ſince you are concern'd in the injury he has done me, bear a ſhare alſo in my reſentment. Sir, anſwer'd the Dutcheſs, I am altogether as much concern'd as it becomes me; for our Intereſts being all one and the ſame, you need not queſtion but that what troubles you, afflicts me; and that your anger is not more than my grief. But after all, Sir, *Ponce de Leon* is your Son; I acknowledge him no longer ſo to be, reply'd the Duke interrupting her; for what he has done, has render'd him unworthy of the Title. Ingrateful, inconſiderate Novice, purſu'd he (with eyes that ſparkled with anger) had he not wit enough to underſtand, that I did not give him ſuch an extraordinary Education without having powerful Reaſons for what I did? The Count of *Pegnafiel*'s Years, reply'd the Dutcheſs, are not the Age of Prudence. He ſhews it very plainly, reply'd the Duke, and without doubt he will ſoon perceive it himſelf by the Fatal misfortunes which his Folly will bring upon his Head. Alas, ſaid he, the Fatal

Conſtel-

Conſtellation that threatens him, was almoſt ready to ſet. Your cares and mine had almoſt Protected him from that misfortune which the Stars fore-told him; but his raſhneſs has made all but Labour in vain. He runs to meet his Miſery, he goes to ſeek it, and his indiſcretion precipitates him into Infamy. How wonderful was thy knowledge, moſt knowing Artiſt, how extraordinary the light of thy underſtanding, that penetrated ſo far into the obſcurity of future Events! But let the raſh and inconſiderate Novice wear the Chains that threaten him; ſince they are of his own ſeeking, he deſerves the Fetters which he has ſo diligently ſought for. But Sir, ſaid *Inez* of *Arragon*, whither do you believe him to be gone? Ah, that's apparent enough, forthwith reply'd the Duke. He is gone infallibly among the Enemies of his Countrey and his Religion; he is gone to wear the *Moors* Chains, becauſe he will not ſhake off *Aminta's* Fetters: And from their play together, which we imprudently ſuffer'd in their Infancy, now proceeds the Reproach of our Family. If you think he have taken the Road for *Granada*, purſue quickly after him, anſwer'd *Inez* of *Arragon*. Though he were going to his Tomb, I would not ſtir a foot; for ſeeing him unworthy to live, I would willingly let him dye. How, Sir, ſaid the Dutcheſs, can you believe your Son to be a Slave, and not ſue to our Kings, to demand his Liberty from the King of *Granada?* How! Madam, ſaid he, his Eyes ſparkling with fire, ſhall I be ſo poor Spirited to beg to thoſe that have expelled me the Court: or give an occaſion to a Favourite to Triumph in his Inſolency? No, no, the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* can better live without his Son, than without his Honour. With thoſe words he forthwith quitted the Dutcheſs, and ſhut himſelf up in his Cloſet. But in regard that *Inez* of *Arragon* was more moderate, and that her thoughts were more tender and affectionate, ſhe took not that courſe which the Duke deſir'd ſhe ſhould have done. She Commanded all the Servants ſhe had at *Fontaines* to take their Horſes, and to purſue him upon ſeveral Roads, with expreſs Order to bring him back if they could light upon him. But all their Diligence, and all their Travel was to no purpoſe: For *Sancha*, as I ſaid before, had led him ſuch a by-way, that heeaſily avoided the purſuit. In the mean time the *Moreſco* Habits, & all their other accoutrements being ready, according to the Painters Order, the Illuſtrious *Ponce de Leon* and he, got out of *Sevil* in the duſk of the Evening, and rode directly toward the Frontiers of *Andaluſia*, not the ſhorteſt, but the ſecureſt way. And to be ſhort, the witty Painter ſo well perform'd what he had contriv'd before, that without being ſtopp'd, either by the *Moors* or the Chriſtians, they at length arriv'd at *Granada*, after they had chang'd their Habits and quitted their Horſes, as I told you before they had reſolv'd to do. As ſoon as they came to that Magnificent City, while *Ponce de Leon* repos'd himſelf, *Sancha* took no reſt; for having both particularly and cunningly inform'd himſelf of thoſe things which he deſir'd to know, he was ſo well inſtructed by his Hoſt, that he was altogether for Execution of his deſign. In the mean while the hope which the Count of *Pegnafiel* had to re-behold *Almahide*, and the infallible certainty to enjoy ſo great a Happineſs, had ſo reſtor'd Gladneſs, Health, and Beauty to his Countenance, as he never appear'd more Amiable than upon that day, which he was wont to call one of the happieſt in all his life. O moſt Fortunate *Ponce de Leon* (ſaid he tranſported with joy) thou art now going to ſee the Fair, the Charming, the Divine *Almahide* that has coſt thee ſo many tears; but though together with them thou hadſt poured forth thy Blood, yet hadſt thou not purchaſed at too dear a rate ſo pleaſing a moment of time. Enjoy then thy preſent Felicity, without remembring thy ſorrows paſt; without intermixing the fear of what may befall thee with thy preſent hope. Kings, not Kings themſelves enjoy that happineſs, which now a Slave enjoys. Thy Fetters are of more value than their Crowns; and the loſs of thy Liberty is to be preferred before the gaining of a Kingdom, though it were the largeſt and moſt Powerful in the World. Thus, Sir, the inamour'd Count of *Pegnafiel* entertain'd himſelf while he put on the Slaves Habit in the Morning, which *Sancha* had provided for him at *Sevil*. His Bonnet, Caſſock, and Breeches after the Seamans faſhion, were of black Sattin ſtreak'd with Carnation and Blew. His Swaſh was of both thoſe Colours: about his Neck he wore a Cut-work Handkerchief, tyed with a Riband of the former Colours. About his left Leg he wore a Ring of Silver, with a Chain faſten'd to it of the ſame Metal, the end whereof was tyed to his Girdle. In ſhort, Sir, how well ſoever attir'd you might have ſeen him at *Fontaines*, he never appear'd more graceful than at that time: And as gallant as he ſeem'd to be in the Weeds of a Shepherd, he then appear'd as comely in the Habit of a Slave. In that Attire *Sancha* carried him out of the Houſe, where they were Lodg'd, and after they had walk'd ſeveral ſtreets, and attracted the eyes of all the People upon a Captive ſo extraordinary, they laid their Amorous Ambuſcade cloſe by *Morayzel's* Palace. Nor was it long e're they ſaw *Morayzel* himſelf come forth, attended onely by two or three Slaves. So ſoon as they perceiv'd him, (for *Sancha* had been ſhewn him the day before,) *Sancha* went to him attended by his counterfeit Slave; and after he had Saluted him with an extraordinary reſpect, Sir, ſaid he very confidently in the *Arabick* Language, I made bold to wait upon your Highneſs, to know whether you would be pleas'd to buy this Slave, who is truly capable to ſerve a Perſon of your Quality. He is young and well proportion'd (ſaid he, taking *Ponce de Leon* by the hand, and cauſing him to walk three or four paces, according to the cuſtome of the *Moors*, who ſell Men like Horſes) beſides, he ſings, and plays upon ſeveral Inſtruments which are us'd in his Countrey. He has Wit and Courage;

Courage; and if your Highneſs will buy him, you will infallibly find him fit for your purpoſe. 'Tis very probable, Sir, that I might have for him two thouſand Sultanins, ſhould I carry him to *Conſtantinople*; yet becauſe I have buſineſs at *Granada*, and ſeveral things to buy, I will ſell him to you for a thouſand Sequins, which conſidering how well he is made, may be ſaid rather to be a giving him away, than ſelling him. Now, Sir, while the Merchant was thus commending his Ware, *Morayzel* beheld the counterfeit Slave with an extraordinary Admiration; and indeed more ſeriouſly view'd him, than he liſtned to *Sancha*. But as much as the brave *Moor* was Raviſh'd at the ſight, I was much more aſtoniſh'd to ſee my old Maſter and his Painter, and to behold him in that Equipage and in that place. Nevertheleſs, it being no difficult thing for me to divine that Love had been the cauſe of that Metamorphoſis, I did not much trouble my ſelf; but when neither *Morayzel* nor the other Slaves obſerved me, I gave them to underſtand by a private wink, that I knew them, and that there was no fear of me. After that, the Noble Father of *Almahide*, as the Painter had fore-ſeen, asked *Ponce de Leon* ſeveral queſtions; What Country-man he was? How he came to be taken? What was his Quality and Condition? And many other things which the *Moors* and *Turks* are wont to demand of thoſe Slaves which they intend to buy. To all which the Count of *Pegnaſiel*, having been inſtructed by *Sancha*, anſwer'd excellently to the purpoſe. He forgot nothing of his Leſſon, but ſpake with ſo much Civility, ſo much Reſpect, and ſo Gracefully, that *Morayzel* was more and more Charm'd, and had a greater deſire to Purchaſe him. But when *Morayzel* ask'd *Ponce de Leon* his Name; the Painter, who had forgot to inſtruct him in that particular, was afraid his Scholar would have been puzled, and that he would have unawares reveal'd his true Name. And therefore taking upon him to ſpeak firſt, His Name is *Leonce*, ſaid he, calling to mind the Name which *Ponce de Leon* had given himſelf, when he was a Shepherd. *Morayzel* then ſmiling, Thou knoweſt not, ſaid he, the Price of what thou ſelleſt, nor the deſire which I have to buy him: And thereupon turning toward me, he commanded me to carry the Slave home, as well as the Merchant that had ſold him, and to ſpeak to his Steward to pay him a thouſand Sequins. After which, very obligingly beholding *Ponce de Leon*; Comely Slave, ſaid he, aſſure thy ſelf, that thy Servitude will not be very ſevere with me; ſo that if thy Fetters prove too heavy to carry, it muſt of Neceſſity be thy own feebleneſs. Sir, reply'd the diſguiſed Lover with the beſt Grace in the World, whatever a man does willingly, cannot be thought harſh; and if I do not perform ſo exactly what your Highneſs commands me, the defect ſhall not be in my will, but in my want of diſcretion. After he had ſo ſaid, the Valiant *Moor* went on, attended by his other Slaves; and the Count, the Painter, and I return'd to *Morayzel*'s Palace. But Sir, 'tis impoſſible for me to relate how affectionately the Count of *Pegnaſiel* embrac'd me, as ſoon as we were by our ſelves; but leſs poſſible to tell you, how earneſtly he enquir'd after the fair *Almahide*. Dear *Fernand*, ſaid he, has that Cœleſtial Creature but ſometimes remembred me? Has ſhe at any time ever ſpoken to you concerning me? Has not the Grandeur of *Granada* made her forget *Fontaines*? Sir, anſwer'd I, be pleas'd to be aſſur'd, that you may reſt ſatisfied in that particular: For all *Almahide's* Greatneſs has no way chang'd *Aminta's* Heart. Ah, if it be ſo, reply'd he, as it were in an Ecſtaſie, then are my Fetters more to be valued than Diadems. But Sir, ſaid I, how hardly have you ventur'd? For ſhould your Quality be known, how difficult a thing would it be for you to break thoſe Chains? Ah, *Don Fernand*, reply'd he, I will wear 'em as long as I live; the happy Chains that are the cauſe that I re-behold *Almahide*: for if that rare Creature which I adore, will not return to *Sevil*, I am reſolv'd to die at *Granada*. After that, Sir, I inform'd him of the Imperious humour of *Morayzel*, and the Haughty diſpoſition of *Semahis*, that he might the better ſtudy a complyance with both; and indeed his Love made him ſo great a Proficient in my Inſtructions, that certainly there never was a better Slave, either in *Conſtantinople* or *Morocco*, *Algier* or *Tunis*. So eaſie does Love render difficult things to thoſe whoſe hearts are really touch'd. At length we conſulted whether it were beſt for me to advertize *Almahide* of his Arrival before he ſaw her, or no; but he had a deſire to ſurprize her, if it were poſſible. In ſhort, knowing that one of the hours drew near, at what time the fair *Granadine* uſed to take the Air, when the Steward had paid the thouſand Sequins to *Sancha*, and that the counterfeit Merchant was gone, and we had agreed upon the time and place where to meet every day to conſult of our Affairs as things fell out: I carried the Count of *Pegnaſiel*, or rather the Slave *Leonce*, into the Garden, and hid him behind a thick Hedge, juſt againſt a ſeat of green Turff, where the fair *Almahide* was often wont to ſit: and after that, I walked to and fro in the Alley in expectation of her coming. But Sir, the Patience of her Lover was never put upon ſo long a Tryal. For I had not taken above three or four turns, when the fair Perſon appear'd all alone, and made a ſign to me to come and lead her. In ſhort, I preſented her my hand, and as ſhe lean'd upon my Arm, ſhe paſs'd by the place where the inamour'd Count lay hid, and from whence he beheld her with ſuch a palpitation of his heart, and agitation of Spirit, that no expreſſion of words can repreſent. The fair *Granadine* walked to the end of the Alley without ſpeaking a word, in a deep Meditation; but returning to the green-ſodd Seat, ſhe ſate down, and beholding me with eyes as Beautiful as Melancholy, Alas, *Don Fernand*, ſaid ſhe, with a ſigh, the more I think upon the preſent condition of my Fortune, the more unlikely are my hopes of ever ſeeing *Ponce de Leon* again: However the cruel thought of an Eternal Separation from a

Perſon ſo dear to me, is a thing ſo dreadful and ſo terrible, that it is enough to ſhake the moſt conſtant Soul, and pierce the hardeſt heart in the World. Madam, anſwer'd I, that I might oblige her to continue that Diſcourſe, there happen many times more wonderful Prodigies than that of ſeeing two Noble Perſons together, whom Fortune has ſeparated, not being able to divide their Hearts: And how Potent ſoever the Obſtacles are that oppoſe the Count of *Pegnaſiel*'s Glory and your Satisfaction, I dare aſſure my ſelf he will overcome 'em all, and I make no queſtion but he will have the Honour to ſee you again. Ah, *Don Fernand*, reply'd ſhe, lifting up her Eyes to Heaven, what you ſay, can never come to paſs. For Princes of the ſame Religion, after they have made War one upon another, come at length to make Peace; and there is a Commerce between their People, as there is Friendſhip between themſelves. But *Granada* and *Caſtile*, the *Mahumetans* and *Chriſtians* can never have any Peace or Correſpondence together: For ſince you have liv'd among the *Moors*, you never ſaw a *Spaniard* among 'em, unleſs he were a Slave. 'Tis very true, Madam, ſaid I, yet you may believe that 'tis not abſolutely impoſſible for you to ſee the Count of *Pegnaſiel* here, ſince if he happen to be a Slave, you agree that he may come to *Granada*. Heaven preſerve me, ſaid *Almahide*, from ſuch a joy, that would occaſion ſo much ſorrow. But Madam, ſuppoſe thoſe Fetters which you ſpeak of, ſaid I, be neither pain nor grief to him, and that he wear them willingly, Fortune not having any ſhare in his Captivity. Let us not flatter our ſelves, let us not abuſe our ſelves with an imagination ſo improbable. For if Heaven have any kindneſs for my Prayers, that will never come to paſs. In praying for the Liberty of that Illuſtrious Slave, you pray againſt the onely Solace of his heart. There is ſo little likelihood in what you ſay, that if ever I believe it, he muſt ſpeak it himſelf. Then he tells you ſo himſelf, (ſaid *Ponce de Leon*, ſlipping from behind the Hedge, and caſting himſelf at her Feet:) and you may ſee while you behold theſe Fetters (ſhewing her his Chain) whether *Don Fernand* ſpeak truth or no, and whether your Preſence be not more dear to me than my Liberty. The ſound of a Voice ſo known, and ſo belov'd made the lovely Virgin ſtart, and her ſurprize and aſtoniſhment for ſome time took from her the faculty of Speech, ſo that ſhe could onely make uſe of the Language of her looks and ſighs. Sometimes ſhe caſt her Eyes upon the inamour'd Count, to teſtifie her tenderneſs. Sometimes ſhe turn'd toward me, to upbraid my foul play: and by reaſon of a ſecret Combat in her heart between her Fear and her Joy, her Modeſty and her Love, ſhe continued in a demure ſuſpenſe; inſomuch that her Soul, as well as her Body was at a Non-plus how to act. But at length, riſing all of a ſudden, and in a paſſionate haſte, with a Carnation Colour over-ſpreading her Cheeks, ſhe gave her hand to the Count, and raiſing him up; It is not juſt, ſaid ſhe (beholding him with an obliging and paſſionate Air) to lade with Reproaches a Perſon already laden with Irons; and who as Criminal as he is for being here, obliges me however by his Crime. For if I may ſpeak my mind upon ſuch a ſurprize as this, I cannot believe it his contempt of me, that makes him diſobedient; and he finds that I am over-joy'd to ſee him, though I ought to be offended at him, and that for more than one Reaſon; for in ſhort, to what hazards do you not expoſe me? To what dangers do you not expoſe your ſelf? If you are diſcover'd, does not your Life and my Honour equally lie at ſtake? Now this being granted, is this to love you? Is this to love me? for us to act in this manner? And whatever peril you run into, for love of me; or let me be ſenſible of never ſo much Joy for love of you, does it not behove me rather to bewail my ſelf, than return you thanks? Rather to be ſorrowful, than to rejoyce? Rather to blame than give you any Entertainment? Yes, Sir, this is that which I ought infallibly to do. But alas! we do not always do that which we ought, nor are we always deſirous to do all that it becomes us to do. Ah, Madam, reply'd the Count, render not ſo ſoon the moſt happy among Men the moſt unhappy among Lovers; if it be poſſible for a Man to be unhappy that beholds the fair *Almahide*. For in ſhort, let the Ecſtaſie of joy be never ſo great wherewith the ſight of your Perſon tranſports me, your fears no leſs afflict me. But, Madam, if there remain but the leaſt affectionate thought in the heart of the Divine *Almahide* for the unfortunate *Ponce de Leon*; If ſhe bears in remembrance the Names of *Aminta* and *Leonce*, which are ſtill ſo fixed in my memory; if it be not an indifferent thing to you whether I live or dye, I conjure you by my Love, which yet was never parallel'd; I conjure you by the Friendſhip which you have promiſed me, by that kindneſs which you have always manifeſted for me, if it be not quite expir'd in your heart: In ſhort, I conjure you by that Goodneſs, by that Generoſity, by that Pity, which all Noble and Generous hearts never deny to the miſerable, not to deſpair of your good Fortune and mine, and not to perplex your ſelf with a fear of thoſe evils that never will happen. Ah, *Don Fernand*, ſaid the fair *Almahide*, turning toward me, what a ſtrange hazard have you expos'd me to; and what a Cheat have you put upon me! Madam, anſwer'd I, I ſwear, and ſolemnly proteſt, that I knew nothing of the Illuſtrious *Ponce de Leon*'s deſign; that I ſaw him in *Granada* before I knew of his coming, and that I had no other hand in this Adventure of his, than onely to procure this Opportunity of an interview with leſs danger both for you and him, than if it had the firſt time happen'd in the ſight of many People, who would have been Witneſſes of thoſe ſurprizes and tranſportments, which are things that Reaſon tells you, ought to be conceal'd. The firſt time, do you ſay, reply'd *Almahide*? Ah, *Don Fernand*, it muſt be the laſt alſo. Then Madam, anſwer'd the Count, ſighing,

ſighing, this day alſo muſt be the laſt of my life. For not being able to live without ſeeing you, I had rather dye, beholding your fair eyes, than ſuffer once the leaſt of thoſe pains which I muſt endure. You cannot conceive, Madam, purſu'd he, how ſharp they have been; onely the unfortunate know what they are, but yet they alſo want Language to expreſs their Terror. Could you imagine thoſe cruel, thoſe inſupportable Torments which I have felt in your abſence, you would rather Sentence me to Death, than Baniſh me from your Preſence. If your life be not as dear to me as my own, reply'd the fair *Almahide*, I wiſh that Heaven might take it from me at this very inſtant: and if your Preſence be not as delightful as your Life is dear, may my ſorrows be as eternal as my Friendſhip. But after all this, Sir, though I love you, though your content be that which I highly value, and though I ought to have ſome reſpect to my own ſatisfaction, yet is my Honour ſtill of greater concernment. O God! added ſhe, ſhould it be diſcover'd that a man of your Quality, a Perſon with whom I have been brought up from my Infancy; a Perſon, I ſay, whoſe Paſſion is known to the whole Court of *Spain*, by the Report of his Quarrels and Duels, is diſguiz'd as a Slave, and lives in *Morayzel*'s Houſe, ſhould I not be the talk of the whole Court of *Granada*? Would they not tell a hundred Tales of me? Would they not queſtion my Chaſtity? Would they not have reaſon to queſtion it? Would they not believe that I had a hand in your Diſguiſement? That I had conſented to it? And that the violence of my Love had tranſported me beyond the thoughts of my Honour? No, no, Sir, you muſt be gone; Reaſon deſires it, Vertue requires it, Honour ordains it, and, though unwillingly, *Almahide* prays ye, or rather *Aminta* Commands ye. But, Madam (ſaid I, not giving time to the Count of *Pegnaſiel* to make anſwer) you do not conſider, that you expoſe the Count of *Pegnaſiel* to a moſt certain Death, but alſo to a death more terrible than all the Torments of this Life: For you cannot be ignorant how ſeverely the *Moors* and *Turks* puniſh their Slaves that run away. So that Love having made my Maſter a double Captive, and *Morayzel* having bought him of *Sancha*, who was the diſguiz'd Merchant that ſold him; you may well think that your Illuſtrious Father will make a very ſevere Example of him, and that he will ſo diligently purſue him, that he will hardly eſcape. Alas! *Don Fernand*, reply'd the Count, how far would you perſwade her? I ſee by the little care ſhe has of my life, how little ſhe is concern'd for my death. Ah! unjuſt as you are, anſwer'd the fair *Granadine*, it appears plainly that you do not know my heart, and that you have not a true value for me, ſince you believe ſo little what I ſay. However, (added I, to ſhake her Reſolution) that fear which cauſes you to baniſh the Count of *Pegnaſiel*, ought rather to oblige you to retain him: For how great a noiſe ſoever the thing may make in the Court of *Granada* or *Spain*, nay, over all *Europe* it ſelf, you cannot imagine, Madam, that I would rather let *Ponce de Leon* periſh, than diſcover it. I would tell his Condition, I would diſcover his Love, I would write concerning his Misfortune to *Sevil*, and I would infallibly Petition our Kings to write to yours by the procurement of the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*. Act therefore with more Juſtice; and if I may be bold to ſay ſo, with more Prudence, and loſe not your Honour by thinking to preſerve it. What, both againſt me! reply'd the fair *Almahide*. No, no, added the Count, I ſhall be always of your ſide againſt all the Earth, nay, againſt my ſelf: And ſince it is impoſſible for me to live without ſeeing you, and that you are unwilling I ſhould ſtay, we ſhall be both at quiet by my death, while I deliver you thereby at the ſame time from your fears, and my ſelf from my ſorrows. But Oh God (reply'd the lovely *Granadine*, ſpeaking to me) though I could vanquiſh this terrible reluctancy which I have to ſuffer your Diſguiſe, ſhould I not commit a Crime to no purpoſe? And would not the ill Report which I deſire to ſhun, be always inevitable? For it is impoſſible but that the Duke and Dutcheſs of *Medina Sidonia* ſhould ever know which way the Illuſtrious *Ponce de Leon* their Son is gone. And can you imagine they will fail of Petitioning your Kings to write to ours, for reſtoring the Count of *Pegnaſiel*. I beſeech you therefore think what a ſhame will come upon me, when it ſhall be known to all the World that that Illuſtrious Slave has liv'd in my Father's Houſe? And what Opinion *Morayzel* and *Semahis* will have of their Daughter, when they ſhall diſcover a Correſpondency of that Nature? No, no, I had rather dye, than be to them the cauſe of ſo much grief, and to my ſelf the cauſe of ſo much ſhame. But Madam, anſwer'd I, you build upon a wrong Foundation; for the Duke and the Dutcheſs of *Medina Sidonia* are not at preſent ſo much in favour at Court as to obtain ſo great a kindneſs. The two Kings are diſpleas'd, the Marqueſs of *Ayamont* is their Enemy; ſo that if a words ſpeaking would enfranchiſe their Son, I do not believe they could obtain it, as things now ſtand. Add to this, Madam, ſaid the Count, that it is ſo improbable that I ſhould willingly ſurrender my ſelf to Captivity; that the Duke and the Dutcheſs will never ſo much as Dream of any ſuch thing: And the *Spaniards* not daring to come among the *Moors*, though they ſhould think me to be here *Incognito*, they will never imagine that I live in *Morayzel*'s Houſe: And ſo not knowing where to find me, they will never ſearch after me. Rather, becauſe they know how I have murmured at my Confinement at *Fontaines*, they will believe it onely to be the deſire of Liberty which made me take this flight, and by conſequence, ſeek for me rather in *Italy* or *France* than here. But ſuppoſe, added he, that all whatever you fear ſhould happen, 'tis but a miſhap that may be avoided by prevention. I cannot imagine which way, reply'd, *Almahide*. I know very well, anſwer'd the Count, but I dare not tell

you. Since the one, added I, wants underſtanding, and the other boldneſs, I believe I muſt remedy theſe two defects. And therefore to ſpeak for the one, and to inform the other, I muſt tell you, Madam, that it lies in your Power to avoid whatever your fears ſuggeſt by returning to *Fontaines*, before the Count of *Pegnafiel* be ſought after in this place: We have all things ready, we know all the by-ways: You know the Noble *Ponce de Leon*'s Affection and Fidelity, you know whether the Duke have any kindneſs, or the Dutcheſs any tenderneſs for you. You know whether *Sevil* can contend with *Granada* for Nobility and Beauty. You have ſeen the Court of *Ferdinand* and *Iſabell*, as well as *Boandelin*'s. You know that if the *Moors* be Courtly, the *Caſtilians* are no Fools: If *Alhambre* be a Sumptuous Piece of Architecture, *Fontaines* is no leſs Magnificent. What ſhall I ſay more? The Noble *Ponce de Leon* loves you, you do not hate him: If you be of the Race of Kings, he is of the Blood of Monarchs. Your Age, your Diſpoſitions, your Wealth, your Quality, your Inclinations correſpond: All things perſwade you to what I ſpeak; and if Love ſollicite, Religion is yet more importunate. Upon thoſe words the fair and haughty *Almahide* interrupted me (and beholding me with Eyes as full of Anger as of Beauty) I am very glad it was not the Illuſtrious *Ponce de Leon* that made me this Propoſal, for I ſhould never have Pardon'd him, had he done it. I confeſs, he ſaid ſomething formerly to me of the ſame Nature; but the Shepherdeſs *Aminta* might ſuffer many things, which are not to be endur'd by the Princeſs *Almahide*: And therefore I muſt tell him himſelf, that had he made me this Propoſition, though I love him better than my Life, I ſhould have hated him worſe than Death. Ah Madam! ſaid I, beginning to ſpeak: Ah, *Don Fernand*, ſaid ſhe, interrupting me, your Inſtructions in the Pirates Iſland are very different from your Advice at *Granada*: Nor can I tell, why, having given me ſo fair a Deſcription of Vertue, you ſhould think me ſo blind to forſake her. No, no, Illuſtrious Count, ſaid ſhe turning towards him, be at this time your Maſter's Maſter; inſtruct him in your turn, and inform him, upon the Credit of my Report, that the *African Moors*, and the *Moors* of *Granada*, are not the ſame *Moors*; and that in this Kingdom as well as in *Andaluſia*, we know what reſpect Virgins owe to their Parents; and that they are not to diſpoſe of their Perſons, without their leave; much leſs to give their conſents to be ignominiouſly ſtollen away, which lays ſuch a blemiſh upon the Reputation of a Lady, that nothing can wipe out. In a word, the way to be hated by *Almahide*, is to love her in that manner; and to be forbid all opportunities of ſpeaking any more to her, is to make her the ſame Propoſition again. Then will I hold my peace eternally, reply'd the Count of *Pegnafiel*, and finding my ſelf reduc'd either to chuſe to die or diſpleaſe you, I will never ſtand to conſider, but without any difficulty reſolve upon the one, to avoid the other. But Madam, if there be the leaſt Idea yet remaining of that Fair, that Reſolute, that Conſtant, that tender Amity which you have formerly ſo often, and ſo ſolemnly promiſed me, I conjure you, Madam, falling upon his knees, by that eternal flame that will always burn in my Soul; by that fire that ought to be never extinguiſhed in your heart; by all thoſe infallible marks of my Paſſion which I have given you; by all thoſe tokens of your goodneſs which I have receiv'd, to grant me one favour, the onely requeſt that I intend to make, and without which it is impoſſible for me to live. Madam, purſu'd he, conſult a little your own Reaſon and Pity, before I ſpeak any farther; and if my misfortunes move you in the leaſt, promiſe me before-hand, that you will not add to my misfortunes the cruel denyal of a thing as juſt as eaſie to be granted. If it be as you ſay, (reply'd the fair *Almahide*, raiſing him up) you may be ſure to obtain it; ſince my Vertue onely requires that it ſhould be fair and reaſonable. Speak then, Sir, for your own repoſe and mine; for upon thoſe two Conditions you may be certain, that I deſire your ſatisfaction to the utmoſt of my Power. I do not think, reply'd the Count ſighing, that I tranſgreſs the moſt rigorous bounds of Honeſty and Reaſon; or that the moſt nice and ſcrupulous Vertue in the World can deny me this Requeſt, that is to ſay, ſince you will not vouchſafe to return to *Sevil*, that you will permit me to ſtay in *Granada*. Yes, Madam, moſt willingly will I prefer the Title of Slave, before that of Count of *Pegnafiel*, which is already mine; or that of Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, which is mine in expectance. And though in my heart there be nothing low or mean, but that all my thoughts are Noble and elevated, though I might enjoy the Diadems of my Anceſtors, I would not quit my Fetters: Require not therefore from me things abſolutely impoſſible, but permit me to dye your Slave, ſince I am not ſufficiently happy to live your Husband. And to take away all ground or pretence of ſcruple, if your nice Vertue will not ſuffer me to live in *Morayzel*'s Houſe, permit me onely to uſe my Wits, and to try whether I cannot get ſome other Maſter to oblige him to part with me; to the end, that ſtaying in *Granada*, I may at leaſt enjoy the onely ſatisfaction that remains to me in the World, which is to ſee the Cœleſtial, the Divine, the Cruel *Almahide*. Ah, Sir, reply'd ſhe, that which you demand is neither Honeſt nor Reaſonable; ſo that you have gone beyond the limits of both. For in ſhort, would it be juſt to ſuffer that the Illuſtrious *Ponce de Leon* ſhould be a Slave that deſerves to be a King? With what eyes can I behold him carry Chains, that ought rather to wear a Crown? Or how can I endure that he ſhould dye in a poor Condition, whom I have beheld to live in ſo much Grandeur? Were it fitting I ſhould repay with ſhame and ſorrow the Friendſhip and Kindneſſes which I have receiv'd from the Duke and Dutcheſs of *Medina Sidonia*? Would it be fair that I ſhould

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rob them of their onely Son, after they have given me my Liberty? Would it be juſt that I ſhould be the cauſe of their Death, that have ſav'd my Life? Ah, no, no, Sir, it would be neither Honourable nor Juſt. And I ſhould be unworthy of that Ardent Affection which you teſtifie towards me, to oblige you to ſuch extraordinary Services. Go then, Sir, go and make the Duke and Dutcheſs amends with your amiable Preſence for the Affliction which your Abſence hath caus'd. Go and dry up their Tears, and rather let the unfortunate *Almahide* weep: Reaſon will have it ſo, and you ought not to deſire it againſt Reaſon. Therefore let us talk no more of a thing which I had thought you had reſolv'd upon from the beginning of our Diſcourſe; and ſuffer me for once to take more care of your Fortune and your Honour than your ſelf; ſeeing they are more dear to me than all my own delights or repoſe. Oh, how cruel is your Pity, Madam! cry'd the diſconſolate Count of *Pegnafiel*; and what ſtrange miſchief do you intend me in thinking to do me a kindneſs! But ſince your return to *Sevil* is impoſſible, and my ſtay in *Granada* ſeems alſo to you to be ſo; give me a little time to conſider, and reſolve upon ſo ſevere a ſeparation. The Rigor whereof which I ſuffer'd at *Fontaines*, as it could not be fore-ſeen, was however at length inſupportable; and you find by what I have done, what I am capable to do. Nay, Madam, I declare to you, that if I depart from hence in haſte, I muſt of neceſſity return again. Let me alone therefore a little while, that I may accuſtome my ſelf to my misfortune, ſince it is inevitable; and ſince you cannot take away the bitterneſs of it, at leaſt remove the ſurprize which would confound my Reaſon, and tranſport me to the utmoſt degree of deſpair; and while I dye at your feet, either by my own hands, or through the burthen of my ſorrows, would expoſe you more than my ſtay here can do to the Obloquie of the Court. The Illuſtrious Count of *Pegnafiel* ſpeaks very true, then ſaid I to the fair *Almahide*: And therefore if I have not abſolutely loſt that Credit which I formerly had in your thoughts, and you the remembrance of what I have done for you in your Infancy, you will not refuſe him a favour which without hazarding your own Honour will preſerve his Life; and in his Perſon preſerve to you the moſt faithful Lover that ever was. And then, Madam (added I, to preſs her yet farther, for I perceiv'd her begin to totter) in that favourable interval, who knows but that you may conſent to the Count of *Pegnafiel*'s Love, and my Prayers? Fortune aweary of your misfortunes, may ſhe not change them into Pleaſures? She has done ſtranger Miracles than theſe. And the leſs appearance there is in things, the ſooner they come to paſs, when ſhe is pleas'd to bring them to a concluſion by conceal'd ways of her own. In ſhort, Madam, it is but Prudence to let it be the laſt thing we do to deprive our ſelves of a benefit, or to procure a miſchief to our ſelves; and if you are adviſed by me, you will obſerve that Rule. Alas, *Don Fernand*, anſwer'd ſhe, how difficult a thing it is not to obſerve it! But how dangerous it is not to follow it! And with what a ſenſible Repentance may we not find it accompany'd? With none, with none, Madam, ſaid the Count of *Pegnafiel*: And beſides, my heart Prognoſticates that if you will but grant me this favour firſt, my Deſtiny will afford me others. I cannot tell what your heart Prognoſticates, reply'd *Almahide*, but I perceive a ſecret Advertiſement in my own, that the exact Rules of Vertue no way permit what you require. Over-ſcrupulous Vertue, ſaid I, is not to be called Vertue; for rational Boldneſs cannot degenerate into Vice. I confeſs it, anſwer'd ſhe; but the Vertues of Men are oftimes the Vices of Women: For as it is a glorious thing for *Ponce de Leon* to be bold, I think it more honourable for me to be fearful. Theſe thoughts of yours, ſaid the Count, are very becoming among Ladies; but though they proceed from Nature, Reaſon ought to overcome them. Ah! who can tell you what that Reaſon is which you ſpeak of? reply'd *Almahide*. Reaſon it ſelf, anſwer'd I; for it is impoſſible but that Reaſon muſt tell your heart, though your lips will not confeſs it, that with more Juſtice we may vanquiſh our own fears, than ſuffer that to periſh which we love, or that which loves us; a Victory eaſily won if we will make uſe of that Reaſon againſt the ſame Enemy. I am not then ſo expert, reply'd the fair Lady; for I muſt confeſs that with all thoſe glittering Weapons that you ſpeak of, I ſhall never vanquiſh that Enemy without trouble. That, Madam, reply'd the Count of *Pegnafiel*, is onely becauſe you will not. In truth, moſt divine *Almahide*, added I, you have made ſo long reſiſtance againſt Reaſon, Love, your Lover, and your Friends, that you cannot now yield for ſhame. Then I muſt yield, anſwer'd ſhe; but do you remember both of you, if any miſchief befall the Credulous *Almahide*; and do you likewiſe remember, ſaid ſhe to *Ponce de Leon*, that your Entreaties and Perſwaſions have been the onely cauſe; and that it was not my fault that you were not more Happy, and I more Innocent. Moſt divine Lady, cry'd the Count, caſting himſelf upon his knees, I ſhould be leſs happy upon a Throne, than now at your Feet: And provided my Felicity laſt, a Slave ſhall boaſt of more content than a King. Fetters however are more weighty than Scepters, ſaid ſhe raiſing him up again. Nevertheleſs, reply'd the Illuſtrious *Ponce de Leon*, I will not quit the one for the other. But Sir, ſaid I to him, while you ſtay ſo long here, you conſider not that you have a Maſter as well as a Miſtreſs; and that he will not take it well, when he returns from the King, whither he was going when you firſt met him, that you have not pay'd your firſt devoires to the Illuſtrious *Semahis*. And indeed it appears, conſidering how you demean your ſelf, that you have not carried Fetters long, but that you are a Young Slave. However, it concerns you very much, added I ſmiling, to do the beſt you can; for if you ſhould

diſpleaſe *Morayzel*, and he ſhould Sell you to ſome *Moor* of *Tunis* or *Fez*, that ſhould carry you away into his own Countrey, I believe you would not be very well pleas'd. After that, Sir, *Almahide* having conſented that he ſhould remain ſome time Diſguiz'd in her Fathers Palace, and that he ſhould have the ſatisfaction to ſee and talk with her, as often as they could find favourable Opportunities, ſhe return'd to her Appartment, with as much Love as Surpriſe, and as much diſturb'd in her Mind, as pleas'd in her Thoughts. As for the Count of *Pegnafiel*, I cannot tell how to expreſs his Ecſtaſies; and if I would have ſuffer'd him, he would have been as long in expreſſing his Joy, as he was in the relation of his Grief. But in regard I was not ſo much inamour'd as he, I compeil'd him to make better uſe of his time; and after I had fully inſtructed him in *Semahis* humour, that he might be the better able to pleaſe her, I carried him to her Chamber, where the Young Captive knew ſo well how to put in practice the Leſſons I had taught him, and ſo well to flatter the Imperious humour of that Lady, that upon the very firſt Diſcourſe he made a very fair Progreſs in pleaſing her diſpoſition; ſo that if he enjoy'd all the Friendſhip of the Daughter, he had no leſs the Reſpect and Eſteem of the Mother. While they were together *Morayzel* return'd from the *Alhambre*, and finding the Beautiful Slave with his Wife, he put in to the Diſcourſe. He ask'd the feigned *Leonce* a hundred Queſtions, to which the other made anſwer always with ſo much reſpect, ſo much wit, and ſo acceptably, that the Valiant *Moor* was ſtill more and more in love with him than he had been before, and thought his thouſand Sequins well laid out in the Purchaſe of ſo extraordinary a Slave. Moreover as it is the property of Joy to put it ſelf forth, *Morayzel* could not keep his in; ſo that he commanded me to fetch *Almahide*. At the ſound of that Name, Sir, you may well believe, that the Count of *Pegnafiel* felt his heart beat after a ſtrange manner. But his inward Commotion was nothing in compariſon to that of the fair *Granadine*, when I told her that *Morayzel* had ſent for her to ſee the new Captive. Ah, *Don Fernand*, ſaid ſhe trembling, and with a Countenance red as fire, I have not the Power to go: So that if you do not find ſome way to excuſe me, by ſaying either that I am not well, or not up, I ſhall dye with very ſhame; and diſcover that, it may be, which it is ſo neceſſary for me to conceal. Say you ſo, Madam, ſaid I ſmiling, a Lady that has fearleſs look'd the Pirates in the Face, and afraid of ſuch a little thing as this? O *Don Fernand*, ſaid ſhe, *Morayzel* is more terrible to me than all the Pirates of *Origny*; and I am afraid that *Semahis* ſhould find in my Eyes all that I carry in my Heart. You need not look upon her, ſaid I ſmiling again, but always look upon *Ponce de Leon*. You teach me, ſaid ſhe, but an ill way to conceal the motions of my Soul: For I believe it would be better for me not to look upon him at all. After that, having a little better recover'd her ſelf, ſhe gave me her hand, and I led her into the Chamber of the Princeſs her Mother. So ſoon as *Morayzel* ſaw her, Daughter, ſaid he with an obliging air, though the *Moors* in general are reputed to be very Covetous, yet am I reſolv'd to be ſomewhat Liberal this day; and to make you a Preſent ſo Magnificent, and ſo Rare, that you ſhall clearly ſee that the *Moors* of *Granada* are much more free-hearted than thoſe of *Africa*. And to prove what I ſay, I give you that Slave, pointing to the Count of *Pegnafiel*, which I would ſell very dear to another; or to ſay better, which I would not ſell to any Perſon living, for all the Gold in *Granada* cannot pay me for him. Upon thoſe words a Vermilion tincture quick as Lightning ſpread it ſelf in the Cheeks of the fair *Almahide*, and her fears increas'd. But as exceſs of danger makes the greateſt Cowards Valiant, ſhe recover'd her ſelf preſently, and in anſwer to *Morayzel*, with an infinite Grace, Sir, ſaid ſhe (ſenſible of her baſhfulneſs, and without liſtning to her own Inclination, that ſhe might hearken to nothing but her own Duty) you know better than I that if Liberality be a Vertue, Prodigality is a Vice; that it is Noble to give, but not good to give too much; that there ought to be a proportion obſerv'd between the Preſent which we make and the Perſon that receives. So the more you eſteem this Slave, the more wary ought I to be how I accept him: While you tell me his worth, you inſtruct me not to take him; and therefore that I may not appear more Covetous, be pleas'd to be leſs Liberal. But it becomes not you, Daughter, to regulate the Liberality of the Prince your Father: And therefore in regard that ſometimes the Perfections of Men are the Vices of Women, it becomes you not to limit his Bounty; but though you ſeem more Covetous than he, to accept what he freely beſtows upon you. By what I apprehend, reply'd *Ponce de Leon*, I muſt be thought the worſt Slave in the World, ſeeing that having been bought ſo dear, I am here pinn'd upon one that will not receive me: So that I think the beſt way for me, will be to ſeek to Redeem my ſelf for want of a Maſter. But Madam, added he beholding *Almahide*, judge not of me by outward appearances, which are many times deceitful; for though I have not long worn theſe Chains, be aſſur'd that an Old Slave ſhall not ſerve you better than I will. Either my meaning is not rightly Interpreted, added the fair *Granadine*, or elſe you do not rightly apprehend me; for my refuſal is rather a mark of my eſteem, than of my deſpiſal. And if I am not deceiv'd, Moderation and Pride ſo little reſemble one another, that they can never be taken one for the other. In ſhort, ſaid *Morayzel* then to the Divine *Almahide*, whether it be Pride or Moderation, Liberality or Avarice, you ſhall accept what I give you, or I ſhall never give you any thing more. Ah, Sir, reply'd the fair Virgin, Menaces and Preſents ill agree together, yet your Generoſity inſpires me with more Affection than Fear. But after all, I think it is better for me to be leſs Wealthy than leſs Vertuous,

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and that it becomes me not to change my mind. I will change it then, reply'd the Count of *Pegnafiel*; for though the Prince your Father gave ſo much for me, I am worth ſo little, that you may accept of me without any ſcruple. But, reply'd the haughty *Semahis*, you have ſo great a deſire to change your Maſter, that you ſhould not change at all, if I might be believ'd, to make out our Revenge, and your Puniſhment. A Slave is always happy, Madam (reply'd *Ponce de Leon* with a profound reſpect) wherever Fortune throws him, he finds his Fetters to be Noble, and his Servitude Honourable. You ſpeak cunningly and civilly, reply'd *Semahis*: But yet your inclinations have declar'd themſelves rather for *Almahide* than *Morayzel*. I confeſs it, *Madam*, reply'd the Count; yet my inclination does not at all diminiſh my Duty: For ſince my firſt *Maſter* deſires I ſhould have a *Miſtreſs*, it behoves me now onely to regard her. You have done then as you ought to do, reply'd *Semahis* ſmiling, for I think you have done nothing but look'd upon her, ever ſince ſhe came into the Chamber. That gentle nip ſomewhat ſurprizing *Ponce de Leon*, caus'd him to bluſh; nevertheleſs he ſoon recover'd himſelf, and thus proceeding, 'Tis very true, *Madam*, reply'd he, that I have all along beheld the Illuſtrious *Almahide*, but I thought it my Duty ſo to do; for a Slave ought to have his Eyes always fix'd upon his *Maſter*, that he may the more readily obey him; that he may, if it be poſſible, gheſs at his very intentions by the motions of his looks, and with his Service prevent his Commands. But you are not my Slave, reply'd the Lovely *Almahide*, ſince I do not deſire you ſhould be ſo. Pardon me, *Madam*, but I am, reply'd he caſting a ſad look upon her; for the Invincible *Morayzel* has beſtow'd me upon you, nor have you yet given me my Freedom. No, no, reply'd the Valiant *Morayzel*, ſhe has not yet ſet you free, and I am aſſur'd ſhe does not intend it. She refuſes that which ſhe may eaſily have, but ſhould I grant her whatever ſhe demanded, ſhe would never think her ſelf oblig'd to me for my Preſent. Oh, Sir, reply'd the incomparable Virgin, have a better Opinion of me. Do you then more gratefully acknowledge my Favours, anſwer'd *Morayzel*, and without farther diſputing againſt a thing reſolv'd upon, accept what I give you, ſince I intend to beſtow him upon no other Perſon. And having ſo ſaid, he went out of *Semahis* Chamber, not giving the Princeſs his Daughter any time to reply: and a while after the fair *Granadine* retir'd to her own, attended by her new Slave, more glad to be a Slave, than if Fortune had Crown'd him a King. When ſhe came to her Chamber, the counterfeit *Leonce* (beholding her with eyes full of Joy and Love) with a low voice, for fear of being over-heard by the Female Slaves that were in the Apartment, I owe no thanks to you, *Madam*, ſaid he, that this very day, of the moſt Fortunate of Lovers, I was not made the moſt miſerable among men; and that you had not broken my Fetters with a cruelty not to be parallel'd. I cannot think it, ſaid ſhe, a piece of Cruelty to have taken off your Chains. Ah, Madam, ſaid he, rather take away my Life, for I do not at all deſire my Liberty. Alas! you know not what it is to be a Slave, reply'd *Almahide*: But I know my Miſtreſs, anſwer'd *Ponce de Leon*. The *Moors*, however, are very Imperious Maſters, reply'd the fair *Granadine*: and I am perſwaded you will change your Opinion. I will as ſoon change my heart, reply'd the Count of *Pegnafiel*: For ſo long as I am near that which is the cauſe of my life, I will rather chooſe to die than forſake your preſence. But it may be you will not find it ſo eaſie to obey an *African Moor*. There is nothing difficult to them that Love, reply'd the Count; for I dare not add, and to them that are Beloved again. Enquire among all the Slaves in *Aſia*, *Africa*, or *Granada*, ſaid ſhe, and I am perſwaded you will find none of your Opinion. The Reaſon is, reply'd *Ponce de Leon*, becauſe they are under a conſtrained ſervitude; mine is voluntary. But the Will, added the fair *Granadine*, conſiders not how far it engages it ſelf: For though *Ponce de Leon* knows the Shepherdeſs *Aminta*, the Slave *Leonce* is not acquainted with the Princeſs *Almahide*, nor what inviolable and rigorous Laws that Princeſs will impoſe upon him. Let her make me underſtand thoſe ſevere Laws, ſo difficult to be obſerv'd, ſaid *Ponce de Leon*; for provided they be not impoſſible, my Paſſion will render them ſo eaſie to be obſerv'd, that I ſhall ſubmit to them without conſtraint, and never break the leaſt of her Commands. In the firſt place, being born to Command, it behoves you to Obey; to be dutiful to *Morayzel*, and reſpectful to *Semahis*; that you ſerve both very well: that is to ſay, that you know how to do that which you never did before, that you think nothing too mean nor too difficult: That you be diligent, faithful, exact, and careful: That you be belov'd by your Maſters, and hated by the Servants; for Love and Hatred go both together here, eſpecially among the Slaves. That you be diſcreet and ſecret, reſerv'd, patient, and modeſt; and how weighty ſoever you feel your Chains, you muſt feign them to be light and eaſie, not ſo much as fetching one ſigh for the loſs of your Liberty, or ſo much as diſcovering one thought that you are aweary of your Captivity. Though when you have ſurmounted all theſe difficulties, and done all this, there is yet more to do. For after *Morayzel* and *Semahis* are well contented with your Service, ſtill *Almahide* remains to be ſatisfied; and perhaps, you will find her the moſt Imperious. She will exact from you a continual and profound reſpect: You muſt never ſpeak a word to her which Reaſon has not examin'd to the utmoſt rigor; you muſt never think a thought which the moſt ſcrupulous Vertue will not approve. You muſt live under a perpetual conſtraint, regulate your looks, and not ſuffer your eyes to betray the ſecrets of your heart. You are inviolably forbid never to be in my Preſence but when the reſt of my Slaves are with me, and expreſly Commanded never to enter into my

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Apartment but when they are there. You are not allow'd to ſpeak to me in private, unleſs it be in the Garden, and in the ſame place where we had our firſt meeting. Nor muſt that be often, for fear of being over-heard, or rather to ſatisfie my own Integrity, which reproaches me for permitting what I endure, and for what I do, whatever *Don Fernand* has ſaid, and whatever you can ſay. You muſt undergo all theſe hardſhips, and endure all theſe troubles both of body and mind without any hope at all; for you know the *Moors* and Chriſtians enter into no Alliances together. And when you have patiently endur'd all this, we muſt in a ſhort time ſeparate; for you will ſee me dye, if I live any long time after this manner. Ah, Madam, anſwer'd the Count of *Pegnafiel*, for this laſt Article, I can never yield to it, for you exact that from me which is not in my Power to Promiſe: I ſubſcribe to all the reſt, how difficult ſoever they be, Love will make them eaſie. I will be your Slave, and think my ſelf happy to be ſo; and though they ſay, that Lovers always hope, I will love without hope. My Reſpect ſhall equal my Paſſion, and my Diſcretion ſhall equal both. Though my heart be all on fire, and that fire cannot be eaſily conceal'd, I will labour that my flame ſhall be as ſecret as it is great. In a word, Madam, I can Serve, I can Suffer, I can Dye, but I can never quit your Preſence. They were in this Diſpute when I came from *Semahis's* Chamber, where I ſtay'd after them, to the fair *Almahide's*, and finding them there in this conteſt, I became the Arbitrator of the difference. But in making an award that *Ponce de Leon* ſhould not be gone ſo ſoon, and that the fair *Granadine* ſhould allow him the Liberty oftner than ſhe was willing at firſt, was a ſentence very acceptable to both, though it be a rare thing to ſee both Parties equally pleas'd with their Judge. However it were, thoſe two Illuſtrious and perfect Lovers from that day forward led a life infinitely delightful; they ſaw one another every day, diſcours'd each other every day, and every day gave each other a hundred obliging Proofs of a moſt tender and affectionate Friendſhip. But all the while with a diſcretion and prudence ſo exact, that no Perſon alive perceiv'd the leaſt ſparkle of ſo great a fire; for the inamour'd Slave ſerv'd her ſo diligently, that no one thought it ſtrange, that *Almahide* look'd upon him with a gracious eye, or put a particular truſt in him. He had alſo the Wit and good Fortune to be belov'd by thoſe that ought to have hated him; all the other Slaves becoming Captives to his merit, inſtead of proving his Enemies. As for *Morayzel* and *Semahis*, they upbraided their Daughter, for having ſlighted the Preſent which they made her, and that ſhe did not underſtand the value of him. So that all things ſucceeded to the poor Slave according to his deſires: Nor had he any thing to wiſh for, but the continuance of his good Fortune. In the mean time not forgetting the fair *Almahide's* Inclination to Poetry; and that Complaiſance and Love are inſeparable, he gave a little liberty to his Muſe, and ſent her the following Lines.

ALL my Repoſe proceeds from my pains,
So luckily Love inſpir'd the Choice;
For had I not choſen to carry theſe Chains,
My heart then had miſt what now it enjoys.

For ſeeing I ſerve ſuch a Monarch, whoſe Law
Is a Law that keeps proudeſt Monarchs in awe,
A King is the ſame with a Slave in diſguiſe;
I honour my Chains and their Scepters deſpiſe.

In them there is nothing of weight or diſgrace,
For Lovers, by loſing their Liberty, gain;
Such a Servitude cannot their Freedom deface,
For then they believe that they onely do Reign.

Fair Almahide *is ſo Charming and kind,*
That not the leaſt cruelty Reigns in her breaſt;
For alas, all her Chains that ſo eaſily bind,
Are beauty and ſweetneſs; what Monarch more bleſt?

The fair *Almahide* receiv'd theſe Verſes, as ſhe had formerly receiv'd ſeveral others which he had ſent her; that is to ſay, commending them as well as the Illuſtrious Author, and acknowledging the Obligation which he laid upon her. Thus, as I ſaid before, theſe happy Lovers led a life infinitely delightful: Nor were they croſs'd by any farther fears; for ſeeing the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* had made no ſearch for his Son in the Court of *Granada*, by degrees their apprehenſions of danger ceas'd, while they taſted the ſweets of immaculate pleaſure and uninterrupted content. Not but that the Illuſtrious *Ponce de Leon* was forc'd to have every foot ſome new conteſts with *Almahide's* Regularity; who would ſtill be urging him to leave a place where he could not reſide, according to her fancy, without hazarding her Honour and his own Life. But he defended himſelf ſo vigorouſly, and I ſeconded him ſo well, that Peace always enſu'd after thoſe little Skirmiſhes; and the Truce which we made, always kept the exactneſs and ſcruples of that fair Virgin ſilent.

In the mean time our Counterfeit Merchant for Slaves, and our Real Painter, liv'd in *Granada*, under the pretence of Traffick, and came almoſt every day to conſult with us what he had to do, and to know whether the Illuſtrious *Ponce* had any need of any thing, and what Progreſs he made in his deſign. During which time our cunning Painter made ſeveral ſmall journeys to the place where he had left the Horſes; and every time giving ſome little Preſents to the Hoſt that kept them, more perſwaſive than any Reaſons, for his ſo long ſtay at *Granada*, he kept all things private: after which our feigned Merchant return'd to the City without any ſuſpicion of his buſineſs. On the other ſide, *Inez* of *Arragon*, who was not in ſo much anger as her Husband, but full of Motherly affection, did not ſo punctually obſerve the Order which

he

he had given in his haſte, never to ſend after his Son, but to leave him to his own ill management. But on the contrary, not doubting but that the force of his Love had carried him to *Granada*, ſhe found out one of thoſe Rich Merchants in *Sevil* that keep a private Correſpondence with the *Moors*, notwithſtanding the Kings Proclamations and difference in Religion, and by him ſhe ſent me a Letter, wherein ſhe ſhew'd her ſelf to be a *Mo*ther, that is to ſay, Affectionate and Pitiful, and that *Ponce de Leon* had no need to be afraid of her. She likewiſe wrote one to him in a more affectionate ſtyle: As alſo another to the fair *Almahide* ſo full of Kindneſs and Friendſhip, as if ſhe had been her Daughter; all three to this Effect.

To Don Fernand De Solis.

"I am aſſur'd, that had you ſtay'd at *Fontaines*, *Ponce de Leon* had not been at *Granada*; "for your wiſe advice would have kept him "from committing ſuch a fault, and would have "ſav'd me many a Tear. But ſince the time "paſt cannot be recall'd, we are onely to mind "the preſent, and that which is to come; and "to put a ſtop to the bad conſequences "which the ill management of my Son may "produce. I recommend him to your Prudence, "but more to your Friendſhip; for as the Stars "have threatned him from his Birth with Servitude and Fetters, he has need both of the "one and the other to preſerve him from them, "and the place where I preſume him to be, is "too likely to make that Prediction true; "whereby all the cares of the Duke and mine "will become altogether fruitleſs. Do you "then prevent what neither he nor I could do, "and thereby fully compleat the Number of "your kindeſſes to

The Dutcheſs of Medina Sidonia.

To Ponce de Leon.

"Though you have forgot that you are my "Son, I have not forgot that I am your *Mo*ther; "and though you have fail'd in your Duty toward me, I have not been wanting in my "Affection for you: For I had rather forget a "fault, than imitate it; and pardon the Offender, than be guilty my ſelf. Repent then "that you have done amiſs, to them that did "well for you, and be not the cauſe of her "death, to whom you owe your life; at leaſt "if you can remember that her Name is

Inez D'Arragon.

To the Princeſs Almahide.

"Did I not always love you as a Daughter, "I would conſent that you ſhould hate my Son, "and that you ſhould render me unfortunate "in rendring him unhappy. But as there is yet "no ſuch change of that affection which I had "for you, let there be no change of that Friendſhip which you had for me; and let not the "Princeſs *Almahide* be leſs pitiful than the Shepherdeſs *Aminta* was good. In ſhort, I recommend to your care the onely Son whom I "love, and whom you have no reaſon to hate. "Keep him from being a Slave, ſince it is onely "in the Perſon of the Count of *Pegnafiel* that "you can Oblige

Inez D' Arragon.

The Incomparable *Granadine* had no ſooner read this Letter, but turning a ſad and languiſhing look upon the moſt enamour'd of men, Ah, Sir, ſaid ſhe to *Ponce de Leon*, after you have ſo long hearkned to Love, 'tis time now that you ſhould hear the voice of Nature, and that I my ſelf ſhould liſten to Reaſon, which tells me 'tis not juſt for me to be ingrateful, nor for you to be unthankful. Go then, go, Sir, purſu'd ſhe; go and comfort an Illuſtrious Mother, by reſtoring to her an Illuſtrious Son: and that you may be aſham'd of your Fetters, call to remembrance the Crowns of your Anceſtors. And though your departure were ſure to be the cauſe of my death, added ſhe, laying her hand upon her eyes, take heed how you give the leaſt cauſe of grief to her that gave you your Being. Ah, Madam, cry'd the feigned *Leonce*, be pleas'd not to be ſo cruel while you endeavour to be compaſſionate; nor to be ſo careful of the Dutcheſs of *Sidonia*, as abſolutely to neglect the unfortunate Count of *Pegnafiel*; ſhe may eaſily live without him, but he cannot live without you, nor can you chaſe him hence unleſs you hunt him out of his life. But Sir, reply'd *Almahide*, can you forget all that you owe to ſo good a Mother? Or would you that I my ſelf ſhould forget all that I owe ſo good a Friend? Madam, reply'd *Ponce de Leon*, do you owe nothing to my Love? And do not I owe ſomething to my own Preſervation? O God! added the fair *Granadine*, what is it you do not owe to Nature, and to Honour? And what is it that I do not owe to Gratitude and my own Reputation? But, reply'd the Illuſtrious Slave, will that Reputation ſuffer nothing, if you prove the death of an unfortunate Perſon that is ready to dye a hundred times to ſave your life? Heaven preſerve me from that misfortune, reply'd *Almahide*. Look you to that, if you think it to be a misfortune, anſwer'd *Ponce de Leon*; ſince it lies in your Power, either to cauſe or divert it. In ſhort, I was forc'd

once more to be Arbitrator between those two Illustrious Persons, and once more to condemn the fair *Granadine* to permit and suffer the presence of a Lover, of whose Company she endeavour'd to deprive her self, though nothing in the World were more dear to her. After that, we consulted together, what answer to give to the Letters we had receiv'd: Whereupon when we were all together, I was the first that put Pen to Paper, to this effect.

To the Illustrious Dutchess of Medina Sidonia.

"I confess, Madam, that had I been to Advise "the Illustrious Count of *Pegnafiel*, it may be "he would not have undertaken this Journey, "and I might have oppos'd his humour, to have "eas'd you of so much sorrow. But seeing that, "as you prudently say, Time past can never be "recall'd, I will onely tell your Excellency, "that if the Generous *Ponce de Leon* be a Slave "here, he is the most happy Slave in the world, "and the most satisfied of his own Condition. "As for my Cares and Services, Madam, they "shall not be wanting to the utmost of my di- "ligence and fidelity; and I dare assure you, "for your comfort, that the end of this Enter- "prize will afford you more content than the "beginning, which is the earnest wish of

Fernand de Solis.

The Letter which the Count her Son sent her, was to this effect.

To the Dutchess of Medina Sidonia.

"Though I never had any intention to dis- "please you, I am guilty, Madam, because I have "Offended your Highness. And I take it to "be my best way to expect Pardon rather from "your Goodness than my own Excuses. I beg "it also, Madam, at your hands, but with all "that Respect which you say I have forgot, "though I never shall: for there is nothing "more dear to me than your life, nothing more "desir'd by me than the length of your days: "And before I forget that I have the honour to "be yours, I must forget that my Name is

Ponce de Leon.

The fair *Almahide's* Letter, to the best of my remembrance, was to this purpose.

To the Dutchess of Medina Sidonia.

"As I had no hand in the departure of your "Illustrious Son, Madam, I have no hand in "his stay; and how welcome soever he may "be to me, *Don Fernand* can tell that I have "preferr'd your satisfaction before my own: "For I should be the most ingrateful Person in "the World, should I not study your content; "and should I forget your kindness, I must of "necessity forget my Royal Extraction, which "requires that my Vertue should be equal to "my Quality. Doubt not therefore, Madam, "either of my acknowledgment, or of my "cares for all that is dear to your self; and be "assur'd that your goodness toward *Aminta* "shall never be forgotten by

Almahide.

After this Pacquet was Seal'd, I gave it to the *Moresco* Merchant, from whom I receiv'd the Dutchesses, who was very careful to send it to his Correspondent in *Sevil*, who presented it to the Dutchess, who was more than over-joy'd at the receipt of it. But Sir, the Dutchesses Letters came not alone; for the *Granadine* Merchant receiv'd withall an Order from his Friend to let me have what money I desir'd, and as often as I had need. Thereupon I took up six thousand Sequins, to serve us upon all occasions, having first paid *Don Sancha* what he had laid out. In the mean while the Truce ending, and the Duke of *Feria* being sent to Command the Army of the Catholick Kings, the brave *Morayzel* was appointed to take charge of the Forces of the King of *Granada*, who went to the Frontiers accordingly. But Sir, let me now return to the Duke of *Infantada*, whom we left shut up in his Palace after the departure of the fair *Granadine*; leading there a sad and solitary life, and consuming himself with grief and vexation. However, as Melancholy as he was, the certainty which he had that he was not alone in his misfortune, but that his Rival shar'd with him in misery, rendred his life somewhat the less burthensom. And I am perswaded that long grieving, and the absence of his beloved Object, had by degrees remov'd all the bitterness of his Anguish, and it may be the Passion that caus'd it. For what does not Time bring to pass, that ruines Palaces and Cities, and changes the face of the World with continual revolutions? But when this disconsolate Lover came to understand that the Count of *Pegnafiel* had rode away from *Fontaines*, it not being known whither; he made no question but that he was gone to *Granada*; and his Jealousie, more clear sighted than all the Court, absolutely believ'd that his Rival had withdrawn himself onely to follow *Almahide*. Which cruel fancy at the same time awakening

in

his heart all his Love, and all his Grief, he abandoned himſelf altogether to both. How, (ſaid he bewailing himſelf) unhappy Duke of *Infantada*, has thy deceit avail'd thee nothing? And haſt thou been wicked to no purpoſe? Haſt thou render'd thy ſelf miſerable to make thy Rival happy? And haſt thou ſent *Almahide* away, for *Ponce de Leon* to follow her? How, added he again, ſhall this Fortunate Rival of thine be oblig'd to thee for his Felicity? Haſt thou labour'd onely for his Honour and thy own Shame? For his content and thy own ſorrow? For his repoſe and thy own torment? Ah! no, no, unfortunate *Don Alvarez*, ruine thy ſelf quite, or ſave thy ſelf; remedy thy error, or puniſh thy ſelf for thy own fault: overthrow thy Rivals joys, or deſtroy thy own. Alas, cry'd he ſighing, he ſees her, and converſes with her; ſhe ſees him, and converſes with him. Alas, added he almoſt enrag'd, ſhe not onely anſwers him, but anſwers him favourably; and while thou conſumeſt thy ſelf here in ſuperfluous Lamentations, he takes felicities as great as thy misfortunes. O Heavens! and canſt thou ſuffer all this. No, no, added he, I cannot endure it; of neceſſity I muſt repair my fault, I muſt re-behold *Almahide*, whoſe Company the Count of *Pegnafiel* enjoys: And if I cannot be happy my ſelf, I will hinder him from being ſo. Let us be gone then quickly, for we cannot come too ſoon to trouble the tranquillity of a Rival, or calm our own diſturbances. But alas, reply'd he the next moment after, how canſt thou do what thou ſay'ſt? By what means canſt thou annoy *Ponce de Leon*, and re-behold the fair *Almahide*? Have the *Caſtilians* and *Granadines* any Commerce together? Be there any *Moors* in *Sevil*, any *Spaniards* in *Granada*? Ah, no, no; Grief diſtracts thy Judgment, thou flattereſt thy ſelf with Chimera's and Impoſſibilities. But, reply'd he to himſelf, full of Choler and deſpite, if thy Rival can be there, why canſt not thou? Haſt thou leſs love than he, or leſs invention? And wouldſt thou not die for ſhame, to be thought to have leſs Courage than he? No, no, thou haſt not leſs Courage, nor leſs Love, nor leſs Invention, but thou art more Unfortunate, and what he accompliſhes, is to thee impoſſible. For in ſhort, unfortunate Duke of *Infantada*, purſu'd he, haſt thou forgot the Kings Command, not to depart out of *Sevil*? And that thou wilt be guilty of High Treaſon if thou goeſt among the Enemies of thy King and Countrey. Conſider thy Eſtate, conſider thy Quality, and whether it be for a Grandee of *Spain* to go among the *Moors*. But oh! too Loyal Subject and diſloyal Lover, reply'd he. Alas! if thou ſtandeſt to weigh thy Love and Fortune, thy Eſtate and thy Miſtreſs, thy Death and thy own Content in the ſame Scales, thou meriteſt thy own misfortunes, and doſt not deſerve to be pitied. Thy Rival has forſaken his Parents and his Fortune; has Revolted from his King and Countrey: He has done all this, and thou muſt do the ſame. But O Heavens! I know not how to go about it. Stupid Fool! purſu'd he, dye for ſhame, that thou canſt not invent what another has found out; that thou canſt not do what a more cunning Rival has done for *Almahide's* ſake. Thus this perplexed Lover rav'd and beat his Brains for many days, not being able to get out of the Labyrinth; nor can I tell whether Love could have help'd him out, had not Fortune aſſiſted him. For no ſooner he underſtood that the Truce was broken, and that the Valiant *Morayzel* Commanded the Army of the *Moors*, but he thought upon a Contrivance. To this purpoſe he privately order'd his Houſhold Affairs, he ſecur'd his Eſtate, as well as he could, from the Juſtice of the two Kings, and from the hatred of their Favourite, ſhould he make uſe of this Opportunity to ruine him. He took care to have his money return'd, and taking a good ſumme along with him, he ſlips out of *Sevil* in the Evening, in the Habit of an ordinary Horſeman, without any Train, and takes the neareſt way to the Frontiers; while *Ferdinand* and *Iſabell* ſtorm'd, his Friends were ſad, and the Marqueſs of *Ayamont* was glad of his departure: And at length he came to the *Spaniſh* Army, which lay Encamped upon the ſide of the Cold River, at a place called *Irbella*, the utmoſt Town, as you know, upon our Frontiers. The Army of the *Moors* was Lodg'd ſome few Leagues off, under the Protection of the Walls of the City of *Almeria*. So that the two Armies lying ſo near, there happen'd ſeveral Skirmiſhes every day between the *Spaniards* and the *Moors*; all which prov'd very favourable to the Duke of *Infantada*'s deſign. In regard he was known to the Duke of *Feria*, and all the Chief Officers, he went not to the Kings Quarters, but put himſelf into a ſingle Troop, under an ordinary Captain of Horſe, that knew him not at all; expecting the favourable minute that he wanted for his Enterprize. Nor was it long before he had his deſire: For the next morning early the Brave *Morayzel* coming in Perſon to view our Trenches, which he had a mind to Attacque, one of his Slaves threw himſelf into the Camp to recover his Liberty, and diſcover'd his Maſter. Whereupon divers Squadrons were ſent to Charge him; among which the Captain under whom the Duke of *Infantada* had put himſelf, was one. Now, Sir, you are to underſtand, that *Don Alvarez*'s deſign was to purchaſe *Morayzel*'s Eſteem by ſome extraordinary Action, which ſhould not however hinder him from becoming a Priſoner to the Valiant *Moor*. He deſpiſing Servitude and Fetters, ſo he might enjoy the Company of the lovely *Almahide*; of which he could not fail if this enterprize ſucceeded. He was no ſooner out of the Trenches, but leaving the Troop, all alone, without any Order, he flew like Lightning with his Sword in his hand a full Gallop upon *Morayzel*'s Troop, with a Courage that aſtoniſh'd his Friends and Enemies, and made him admir'd by both. The Squadron which he had left emulating his Example, made a brisk Charge, but the Victory was got to their hands; for the Duke of *Infantada* having diſorder'd the firſt

Ranks, had fill'd them all with fear and confuſion. The Invincible *Morayzel* ſpur'd forward with a Noble diſdain, three times rally'd his men, and three times before his eyes he ſaw them put to flight by this terrible unknown Champion, who yet cunningly avoided the Encounter with him in Perſon, not being willing to venture the Wounding or Killing of his Miſtreſſes Father. But that Valiant *Moor* being as great a Captain as a good Soldier, after he had rally'd his Troop once more, caus'd his Reſerve to advance, ſo that the Duke of *Infantada* being hem'd in between the two Squadrons, was by conſequence in the greateſt danger in the World. However he was not daunted in the leaſt, but ſhewing the greater Fury, his comely Preſence and his haughty Courage were the cauſe that *Morayzel* having a huge mind to ſave him, advanc'd toward him with his Scimitar in his hand, and addreſſing himſelf to him in very obliging Language, Valiant Chriſtian, ſaid he, yield thy ſelf, for it is not neceſſary for the ſtouteſt of Men to fight any longer than he can overcome. Invincible *Moor*, anſwer'd the Duke, it is no leſs honourable to yield to you, than overcome another; therefore receive my Sword, for which I would have contended with all the World even to Death. Having ſo ſaid, he preſented his Sword to *Morayzel*, kiſſing it; when *Morayzel*, joyfully receiving it, Whoever thou art, ſaid he, thou deſerveſt rather to be a Conquerour than to be Vanquiſh'd; I hope to make thee confeſs, that the Fetters we ſhall cauſe thee to wear will not be over-heavy; and that the *Moors* of *Granada* know how to eſteem Vertue even in the Camp of their Enemies. With thoſe words he gave him in keeping to one of his Officers, and putting himſelf into the Rear of his Troops, he retreated in ſo good Order, that they could not engage him to a general Combat. No ſooner was he alighted and come into his Tent, but calling to mind his Generous Captive, he ſent for him, and looking upon him with Admiration, Brave *Spaniard*, ſaid he in moſt obliging Language, were it not againſt the Intereſts of my Prince to return among his Enemies ſo Valiant a Perſon as thy ſelf, I ſwear to thee by *Alla*, and *Mahomet* his Prophet, that I would reſtore thee to thy Liberty. But ſince I cannot gratifie thee without injury to my King, I know thou art ſufficiently Generous to excuſe me, and that thou wilt not have the leſs reſpect for me, becauſe my rigour proceeds from my eſteem. Sir, anſwer'd *Don Alvarez*, over-joy'd that his deſign ſo well ſucceeded, Souldiers of Fortune, like my ſelf, are always prepar'd to ſuffer; and therefore ſince 'tis the will of Fate that I muſt wear Fetters, it could not have beſtow'd more glorious Chains than yours upon me, or which I would more willingly carry. I cannot tell, ſaid *Morayzel*, whether thy Birth be ſuch as thou pretendeſt, for thy Preſence tells another ſtory, than thy words; but this I know, that if thou art but of mean Extraction, thou deſerveſt a Royal Pedigree: However, do us the favour to tell us thy Countrey, thy Name, and Quality, if thou thinkeſt it fitting; I ſay, if thou thinkeſt it fitting; for I put no conſtraint upon thee. Sir, anſwer'd *Don Alvarez*, my Name is *Ramira*, of the Kingdom of *Valentia*, an Ordinary Knight. But let me be what I will, as it has been always my care to do what I ought to do, I hope you will find me as good a Slave as you have ſeen me a ſtout Souldier. 'Tis my Opinion alſo, reply'd *Morayzel*, that thou ſhalt not find me a bad Maſter; and that thou wilt have no need of thy great Courage to comfort thee in thy Servitude. But becauſe a Perſon of thy Courage would be in miſery to ſtay in an Army without fighting, and is too Noble to fight againſt his own Countrey, I will ſend thee to *Granada*, and give thee a Miſtreſs and Companion in thy Servitude, that may qualifie thy Captivity, and make thee in love with thy Chains. The Duke of *Infantada*'s heart beat at thoſe words, not doubting but the Miſtreſs which *Morayzel* ſpoke of, was his own, and that his Companion in Fetters was his Rival. But having a large and conſtant Soul, a quick and reſolute Wit, he ſoon recover'd himſelf; ſo that without ſhewing the leaſt diſcompoſure in his Countenance, Sir, anſwer'd he to *Morayzel*, with the beſt grace in the World, you are the Maſter, and I am the Slave; that is to ſay, it belongs to you to Command, and to me to Obey. So that if you are pleas'd to change my Patron, added he with a graceful ſmile, whatever ſuſpicion you have of my Wit or Strength, it is not for me to murmur. As for thy Strength, lovely Captive, reply'd the Valiant *Moor*, I ſhould have a very bad Memory, having ſeen thee do what I have done, ſhould I believe thee feeble. And for thy Wit, it viſibly appears in the utterance of thy mind: And therefore to tell thee the truth, I give thee, without giving thee, if I may ſo ſay; and I am willingly Liberal, ſince I beſtow thee upon my own Daughter. At the Name of Daughter, the Duke of *Infantada* could not forbear bluſhing, but two or three Eminent Officers entring at the ſame time into *Morayzel*'s Tent, he took no great notice of it. In the mean time there was a moſt Magnificent Slaves Habit provided by the Order of the Valiant *Moor*, which ſo ſoon as he had put on, *Morayzel* ſent him away the ſame day with a good Convoy, and a Letter to his Daughter, to this purpoſe.

To the Princeſs Almahide *my Daughter.*

"If you found me Liberal, when I gave you "one Slave, you cannot account me Covetous, "if I ſend you a ſecond. But you will think "me Prodigal, when you ſhall underſtand, that "beſide that he is as rarely proportion'd as the "firſt, he is one of the moſt Valiant Men in "the World; that is a Vertue which Ladies "never hate. Be kind therefore to that Gene-"rous Captive, I conjure you, and believe that "this

"this new Preſent which I make you is an in-
"fallible mark of the tender Friendſhip of your
"Father

Morayzel.

The Valiant *Moor* wrote another Letter to the Illuſtrious *Semahis*, recommending alſo to her the Noble Slave. I leave you to gheſs, Sir, whether his mind were not poſſeſſed with various thoughts upon the Road, and whether Grief and Joy did not Reign therein ſucceſſively. Sometimes he was in fear, ſometimes in hope; ſometimes he talted a great deal of pleaſure, ſometime he felt no leſs pain. If his mind were upon his Miſtreſs, he thought alſo upon his Rival; if he lov'd the one infinitely, he hated the other as immeaſurably. And without knowing preciſely whether he were merry or ſad; I think it may be almoſt ſaid that he was both together at the ſame time, ſo ſmall an interval there appear'd between thoſe two oppoſite Paſſions. At length he came to the Magnificent City of *Granada*, and entred *Morayzel*'s Palace with ſuch a Palpitation of the heart that is not to be believ'd nor apprehended but onely by thoſe that Love. What ſhall I ſay more, Sir? The People that brought him carried him up to *Almahide's* Apartment, where *Ponce de Leon* and I were both together. But here it is that words will fail me to repreſent the ſurprize of that lovely Virgin, and the aſtoniſhment of the Count of *Pegnaſiel*, when they ſo unexpectedly beheld the inamour'd Duke of *Infantada*. They knew him preſently, notwithſtanding the change of his Habit: For who can be diſguiz'd to the eyes of a Miſtreſs and a Rival? For his part, he was no leſs aſtoniſh'd than they, though he were better prepar'd for the Accident. Nevertheleſs in regard thoſe three Illuſtrious Perſons knew well how much it equally concern'd them, that the *Moors* ſhould not dive into the truth of their Adventure, they us'd all their endeavours to recover themſelves. As for *Don Alvarez*, who was ever bold, even to raſhneſs, ſo ſoon as the *Moors* had made their Compliments to the Princeſs, he made his Obeyſance to her with a profound reſpect, and preſenting her with *Morayzel*'s Letter, Madam, ſaid he, this is that which I have Order to deliver into your hands, and that which your Illuſtrious Father ſends you. The fair *Almahide* ſtood like a Statue, not knowing for ſome time whether ſhe were beſt to take or refuſe what the counterfeit Slave had brought her, nor what it was he had Order to bring her, ſo ſtrangely had the Preſence of thoſe two Rivals perplex'd her: but in regard the Paper was very proper to hide her bluſhes, ſhe took it, and open'd it, to hold it before her face, while ſhe feign'd to read; for I am perſwaded ſhe did not read a word, her mind was in ſo much diſorder. But Sir, while ſhe pretended to read in that confuſion, which was a very long time, though the Letter were very ſhort, all the *Moors* retir'd, leaving onely the two Noble Slaves and my ſelf in the Chamber. For my part, I could not recover my ſelf from that aſtoniſhment, which that Adventure had caus'd. But the departure of the *Moors* having given a little more Liberty to the Count of *Pegnaſiel*, he began to look upon his Rival and his Miſtreſs, and to obſerve their behaviour with eyes full of Love and Hatred. However the fair *Almahide* read all the time, or elſe made a ſhew of reading. But at length the Duke of *Infantada* addreſſing himſelf to her with a Courtly Air, Madam, ſaid he, I gheſs that you are Richer by a Slave, than you deſire to be. You take the Invincible *Morayzel* to be rather Prodigal, than Liberal; and could you but refuſe his Preſent, you would never accept it. So that if I had a deſire to regain my Liberty, which you are ready to give, I am aſſur'd that never was Captivity ſo ſhort as mine would be. I confeſs, Sir, anſwer'd ſhe ceaſing to read, that if my wiſhes might take place, both you and the Count of *Pegnaſiel* ſhould be rather in *Sevil* than in *Granada*. Yet is it not a ſmall thing, Madam, reply'd he, that the Equality of our Condition cauſes us to be both treated alike; and that you make no diſtinction between Slave and Slave. She would make a great difference, anſwer'd *Ponce de Leon*, if ſhe conſider'd but the difference between your Paſſion and mine. Since you are a Party, you ſhall not be my Judge, anſwer'd the feign'd *Ramira*. But without being ſo ſerious (added he, with a jolly Air) if you will Credit me, and if the Divine *Almahide* believes me, we ſhall be Friends in appearance, though we cannot be ſo really; for ſo long as we tarry in *Granada*, this fair Lady muſt treat us either both ill, or both well; and I declare at firſt, both to one and t'other, that if ſhe favours me leſs, or if you diſcover who I am, I will diſcover who you are. For that Reaſon, ſaid the fair *Almahide*, be you Charitable, if you would not that I ſhould complain. And be ſecret, ſaid he to *Ponce de Leon*, if you deſire that I ſhould be ſo. The laſt thing which the Illuſtrious Duke of *Infantada* requeſts (ſaid I, to hinder the Count of *Pegnaſiel* from returning any ſharp anſwer) is abſolutely neceſſary; for you are both moſt certainly ruin'd, if you come to be known in this place. That there may be but one of us two in *Granada*, reply'd *Ponce de Leon*, I know an Infallible way. I know that way as well as you, reply'd the Duke. But as Mettle is a Crime among ſlaves, and for that the Victor will not be more happy than he that is Vanquiſh'd; if you will take my advice, let us ſuſpend our old grudges, at leaſt our former differences; and let us not conteſt one with another, onely who ſhall moſt faithfully ſerve the fair *Almahide*, whom Fortune has deſtined to have no meaner Slaves than Kings. In ſhort, for our common and ſeparate Intereſts ſake, let us be Comerades at *Granada*, ſaid he laughing, though we be ſtill Enemies in *Andaluſia*, and not ruine our ſelves here to no purpoſe. If my intreaties be of any conſideration, ſaid the fair *Almahide*, you ſhall neither quarrel in *Granada* nor *Sevil*; and indeed I would have you both be gone quickly from a

place

place where there is ſo much danger both for you and me. Ah, Madam, though I commended your Equality before, I muſt now of neceſſity accuſe it: ſince you have found out a way to unite againſt you two Perſons, that in every thing elſe can never agree. For I can never believe that the Count of *Pegnaſiel* will ever conſent to ſo ſevere a ſeparation, to which your Rigor condemns us; and that we ſhall be both of the ſame Opinion, notwithſtanding the Antipathy which is between us. I confeſs it, reply'd *Ponce de Leon*, and I add farther, that I am reſolv'd to periſh here, before I part. I ſubſcribe to this Proteſtation, cry'd *Don Alvarez*. And if you continue but a little longer to deſire our departure (merrily purſu'd he, turning toward the fair Lady) we ſhall be ſo united againſt you, both the Count of *Pegnaſiel* and my ſelf; that it may be, by degrees, coming to be of the ſame Opinion, and to have the ſame Intereſts, we ſhall not onely not hate but love one another. You ſpeak a little too much, reply'd *Ponce de Leon*, and the aggravation is a little too confident. Have a care your ſelf, reply'd the Duke, of being too wiſe an Orator, and too prudent a Lover, while you condemn this Hyperbole, which I thought neceſſary to utter, without believing the truth of it any more than you. But for me to hear that you diſpute without calling me to your conſultations, reply'd the fair *Almahide* with a half-ſmile, it will be then ſaid I have no Intereſt therein, though I am the moſt intereſted Perſon of all. On the contrary, Madam, ſaid I, 'tis for your Intereſt, that theſe two Noble Slaves are moſt certainly of an Opinion that you ought not to oppoſe their ſtay; ſince without all doubt their departure will more endanger both you and them; and for that Reaſon they hold it neceſſary that you ſhould not give your Opinion in a caſe which ought to be reſolv'd upon as well by you as by them. Ah, *Don Fernand*, anſwer'd ſhe, you are always againſt me. That is to ſay, reply'd the Duke, that he has been ſometimes for my Rival, but never thought ſtrange of that. Good God! reply'd the fair *Almahide*, how do you think it poſſible, *Don Fernand*, that the Duke of *Infantada* and the Count of *Pegnaſiel* can live at Peace, and let me be at quiet? We are in a place, Madam, merrily anſwer'd the Duke, where the moſt Mutinous Slaves are eaſily reduc'd to Obedience; and I do not believe that my Rival no more than I, will expoſe himſelf to the ſeverity, wherewith quarrelſome Slaves are here chaſtiz'd; for I cannot think it to be a pleaſing divertiſment. If that be all, added *Ponce de Leon*, provided you do not Baniſh me from your Company, I ſhall be the moſt patient Slave in all *Granada*. And I the moſt Obedient, reply'd the Duke. But Madam (purſu'd he, the moſt pleaſantly that might be) let you and I conſider what Cautions to uſe againſt the Count of *Pegnaſiel*'s Melancholy; for ſhould he do at *Granada* as he did at *Fontaines*, and appear always angry or ſad, he would infallibly at length diſcover what we endeavour to hide. Beſides I muſt give You a Caution as well as to him. For though both of us carry your Chains, yet I fore-ſee which of us two will be the moſt favour'd Slave. Wherefore I judge it abſolutely neceſſary for our common repoſe, that we make Conditions among our ſelves, which it ſhall not be Lawful for us to violate. I never heard, added the fair *Almahide*, that Slaves were ever permitted to Capitulate with their Miſtreſſes; they that are oblig'd to a blind Obedience. Hear however, Madam, what the Conditions are, which the Duke would propoſe, ſaid the feigned *Leonce*. The firſt is, reply'd the Duke, that the Divine *Almahide* ſhall conceal, as much as in her lies, her inclinations for you, and her averſion toward me. I deny that Article, cry'd the Count. And I am offended at it, added the fair *Granadine*; for I do not deſire that any one ſhould pretend to divine my thoughts. Conceal 'em better then, Madam, reply'd the Duke. What his Excellency propoſes, is but Reaſonable, then ſaid I; and I am always for Reaſon. I add a ſecond Article to the firſt, to be confirm'd among our ſelves, ſaid the feigned *Ramira*, that the Divine *Almahide* ſhall but rarely admit, either the one or the other to any private converſe, in regard yours will be kind and ſweet, mine ſevere and harſh. And I add another, ſaid the Cœleſtial *Granadine*, That neither the one or the other ſhall be admitted to any conferences at all, to the end you may both be ſatisfied. I accuſe both the Judge and the Party, reply'd the Count of *Pegnaſiel*, and I appeal from you to you your ſelf in this very matter. And in this thing you will commend me, ſaid the Duke, for I underſtand however that it ſhall be Lawful for us both cunningly to watch our Opportunities of private converſe, provided they be ſo taken, that they be not perceiv'd. I ſentence, ſaid I, the Illuſtrious *Ponce de Leon* to conſent to this Condition. And I readily agree, reply'd *Almahide*, becauſe I intend to take great care to prevent 'em. In regard I do not believe it will be eaſie for you ſo to do, Madam, ſaid the feigned *Leonce*, I alſo conſent and confirm the Condition. I cannot tell what you will think of the next, reply'd *Don Alvarez*; that is to ſay, if it ſhall happen that any one of us ſurprize the other in any of theſe private Meetings, it ſhall not be Lawful for him to look askew upon the other, to give him ill Language, or quarrel with him to no purpoſe; but that he ſhall patiently ſuffer ſuch a petty misfortune, without calling the Lady unfaithful, or being injurious to his Rival. The equality of the Condition makes it juſt, ſaid the fair *Almahide*. Your quick conſent makes me very much ſuſpect, anſwer'd the feigned *Ramira*. I conſent alſo, ſaid the Count. So much the worſe for me, reply'd the Duke; for of neceſſity you muſt be perſwaded that it will be more for your advantage, ſince you are neither angry nor troubled. Be pleas'd to let us know the reſt of your Conditions, ſaid I to *Don Alvarez*. I make no queſtion, ſaid he, but the laſt Condition will never be deny'd; that every one of us labour to render our ſelves acceptable to the

Divine

Divine *Almahide* by all our pains and ſervices imaginable. You are both too much Courtiers to deny this Condition, added I. In ſhort, it ſhall be Lawful, ſaid the Duke, for us both to make Verſes, and preſent them to the fair *Almahide*. But it ſhall be Lawful alſo for her to refuſe 'em too, if ſhe pleaſes, reply'd ſhe. No, by no means, anſwer'd I; for the Ladies of *Granada* are too witty to profeſs any ſuch practice. This was the firſt Converſe between thoſe three Illuſtrious Perſons, and the form of Living which they eſtabliſh'd among themſelves. Several times after that, theſe two Illuſtrious Perſons diſcours'd together more ſharply, and more eagerly concerning the onely Object that detain'd them in *Granada*. But I took ſo much care not to leave them alone, and laid before them ſo often how much it was for the Intereſt of their Love not to quarrel, that they never attempted any ſuch thing, whatever ſtomach they had to it. On the other ſide, the fair *Almahide* never ſuffer'd them alone in her Apartment, but when ſhe could not poſſibly avoid it. And that incomparable Lady employ'd all her Wit to keep 'em aſunder in all other places. Not but that in ſo doing, I am perſwaded ſhe ſuffer'd a great part of the pains which ſhe caus'd others to endure. For doubtleſs ſhe lov'd the Count of *Pegnaſiel* ſo well, as to hate the Duke of *Infantada*, who hindred their converſe, and was diſturb'd for being deprived of a Perſon ſo welcome to her. But in regard the Intereſt of her Honour prevail'd above that of her Love, together with the care which ſhe had of the life of thoſe two Illuſtrious Lovers, thoſe two conſiderations made her ſo reſerv'd, that it was a very difficult thing for either of thoſe two Rivals to ſee her alone. Nevertheleſs there being nothing ſo ingenious as Love, ſhe cou'd not always avoid it; ſo that ſhe was ſurpriz'd more than once by the Stratagems of their Amours. But that which was the moſt troubleſome thing of all, was, that the Paſſion both of the one and the other was no leſs clear-ſighted than it was cunning; in ſo much that neither of them failing to diſcover each others felicities, a reciprocal Jealouſie tormented them by turns, and diſturb'd all their content. True it is, that *Ponce de Leon* had thoſe conſolations which *Don Alvarez* wanted; for he always found her cruel, though ever civil. She often ſaid before the Duke of *Infantada* how little he had to hope for in *Granada*, to the end ſhe might oblige him to return to *Sevil*. But when her ſeverity preſs'd him too hard, then he turn'd all things into jeaſt; and in a threatning manner told her, if ſhe would not ceaſe to be leſs cruel, he would be leſs diſcreet. Alſo when the Count of *Pegnaſiel* grew teſty, the jocund *Don Alvarez* did the ſame thing. Be not ſo ſerious, merrily ſaid he; and do not diſturb your ſelf as you us'd to do at *Fontaines*; for if I begin once to be as grave and melancholy as you, the Kings of *Leon*'s Succeſſor muſt make it his buſineſs to provide a Ranſom proportionable to the greatneſs of his Birth. Sometimes the feigned *Leonce* threatned the counterfeit *Ramira* in the ſame manner, ſo that the two perplexed Lovers after they had affronted, quarrell'd, and threaten'd each other, by and by grew as calm as could be, and entreated each other reciprocally not to ſpeak a word; there being nothing which more concern'd them both than not to be diſcover'd. In the mean time there was no ſort of double diligence which they did not both employ in the ſervice of the fair *Almahide*. If the one preſented her with Flowers, the other offer'd her Perfumes; if the one held up her Train when ſhe went into the Garden, the other was as ready to carry an Umbrello over her Head. If the heat of the Seaſon requir'd Water, the one ſtrove to hold her Gloves, the other ran to the next Fountain to fetch it. If the one obey'd immediately, the other ſought to prevent the Command, divining what ſhe had to ſay by her Eyes. In ſhort, they ſtrove with Emulation who ſhould be the beſt Slave; and thoſe two Illuſtrious Servants, that were born to Command, yet ſerv'd their Fair and Divine Miſtreſs with a moſt admirable Obedience. So ingenious is love to delight the Object which is moſt belov'd.

A little while after happen'd a particular diſpute, the occaſion whereof was too extraordinary and important not to let you underſtand it. The fair *Almahide* went one day among the reſt to walk in the Garden belonging to *Morayzel*'s Palace, and all her Women being ſcatter'd up and down, and for that I was abſent upon ſome buſineſs, wherein *Semahis* had employ'd me, the two Noble Slaves happen'd to be alone with their lovely Miſtreſs, who ſitting upon the brink of a Pond that was very deep, began to enter into Diſcourſe with the two Illuſtrious Captives, whom her Beauty had enthrall'd. But no ſooner had they begun their converſe, when a great and terrible Lion, that had been ſent to *Morayzel* out of *Africa*, having broken looſe from his Den, made directly towards them; laſhing himſelf with his Tail, ſetting up his hair an end, with his eyes ſparkling, grinding his Teeth, and roaring after a moſt hideous manner. Now, Sir, theſe three Illuſtrious Perſons having ſpy'd the furious Beaſt, whoſe hunger redoubled his Natural fierceneſs, as well as his ſwiftneſs toward his Prey; mark what they all three did. The invincible *Ponce de Leon*, diſarm'd as he was, never ſtood to conſider what he had to do; but ſeeing the fair *Almahide* expos'd to that moſt terrible danger, he reſolv'd to ruin himſelf to ſave her; and to ſatisfie the Lions hunger, if he could do no more, with his own fleſh. So that after he had ſadly beheld her, as if it had been to take his laſt leave, he went to meet the furious Beaſt with ſuch a fury as if himſelf had been a Lion. As for the Divine *Almahide*, ſhe riſing haſtily upon the ſight of the terrible Beaſt, entangled her feet in her long Coats; and after two or three falſe ſteps, fell into the Pond, where ſhe ſeem'd to be in the greateſt danger in the World. At the ſame inſtant, Sir, the Duke of *Infantada*, though he could not ſwim, never ſtood no more than

his

his Rival to consider, what Love requir'd from his Courage; but throwing himself into the Water, he resolv'd to dye if he could not save her life. Certainly, Sir, you must be very impatient to know the event of so surprizing an Accident. I will tell you then, that at the same time that the feigned *Leonce* went to meet a death that seemed inevitable, after he had gone two or three steps in the Alley where the Lion came toward him, he saw by accident set against a Tree a kind of sharp Iron Instrument that Gardiners use, which some one of *Morayzel*'s Servants had left there; which he had no sooner got in his hands, but being encouraged thereby, away he ran as fast as the Lion to keep him off as far as he could from the fair *Granadine*, to the end she might have the more time to escape. But now the Lion coming near him, he made a stand, and putting forth his great nail out of his paws, he seem'd to shew *Ponce de Leon* the Weapons that were to be the death of him. With that he began to redouble his swiftness and his fury, at which any other but *Ponce de Leon* would have trembled. However he never stirr'd for the matter, but charging him with his Iron Spike, he gave the dangerous Beast a very deep Wound upon the shoulder; the fierce Lion roar'd with the blow, and seeing the Blood run down, gave a spring toward his Valiant Enemy, who turning aside with a marvellous Agility, yet could not possibly be so quick, but that the Lion gave him a brush that mix'd his Generous Blood upon the grass with the Lions. But having stagger'd two or three times he recover'd himself, and as the cruel Beast was leaping up at him again, he so well took his Opportunity, that he thrust the long Iron into his belly, while he was mounted upon his hinder feet, so that the Lion fell down dead before him, and he saw himself Victorious over an Enemy not easie to be Vanquish'd. Now, Sir, during this Combat, Love being so ingenious, though *Don Alvarez* knew nothing what belong'd to the Art, yet at this time he made a shift to swim very well, and carrying the fair *Almahide*, as the famous Dolphin carried *Arion*, he brought her to the shallow of the Pond, whereby he sav'd her from a danger no less than when she escap'd Shipwrack upon the Coast of *Andalusia*. In the interim the Count of *Pegnasiel* had no sooner Vanquish'd the Lion, but looking about for *Almahide*, he saw her in the Arms of his Rival, who had newly brought her to Land; the sight thereof made him tremble for madness and despite; so that in the midst of those tumultuous thoughts, he ran, not knowing certainly wherefore he ran, the surprizing Object had so disorder'd his mind. But when he came near them, seeing the fair *Granadine* wet from top to toe, and the Duke's Cloaths all over in a mire, he easily conjectur'd the truth of what had happen'd. And therefore calling in all haste for her Women that were not far off, they put their Mistress to Bed. *Ponce de Leon* went to have his Wound drest, which was not very great; and the inamour'd *Don Alvarez* chang'd his Habit; after the fair *Almahide* had return'd them both her thanks, with as much civility as the present hurry would permit. For the Count of *Pegnasiel* had shewn them where the Lion lay dead, which all the Court came afterwards to see, upon the Report of so wonderful an Accident: Which was so astonishing, that the brave *Abindarrays* (Brother to him whose Amours with the fair *Cariffa* have been so Famous in the World) made a short Copy of Verses in memory of the Adventure, which I think not unfitting to rehearse.

Pensive Report brings heavy News to Town,
Alas! too heavy to be known;
And tells us Almahide *lies drown'd,*
Entomb'd in Water, not in Earth;
If Fate have thus her active Pow'r renown'd,
Minerva's *dead, where* Venus *had her Birth.*

Parnassus *trembles at the strange surprize;*
My Kingdom's lost, Apollo *cries:*
The Muses miss her Company,
But fear not, Muses, gods can never die;
And proudly Fate Usurps, to doom,
That Venus *Cradle* Pallas *should entomb.*

The Generous *Moor* at the same time also honour'd the fair Slave with another short Epigram, the recital whereof will not be tedious. Nor was he wanting to give the feigned *Ramira* a touch of his Pencil upon the same Subject. The first, intended for *Leonce*, was thus.

Valour's great Wonder, whom the World admires,
Thy great Renown aspires,
Beyond the Fame by Trojan *Heroes won:*
Thou hast out-done
The Wild Nemean *Monsters bane:*
This day a Lion has a Lion slain.

Those to the feigned *Ramira* ran thus.

The Water with thy Life to trust,
And not know how to swim;
To thy Love it shew'd thee just,
And the truth of thy esteem:
'Twas a Wonder though
So to vanquish the disaster:
Wonder not, but know
Love it was, that was his Master;
And where once he undertakes,
He the best of Scholars makes.

Nor need you wonder, Sir, that the Gallant *Abindarrays* made this Madrigal, and these Epigrams: For though it be true, that formerly the *Moors* were not acquainted with any other sort of Poetry than that which we call *Romance*, they are at present very well skill'd in all the rest, by means of a certain Learned Runagade that now lives in *Granada*, and gave them full Instructions in his Art. But to return where

I left off, I muſt tell you, Sir, that the fair *Almahide*, not daring to Viſit a Slave, it not being convenient for a Perſon of her Condition, and for fear ſhe ſhould give any cauſe of ſuſpicion, by ſhewing a civility ſo extraordinary, expreſly Commanded me to excuſe her to the Count of *Pegnafiel*, and to tell him the Reaſon. However in regard ſhe kept her Bed for ſome days, either for that ſhe was really Diſtemper'd, or to deprive the Duke of *Infantada* of all Opportunities of ſeeing her alone, while his Rival lay ill of his Wound; that ſo his happy Rival might have no Reaſon to be Jealous, the Duke never came near her, no more than the Count. Yet not enduring to be ingrateful to a Perſon that would have loſt his life to ſave hers, ſhe ſent him ſeveral very Obliging Compliments by a Chriſtian Slave, Named *Eſperance de Hita*, in whom ſhe had repos'd a particular Confidence. Now, Sir, you muſt know that what I ſaid to the Illuſtrious *Ponce de Leon* did him more good than all his Medicaments; and his eager deſire to be in the Company of the fair *Almahide*, very much forwarded his Cure; ſo that he was perfectly well in five or ſix days. The Charming *Granadine* no ſooner underſtood that he was come abroad, but ſhe left her Chamber, and going to walk alone in the Garden, the two Noble Captives having notice of it, fail'd not to be there; and then it was that they fell into that new Diſcourſe which I have already mentioned. As ſhe was ſitting upon the brink of the ſame Pond where the laſt miſchance had befallen her, and from whence they beheld the place where the Lion had been kill'd, ſhe look'd upon them both in ſuch a manner as it pierc'd them to their very Souls, and oblig'd them both in a very high meaſure. I could wiſh, ſaid ſhe, that the ſame place that was the witneſs of your Courage might as well teſtifie my acknowledgment, and that I might ſhew my gratitude upon the Theatre of your Honour. Be aſſur'd then, both of you, continued ſhe, that I feel my ſelf infinitely oblig'd to the Generous proof of Friendſhip which you have both ſo lately given me; and that I will preſerve the remembrance thereof as charily as my life. What we have done, reply'd the Count of *Pegnafiel*, is too liberally rewarded by the favourable returns of your own thanks; and I am confident that though it be never poſſible that the Duke of *Infantada* and I ſhall ever agree in other matters, yet in this he will never contradict me, nor ſhall we ever fight upon this Quarrel. I yield to all that you ſay, reply'd *Don Alvarez*, though all that you ſpeak does not always pleaſe me: And I add this farther, that I underſtood too well what a good Slave ow'd to his Patron, not to acquit my ſelf of my Duty. But Madam (added he, beholding the fair *Almahide*) as the Count took the liberty the other day to complain of the Equality of your Juſtice, I muſt now in my turn complain of the in-equality of your acknowledgment For me-thinks, ſaid he, there was ſo great a difference between his Performances and mine, that they ought not equally to be commended. So far we agree, reply'd *Ponce de Leon*; for they were ſo different, that they admit of no compariſon. Between any other action and theſe, there is no compare, reply'd the fair *Almahide*; but between theſe themſelves, I cannot apprehend any difference, ſince you both equally ventur'd your lives to ſave mine. Though it be not ſo proper, ſaid the feigned *Ramira*, for a man to make his own Panegyrick, yet I think I muſt be conſtrain'd to make mine at this time. And though I am not much inclin'd to make Satyrs, reply'd the diſguis'd *Leonce*, I fore-ſee that I ſhall now be forc'd to make one againſt the beſt Swimmer that ever was in *Granada*. If I may have my will, reply'd the fair *Almahide*, you ſhall both leave it to me to commend the bravery of both your actions. No, no, Madam, merrily reply'd the Duke, there is no way left for you now to hinder us from entring the Liſts; for ſince the Count has given the firſt blow, I beſeech you to clear the Field, and let us try our skill. I make no queſtion, added he, turning toward his Rival, but that you believe your ſelf to be *Hercules*, becauſe you have kill'd a Lion: truly I would adviſe you, to the end you may ſhew the Trophies of your Victory, to attire your ſelf as he did; to wrap your ſelf in the Skin of that Beaſt; to make your ſelf a Cap of the Head, and to march with a Mace in your hand through all the ſtreets of *Granada*. I dare ſay you would have Witneſſes enough of your Victory, ſhould you but appear in that dreſs, were they onely the Boys that would follow you, provided your ſtrange Habit did not ſcare 'em. The Count could not chooſe but ſmile at the fancy of his Rival, but being reſolv'd to make a reply, I cannot tell, ſaid he, to what Honour you can pretend, unleſs it be to that of a Dye-dapper, or wherefore you ſhould brag of that which Wild Ducks, Water-Spaniels, and every poor Fiſh is able to do. The Duke ſmil'd at his compariſons, but not being accuſtomed to be mute, On the contrary, anſwer'd he, I aſſume all my Honour from this, that I never knew how to ſwim: And I am ſure you are the onely Perſon whoſe Folly will not underſtand, how well he muſt love that learns it ſo ſuddenly, and deſpiſes ſo great a danger. You talk of a Pond, reply'd the Count, as you would of the Ocean; and you would have us believe that you ventur'd as much as that famous Lover that ſwam croſs the *Helleſpont* by Night. But *Leander* and *Hero*, were they here, would ſoon tell you the difference, and ſhew you that it was no ſuch great proof of your love to throw your ſelf into a Fountain at Noon in the heat of Summer. Truth however conſtrains me to ſay ſo much, added the fair *Granadine*, that the Bath which you ſpeak of, was none of the ſweeteſt in the world, and that the danger had not been much more for me to have fallen into the Sea. Surely, Madam, reply'd *Ponce de Leon* (ſomewhat troubled at her words) it would have been a very fine ſight for a Lover to have ſeen his Miſtreſs drowning, and for him all the while to have ſtood like a Statue. Well, ſaid the Duke of

Infantada, and who can tell, whether ſuch a Monſter-queller as you fought for the fair *Almahide* or for your ſelf? Whether you did not defend your own life, as well as hers? For for my part, I believe there was a great difference in our deſigns. Whereas I flung my ſelf headlong into a danger that had no other end than that of my Love: So that my intentions being clear, the priority of Honour cannot be deny'd me. I took as little care to preſerve my ſelf, reply'd the Count, ſince I ventur'd without any Weapon, and ran to expoſe my Body to the hunger of the furious Beaſt. Ah! reply'd the Duke, your Valour was more Prudent than you would have us to believe; and that Inſtrument of Husbandry with which you ſlew the Lion, convinces us that your Gallantry will not loſe any advantage. There is no Reaſon for it, ſaid *Almahide*; for it was not for him to neglect any advantage againſt ſo terrible an Enemy as he had to deal with. Therefore he neglected none, reply'd the diſguis'd *Ramira*; for he Metamorphos'd a Weeding-hook into a Pike: So that he was as Wiſe as he was Valiant. But who told you, purſu'd he, that the Lion was a hungry? How did you know but that he was tame? He got out of a Den, where there was care taken to give him Meat: *Granada* is not in *Africa*, neither is *Morayzel*'s Palace one of the Foreſts of *Mauritania*. So that if the Beaſt were neither Hungry nor Wild, *Ponce de Leon* ran into no danger, and by conſequence deſerves no ſuch great Honour. They that ſaw me wet with Blood, and you with Water, may eaſily judge which of us two ran the greateſt hazard, and which merits the higheſt Commendations. Once more, ſaid *Almahide*, you both merit infinitely. And for my part, though I were ever juſt, I confeſs I know not how to determine the Matter; nor can I give the Palm to either. Having ſo ſaid, ſhe brake off the Diſpute, for fear it ſhould grow too high; and diſmiſſing the two Rivals, ſhe retir'd to her Chamber. For their parts, they went away equally contented with the Civilities which they had receiv'd from the Lovely Princeſs. But they went away equally as much diſ-ſatisfied in the equality of the applauſe which had been beſtow'd upon them, each of them being perſwaded that he merited more than his Rival, conſidering the greatneſs of the action. Thereupon they upbraided one the other in private: And the Illuſtrious *Ponce de Leon* could not forbear to complain, and to blame her for ſtanding Neuter, and for not having poſitively taken one ſide. Upon which Subject he made an Epigram, not unfit to be here recited.

After I have won the Prize,
Thus for her to quench the fire
That my Courage did inſpire;
Heart, thy Triumphs then deſpiſe,
If another dare to own
What is due to me alone.

As for the Duke of *Infantada*, in regard he was not ſo well accuſtomed to *Almahide*'s favours, and for that he was more inclinable to be chearful, whereby he Interpreted every thing to his own advantage, his Lines were of another ſtrain; as for Example.

Hope on, for Reaſon commands thee;
Since in the purſuit of a Crown,
Thy Rival deſpairs that withſtands thee;
And her favours are equally ſhown.
'Tis enough for thee to divine
That the Victory may be thine:
For at firſt is the ſharpeſt pain,
To him that the Lawrel will gain.

This, Sir, was the laſt diſpute which I promis'd to give you an account of. But how oppoſite ſoever theſe Illuſtrious Enemies were in all their proceedings, there fell out an Accident which oblig'd them to cement, to the end they might joyntly oppoſe the utmoſt of all misfortunes which threatned them. Among ſeveral that languiſh'd for the extraordinary Beauty and incomparable Wit of *Almahide*, there were two that aſpir'd higher than the reſt; and who omitted not the leaſt of all thoſe double diligences wherewith the *Moors* of *Granada* are wont to ſerve thoſe Ladies for whom they have an Affection. Theſe were no more at firſt than Serenades, Balls, Songs, Collations, and Poſies of Flowers, with which the *Indies* have enriched all *Spain*. Afterwards being very wealthy, and of the Chiefeſt in Quality, they began to appear with an Extraordinary Magnificence in their Habits, and according to the Cuſtom of the *Moors* of *Granada* they put their Trains into *Almahide*'s Liveries: They frequented all places where ſhe made any Viſits, follow'd her whereever ſhe walk'd abroad. They never ſtir'd out of *Morayzel*'s Palace, and the Apartment of *Semahis*, where they ſaw the dangerous Object of their Paſſion, and the whole Court diſcours'd of nothing elſe but the Amours of *Abderame* and *Turacan*. The firſt being of the Race of the *Azarches*, the ſecond deſcended from the *Alarifes*, two of the moſt Noble, the moſt Potent, and moſt Wealthy Families in *Granada*. They were both Young, and both goodly Perſons; both Witty, both Courtly and Liberal. They had neither Father nor Mother, being abſolute Maſters, as well of their Eſtates, as of their own Wills: they ſeem'd to have ground enough both to hope for a happy ſucceſs in their Enterprizes, and to meet with no other Obſtacle but what they occaſion'd each to other. Judge you now, Sir, whether our two Illuſtrious Slaves did not ſpend their time very Peaceably all the time that this happen'd; and whether it did not ſeem to them a very ſevere thing to ſee two ſuch Rivals of Worth and Dignity, not daring to preſume to take notice of it. For in regard thoſe Noble Captives always Attended upon their Miſtreſs, they were themſelves Witneſſes of all this cloſe Courtſhip; and while the outward meanneſs of their Condition oblig'd

lig'd 'em to be quiet and to ſuffer, the real Grandeur of their Birth and Love incited them to conſult their own Revenge. Nevertheleſs being both of Opinion, that if they ſhould go that way to work they ſhould be ruin'd, whether they were Victors or Vanquiſh'd, ſeeing they were accounted but meer Slaves; and for that they could not perceive any great progreſs which thoſe dangerous Rivals had made in *Almahide's* Affection, they thought it better to be patient and to ſuffer, than to injure themſelves by injuring them. In the mean time, though *Abderame* and *Turacan* had the moſt eager deſire that might be to diſcover their Love to her that was the cauſe of their Paſſion, they never had the boldneſs to ſpeak to her, but with their Eyes: For the Divine *Almahide's* haughty humour impos'd a continual ſilence upon their Lips. Yet their Eyes were ſo Paſſionate and ſo Eloquent, that it was eaſie for any Perſon to underſtand them though they had been leſs intereſſed, and leſs clear-ſighted than *Leonce* and *Ramira*. But had they endeavour'd to conceal their Paſſion to the utmoſt of their Power, there happen'd one particular Accident, which, perhaps, at no other time could have fallen out. For thoſe two Illuſtrious Rivals diſcours'd of their Love to one another before ever they had declared themſelves to their Miſtreſs. They had already offended each other with their frequent Viſits and the reciprocal knowledge of their Love, and the reciprocal knowledge of each others deſign had increas'd their hatred; ſo that one day going to entertain their own ſad thoughts in the Magnificent Gardens of the *Alhambre*, they met by accident at the end of an Alley. But as they were both profoundly meditating upon the ſame Object, with their eyes fix'd upon the ground, they juſtled one another ſo rudely, that coming to caſt their eyes one upon another, their Malice appear'd therein at the very inſtant that they knew one another. You are in a ſtrange brown ſtudy, ſaid *Abderame*, to juſtle People in this manner that are not oblig'd to mind your Meditations. And you ſleep with your eyes open, anſwer'd the other, ſince you commit the ſame fault that you accuſe me of. I have had ſomething to ſay to you a good while ſince, reply'd *Abderame*. And it is as long ago, anſwer'd *Turacan*, that I have had a deſire to ſpeak with you. In regard we are out of all hearing, reply'd the former, you may eaſily ſatisfie your ſelf. And I aſſure you, ſaid the other, that whatever you have to ſay to me, I ſhall make no ſcruple to give you an anſwer. I will tell you then, ſaid *Abderame*, that being engag'd before you in my affection to *Almahide*, you have no right to diſpute with me the Honour of Serving her. And for that Reaſon, that you may avoid all manner of Injuſtice, forbear to proceed in this Enterprize, if you would not that I ſhould do that which becomes me, if you fail to do as you ought. I find you cannot read my mind (anſwer'd *Turacan* in an angry tone) ſince you believe your own ſayings. For it is impoſſible for you to have lov'd the Divine *Almahide* before me, it being moſt certain that I have lov'd her from the very firſt hour that ſhe return'd to *Granada*; and ſo I have more right on my ſide to threaten you, if your importunity continue troubleſome to me. You have been a very diſcreet Lover, reply'd *Abderame*, for your ſecret Paſſion was never perceiv'd. And you too indiſcreet for having diſcover'd yours, ſaid *Turacan*. I value not your knowledge of it, reply'd *Abderame*. We have Parly'd long enough, ſaid the other; and therefore I will return no other anſwer than with my Sword. With that they both drew, and began ſo fiercely to lay at one another, that their Malice appear'd far more apparently than their Love. But the Duel was no ſooner began, when the King, attended by all the Court and his Guards, came by accident to walk in the place where they were deciding their Quarrel, and being highly Offended that they had been ſo bold as to fight in his Palace, he caus'd them both to be diſarm'd, Commanding the Captain of the Guards to carry them to Priſon, and to ſhut them up in two Towers of the *Alhambre*. There it was that for ſome days together they had leiſure to repent of thoſe tranſportations of their Jealouſie and Choler. For they found each of them that it was incomparably more inſupportable, not to ſee the fair *Almahide* at all, than to ſee her in the Company of a Rival. But being both Perſons of high Quality, their Friends ſo earneſtly Petitioned the King, that at length ſix days after their Commitment, which ſeemed ſix Ages, they were ſet at Liberty, and Embrac'd in the Kings Preſence, who having Examin'd the cauſe of their difference, Commanded them to forbear all manner of future conteſts, unleſs it were who ſhould moſt faithfully ſerve the fair *Almahide*, who was the Subject of their Quarrel. And now, Sir, they were as diligent as before in their Attendance upon that incomparable Lady: And in the ſame Condition to be troubleſome and odious to one another. True it is, they had this advantage by their Fray; for in regard it had made a great noiſe at Court, and that every one knew the cauſe of it, it ſav'd them a trouble which the diſcreeteſt Lovers find to be the greateſt of all, there being nothing throughout the whole courſe of that Noble Paſſion more difficult, than for a Lover to make a gentile and Courtly profeſſion of his Love: 'Tis a thing which perplexes the moſt cunning, and wherein many times the moſt Eloquent fail. It being certain that the agitations of the heart, upon ſuch an occaſion, raiſe a kind of Cloud in the mind, that invelops and obſcures all its Rays, and ſmothers the delicacy of Expreſſion. But this Advantage however was accompany'd with a very great Obſtacle: For in regard thoſe two diligent Rivals continually Beſieged the fair *Granadine*, they could neither of them find any Opportunity to ſpeak with her alone: So that by means of an Accident altogether extraordinary, after they had in vain ſought for a favourable Occaſion, they were conſtrain'd to diſcover their Paſſions to her both at the ſame

time. I cannot tell, Madam, ſaid *Turacan*, whether *Abderame* and I have quarrel'd to any purpoſe or no; or whether we have not been ſo unhappy to offend you, while we intended to do you a real kindneſs. There was ſo little Blood ſhed in the Duel you talk of, haughtily return'd the fair *Almahide*, that no Perſon not greatly inclin'd to Vanity, would care to ſpeak of it, and indeed he muſt have an excellent memory to remember it. But Madam, added *Abderame*, 'twas no fault of ours that no more Blood was ſhed to witneſs our Victory or Defeat. Let it be as it will, anſwer'd ſhe, having been ſo wiſe in fighting, have a care of being as little inconſiderate in ſpeaking to me; and withal take heed you ſpeak nothing impertinent. Is it an impertinent thing, Madam, to tell you that a Man loves you? Extreamly impertinent, reply'd the fair *Granadine*; and though you had told me ſo, after either of you had won the Victory, it would have ſavour'd of a great deal of boldneſs. Crimes that are not Voluntary, reply'd *Abderame*, deſerve not to be puniſh'd: and they that have not the Power to keep themſelves from Offending, ought to be rather bewail'd than condemn'd, and rather Rewarded than Chaſtis'd. I ſhould be then very unjuſt, ſaid *Almahide*, for I will never do that. Then you muſt ceaſe to be fair, anſwer'd *Turacan*, if you deſire that we ſhould ceaſe to love. It would be more eaſie for you to forget me, reply'd the fair *Granadine*. It would be more deſirable to die, than not to ſee you, and you are utterly ignorant how difficult a thing that is. As difficult as it is, reply'd the fair *Almahide*, you muſt reſolve upon it, if you will not change your Diſcourſe. We will Diſcourſe upon what Subject you pleaſe, ſaid *Turacan*, provided you will gheſs what it is that we dare not utter. We will ſpeak nothing that may diſpleaſe you, added the inamour'd *Abderame*, provided you will but ſay ſomething to us that may be obliging. As I am neither a Witch nor a Flatterer, reply'd the fair *Almahide*, I cannot conſent to any thing that you deſire: And ſince you will not leave me, added ſhe riſing up, I will leave you; and go no farther than my ſelf to ſeek for a Remedy againſt your importunities. Having ſo ſaid, ſhe aroſe, and going out of her own Chamber into another, ſhe left them equally ſorrowful, that were alike enamour'd. Nevertheleſs it was no ſmall Comfort to them, that they had made ſo far a progreſs. And how harſh ſoever *Almahide's* anſwers had been, they departed fuller of hopes than fear upon the Publick profeſſion of their Love, not at all repenting that they had been ſo bold. In ſhort, they continued their Viſits moſt diligently, both the one and the other; and their Love loſt no Opportunity to exalt it ſelf to the height. One day that they were in her Company, in *Semahis's* Chamber, there came in *Galliana* at the ſame time led by *Zelebin*, *Fatima* by *Abdalla*, *Cadiga* attended by *Amat*, and *Aldoradine* led by *Abindarrays*. But among all theſe Noble Perſons there came another no leſs Illuſtrious, whom you have never ſeen, in regard it is ſome years ſince that ſhe left the Court, to live in the Countrey, and onely came hither then about buſineſs. Her Name (in regard I ſhall have often occaſion to mention her) is called *Lydice*; a Perſon of the higheſt Quality of any in the Court. Yet though her Extraction be ſo high, certainly it is much below her Merit. Her Stature is as goodly as any in the World, and there is ſomething ſo Noble, ſo Great, ſo Majeſtick in her Port, that you would ſay ſhe were a Queen juſt now deſcended from her Throne, having left her Crown and Scepter behind her, while their Luſtre ſtill remain'd upon her Head and Hands. Her Air is ſo haughty, and her Behaviour ſo free, and ſo far from any thing of force, that notwithſtanding the Pride that appears in her Face, the Graces never forſake it; having a great ſhare as well in her words as in her actions. As to what remains, as the Sun has his Beauties when he ſets, as well as when he riſes: Though ſhe be ſomewhat advanc'd in Years, the Luſtre and Lovelineſs of her Youth ſtill continues. And I cannot compare her to any thing but the ſtately ruines of Marble, Pophyrie, and Jaſper, which by what they are, ſhew you what they have been, and maugre the injurious waſte of Time, are always Beautiful and Magnificent. As for her Hair, Nature had made it of a particular colour, ſo that you may rather call it *ſingular*, than *rare*. Her Complexion had all the livelineſs, all the whiteneſs, and all the Carnation of Roſes. Her Eyes have had ſomething ſo ſweet, ſo full of ſprightlineſs, and ſo piercing, that they gave life to Love, and made the Lover dye. Her Mouth is the Perfection of Natures Workmanſhip, and the Idea of the moſt accompliſh'd Beauty. For the Oriental Ocean never had Coral or Pearls that might compare with her Lips or Teeth. But Sir, among theſe Pearls and this Coral there appear'd certain ſmiles as Charming as the place from whence they ſprung. Her Face is Oval, but the proportion thereof ſo true, and all the Lineaments ſo admirable, that they were the joy of all Eyes, and the torment of all Hearts. Her Neck is full, and well proportion'd, and ſo rarely white withal, that after you have compar'd it to Snow, Ivory, or Alabaſter, the compariſons ſeem too mean, ſince nothing can approach its Perfection. As for her Hands and Arms, they ſeem'd to be the height of Nature's skill, as well for ſhape as colour, which are without parallel. In ſhort, it appears to be infallibly true, that ſhe has been altogether Charming, altogether fair, and that nothing ever excell'd the Wonders of her Beauty. The ſame thing may be ſaid of her Wit, and the endowments of her Mind. She is Courteous, of Excellent Diſcourſe, facetious and merry. She has an excellent Judgment, vaſt Natural parts, and is rarely Educated. There is nothing in the moſt difficult Secrets in Philoſophy, which ſhe is not able to unfold. She ſpeaks fluently, Eloquently, and to purpoſe. She has a large Soul, and her thoughts are High and Noble; and her Vertue predominates over all her Paſ-

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ſions. Her fiery temper enclines to Choler, but that flame being extinguiſh'd in its Birth like Lightning, the Tumult of her anger is over almoſt as ſoon as it is begun. Naturally ſhe has a tender Soul, but her Reaſon has always carried her above her Natural inclinations, that diſpoſe her to love as well as to be beloved. However ſometimes ſhe intermixes with that Mildneſs the Haughtineſs of an *Amazon*; for Nature has endow'd her with a heart ſo lofty and ſo reſolute, that no danger, how terrible ſoever, can affright her. And therefore ſhe has been ſometimes known to Protect Baniſh'd Princes, without fearing the Power of Kings, or the Malice of their Favourites. And Vertue Perſecuted has always found a ſafe retreat in her Habitation. Yet though this Heart of hers be ſo Couragious, and ſo Reſolute, ſhe has a ſtrange affection for her Friends; thoſe ſhe loves tenderly, dearly, and impartially, without inconſtancy, or whimſie of Humour. Their Misfortunes become hers, and ſhe ſhares in their Honour. When ſhe does all ſhe can for 'em, ſhe thinks ſhe does nothing. She believes that Vertue which idle, is no true Vertue; but that it always ought to be in motion, like the Sun; and that being confin'd within narrower bounds, it fails of Generoſity. She is Magnificent and Liberal; her Paſtimes are not onely harmleſs, but Noble. She loves Muſick and Poetry. Her Cloſet is full of all the Rarities of Art and Nature. In ſhort, there is nothing wanting in her that does not denote the Grandeur of her Inclinations, and the Elevation of her Soul. Such is, Sir, the Noble *Lydice*: and by this Deſcription, which is but a rough draught, you may eaſily conjecture that ſhe was receiv'd by all the Company with all the Civility that could be ſhew'd to her Merit and Condition. At firſt they began to Diſcourſe of things in general, which are the entrance into all Diſcourſe; that is to ſay, concerning the King, the Court; what News, of the laſt great Ball and Comedy. But when they had time to caſt their Eyes upon *Lydice*, and to hear her ſpeak, by degrees ſhe began to be the Subject of their Diſcourſe, and all their Opinions were united in favour of her. Some prais'd her Beauty, others commended her Wit. Some the endowments of her Mind, others the Charming tone of her Voice, ſo pleaſing to the Ear, that thence it deſcended to the Heart. But that incomparable Lady, after ſhe had liſtned to them for ſome time, interrupted them all of a ſudden, and looking upon 'em with an admirable Grace, and a Courtly Air, The preſent time is not the paſt, ſaid ſhe ſmiling; the *Lydice* you ſpeak of is dead, for Living in the time of *Muleyhazen*, ſhe cannot be ſaid to be alive under *Boandelin*: So that you ſee nothing but a Ghoſt. No, ſaid ſhe, among all theſe crowd of Flatterers and Courtiers, there is none but the Illuſtrious *Morayzel* that can tell what I have been. Madam, anſwer'd he in the ſame pleaſant manner, how neatly you laugh at my decrepit years, and make me a Man of another Age. But ſince you do your ſelf the ſame injury, I have no reaſon to complain: And ſince you have put it upon me to give an account of your Worth, I will onely tell you, that your Beauty would make four very handſom Women. For were the one Beautiful in Shape, had the other the Excellency of Wit, were the other Beautiful in Mind, had the other the Excellency of Language, or did the Muſick of her Voice charm never ſo much; Nature had been Liberal enough to thoſe four, that has been ſo Prodigal to you alone. For my part, ſaid *Semahis*, I would fain know, ſuppoſing all theſe rare Qualities ſhould be ſeparated, which is to be eſteemed the moſt amiable: The Beauty of the Body, the Beauty of the Mind, the Excellency of Wit, or the Charms of a Voice. Your Queſtion is not eaſie to be reſolv'd, anſwer'd *Abindarrays*; inſomuch that I fear, when we come to Examine the matter, we ſhall raiſe a new Civil War in *Granada*, and that we ſhall find our ſelves all divided. Let the worſt come to the worſt, ſaid *Aldoradine* laughing, thoſe Factions will not be ſo dangerous to the State, as the Factions of the *Abençerrages* and the *Zegries*. And therefore I am clearly for this Diſpute, which cannot but be very Courtly, being made upon ſuch a Courtly Subject, and by ſuch Perſons as I ſee here. Well then, ſaid *Galliana*, I'le enter the Liſts firſt, and publickly declare my ſelf for the Beauty of the Voice againſt all other ſorts of Beauty; for nothing more pleaſes me than the Muſical tone in ſpeaking. I am of your Party, cry'd *Zelebin*; and I am reſolv'd to wear your Scarf. In ſhort, there are thoſe Charms in a Voice that nothing is able to reſiſt. As it moves at all times, it increaſes at all times the motions of that Paſſion which it cauſes, and the Soul there meets with inviſible Fetters. Yes, the ſound of the Voice Echoes to the Heart: Every time ſhe ſpeaks or ſings, ſhe inſpires thoſe thoughts which ſhe expreſſes, which is a quality ſo amiable, that it muſt of Neceſſity be admir'd. Beſides, we find that the object of hearing is more Noble and immaterial than that of the ſight. For the Eye can ſee nothing, how fair and beautiful ſoever it be, which is not Terreſtrial and Corporeal. But Harmony is neither to be felt nor ſeen. She is almoſt altogether intellectual, fair without a Body. So that if there be any thing of Divinity among men, 'tis aſſuredly in the Voice. Again, Truth never wears two Faces, ſhe is always the ſame; and univerſal Judgment is to be preferred before a ſingle Opinion; ſo that while we ſee that ſome love the fair, ſome the brown, ſome the ruddy, ſome the pale; ſome the tall, ſome the little, ſome the merry, ſome the melancholy; yet that ſtill there are none who are not delighted with an harmonious Voice. Therefore of Neceſſity that Beauty which advances it ſelf above all the reſt, is moſt to be admir'd. And indeed the Beauty of the Voice has an advantage above all other Beauties; for the Roſes and the Lillies fade. The Beauties of the Face have their Winter, as well as their Spring: And that very Affection which they begat, dies with them. But Age never

changes

changes the tone of the Voice, when the Beauty of the Eyes and the Complexion are quite defac'd. The Noble ſounds of Harmony and Eloquence have tam'd the fury of Mad-men, and Arm'd Conquerors to Victory. It calms and appeaſes the Paſſions, and Reigns as well in Peace as in War. Harmony has built Cities, Charm'd Dolphins, tam'd Lions and Tygers, and vanquiſh'd the Powers of Hell it ſelf. Moreover the Beauty of the Face is ſtill the ſame; he that has ſeen it once, ſees but the ſame again. But it is not ſo with a Tunable Voice, for variety of ſounds, and Converſation ſtill beget new delights, which always Charm anew. And therefore I hold the Beauty of the Voice to be above all the reſt. If *Galliana* had ſung ill, reply'd *Cadiga*, ſhe would not have ſpoken ſo poſitively in favour of Symphony: But for my part, I think a Harmonious Lover to be a ſtrange ſort of Lover; for if he onely loves becauſe his Ears are Muſical, and can diſtinguiſh ſounds, he may as well be in love with a Guittar as with a Lady. Really, ſaid *Fatima* ſmiling, the fair *Cadiga* ſpeaks Reaſon; for an adorer of Cromatick deſcant can be no real Lover: Seeing that according to the old Maxime, Take away the Cauſe and the Effect ceaſes; if the fine Voice come to be troubled with a Rheum, and prove hoarſe, then adieu Love. Truly, reply'd *Abdalla*, that man would be in a fine condition, who proving in love with a Lady for hearing her ſing, ſhould find her very deformed when he came to ſee her. The Remedy for that, is always to ſhut your Eyes, and always to open your Ears. However, reply'd *Thuracan*, that Idea of deformity would never be got out of his mind, notwithſtanding his voluntary blindneſs; nor could all the ſweetneſs of ſounds diſguiſe her disfigurement. Ah, cry'd *Lydice* laughing, though I ſhould ſpeak as the *Syrens* ſung, I find that my curious Voice would be condemn'd. Theſe Noble Perſons are not of my mind, reply'd *Almahide*; for I had thought they would have prefer'd Wit before the Voice. Truly, ſaid *Morayzel*, it has many advantages over the other, and ſeems only fit to claim the Sovereignty. It pleaſes, it perſwades, it moves, it ſhakes, it tranſports the Soul; it aſſwages the pains of Grief, and convinces us of the worth of thoſe Benefits which we receive by it. Her Beauty is not fading like that of the Voice or Face, but being always amiable, is always to be belov'd. It carries ſo much Majeſty with it, it is ſo brisk and lively, that it dazles the Eyes, as well as the Reaſon; and as it ſhews its own Perfections, it is no leſs able to hide its own failings. Certainly 'tis the very Soul it ſelf; for a Beautiful Fool is but a Beautiful Statue: And I could as ſoon fall in love with a Picture, as with a Lady that wanted Wit. Nothing concerns 'em, nothing obliges 'em; and when you pay 'em all your Services, you do but ſow a barren piece of Ground: Love proceeds from Reſemblance, we never love that which is oppoſite in humour to us. Fools are as little ſenſible as the dead that feel nothing. But Underſtanding and quick-witted Perſons are more amiable than any others. For they ſee the end of all things, they judge Rationally of all things, nothing eſcapes their knowledge: So that the true Lover is ſure to be belov'd. From whence I conclude that the Imperious Beauty of the Wit is Queen of all other Beauties. Yet I cannot believe, reply'd *Zelebin*, that a brave Wit in an ill-ſhap'd Body would have many Admirers; but rather that your Queen would be a Queen with a bare Title onely. For my part, added *Cadiga*, if I were a Man, ſuch a kind of Spiritualiz'd Wit would be a trouble to me. They are too quick-ſighted, too ſqueamiſh, too cenſorious, nothing will pleaſe 'em; and though Women are Naturally Proud, theſe Extraordinary Creatures have ſuch an Opinion of their Wit, and are ſo in love with themſelves, that they love no body elſe. I know, ſaid *Amat* ſighing, ſome that are juſt of that humour, that look upon all the World as a thing below 'em, as if they were ſtanding upon a Mountain. Thoſe piercing Wits, reply'd *Fatima*, do not onely conſider the paſt and preſent time, but they alſo dive into the Future with their conjectures. Oh how impertinent are theſe Aſtrologizing Miſtreſſes! ſaid *Abindarrays*: For ſometimes 'tis not convenient to examine the preſent time too rigorouſſly, much leſs to remember what is paſt, or to fore-ſee the future. I do not wonder, reply'd *Aldoradine* laughing, that you do not care for this Amorous Aſtrology: For a Perſon who is ſaid to have had ſix hundred Miſtreſſes, has no need of ſo ſevere a Judge. Ah, fair *Aldoradine*, as merrily reply'd he, as to what concerns the preſent and the future, be you but pleas'd to erect a Scheme for me, and be as skilful as *Cid Hamet*, or any of the Ancient *Arabians* in Aſtronomy for what is to come, I ſhall never eſteem you the worſe for being ignorant of what is paſt. To return to your great Wit, ſaid *Abderame*, we may add, That all is not Gold that gliſters; for Glaſs ſeems to have as fair a Luſtre as a Diamond; but if a great Wit be not manag'd with a great deal of Judgment, it does but make a man commit greater faults. Why then, added *Thuracan*, the Beauty of the Wit has no better luck than the Beauty of the Voice. I ſee 'tis condemn'd, ſaid I, as well as the other, notwithſtanding the Opinion of the Divine *Almahide*, and the Noble *Morayzel*'s Reaſons. Moſt certainly, added *Semahis*, the Beauty of the Mind is incomparably beyond any of the reſt; and conſequently more amiable. That Beauty it is, that teaches us to fly Vice and follow Vertue, which incites us to great undertakings, which makes us carry them on through all dangers. This Beauty it is that is Reverenced by all the World alike. This alone it is whom the Blind can ſee as well as they that have the uſe of their Eyes. So that being onely infinitely amiable, it is onely to be admir'd. I am of your Opinion, anſwer'd *Lydice*. And I deny it, reply'd *Cadiga* laughing; for that ſort of Beauty more to be admir'd than belov'd, is rather to be feared, than fit to be belov'd. This is one of thoſe ſevere Beauties that all the World eſteems,

esteems, but no Person admires: And I dare say, could she but take a Body, and be visibly seen, she would have other Servants, the Old Philosophers, Old Magistrates, Old Captains, and Old Ministers of State: Dalliance, Laughter, and Courtship, would be accounted too Young Companions for so Grave a Deity; and the Graces themselves would be thought Proud Gossips, should they dare to come near her. Never did any Lover swoon away for the Beauty of the Soul, added *Zelebin*; nor among all the Epitaphs that ever were made upon the Deceas'd, we never read of any one that dy'd for her. That's a sign, reply'd *Semahis*, of the Equity and Mildness of her Government, rather than a proof of her Weakness. Let it be as it will, said *Morayzel*, I find 'tis a drawn Battel. But it shall not be so long, reply'd *Abindarrays*; for all the Beauties of the Voice, of the Wit, and of the Mind must give way to the Beauty of the Face, which is call'd Beauty for its single Excellency. In short, added *Abindarrays*, she is the Object of the Eyes, the Pleasure of the Heart, the Delight of the Soul; and if there be any thing of Divinity among Men, 'tis Beauty most infallibly. For it not onely arises from the justness of proportion, but also from the Connexion and Correspondency between the several parts, from the Vivacity of Colours, from the imperceptible shadowings of White and Carnation that compose the complexion, the sparkling fire that glances from the eyes; the quantity, length, and colour of the Hair, the whiteness and equality of the Teeth, the roundness and plumpness of the Neck, Arms, and Hands, the fair proportion of all the Lineaments, from the grace of Charming smiles, from the Majesty of deportment and Gate. But from the whole Composure there is a certain Air which is more than Humane, a certain enchanting brightness, I cannot tell what Divine Apparition (if I may so call it) which is the Beauty of Beauties; the onely true amiable Beauty which ought to be belov'd. This is that Conquering Beauty, that Captivates Kings themselves, and makes them prefer their Chains before their Scepters; which Triumphs over Heroes in the midst of their Triumphs; erecting Trophies upon their Trophies, and vanquishing the Conquerors. This is the universal Empress of the World, which all men adore, whose Sovereignty has been acknowledged in all Ages. And therefore neither the Charms of a Voice, nor the Pleasantness of Wit, nor the Beauty of the Soul, can rationally contest with her for the Victory. Which was concluded and agreed upon at length by all the Disputants. And this, Sir, was the summe of their Conversation at that time: But in regard that Love is a Passion, which causes them who are subdu'd by it to be strangely prying and watchful; *Abderame* could not chuse but observe in so many visits that he made to the Palace of *Morayzel*, that the Princess his Daughter was very kind to the beautiful Slave *Leonce*. And *Turacan* also took notice, that *Ramira* was not dis-esteemed by her. So that *Abderame* being desirous to make use of the discovery which he had made, resolv'd to win to his side so necessary an Agent: when at the same time, and by a Fortune as strange, his Rival had the same design upon *Ramira*. *Abderame* therefore having as he thought so well laid his Plot, sought all Opportunities to bring it about, and finding the Count of *Pegnasiel* one day alone in the Garden belonging to *Morayzel*'s Palace, Lovely Captive, said he in most Obliging and Flattering Language, I am not so dim-sighted, but I can perceive that the Divine *Almahide* has an esteem for thy extraordinary Merit; and because I have a desire to serve her, I beg of thee to stand my Friend, and to employ that Wit, which is so Natural to thee, to bring her favourably to accept my Services. Shouldst thou extol my Love never so highly, thou canst not say enough; and provided thou wilt but stretch a little for my sake, when thou speakest to her concerning my Person, there is nothing which I will not hope from thy assistance and my own good Fortune. As for what remains, Charming Christian, pursu'd he, I cannot tell whether thou knowest the *Moors* of *Granada* so well, as to understand their Inclinations, but I can assure thee they are Noble and free: and for my own particular, I will give thee such proofs of my own acknowledgment, that shall not permit thee to question it. And to let thee know how highly I value thy Friendship, I swear to thee by *Alla*, and his Prophet, that if thou wilt stand my Friend, I will be thine as long as I live; and that if there be any Ransom which can set thee free, thou mayst already believe thy self at Liberty. Receive then this small Token of the Engagement I have made, which I am asham'd to give thee, as being not worthy thy acceptance. And having so said, he took from off his finger a Diamond worth two thousand Sequins, and tenderly embracing the Illustrious *Ponce de Leon*, put it into his hand without expecting any answer. You may easily ghess, Sir, how strangely the Count of *Pegnasiel* was surpriz'd at that time; and into what a discomposure of mind a Proposal of that Nature had put him. What a strange variety of thoughts turmoyl'd his Noble Heart, and troubled his large Soul; and what an odd thing it must seem to a Lover to be offer'd such an Employment by a Rival, and to see himself reduc'd to be that which we call *Tercero* or a Broaker, in the Court of *Spain*. He was so amaz'd that he scarce knew what *Abderame* had given him, or indeed what he had requested for it, and much less what answer he had to return. Nevertheless, in a short time recovering himself, at first he thought it his best way to discover his true Condition to the *Moor*, and to Challenge him instead of speaking in his behalf to *Almahide*. However a second thought correcting the violence of the former, he bethought himself, that a Person of *Abderame*'s Quality would never fight with a Slave, how Noble soever he might feign himself to be, though *Mahardin* had done the same thing a little before: and that it would be a great piece of Imprudence to

expose

expoſe himſelf to no purpoſe, not onely to the Revenge of a Rival, but to the anger of *Morayzel* and *Semahis*, which if it did not coſt him his life, would coſt him a ſeparation from *Almahide*, and it may be the loſs of her Friendſhip, for having expos'd her Reputation to publick ſcandal ſo irrationally. Upon theſe conſiderations concealing his anger, and labouring to get out of the Bryars without any danger, Sir, ſaid he to the Valiant *Moor*, the Secret which you have imparted to me has highly honour'd me, but your Liberality has done me an injury; for though you ſee me thus laden with Fetters, my heart is better lodg'd than to ſerve you as a Hireling, were it in my Power. Take your Jewel therefore again, added he, preſenting it to him. Keep it thy ſelf, my dear *Leonce*, cry'd *Abderame*, retreating two or three ſteps backward; and if thou doſt not hate me as much as I love thee, or unleſs thou would conſtrain me to hate thee, never deſire me to take that again, which is but a meer pledge of what I intend to do for thee. But Sir, reply'd the Count of *Pegnafiel*, your Paſſion abuſes you, and makes you look with a multiplying glaſs upon the benefit which you propoſe to your ſelf: For I muſt confeſs to my ſorrow, that the fair *Almahide* has not that kindneſs for me which you may think ſhe has. Nay, her goodneſs deceives you, purſu'd he, for there is not one Slave that belongs to *Almahide* but is better able to ſerve you than my ſelf. Oh, *Leonce*, reply'd he, Lovers have better eyes than you imagine; nor can all thy Humility conceal thy good Fortune. No, no, I have too well obſerv'd the eſteem which the fair *Almahide* has for thee, and that we carry the ſame Chains, and ſerve the ſame Miſtreſs. Nay, I ſwear to thee, ſaid he ſmiling, that I have never a Rival which I ſhould ſo much fear as thy ſelf, ſhould I prove unfortunate in any deſign of thine to injure me, or to make Love to her. You ſpeak like a Courtier, reply'd the comely Slave. But Sir, what I tell you is very true, and I will tell you again, not to deceive you, that I can do you no ſervice, and that I am the moſt improper Agent in the World to be employ'd in a buſineſs of this Nature. In ſhort, my dear and beloved *Leonce*, I believe my own eyes before thy Modeſty; and my own ears before thy lips: and therefore refuſe me not a thing which will do me ſo great a kindneſs, and coſt thee ſo little. But Sir, reyly'd the Noble Slave, what Service is it that you require of me? What thou wouldſt deſire another ſhould do for thee, wert thou in Love like me; and that's enough to one of thy Wit. The diſtinction of Conditions, reply'd *Leonce*, very much alters the manner of tranſacting, and ſo one that may ſpeak well for himſelf, may ſpeak but ill for another. Love is a Paſſion, ſaid *Abderame*, that makes all men equal, puts the ſame thoughts into their minds, and cauſes them to ſpeak almoſt the ſame things. So that thou art onely to praiſe me, as thou wouldſt be commended thy ſelf: Diſcourſe of my Paſſion, as thou wouldſt another ſhould Diſcourſe of thine: Perſwade, as thou wouldſt that another ſhould perſwade, didſt thou but love the Divine *Almahide*; and that thou wert as timerous as I am, when I behold that lovely Lady. I fore-ſee, Sir, ſaid the feigned *Leonce*, that you will be but ill ſatisfied with my Eloquence, and that I ſhall prove but a bad Orator. And therefore I beſeech you once more to take your Jewel again, and not to impoſe a Commiſſion upon me which I am not able to diſcharge. I never take again what I have once given, reply'd the *Moor* with an angry utterance; nay, I have already forgot that I gave thee any thing at all. But cruel Friend, if thou art not willing to ſpeak thy ſelf, ſuffer me to ſpeak, and do but thou perſwade her to hear me. *Almahide* is a great lover of Verſes, here is a Copy, ſaid he, which I have made, drawing a Paper out of his Pocket, and delivering it to the Noble Slave, give this to that Cruel and Charming Lady; and read it to her for my ſake. Ah, Sir, cry'd the feigned *Leonce*, I read no better than I ſpeak; or if I did underſtand the *Arabick* Tongue, I ſhould ſpoil 'em in reading, and do you an injury. But theſe Verſes are in *Spaniſh*, reply'd *Abderame*, and therefore ſince thou haſt no pretence, to refuſe me the favour which I requeſt, I am certain to obtain it, notwithſtanding all thy Modeſty; and ſo farewel while I go to provide a recompence proportionable to the Service which thy Friendſhip may do me. Having ſaid thoſe words, the Valiant *Moor* departed, and the inamour'd Count of *Pegnafiel* remain'd in ſo ſtrange a perplexity and vexation of Mind, that I am not able to expreſs it. Oh Fortune, cry'd he, behold here another piece of thy Malice. And when I had thought thou couldſt have done no more, thy ingenuity is beyond my Patience, for I find thou art beginning again. Was it not enough for me to become a Slave, but I muſt be my Rival's Confident? That he muſt deſire of me to Serve him againſt my own Intereſt, to eſtabliſh his felicity, and ruine my own? That thou ſhouldſt cauſe him to Love the Perſon that hates him; and me to hate the Perſon that loves me? Ah! 'tis too much, unjuſt Fortune, 'tis too much; nor am I able longer to endure either my own Miſeries, or thy Tyranny. For me to ſpeak for one of my Rivals! For me to ſupport him! For me to ſerve him! Oh blind Power! thou proceedeſt from Tyranny to Extravagance; and there is neither Reaſon nor Poſſibility for me to do that which thou impoſeſt upon me. Nevertheleſs I dare not abſolutely refuſe ſo unwelcome an employment. The Divine *Almahide's* Intereſt ſways with me more than my own: ſo that I was forc'd to be ſilent, and to be quiet, when it lay in my Power to ſpeak and revenge my ſelf. Once more 'tis too much, nor is my Reſolution able to withſtand this my laſt misfortune. While this happen'd in one part of the Garden, *Turacan* met the Duke of *Infantada* in another, and ſpake to him much to this purpoſe. Valiant Slave, ſaid he, as thy great Actions have inform'd all of thy Noble Generoſity, and as one Vertue never goes alone, when I conſider thy

Valour,

Valour, I conclude thee to be obliging. Therefore it is that having no other knowledge of thee than by means of thy fair Reputation, I take the liberty to beg a favour of thee, which I am assur'd thou wilt not deny me. The feigned *Ramira* conceiving that it behov'd him to give a Civil answer to a Person of his Quality, Sir, said he, I cannot conceive what Service of any importance a poor Slave can pay to a Person of your Degree; but let it be what it will, I promise you whatever lies in my Power. I should be unjust, reply'd *Turacan*, to desire an impossibility. But as I have not altogether lost my Reason, I have not expos'd my self to that shame, nor thee to the necessity of denying me. Then we are both agreed, reply'd the Complaisant Captive; and therefore be pleas'd, Sir, to speak your mind, for your own satisfaction and mine. There ought a second favour to precede the former, reply'd the *Moor*; for otherwise we shall neither of us be satisfied. You speak Riddles, answer'd the feigned *Ramira* laughing. And therefore because I am afraid of being too long e're I divine it, I hope you will be as Courteous as I am simple, to explain your self. The first favour then, said *Turacan*, is, that before thou knowest the second, thou wilt accept of these four thousand Sultanins, which I have brought thee here in a Purse, which he shew'd him, and assure thy self that I give thee this small Present onely as an earnest of one more considerable. Such an unwonted piece of Liberality began to open the Eyes, or rather the very Heart of the Noble Slave, and to make him a better Fortune-teller than he was before. Nevertheless, though he fore-saw that neither *Turacan*'s Request would please him, nor that he should perform what he desir'd, yet being Naturally jocund and merry, he was so pleas'd to see Money offer'd to a Person of his Quality, that though he had no occasion for it, he boldly took the Purse, and returning a most obliging answer to the Liberal *Moor*, Though I have as good a will to refuse your Present, as you have to give it me, said he, yet because there is nothing more obliges a Magnificent Person, than to accept of his Obligation, I prefer your satisfaction before my own. So saying, he took the Purse in a careless manner, and put it up, and began to listen to what the valiant *Granadine* had to say. Since I find you begin to oblige me, reply'd *Turacan* smiling, I have reason to hope that you will accomplish your business, and that thou wilt lend me thy assistance in my suit to the fair *Almahide*, whom I adore. I know she has a kindness for thee, and that thou canst do me good. And for that Reason I conjure thee, knowing the quickness of thy Wit, to let fall a word now and then concerning my Passion as thou shalt find an Opportunity, at such times as thou art talking freely and merrily with her, that the pleasantness of the one may prepare her to receive the other without Choler or Indignation. The nimble-witted Slave, who fore-saw his Request, was nothing surpriz'd, like the Count of *Pegnafiel*; but on the contrary, without any trouble or commotion, having a fine and curious Wit, and not being so scrupulous of his Honour as his Rival, beholding *Turacan* with eyes full of a counterfeit acknowledgment and Friendship, Sir, said he, I assure you the business which you speak of is my own; I will Act in it as for my self, and use all my Wit and Cunning to bring it to pass, according to my intention. Ah, my dear *Ramira*, said he embracing him, if thou dost but as thou sayst, thou shalt raise thy own Fortune by advancing mine; and as thou wilt render me the most happy Person in the World, I will make thee the most happy Captive in the Earth. I promise nothing but what I intend to perform, reply'd the cunning *Don Alvarez*; and therefore remember my words very punctually, for provided they be rightly understood, you shall have no Reason to complain of my Fidelity. On the contrary, reply'd the Generous *Moor* embracing him again, that I may have the more reason to applaud thy Services, pursu'd he, I conjure thee to give these Verses to the Divine *Almahide*, and read them to her thy self; and make such pleasing Expositions upon them, as thou shalt think necessary. Sir, answer'd the disguiz'd Duke, taking the Paper, though I am assur'd that your Verses are so good, that they have no need of setting forth, yet I promise you not to omit any thing, but to read them with that deceitful tone which all your Poets make use of in repeating their own Works; so that if the fair *Almahide* does not accept them, as she ought to do, it shall not be my fault; and that her very Soul must be deaf, if I do not perswade her as I please my self. At those words the Liberal *Moor* did not fail to renew his Compliments, his Embraces, and his Promises; while the Cunning Captive renew'd his Promises also, in words that carried a double meaning, as he had done all along. After that, *Turacan* being satisfied with the success of his Enterprize, the feigned *Ramira* continu'd his walk, laughing to himself at what had happen'd. By and by, in regard that *Ponce de Leon* was walking also, and deeply meditating in the same Garden, they met both at the end of an Alley; when the Duke laughing out-right, and shewing the Count the Purse which *Turacan* had given him, I do not believe, said he, you can easily conjecture who made me this Magnificent Present, nor the Reason of his Liberality. Neither do I believe, said the feigned *Leonce* more seriously, that you can ghess who gave me this Jewel, shewing him *Abderame*'s Ring, nor why he gave it me. But, reply'd the Duke of *Infantada*, the same Person gave me Verses too. Yes, reply'd the Count of *Pegnafiel*, I have received Verses as well as you. So that you are not the onely Person that have a Poet to your Friend. I wish to Heaven, answer'd *Don Alvarez*, that your Verses may be *Abderame*'s. And I wish to Heaven, reply'd *Ponce de Leon*, that yours may be *Turacan*'s. If it be so really, answer'd the feigned *Ramira*, the Son of the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* has taken upon him a very notable Employment. And surely, said

Ponce de Leon, I cannot think the Duke of *Infantada*'s Office to be leſs ignominious. Never diſguiſe the truth, ſaid the Duke, the Verſes and Preſent are *Abderame*'s. Do you then confeſs, reply'd the Count, that your Verſes and Preſent come from *Turacan?* Do you then confeſs, ſaid the Duke, that your Pacquet is directed to the fair *Almahide*? Then do not you deny, reply'd the Count, but that yours is likewiſe ſent to the ſame Party. I acknowledge it, ſaid the Duke: I confeſs it, reply'd the Count. Certainly a moſt rare Adventure, added the feigned *Ramira*, and moſt worthy a Grandee of *Spain*, and of one that is to be ſo. But I beſeech you tell me, ſaid he, are you reſolv'd to diſcharge your Commiſſion juſtly and fairly? When you ſatisfie me, I will ſatisfie you, anſwer'd the feigned *Leonce*. To tell you the truth, ſaid *Don Alvarez*, I think it very convenient for us to read our Verſes before-hand between our ſelves, for good Poetry may work a bad effect; and therefore in that caſe we ſhall play the good Actors. I agree to it, ſaid *Ponce de Leon*; and I am ready to ſhew and read mine. Do you begin, and I'le follow your Example; for as you are the Elder Slave, it behoves me to give you the precedency. Thereupon the Count of *Pegnafiel* brought forth his Paper and read it. When he had done, ſaid the Duke of *Infantada* laughing, In things of this importance, I think it very convenient that a Wiſe man ſhould play ſecurely; and that it is neither fair nor honeſt for a Lover to read that in his Rival's behalf to his Miſtreſs, which he dare not ſpeak. *Almahide* is a Heroe, but though a Heroe, ſhe is but a Woman ſtill; and the Proverb ſays, That Miſtruſt is the Daughter of Security. I am of your Opinion, reply'd the feigned *Leonce*; for ſince *Abderame* has been unhappy in Proſe, I do not think we are bound to make him Fortunate in Verſe. But ſhould *Abderame* ſpeak to this Incomparable Beauty, and find by her anſwers that ſhe never ſaw his Poetry, what will become of us Slaves, eſpecially ſince the *Moors* are ſo given to Revenge? You feel your ſhoulders ake already, cry'd the Duke; but if it be onely the Baſtinado that you fear, you may ſafely tear your Poetry upon my word: For I have found out a way to ſave us both harmleſs. Upon thoſe words, ſaid the Count of *Pegnafiel* laughing, Then ſhall this paper never deliver its Errand by word of mouth; and ſo ſaying, he tore it in pieces. After that, the Duke of *Infantada* opened his paper, and read that aloud to the Count of *Pegnafiel*, which he ſhould have read ſoftly to his Miſtreſs, and then tore it as the feigned *Ponce* had done. After that, they pickt up every bit of paper, for fear the leaſt piece ſhould be found, and make a diſcovery of the Cheat which they had contriv'd. But this is not all, ſaid the feigned *Ramira*, for if we ſtay here, I am very much deceiv'd, if *Turacan* and *Abderame* do not teach us the meaning of the Gally-Slaves laſh, which in my Opinion would be none of the moſt pleaſing delights in the World; and therefore let us conſider quickly what we have to do. For my part, ſaid *Ponce de Leon*, after he had ſtudied a good while, I know no better way to bring us out of this Labyrinth, than to kill 'em both fairly, if we can but get 'em alone in ſome private and remote place, where we will force 'em to draw both at the ſame time; for I can procure Weapons for us two, by means of a Friend of mine that lies hid in *Granada*. This without doubt, reply'd the Duke, is a moſt excellent invention to cauſe us to be both empail'd upon one of the high Towers of the *Alhambre* or the Caſtle of *Albayzin*; for Heavens ſake, let us preſerve our Gallantry till another time; for, for my part, I am reſolv'd not to dye like a Rogue. What ſhall we do then? reply'd the Count. If your Wits be ſo dull, anſwer'd the feigned *Ramira*, and that I onely muſt plot and do all, 'tis but Reaſon that I ſhould have the Jewel, as well as the Sultanins. I'le never ſtand for that, anſwer'd the feigned *Leonce*, ſo we may but diſengage our ſelves from theſe *Moors*. I'le refer it to *Don Fernand*, reply'd *Don Alvarez*: For I intend to give him both your Jewel and my Money, which he did afterwards, and I accepted it, by Command of the Count of *Pegnafiel*. In the mean while, purſu'd the Duke of *Infantada*, let us retire either to your Chamber or mine, there to conſult at leiſure what courſe to take, to diſ-engage our ſelves out of this Labyrinth, and free our ſelves from two ſuch dangerous Rivals. In ſhort, away they went; and when the feigned *Ramira* had fully inſtructed the feigned *Leonce*, he ſought an Opportunity to ſpeak with *Turacan*, while the other conceal'd himſelf not to be ſeen by *Abderame*. When the Duke had found the Noble *Moor*, he drew him boldly aſide, and looking upon him with a ſaid and doleful Countenance, Sir, ſaid he ſighing, my hopes have deceiv'd me; things have not proſper'd according to my intention: The haughty *Semahis* has ſo powerfully infus'd her own Pride into her Daughter the fair *Almahide's* Boſom, ſince ſhe return'd to *Granada*, that there is no way to move her heart but by Honourable Exploits. She has ill Interpreted whatever I ſaid, ſhe has threatned me, ſhe has look'd upon your Verſes as meer Songs and Ballads; ſhe would not ſo much as receive 'em, or hear me read 'em. She ask'd me whether a Perſon of your Quality and Age were not aſham'd to ſtay here ſcribling Rhymes, while ſo many *Granadine* Heroes were abroad in the Army? And to talk to her of Love, while her Father was fighting? That you ſhould rather go and ſignalize your ſelf by ſome remarkable Action in his ſight, whereby you might firſt gain a Reputation with the Father, and thereby the good will of the Daughter. What ſhall I ſay more, Sir? She ſnatch'd the paper out of my hands, and tore it in a hundred pieces; and told me in ſcornful and haughty Language, that unleſs you brought her one of the Enemies Standards torn in as many bits as your Stanzaes, ſhe would never ſee you more. Commanding me alſo to tell you, that if you intend to follow this Generous Reſolution, you muſt be gone without taking your leave; and

that

that you never return, till you have fulfill'd her Orders. I am almoſt at my wits end, purſu'd he very mournfully, becauſe I had no better ſucceſs; and you may very well ſee that I could not have been more diligent, and that I have omitted nothing that lay in my Power; having uſed no mean endeavours to bring things to that paſs wherein they are. Oh my dear *Ramira*, anſwer'd *Turacan*, thou takeſt that for a misfortune, which I account a happineſs; for if Courage will gain *Almahide's* heart, I am certain I ſhall not be long miſerable. In ſhort, he took Poſt an hour after, and went to the Army, reſolving there to win Honour, or loſe his Life; having firſt given *Don Alvarez* a Letter to deliver to *Almahide*, as he had done his Stanzaes. When he ſaw that the Generous *Moor* was departed, he returns to *Ponce de Leon*, and beholding him with a look full of ſatisfaction; If you Act your part as I have done mine, we ſhall ſend a Recruit of two Men to the Army of the *Moors*, for there is one upon the Road already. As great an Enemy as I am to Couſenage, I will try, ſaid the Count of *Pegnaſiel*, what I can do for once. Give it a better Name, and ſpeak with more Juſtice, reply'd the Duke; for that which you call Couſenage, is onely to be counted nimbleneſs of Wit. Call it as you pleaſe, reply'd the feigned *Leonce*, for I'le go try for once to approve my ſelf a Scholar worthy of ſo brave a Maſter. With that he went to ſeek out *Abderame*, and drawing near him with a very ſerious Countenance, which he had much adoe to put on, Sir, ſaid he in a few words, following the Inſtructions which he had receiv'd, your Verſes had the greateſt ſucceſs imaginable, the fair *Almahide* read every Stanza five or ſix times over with Admiration, when unluckily both for you and my ſelf too, a curſed Slave belonging to *Turacan*, came and told her, his Maſter was gone to the Army, aſſuring her that ſhe ſhould find by his Actions there, that he was more worthy to ſerve her, than you. The fair *Almahide*, whoſe haughtineſs you well know, bluſh'd at this diſcourſe, and after ſhe had ſent away the Slave with an obliging Compliment to his Maſter; I'le hear no more of Stanzaes or Sonnets, ſaid ſhe to me; and if *Abderame* do not make it out by his Actions, that what *Turacan* has engag'd to me is an untruth, he muſt never ſee my Face more. Make haſte then, Sir, and be gone quickly, added the diſguiz'd *Leonce*; and be aſſur'd that in your abſence I ſhall not be wanting to extol whatever Exploits of yours Fame ſhall report to us, and ſtill to ſpeak their Elogies in the Ears of the Beautiful *Almahide*. In ſhort, Sir, the deceit being of the ſame Nature, had the ſame ſucceſs. *Abderame* departed as well as *Turacan*, after he had been decoy'd as well as he; and the two Noble Rivals laught a ſecond time together, though Enemies, at the eaſineſs of their Rivals belief, having ſo proſperouſly remov'd them both. Not long after we underſtood that thoſe two Worthies did ſignalize themſelves by many brave Exploits, out of a particular emulation, but that at laſt engaging too far, they were both taken Priſoners. And by another Poſt we underſtood that unluckily for thoſe two unfortunate Lovers, *Columbus* being then ready to ſet Sail for the diſcovery of the Weſtern World, *Ferdinand* and *Iſabell* had beſtow'd thoſe two Illuſtrious Captives upon him, and that he had carried them away along with him before they could make known their Quality, or that *Morayzel* could Redeem them. I believe, Sir, you make no queſtion but that the Duke of *Infantada*, conſidering his Humour, was very little ſorry for the misfortune of thoſe Valiant Gentlemen. But the Count of *Pegnaſiel* was not of the ſame diſpoſition, for he bewail'd their Calamity, and more than once blam'd himſelf for having contributed ſo far to their Miſery. You jeaſt, ſaid *Don Alvarez* to him one day, they are not ſo much to be lamented as you imagine, for being good Poets, they may one day employ their Talents for ſome *Indian Almahide*. But however it came to paſs, this was their Fate; and thoſe two Illuſtrious Rivals, now they were gone, had no other to fear. But now their Forreign Wars were over, their Civil broils began again, and they began to oppoſe one another, as they had formerly done, Love dividing and uniting their hearts at pleaſure. In the mean time, the fair *Almahide*, who knew nothing of all this, continually renewed her importunities; and as often as ſhe ſpake either to them or me, ſtill the winding up of all was, that they ſhould both be gone; her exact and ſevere Vertue not being able to endure their Diſguiſement, but with an extraordinary reluctancy: Not but that ſhe had a very great eſteem for the Duke of *Infantada*, and dearly lov'd the Count of *Pegnaſiel*, but being ſo tender of her Reputation, which would not endure the leaſt Wound; ſometimes ſhe contended with them ſeverally, ſometimes ſhe attack'd them both together, but always concluded with their departure, while they were always conteſting againſt it: and I, according to my Cuſtom, was often Arbitrator of the differences, though many times they all three refus'd to ſtand by my award. On the other ſide, *Don Sancha*, who began to be aweary of being a *Moor*, and earneſtly deſir'd to return into *Spain*, led me as bad a life as they, and from the time that I ſpeak of, though he be ſtill in *Granada*, I believe he would willingly have been bound up from ever handling a Pencil more, provided he might have had liberty to return to *Sevil*, though he had great reaſon to fear his Maſter's diſpleaſure, being Inſtrumental in his Sons Eſcape. But now, Sir, to make a Sally out of Love into War, you muſt know that the Army of the *Moors*, being little Inferiour to the *Chriſtians*, and both Poſted with equal advantages, there happen'd ſeveral Skirmiſhes between ſmall Parties, but the two Armies could never be brought to a determining Battel; ſo that the Seaſon of the Year being paſs'd, *Morayzel*, after he had diſpos'd of his Troops in their Winter Quarters, return'd to the Court, which he found full of Parties and Factions, as you ſee

it now, by Reaſon of the particular differences between the *Abençerrages* and the *Zegries*. You are alſo to know, for the better underſtanding of the Story which I am ſtill to relate, that *Muleyhazen*, a Prince loaden with Renown, and full of Years, had two Lawful, and one Natural Son. *Boaudelin* that now Reigns, and *Audalla* his Brother, retir'd at preſent with his Aged Father, a King without a Kingdom; and Prince *Muſſa*, who appears at Court with ſo much Reputation and Honour. The Eldeſt of theſe, Sir, as he wanted not Courage, ſo was he alſo very Ambitious: and though he were certain of the Crown by Elderſhip, and though he knew it could not be long e're his Aged Father was to deſcend from the Throne to the Tomb: Yet his impatience made him think the time too long; ſo that the deſire of Reigning violating the Laws of Nature, he rather choſe to be an Uſurper, than the Heir of *Muleyhazen*'s Scepter. And being of a Cunning, Supple, and Complaiſant temper, partly by Flattery, partly by Gifts, and partly by Promiſes, he ſtole away the hearts of the Kings Subjects, and eaſily made way for himſelf to obtain the Kingdom. He labour'd at firſt to draw *Audalla* to his Party, but it was impoſſible: then he tempted *Muſſa*, but though they both reciprocally lov'd each other, he found there was nothing to be expected there that favour'd of Diſobedience or Injuſtice: So that his haughty Ambition plainly found that there was another Courſe to be taken to compaſs his Ends. As for *Muleyhazen*, he being a Perſon of a quick judgment, and one whoſe peculiar Vertues made him love and diſcern the Vertues of others: he beſtow'd all his favours upon the Merits of the *Abençerrages*, and their acknowledgment fixing them faſt to his Intereſts, he had by their means gain'd alſo the *Almoradies*, the *Maliques*, the *Gazuls*, and all the other Noble Families that adhered to their Party. The *Infanta*, who ſaw Affairs in this poſture, not ignorant that new favours awaken old hatred, and that the Ancient quarrels between the *Abençerrages* and the *Zegries* were rather lull'd aſleep, than forgotten, thought it abſolutely neceſſary to win the latter, and make ſure of their Friendſhip. He undertook it, and his undertaking proſper'd, by gaining thoſe that were the Chief, who alſo won the *Gomeles*, the *Maçaas*, the *Vanegues*, and all the other Heads of their Faction. So that although *Muleyhazen* were the juſteſt and beſt Prince that ever Reigned, ſince the *Moors* paſs'd out of *Africa* into *Spain*, the general deſire of Novelty, and particular Animoſity rob'd him of one half of his Subjects, and divided all the Forces of the Kingdom. In the mean time, though this Conſpiracy were carried on very privately, and without any noiſe, yet *Muleyhazen* being very quick-ſighted, and a very great Politician, made a notable diſcovery of all their Contrivances, and fore-ſaw the ill conſequences that would enſue. But it was eaſier to diſcover the Diſtemper than to Cure it: For ſo tottering was then the condition of Affairs, that he was afraid of ſtirring the leaſt part, for fear of over-turning the whole Frame. He might well have ſeiz'd the Prince, and ſecur'd his Perſon; but thoſe deſperate ſtrokes that may be given to a New Faction, avail but little againſt an Old Party. And the *Zegries* were too powerful to have their Captain taken from them without Reſiſtance. Beſides this Wiſe, yet Unfortunate King, had a War of many Ages to maintain againſt *Spain*: So that it was no piece of Prudence to embroyl himſelf in Civil diſſentions, nor to haſten his Miſery, by ſeeking to prevent it. And therefore he contented himſelf only to oppoſe Policy againſt Policy; to Act under-hand like the *Infanta*, to keep up his Army, to have a watchful eye upon all places, and ſo to order his Affairs, that if the Factions ſhould declare, they might find him with his Arms in his hand. However, in regard theſe Orders could not be given out ſo ſecretly, but that the Prince was advertiz'd thereof; he conjectur'd right, that his Fathers Countermine had given vent to his: So that finding no ſecurity for himſelf at Court, he reſolv'd to lay aſide his Maſque; and ſo ſtealing away one Night with the Principal Heads of the Faction, he retir'd to *Malaga*, which he had made ſure of before; and where all his Friends repairing to him, in a few days he appear'd at the Head of a very conſiderable Army. On the other ſide, *Muleyhazen*, who fore-ſaw the Tempeſt, was no way ſurpriz'd at it, ſo that the private Orders which he had given, being faithfully executed, the Royal Army began to march as ſoon as the other; in the mean while both Parties did not fail to publiſh their Declarations for the Juſtification of their proceedings: The Kings party accuſing the *Zegries* for abuſing the Youth and eaſie Nature of the *Infanta*; and the Prince's party complaining of the exceſſive favour which the King beſtow'd upon the *Abençerrages*, intimating in obſcure terms, that the King being now incapable to Govern by reaſon of his Age, it would do better for the good of his Subjects, and the welfare of his Kingdom, to lay the weight of ſo great a burthen upon his Son, being not able to bear it himſelf. But as all theſe Declarations are but Lightning before Thunder, they left off Writing, and betook themſelves to the Sword; ſo that the two Armies marching at the ſame time with equal haſte, they came in ſight of each other near *Vandecacin* and *Lora*. They were equal in Number of Horſe, as well as Foot; for in regard all People are of the humour of thoſe Nations that adore the riſing, and revile the ſetting Sun: The Prince's Youth wanted not thoſe that took part with him againſt his Father's Age. But now both Armies iſſue out of their Trenches, and extending themſelves all along the plain, they poſſeſs'd themſelves of all the riſing grounds which were moſt for their Advantage. The Prince had ſecur'd his left Wing with the River *Froida*. Behind the Kings Reer ran the River *Genil*, as well becauſe he would not be ſurrounded, as to ſecure the Bridge in caſe of Neceſſity. The King, whoſe Hair being long

and

and white, rendred him more Majeſtick in his Arms, and was a great addition to the Comelineſs of his Preſence, going from Squadron to Squadron, and from Batalion to Batalion, labour'd to inſpire their Valour with his Preſence, and to encourage them by word of Mouth. *Valiant Captains*, ſaid he, *who are grown old in the Field, like my ſelf: And you, Generous Souldiers, that have ſo often ſeen me fighting at the head of you all, againſt the whole Force of* Spain, *behold thoſe feeble Mutineers, thoſe weak Revolters, who are rather thinking of Flight, than reſolv'd to ſtand us, and who are already half Vanquiſh'd through the knowledge which they have of your Valour and their own Crime. Theſe wicked Men have ſeduc'd a Young Prince that underſtands not their Malice, nor his own Duty: So that unleſs their Captains Experience overcome us, they are ſure to be Vanquiſh'd. Let us haſten then to the Battel, or rather to Puniſh theſe Offenders; I promiſe you to overthrow them, and will be as good as my word.* Upon thoſe words they gave a great ſhout, and all promis'd to do well: When that great Prince taking his place, iſſu'd forth his laſt Orders: So that as ſoon as they heard the word of Command, *March*, all the whole Body mov'd, advancing ſlowly and fiercely toward the Enemy, obſerving their Ranks and Files, and keeping their two Wings upon the ſame Line with that Exactneſs, as manifeſted that thoſe Souldiers knew their Trade. On the other ſide, the Prince, who wanted neither Courage nor Wit, after he had embattell'd his own Men, with that ſpeed which was proportionable, as well to the vigor of his Age, as to his Ambition, with a bold Countenance, and a reſolute Voice, *Friends and Companions*, ſaid he to them, *'tis not againſt the King that we are going to Fight, but againſt his evil Counſellers. The cunning of the* Abençerrages, *your Enemies and mine, cover their Ambition under pretence of his Permiſſion; and the decrepit Age of* Muleyhazen, *hindring him from Acting in his own Perſon, makes him to be rather a Priſoner, than a King in his own Army. So that you are to acknowledge no other Sovereign but him that is in your Preſence: 'Tis he that ſpeaks to you, my dear Companions; 'tis he that lets you ſee, that he that will worthily wield a Scepter, muſt aſſiſt himſelf with his Scimitar. I expect all things from your Valour: be you aſſur'd of all things from my acknowledgment and Liberality. In ſhort, aſſiſt me but to Vanquiſh, and let me alone with the reſt.* No ſooner had he ſpoken thoſe words, but the Trumpets ſounded a Charge, and both Battels advanc'd; when by an impulſe of Spirit as ſtrange as violent (which could not be attributed to any want of Courage in the King, who had been try'd in ſo many other Battels) the great *Muleyhazen* Commanded his Army to make a ſtand, none of the Captains being able to conjecture the cauſe. The Prince obſerving an Accident ſo Extraordinary, did the like; fearing ſome Stratagem from an Old Captain, as Experienced as Couragious; ſtill caſting his Eyes about from one end of both the Armies to the other, to ſee if he could deſcry the Reaſon of an Action ſo Extraordinary. In the mean while *Muleyhazen* riding out ſingly from the Body of his Army, and ſpurring his Horſe to the middle of the void ſpace between the Batalions, made a ſign with his hand that he would ſpeak with the Captain; thereupon the Prince ſingling himſelf out from the Body of his Army, advanc'd fiercely toward him with his Scimitar ready to ſtrike. Judge you, Sir, whether it were not a ſtrange ſight to ſee Father and Son in ſuch a poſture between two Armies that wondred whether it were with an intention to determine the Quarrel by a ſingle Combat, or whether ſome Angel had deſcended to inſpire thoughts of Peace into the hearts of the Commanders: So that an univerſal Curioſity having ſeiz'd the Minds of all the Souldiers that compos'd thoſe two great Bodies; the Enſigns mov'd, and the Batalions drew near with a ſlow March, and an univerſal ſilence, that had ſomething in it of Horror and Admiration. Reign, *Boaudelin*, Reign, cry'd *Muleyhazen* to the Prince, ſince thou art ſo impatient to Rule: But if it be poſſible, Govern juſtly, and be a better King than thou haſt been a Subject; ſince thou canſt not tarry, but wilt aſcend my Throne before I am deſcended to the Grave; and that thoſe few days which I have to live ſeem ſo tedious to thee, Bury me alive and thy Brothers with me: For of all the Kingdom of *Granada* which I reſign to thee, I onely deſire the Caſtle of *Albayzin* for my ſelf and them. Thou canſt not think that I do this out of weakneſs, thou knoweſt I am more skilful in the Art of Conquering; and that if I would have fought thee, the Victory would not have coſt me much. But, purſu'd he, I ſcorn that Poſterity ſhould reproach me, for having prefer'd my Ambition before the Lives of ſo many Souldiers that follow me and thee; who though they be not equally Innocent, yet are all my Subjects, and I deſire to preſerve them. Reign then, once more I willingly reſign thee the Crown, which thou wouldſt hale from my head; and I make thee a Lawful King to hinder thee from being an Uſurper. So it is, moſt Noble *Abençerrages*; ſo it is, moſt Noble *Zegries*; ſo it is, Valiant Captains, and brave Souldiers. Behold here your King, added he, turning toward both Armies; I Command you to Obey him, as you have Obey'd me; and now he is your Sovereign, I beſeech you to love him, as I have been belov'd by you. But *Boaudelin*, purſu'd he, I do not Bequeath you the Scepter, which I have wielded with ſo much Renown, but upon one Condition; that is to ſay, that after they have all Embrac'd, who have no other Quarrel but what is ours, after we have intermix'd both Armies, and have joyn'd them both into one, thou ſhalt March them in an entire Body againſt the *Caſtilians*, who are our Enemies, and there make it manifeſt to all the World by thy Noble Exploits that thou art Worthy to Reign. Throw down your Arms then, Generous Commanders and Valiant Souldiers, and Embrace each other (ſaid *Muleyhazen*, ſpeaking to both Parties) your New King Commands you, and your Old Sovereign Intreats you. Upon thoſe words

words ſome few tears, which he endeavour'd to hide, trickled down his Venerable Cheeks, wherein at that time ſate an Extraordinary Majeſty and Goodneſs together. And the whole Army in an inſtant, having received the word, threw down their Arms, embrac'd, and ſhed tears in imitation of their Renowned Prince, ſending up ſeveral ſhouts to Heaven mix'd with tenderneſs, grief, and joy. The Prince confounded at the extraordinary goodneſs of his Father, and touch'd with the knowledge of his Crime, and mov'd to Repentance for it, made haſte to alight, and caſting away his Scimitar, he went to throw himſelf at *Muleyhazen*'s feet, who alighted from his Horſe as he did. Reign, Sir, ſaid he, ſince you are onely worthy to Reign; and never grant me your Pardon for a Crime, which I never deſerved. I will not deprive the Kingdom of *Granada* of ſo great a Prince to ſet up one that is ſo much beneath him. Your People will loſe too much by the change, and I ſhall love them never the leſs by giving my free conſent. Upon thoſe words they began to weep afreſh, and to ſend forth new ſhouts; and they were mov'd as much with the Repentance of the Son, as with the Generoſity of the Father. But the great *Muleyhazen*, neither changing his Reſolution, nor being mov'd in the leaſt, rais'd the Prince upon his feet, and embracing him moſt affectionately; What I have ſaid, is ſaid, reply'd the great King: And may it pleaſe the Holy *ALLA* and his Prophet, that thy Reign may be more Juſt and Happier than mine. In the mean time I will return to *Granada*, and there ſtay to Crown thee at thy return. Go then, and render thy ſelf worthy of the Honour by Vanquiſhing the Enemies of thy Religion and Countrey. Thus, Sir, was the Sovereign Power conferred upon *Boaudelin* the preſent King. After which, in Obedience to the Commands of his Father, he March'd with both Armies toward the Frontiers of *Granada* to ſtop the Progreſs of the Catholick Kings Army.

Since the Reign of *Diocleſian* this great Action had had no Example, and therefore the Fame of it rang all over *Europe*: And you your ſelf know what a noiſe it made in the Court of *Spain*. But the Seaſon of the Year being paſt for Fighting, with advantage enough on the *Moors* ſide, the new King of *Granada* return'd with Honour and Triumph to the Capital City of his Kingdom, and ſate upon the Throne of his Anceſtors, environ'd with Glory, Pomp, and Majeſty. He was no ſooner come home, but *Muleyhazen*, without any Guard, and but very few Attendants, came to Viſit him. Being now no more, ſaid he, than the Chiefeſt of your Subjects, I thought fit to teach others by my Example the reſpect which they owe you. For as it will not be my fault that you do not do them all the Juſtice that it behoves you, it ſhall not be my fault that they do not yield you all the Obedience that good Subjects ought to do. Ah Sir (reply'd the Prince, in a manner ſtupified) the more your Goodneſs appears, the more my Crime appears: And I ſwear by the Holy *ALLA*, that I am ready ſtill to Obey, if it be your pleaſure to reſume your Scepter and Command. Let us talk no more of that, reply'd the Wiſe *Muleyhazen*: It was an inſpiration from Heaven that mov'd me to what I did, and therefore I cannot Repent. In a word, my Reign is at an end, and yours begins; and therefore it belongs to you to appear a Succeſſor worthy the continued Series of Kings that have wielded that Scepter which you are now undertaking to wield. When the Old King was going away, the King his Son would have waited upon him to his Coach, but *Muleyhazen* would not permit him; telling him with a graceful ſmile, *That though Kings did owe many things to their Subjects, yet they owed them no Reſpect.* And though the New King diſputed the Compliment a long time, the Father at length conſtrain'd the Son to leave him, and return to his Chamber. The next day he went to Viſit *Muleyhazen* in the Caſtle of the *Albayzin*; and to manifeſt the confidence which he had in him, he went with a ſmall Retinue, and without his Guards, as the other had done. There the ſame Civilities paſs'd between them as at the firſt enterview; onely when they came to take their leaves of each other, *Boaudelin* was the King, and *Muleyhazen* the Subject. But now the day for the Publick Ceremonies of Reſignation and Coronation being come, and all things being in readineſs for ſo Extraordinary a Solemnity, the two Kings came in the Morning to the Principal Moſque, a moſt Magnificent Building, and a moſt ſtately piece of Architecture, cover'd at the top with gilded Braſs, built all of poliſh'd Marble, ſo rarely joyn'd together, that it ſeems to be all one ſtone. The Windows of pure Cryſtal; pav'd with white Marble and Jaſper, the Pillars of Oriental Alabaſter; the Compartiments, Baſes, and Mouldings being of pure Gold; and behind every Pillar Pilaſters of green Jaſper, adorn'd with Mouldings of the ſame Metal. The Roof is of *Moſaic* work, the Frutage and Compartiments whereof are of Coral ſet in Cryſtal. In the middle of this Moſque was erected a Canopy, under which was placed a Throne of Maſſie Gold, ſet with Precious ſtones, as it were upon a Theatre, that held about five or ſix Perſons. And for the Nobility of *Granada* were ſet up other Scaffolds round the Moſque, cover'd with *Perſian* Tapeſtry. *Muleyhazen*, who came to the *Mufti*'s Houſe, as well as *Boaudelin*, entred the Temple alone in great State. A hundred *Moreſco* Inſtruments of all ſorts went before, that made the Roof of the Temple ring again. Twelve Heraulds follow'd them ſumptuouſly Habited, with Maces of Gold in their Hands, and the Arms of *Granada* upon their Coats. The Standards of all the Kingdom follow'd the Heralds. Half the Kings Guards Marched after them, led by their Lieutenant, Richly Habited, and Magnificently Arm'd, carrying Quivers of Gold upon their ſhoulders, with Bows of Ebony bent in their left hands, and every one an Arrow in the ſtring ready to draw. The Conſtable, Admiral, Chancellor, and Treaſurer,

Treaſurer, who are the Chief Officers of the Crown, with the Principal Secretaries follow'd next, but much more ſumptuouſly Apparell'd. Then came great *Muleyhazen*, reſting his right Arm upon Prince *Audalla*, and his left upon Prince *Muſſa*; who were both cover'd all over with Jewels and Precious ſtones. The King himſelf was clad in a Royal Mantle of red Velvet, pouder'd with Granates ſeeds of Gold, and lin'd with Ermines, carrying a Scepter of Gold in his Hand, and a Crown of Precious ſtones upon his Head, being Attended by the other half of the Guards, before whom Marched their Captain alone, juſt behind the King, with a ſtaff of Command in his Hand. After them appear'd a hundred Slaves with Colours of Maſſie Gold. Then follow'd all the Officers and Servants of the Kings Houſhold: And laſt of all, the Governours and Magiſtrates of Towns. The Muſick was plac'd behind the Canopy. The Heralds ſtood before the little Theatre, which was encompaſs'd by the Guards. The reſt of the Officers took their Seats as they were prepar'd for them according to their Duties and Dignity; which being done, the King aſcended the Throne, where he ſate with a Majeſty worthy the Empire of the World. When he had ſo continued a while, and that an awful ſilence held the whole Company in expectation, *Muleyhazen* made a long Speech to his Subjects, to this effect.

"That in regard that what he had that day "done had but few Examples, ſince there were "either Kings or Kingdoms, he expected to be "blam'd by thoſe who were more Ambitious "than Juſt: that People might ſay, he was "compelled to do what he did; and that he "had given away his Crown, becauſe he could "not defend it. But that he hop'd that Poſte-"rity would judge with more equity of things, "and juſtly applaud him for having with ſo "much reſolution perform'd an Act ſo difficult "and extraordinary. That though Honour "were dearer than Life to thoſe that knew the "price of it, yet he would not refuſe to give "them an account of his proceedings, though it "were not that which Kings are bound to do "to their Subjects. That had he not hearkned "more to Reaſon than the inſtigations of his "heart, and liſtned more to the perſwaſions of "Nature than Ambition, his Kingdom had "e're that time ſwum in Blood, and had been "in danger of being ruin'd; which when he "conſider'd with what Labour and Travel, with "what an expence of Blood and Treaſure his "Anceſtors had won it, he thought himſelf "charg'd with no ſmall Burthen to defend and "preſerve it. That nothing prevail'd with "him more than the living Glory of his Do-"minions; ſo many Families, Royal, Illuſtri-"ous, and Noble; the greateſt Wealth, and "Principal Ornament of a Kingdom, and all "theſe Embattell'd one againſt another; he "thought it better to employ ſuch a croud of "Valour againſt the common Enemy, than to "the deſtruction of themſelves: And that "therefore Poſterity would not condemn, but "approve this Act of his; who had prefer'd "their ſafety before his own Grandeur, and "their repoſe before the keeping of a Crown. "That the Prince to whom he Reſign'd, was "Young, Wiſe, and Couragious; not igno-"rant of his Office, or his Birth, and that he "queſtion'd not but that the Example of ſo "many Kings, from whoſe Loins he was de-"ſcended, would teach him how to Reign. "That as he hoped his Son would not forget "who he was, neither that they would forget "their Duty; that as they expected Juſtice "and Protection from him, they ow'd Reſpect "and Obedience to him, and that good Sub-"jects made good Kings. That for his part, as he "had liv'd well, it behov'd him to dye with "Reputation: that it was for the Youth of his "Son to undergo Labour and Travel; for his "Old Age to be at quiet. That he had recom-"mended him to them, and them to him; and "hoped that the memory of the Father would "render the Perſon of the Son dear to them. "That in regard it was a difficult thing for "Perſons in high command to ſatisfie all Par-"ties, he therefore beg'd his Subjects and Peo-"ple to forgive his failings and errors; pro-"teſting that if he had unjuſtly oppreſs'd any "of his People, of which he beg'd them freely "to complain, that he would make them parti-"cular ſatisfaction, there being nothing that "would ſatisfie him more than to conclude his "Reign with ſuch a ſignal Act of Juſtice.

The great *Muleyhazen* having mov'd the hearts of his Subjects with this pleaſing ſpeech, the Roof of the Moſque rang with the ſound of their Lamentations; while the grief of the People appear'd for the loſs of their King. They thought themſelves all buried alive by his deſcent from the Throne, and that the good Fortune of the Kingdom was now at a period, by his forſaking the Government, and that they ſhould loſe all the Fame and Honour which they had won by his conduct and Valour. They call'd him aloud *The Father of his Countrey, the Terror of* Spain, *the Honour of* Africa, *the Admiration of* Europe, *and the Love of his Kingdom. So* that although it were the Opinion of one of the ſeven Wiſe Men of *Greece*, *That no Man was Happy till after Death*; I am aſſur'd that this great King was ſo in his life time: And that the ſecret joy which he had to behold the grief of his Subjects, fully recompenc'd him for the loſs of his Crown; inſomuch that there was not the leaſt cloud that appear'd in his ſerene and quiet countenance: And while all the People ſtood penſive and troubled below, he ſhew'd himſelf in a calm above. And that Star of a King, if I may ſo call him, ſhone with full ſplendour in the midſt of all thoſe ſhowers of Tears that were ſhed at the foot of his Throne: His great ſoul in the High and Luminary Region, not permitting his Luſtre to be obſcur'd with the leaſt cloud of Heavineſs or Melancholy. In the mean time, the King having commanded the Prince to be ſent for, the twelve Heralds, after

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a profound Reverence, went to fetch him. Immediately they return'd again, followed by all the Religious Orders of the *Moors*, divided into two Chorus's: The firſt ſinging theſe words in the *Arabick* Language, *God is God, and there is no other God but he and* Mahomet *his Prophet: One onely Creator, and one onely Prophet.* The other anſwering in words taken from the *Hebrew*, *Sema* Iſrael, *Adonai Elohim Adonai Ehad*: That is to ſay, *Hear, O* Iſrael, *The Lord thy God is but one Lord.* The *Mahumetan* Orders being rang'd in two rows upon the right and left hand, Prince *Boaudelin* entred, led by the Grave *Mufti*, and attended by all the Officers of his Houſhold. After he had made his Obeyſance to the King his Father, bowing low with his Body, and laying his left hand upon his Heart, and his right hand upon his Turbant, he ſate down under an Umbrello in a void place between his two Brothers, *Audalla* and *Muſſa*, while the *Mufti* ſeated himſelf at the Head of the Religious Orders. After the Heralds had impos'd ſilence, the King taking upon him to ſpeak, with an unparallel'd Majeſty; Prince, ſaid he to his Son, behold at this time the moſt Fortunate, or the moſt unhappy day of all Our Life: Thou and I being now about to impoſe a King either good or bad upon the Kingdom of *Granada*. But I will not ſurrender my Scepter to thee, before thou haſt promis'd me, in the hearing of all my People, to wield it with Honour; and haſt ſworn by the Holy *ALLA* and his great Prophet, that thou wilt be a Father, as well as a King to thy Subjects, and Govern with more Lenity and Juſtice than I have done. I both promiſe and ſwear it, reply'd the Prince lifting up his hand to Heaven; and then the King commanded the Principal Secretary to read the Famous Act of Reſignation, in theſe words.

The Act of Reſignation of the KING *Our Sovereign* LORD.

WEE *By the Grace of* ALLA, *King of* Granada, *willingly Reſign to Prince* Boaudelin *Our Eldeſt Son, and Our Lawful Succeſſor, the Scepter and Crown which We wear; acquitting all Our Subjects from the Obedience which they owe to Us, and Commanding them to Obey him. Given at the Caſtle of the* Alhambre, *in the Capital City of Our Kingdom, in the Year of the* Egira *Eight hundred and one, the Thirty ſecond of Our Reign, and the Sixth day of the Moneth* Tzephar,

By the King

Muleyhazen:

And Counter-ſign'd

Hazan Teſquereci.

So ſoon as this Writing was read, the King commanded the four Officers of the Crown to take off his Royal Robes, and put them on upon his Son. Thereupon the Admiral, Conſtable, Chancellor, and Treaſurer coming up to him, after a profound Obeyſance, the firſt took off his Crown, the other his Scepter, the third his Royal Robe, and the other gave him his hand to help him in riſing from the Throne. Then the four Officers placing themſelves upon each ſide of the empty Throne, the Captain of the Guards and his Lieutenant led down the King. Then the Prince riſing from his Umbrello, and aſcending after the ſame rate that his Father deſcended, they both met upon the laſt ſtep of the place where the Canopy ſtood; where *Muleyhazen* embracing his Son, The Holy *ALLA*, aud his Prophet grant, ſaid he, that I may not repent of my having ſurrender'd the Kingdom; but that thy Noble deeds, my dear Son, may teſtifie to all the World, that I had reaſon to do what I did. Thoſe words drew Tears from the Prince's Eyes, while the People ſhouted forth their Lamentations; and then the Old King ſate down under the Umbrello which the New one had left, where he beheld the reſt of the Ceremony like a private Perſon; but with a Reſolution becoming the moſt Heroick Souls. After that, the Captain of the Guard and his Lieutenant, led up the New King to the Canopy, where the Admiral put on the Royal Mantle upon his ſhoulders, the Conſtable put the Crown upon his Head, the Chancellor put the Scepter in his Hand, and the Treaſurer ſeated him upon the Throne of his Anceſtors, and then they reſum'd their places. At the ſame inſtant the twelve Heralds crying out aloud, *God Save the King*: the whole Aſſembly alſo gave a great ſhout, and cry'd *God Save the King*; the *Moreſco* Inſtruments mixing their Harmony with their Acclamations. Then the *Arabick* Muſick began to ſing a Song, which the *Moors* account the beſt in the *Alchoran*: *That God is God alone among his Creatures; that he has no particular place, that he is every where; that he has neither Father nor Mother, nor Children: That he neither eats nor drinks, nor ſleeps; ſtanding in no need of any thing that he Created, there being nothing that can compare with him.* When this Prayer was finiſhed, which the *Moors* call *CALLA*, *Muleyhazen* roſe from his ſeat, and retir'd with a ſmall Attendance to the Caſtle of the *Albayzin*; leaving the Princes *Audalla* and *Muſſa* to attend the King their Brother to the *Alhambre*. Then the New King deſcending from his Throne, was drawn in a Triumphal Chariot through the principal ſtreets of *Granada* to his Palace, the ſame Inſtruments, Heralds, Standards, Officers, Guards, and Slaves going before him, as had attended his Father at the beginning of the day, and all the people crying *God Save the King*. Being come to the *Alhambre*, he alighted, and the Ceremony concluded with Bonfires that were made in all parts of the City.

Thus for a while all things were quiet, and in regard that Novelty is that which generally pleaſes,

pleaſes, the beginning of *Boaudelin*'s Reign had almoſt made the people forget the end of *Muleyhazen*'s. On the other ſide, the Prudence and Politick management of that King having brought his Affairs into a handſome frame, they went well of themſelves for ſome time. Nor could ſo great and dangerous a change be perceived ſo ſoon: Beſides, that the Illuſtrious Hermit having ſettled the Crown upon his Sons Head, took all the care he could to keep it faſt. But *Andalla*, an Ambitious and ſtirring *Prince*, who liv'd with his Father in the *Albayzin*, not enduring his own nor his Fathers Idle life, grew weary of his retirement; and looking upon the *Albayzin* as a kind of Tomb, he thought it not juſt to be Buried alive. This haughty and fiery *Prince*, whatever *Muleyhazen* could ſay, would not by any means Viſit the King his Brother; and when his Father tax'd him for it, he made anſwer, That when the King of *Granada* was at the *Albayzin*, what had he to do to acknowledge another at the *Alhambre*? Every time that *Boaudelin* went to Viſit *Muleyhazen*, *Audalla* got out of the way, looking upon his Brother as an Uſurper, and not a Lawful King. Whereupon he held private Cabals among the Nobility and the *People*; made it his buſineſs to win Friends, which he did part by gifts, and part by promiſes: and becauſe he had a fine, ſubtile, cunning, politick, ſoothing Wit, it was no hard thing for him to compaſs what his Brother had done before him. And indeed his buſineſs was almoſt done to his hands; the immortal hatred which reigns between the *Abencerrages* and the *Zegries*, who being favour'd by the New King, in regard they had been of his Party, the former envying altogether the Glory and Reputation of their Ancient Adverſaries, lent an eaſie ear to *Audalla*'s perſwaſions, and willingly conſented to the Rupture, to which the Prince encourag'd them. Thereupon there was nothing but quarrelling and fighting in all places: inſomuch that the two Factions being equal in ſtrength, the whole Kingdom was in Tumult and diſorder, and miſerably diſtracted. When the King haſtned to *Malaga*, to put out the fire there, News was brought him, that *Almeria* was all of a flame. When he ran to *Marbella* to ſtop the current of their Fury, word came that there was a greater flame broken out at *Alhama*. Thus not being able to go every where, he went no where. That now a Civil conſpir'd with a Forreign War to deſtroy a flouriſhing Kingdom. Every time he March'd toward the Frontiers to oppoſe the Progreſs of the King of *Spain*'s Forces, News came to him that the City of *Granada* was up in Arms, and the Inhabitants cutting one anothers Throats. So that he was forc'd to leave the Frontiers at the Mercy of the *Caſtilians*, and return to appeaſe the Tumults in the Capital City of his Kingdom, which were more dangerous. In the Winter, when all Action ceaſes, he had neither Peace nor Truce. Satyrs and Paſquils were ſcatter'd abroad againſt his Government, calling him *Dwarfe*, by reaſon of his low ſtature; and Libelling, *That it was impoſſible to make a great King of a little Man.* This confuſion and theſe diſorders laſted ſome Years; inſomuch that 'tis thought the unfortunate *Boaudelin* did not find it ſo ſweet a thing to Rule a Kingdom as he imagined; and that he repented more than once his having been ſo haſty to Uſurp the Crown unjuſtly, and to Bury his Father in his life time to ſatisfie his Ambition. In the midſt of theſe ſad thoughts, walking one day with *Zarcan* his Favourite near the Fountain of the Lions, he was not able to conceal his Grief any longer; but ſeeking for ſome conſolation of his ſorrows, he reſolv'd to diſcover to him his heart, and to that end he thus beſpake him. I confeſs, *Zarcan*, ſaid he, 'tis not for Mortals to deſire, ſince they know not what to ask for. Thoſe wiſhes which they think for their Advantage, many times accompliſh their Deſtruction. That whereby they think to advance their Felicity, becomes their Calamity. And where they expected all their Joys, they meet with nothing but Affliction. I find the cruel Experience of this moſt certain Truth, purſu'd the Prince; and never did Perſon underſtand better than I do, that the moſt quick-ſighted Men are the moſt Blind, as to what concerns the future, and that they know not what will do them good, nor what will hurt them. In ſhort, added he, what have I not enterpriz'd, what have I not done to obtain the Crown? While I liſtned to my Ambition, I was deaf to Nature. That I might be a King, I forgot to be a Son. To mount a Throne, I pull'd down my own Father, and with my Arms in my hands I was prepar'd to have murder'd him, to whom I owe my Life. Nevertheleſs, after this long continued Series of Violence and Injuſtice, I find my ſelf a far more miſerable King, than I was an unhappy Subject. I have no ſooner calm'd one Tempeſt, but a greater Storm ariſes; no ſooner put things in Order, but new confuſions recommence. And the unfortunate Factions of the *Abencerrages* and the *Zegries* will permit me no leiſure, no repoſe. But my ſecret Enemies are the worſt. Not a Conſpiracy againſt me, but my Brother is the Head of the Cabal. And whatever ſtrictneſs of Vertue *Muleyhazen* profeſſes, I fear me he repents of his Liberality; and that if he finds a fit Opportunity to regain the Crown which he has ſurrendred, he will be the firſt that will make an attempt upon me. In this Labyrinth, the more I ſeek to find the way out, the more I find my ſelf perplexed. So that if thy Invention be no better than mine; if I loſe not my Scepter, I ſhall loſe my Reaſon. Sir, anſwer'd *Zarcan*, it were a raſhneſs to preſume to ſeek for that which your Majeſty cannot find out; ſo that if your own Prudence cannot imagine a Remedy for ſo great a miſchief, moſt certainly it muſt be beyond Invention. But as there is no evil for which there may not be found out ſome cure or other, I conjure you by that Paſſion which I have as well for your Honour, as for your Repoſe, to labour in the ſearch of it, with all the Induſtry that your High and Noble Mind is capable to make uſe of. I ſwear by

the Holy *ALLA*, and his great Prophet, reply'd the King, that I have left nothing undone for the Peace of my Dominions, nor any thing un-eſſay'd to quiet theſe Diſorders. Nevertheleſs the more I labour, the leſs doth all my care ſucceed: the end of one Tumult is the beginning of another. If I favour the *Abençerrages*, the *Zegries* are Offended. If I am kind to all, that equality Obliges none. And if I ſhew no favour either to the one or the other, my Brother re-unites both, to divide both from me: And thus I am always in trouble, and my Kingdom in confuſion. Did not the *Abençerrages* and the *Zegries* Mortally hate one another, and did they not Act for the Intereſt of *Audalla*, there might be ſome ſtop put to theſe Commotions, the conſequences whereof are ſo much to be fear'd. And being ſecure in my Perſon, I might ſecure the Publick Tranquillity and my own repoſe. But the Ancient hatred between thoſe two Families is Immortal. The *Abençerrages*, of whom he is the Head at preſent, will never be at quiet; and though the *Zegries* were faithful to me, the equality in the ſtrength of both Parties will always expoſe me to great dangers. On the other ſide, in regard that *Muleyhazen* ſo dearly loves *Audalla*, he will infallibly leave his own Voluntary confinement, to ſet his Son at Liberty; and being belov'd by the People, 'tis much to be fear'd that he may ſeek to de-throne me, to advance himſelf again. And therefore I ſwear to thee once more by the holy *ALLA*, my moſt entirely beloved *Zarcan*, that I cannot tell what to think, nor what to do. Sir, reply'd the Favourite, ſince your Majeſty abſolutely commands me to ſpeak, it does not become me to hold my Tongue; for my Obedience excuſes my raſhneſs. For that reaſon I am oblig'd to tell you, that how Fatal ſoever the miſchief which you dread may be, I do not think it Remedileſs: Nay, I believe I have thought of a prevention, the ſucceſs whereof will prove infallible. Ah *Zarcan* (ſaid the King embracing him) make haſte then to relieve us both, and ſave thy Fortune by ſecuring mine. Sir, anſwer'd he, I find but one Mean ſolidly to eſtabliſh your Majeſties repoſe, and the Peace of the Kingdom. In a word, there is no way but to Marry, and to get Children; for ſo long as the Prince ſees no other Heirs between the Throne and him, his Hopes will cheriſh his Ambition. But when he finds that you have a Succeſſor, all his Illuſtrious Chimera's will dye, upon the Birth of an *Infanta*, and his Cradle will be their Tomb. I confeſs, reply'd the King, that ſuch a Remedy might prove effectual, were I in a condition to make uſe of it. But thou that art not ignorant of my Secrets, very well knoweſt that my Heart and Promiſes are engag'd to the fair *Miriam*; that I have vow'd to Eſpouſe no other but her: and that her Vertue had never hearkned to my Love, but upon that condition. All this, I know, Sir, reply'd *Zarcan*; but this is no Obſtacle to the deſign which I have in hand. Wouldſt thou then, haſtily reply'd the King, that I ſhould violate my promiſes to her, and Marry another Woman? I deſire no ſuch thing, anſwer'd the Favourite: I aim not to put the Lover in deſpair, to ſerve the King. Then, ſaid the Prince, *Zarcan* muſt of neceſſity have forgot that the *Moors* of *Granada* are not like the *Turks*, though they be *Mahumetans*; that they do not deſpiſe Nobility of Extraction, as the others do; and that we are not ſo indifferent as they, in the choice of a Wife, eſpecially a Queen. Pardon me, Sir, ſaid *Zarcan*, I underſtand the Cuſtomes of my Countrey. Of Neceſſity then, thou canſt not forget that *Miriam* is but mean in Birth, and that I cannot Eſpouſe her till I have ſtrengthned my ſelf ſo ſtedfaſtly in my Authority, as to be above the Law. All this I remember likewiſe, reply'd *Zarcan*; and I find no Impediment yet. But doſt thou not fore-ſee, reply'd the King, that if I make known a Marriage of this nature, I ſhall add new pretences to my Brother's Ambition, and Arm the whole Kingdom for him, and by conſequence, againſt my ſelf. 'Tis not ſeaſonable, reply'd *Zarcan*, to diſcover a ſecret of that Nature; and ſhould I Counſel your Majeſty ſo to do, as Affairs now ſtand, I might well be thought to have loſt my Wits. Thou wilt make me loſe mine, reply'd the King, if thou continueſt theſe Riddles; for thou ſeemeſt to tell me, that I may Marry, and not Marry both at a time; conceal and diſcover at the ſame inſtant: make *Miriam's* Birth to be Noble and Mean at once; and that I may have a Succeſſor without having any Children. Yes, Sir, reply'd the Favourite ſmiling, I would have all this to be done; but that you may know how to do it, your Majeſty muſt give ear to what I ſay. Speak then, dear *Zarcan*, reply'd the King; and be aſſur'd I will interrupt thee no more. Then, Sir, added the Politick *Moor*, the Ambition of *Morayzel* and the haughty *Semahis* is that which muſt afford you the means to oppoſe *Audalla*'s Turbulency. I underſtand thee ſtill leſs and leſs, cry'd *Boaudelin*, interrupting him; nor can I conceive how *Morayzel* or *Semahis* can help me. In every thing, reply'd the Favourite. But your Majeſty forgets in interrupting me, that the Word of a King is inviolable, for you promis'd to hear me out. Yes; but I am forc'd to anſwer, reply'd the King, becauſe I cannot apprehend your meaning. Your Majeſty then, anſwer'd he, muſt demand of *Morayzel* and *Semahis* that Incomparable Lady that has been ſo long loſt; which being ſo great an Honour, they will never refuſe it. Thou ſleepeſt with thy eyes open, *Zarcan*, reply'd the King; for ſhould I do as thou perſwadeſt me, what will become of poor *Miriam*? And what will become of me? She will come to be Queen of *Granada*, reply'd *Zarcan*. All in good time, added the King; thou beginneſt now to grow mad; and I ſhall be as mad as thou, if I continue long in this confuſion. For in ſhort, though thou ſhouldſt accompliſh what thou ſpeakeſt of by ſome ſtrange means that I cannot imagine, though the *Moors* of *Granada* did admit of Plurality of Wives as the *Turks* do; and that I could Eſpouſe *Miriam* and *Almahide* both

both together, in regard that *Morayzel*, and all the Family of the *Almoradies* adheres to the Faction of the *Abençerrages*, do you think the *Zegries* will ever let me be at quiet? And will it not be an infidelity in me to little or no purpoſe? Seeing that all the Noble Families of the Kingdom, reply'd *Zarcan*, are divided into two Factions, and that it has been the Cuſtom of our Kings to Marry Strangers, you will do no more than all our Anceſtors have done; and the *Zegries* will be now as Patient as they have been formerly. So that after that, your Majeſty appearing in a condition to have Children, and Prince *Audalla*'s hopes being thereby fruſtrated, your Authority will be entirely eſtabliſhed, your fears will be over, and *Miriam* will come to be Queen. I ſhall ſooner become mad, reply'd the King, if thy Diſcourſe prove no wiſer; for I apprehend neither ſence nor Reaſon in it. Mark then, Sir, ſaid *Zarcan*, how the Riddle is unfolded; and how all difficulties will be remov'd. *Morayzel* is my particular Friend; I Viſit him often, and thereby I have had the Opportunity to obſerve that *Almahide* is very Melancholy and very retir'd. I have alſo found a little Note in her Chamber without any Name, written with her own hand, that confirms me in my Opinion. In ſhort, though I cannot conjecture with whom, yet I am certain ſhe is in Love. This, reply'd the King, will mainly advance your Project. Yes, nothing more, anſwer'd the Favourite: For after that the Ambition of *Morayzel* and *Semahis* has given you that incomparable Lady to Wife, whether it be with, or againſt her conſent is not material; then will I go to her and tell her, that your Majeſty underſtanding the Paſſion which ſhe has in her Heart, promiſes her your Protection, and engages that ſhe ſhall Eſpouſe the Perſon that ſhe loves, provided ſhe will aſſiſt you, and keep cloſe the Secret which you have to truſt her withal. If ſhe makes any ſcruple, and will neither acknowledge her Paſſion, nor be aſſiſting to your Majeſty, or threatens to diſcover our Plot, then will I give her to underſtand, that being Married, as it were, in the Face of the whole Kingdom, and being the reputed Sultaneſs over all the Court, 'twill be impoſſible for her to change the Opinion of the World, eſpecially if your Majeſty confeſs it, which you will never do, unleſs ſhe refuſe the courteſie which you deſire. If all this will not do, then will I threaten her with the Ruin of her Family: And in regard ſhe is one that has a deep ſenſe of her Honour, I will lay before her, that after ſhe has liv'd in the *Alhambre* as your Wife, ſhe cannot in Honour go from thence as if ſhe had never been Married, eſpecially if your Majeſty juſtifies the thing. Hereby you will extinguiſh the flames of Civil War, you will remove the ground of *Audalla*'s Ambition, by depriving him of all hopes of Succeſſion: and when you have fully ſettled your own Authority, you may then declare the real Marriage; you may publiſh it through all the Kingdom: You may advance your dear *Miriam* to the Throne, and after that, according to your promiſe, you may give the fair *Almahide* her Liberty to Eſpouſe the Perſon that ſhe loves. Now, Sir, am I aſleep, or do I wake? Do I rave, or do I ſpeak Reaſon? Now tell me, Sir, whether what I propoſe be impoſſible, as you thought, or eaſie according to my Opinion. I confeſs, reply'd *Boaudelin*, that what you adviſe me to, may be brought to paſs; but it may fail, and therefore thou haſt not remov'd all the Obſtacles that may oppoſe my Happineſs. If I have not remov'd 'em, I will remove 'em, reply'd *Zarcan*, when your Majeſty tells me what they are: However I muſt tell you, that Fortune will have a ſhare in all difficult Enterpriſes; he does nothing, that does not venture ſomething. And your Majeſties Condition cannot be worſe, ſhould all that I have contriv'd come abſolutely to nothing. I confeſs it, anſwer'd the King: But after all, is not this too great a Secret to be entruſted with the diſcretion of a Young Virgin? Were ſhe an ordinary Perſon, 'tis very certain it might be accounted an Act of imprudence. But *Almahide* is a Perſon whoſe Wit is far above her Age or Sex. A Princeſs prudent and well adviſ'd, that will not go about to diſcover that which may ruine her by the diſcovery: Beſides, having her own Honour to preſerve, and her Love to ſatisfie, ſhe will do that for her own ſake which ſhe will not do for your Majeſty. But *Zarcan*, reply'd the King, thou ſuppoſeſt that ſhe is in Love, but knoweſt nothing but only by weak conjectures, which may eaſily have deceiv'd thee. I have ſo well examin'd the truth of theſe conjectures, reply'd the Favourite, that if you find me deceived, I will freely give you leave to puniſh me. I am not yet at the end of my Objections, reply'd the King. Nor have I done reſolving your doubts, ſaid *Zarcan*. Thinkeſt thou, quoth *Boaudelin*, that *Almahide*, making ſuch ſevere and exact profeſſion of Vertue, will ever act ſuch a counterfeit part as this? Should we propoſe the thing before we put it in execution, I believe as your Majeſty believes, that ſhe would hardly conſent: but ſhe ſhall be Sultaneſs, ſhe ſhall be in the *Alhambre* before we give her any information of any thing; ſo that that very Vertue that would move her to talk, ſhall force her to be ſilent; having a Reputation as well as a Secrecy to keep. Moreover, to take away all ſcruples, and to make known her Innocency to all the World, when it ſhall be time; ſeeing that your Siſter *Morayma* lives in the *Alhambre* together with *Mahomed* her Husband, and for that there is nothing fairer in the World than her Reputation, you may truſt her likewiſe with this important Secret, and lodge the counterfeit Sultaneſs in ſome Apartment ſo interfaring with hers, that ſhe may be able to juſtifie all her Actions, and protect her ſlander, when it ſhall come to be known that ſhe was not your Wife, though ſhe liv'd in your Houſe. Thus ſhall we be powerfully Seconded by the Princeſs *Morayma*, who finding her ſelf invelop'd in your misfortunes, will not fail to ſerve you for prevention of them. But ſhe is the Daughter of *Muleyhazen*,

leyhazen, and *Audalla*'s Siſter as well as mine, reply'd the King; and if we bring her into the Plot, may not ſhe diſcover it to them? There is no probability of that, anſwer'd *Zarcan*; for beſides that ſhe has forſaken them, to abide with your Majeſty, and thereby makes it evident, that ſhe prefers your party before theirs, *Mahomed* her Husband has declar'd the ſame thing. But *Morayzel* being injur'd, reply'd the King, and the Ambitious *Semahis* deceiv'd, are not ſo ſlightly to be fear'd. So that when they ſhall come to know that their Daughter is not to be Queen, and that they have been onely cajol'd to advance another to the Throne, their Indignation will ſpur 'em on to Revenge, which is a thing I am greatly to beware of. When they ſhall underſtand what your Majeſty propoſes, cry'd the Politick Favourite, they will not be in a condition then to undertake any thing to your prejudice: beſides that you may eaſily calm ſuch an inconſiderable Tempeſt, and ſatisfie their Ambition by advancing them as high, as if their Daughter were Sultaneſs indeed. I have but one Objection more to make, ſaid the King, that the *Mufti* having Solemnized the Marriage will oppoſe the Rupture, which is a Violation of our Religion. In that caſe, reply'd *Zarcan*, ſeeing that Divorce is a thing permitted among the *Moors* as well as the *Turks*, you may repudiate *Almahide*, to ſilence the *Mufti*, and afterwards Eſpouſe *Miriam*. I yield, *Zarcan*, cry'd the King (embracing him again) and I am reſolv'd to be abſolutely guided by thy Counſels, let the event be what it will. In ſhort, the King call'd his Privy Council together, and to obſerve the Formalities of State, propos'd to them a thing which he had already reſolv'd upon, which he did in this manner. As it is my chiefeſt ſtudy, ſaid he, to mind the Peace of my People, and the Grandeur of my Kingdom, ſo have I no other thoughts, than how to find out a certain way to re-eſtabliſh the Publick Tranquillity. Now, being perſwaded that the moſt ſubſtantial Treaſure of Sovereignty lies in the hopes of Succeſſion; and that there is nothing that more firmly eſtabliſhes a Throne, than a happy Off-ſpring; though I have no great inclination to Marry, I am reſolv'd however to prefer the general good of my Kingdom before my particular ſatisfaction, and therefore your King now deſires your aſſiſtance in the choice of a Wife. I make no queſtion, but there is no Prince either in *Africa* or *Aſia*, not excepting the Grand Signor, the Sophy of *Perſia*, or the Emperour of *Morocco*, who will not think himſelf Honour'd by an Alliance with the King of *Granada*: and without Vanity I believe that I might have liberty to chuſe in all the Courts of the *Mahometan* Potentates. But ſeeing, that ſince the great *Mahomed*, till my Reign, all the Kings of *Granada* have Married within their own Dominions, I am reſolv'd to follow the Example of my Renowned Anceſtors, and not to go about to wrong ſo many Royal Families as are among our ſelves, by ſeeking for a Wife beyond the Seas. However, in regard I have no particular Affection, as one that reſpects the General good, and that has an equal kindneſs for all the Families which I ſpeak of, as being equally conſiderable; I will not determine any thing of my ſelf, and therefore I deſire your Opinion, that I may be govern'd thereby. Conſider therefore, I conjure you, an Affair of ſo great weight, to the utmoſt of your Prudence, laying aſide, as I do, all other Intereſts, but onely the good of the Kingdom. Thus ſpake the King to his Council, who, after they had return'd him thanks for the Honour he had done them to conſult with them upon an Affair of ſo high importance, every Member began in his Order to give his Opinion. Some propounded *Galliana*, the Governour of *Almeria*'s Daughter, and *Morayzel*'s Uncle. Others named *Aldoradine*, one of the moſt accompliſh'd Ladies in the Court. Others were for *Lyndarache*, of the Houſe of the *Abençerrages*, deſcended from the Kings of *Morocco*. Others for *Fatima*, of the Family of the *Zegries*, deſcended from the Kings of *Cordova*. Some were for the Advancement of *Alicola*, as well for her Merit, as for her Nobility, being the Daughter of *Hamat*, Chief the Family of the *Alagezes*, one of the Nobleſt in *Granada*. Some propos'd *Cadiga*, of the Family of the *Vanegues*. Others *Zaida*, of the Houſe of the *Alabez*, deſcended from the Kings of *Fez* and *Cuco*. Others gave their Voices for *Zelima*, Siſter of the fair *Galliana*; *Sarazina*, *Darache*, *Zelindora*, and ſeveral others were Named: but *Zarcan*, whoſe deſign was altogether unknown, propos'd *Almahide*; enlarging upon her extraordinary Merit, and inſiſting upon the Nobility of her Extraction, as deſcended from the Kings of *Tremeſen*, and from the Princes of *Goulette*, by her Mothers ſide. At length it was put to the Vote, and the King being of *Zarcan*'s Opinion, the buſineſs was concluded. In point of Honour *Muleyhazen* was alſo ſent to, to give his Opinion, who not having any reaſon to oppoſe the Alliance, though the thing diſpleaſed *Audalla*, the King made it his whole deſign to conclude the Match. To that purpoſe, he ſent the next day the Conſtable, the Admiral, the Chancellor, and Treaſurer to *Morayzel*'s Houſe to demand his Daughter: who finding him in *Semahis* Apartment, the firſt of the four addreſs'd himſelf to *Morayzel* in this manner. Sir, ſaid he, the thing which we are now come to propoſe to you in the King's Name, is ſo Honourable, that though I have but little reaſon to truſt to my Eloquence, yet I have ſome ground to believe that I ſhall eaſily perſwade you to a conſent: I will tell it you in few words, for when you ſhall underſtand that the King deſires leave to Eſpouſe your Daughter the Princeſs *Almahide*, and make her Queen of *Granada*; I cannot tell what to add more to your Honour, your Satisfaction, and my Diſcourſe. *Morayzel* was pleaſingly ſurpriz'd at a propoſal which he ſo little expected. For in regard the King favour'd the *Zegries*, the *Abençerrages* were not much eſteemed at Court; and the Ambitious *Semahis* was tranſported with the onely hope

hope of ſo high an Honour. Nevertheleſs *Morayzel* not having forgot the ſevere Prediction of *Cid Hamet* the *Arabian*, was not a little troubled what to reſolve; and the fear of ruining his Countrey to advance his own Houſe, made him waver a long time. For ſeeing the beginning of the Prophecy fulfill'd, he was afraid that what was to come would be as true. But the Ambitious *Semahis*, who car'd not for all the Stars, nor all the Prophets in the World, ſo ſhe might obtain her own ends, perceiving her Husband to ſtagger in his thoughts, and apprehending the cauſe, ſhe came to him, and rounding him ſoftly in the ear, *All things*, quoth ſhe, *are Lawful to gain an Empire*. Thoſe haughty words having fortify'd *Morayzel*'s Mind, he made anſwer to the four Noble Officers, that it was no ſtrange thing to ſee him a little troubled, ſince the Honour whereof they put him in hopes, was ſo great, that he could not without raſhneſs expect it, nor accept it without ſurprize. That as the firſt motions of his mind were due to his reſpect, the ſecond were due to his joy. But in regard he thought it Lawful for him to accept an Honour which no perſon could refuſe, he therefore beſought them to aſſure the King, that he embrac'd the Honour which he had done him, with all the acknowledgment imaginable; and intreated them alſo to believe that he ſhould never be forgetful of the Meſſengers of ſuch happy tidings, but be always ready to ſerve them, when ever they ſhould be pleaſed to Command him. When he had ſaid thoſe words, the four Noble Officers return'd with *Morayzel*'s anſwer to *Boandelin*, who finding it favourable to his deſign, was very well ſatisfy'd. In the mean while *Morayzel*, after he had waited upon the Officers of the Crown to his Palace Gate, return'd to *Semahis*, and accoſting her with a ſad and penſive look, Ah Madam, ſaid he, what have you advis'd me to do? As becomes a Generous Perſon, anſwer'd ſhe; for I never heard that a Crown was to be refus'd. But have you forgot the menacing Predictions of the Wiſe *Arabian*? I remember 'em very well, reply'd ſhe, but a heart like mine, is not to be frighted with Predictions. However, anſwer'd *Morayzel*, you have found that he has ſpoken very true, as to the firſt part of her life; and therefore ſince ſhe has been a Slave, and is now going to be a Queen, we ought to tremble at the Conſequences of her Royal Conſortſhip. The Stars, ſaid that Ambitious Woman, never ſpeak ſo plain, for a Man to underſtand every word they ſay; for their Language is ſo difficult, that many Wiſe Men have been deceiv'd. But though I were ſure that all things would happen according to the *Arabian*'s Prediction, added ſhe, I will never change my Opinion. Whatever you ſay, reply'd *Morayzel*, I am very much afraid. And whatever your fears may be, anſwer'd *Semahis*, my hopes are never the leſs for that. You will have it ſo, ſaid he. You have promis'd it ſhall be ſo, ſaid ſhe. You will loſe all, added the Wiſe *Moor*. There can be no loſs in gaining a Scepter, reply'd the proud Lady. In a word, you have promis'd *Almahide* to the King; and they that deceive Kings ſeldom eſcape unpuniſhed. This, Sir, was the Communication between *Morayzel* and *Semahis*; after which, ſhe went to return her thanks to the King, who receiv'd them with all Civility imaginable. Thereupon that proud Princeſs, over-tranſported with Joy, goes to the fair *Almahide's* Chamber, to tell her the welcome News; and accoſting her with a pleaſant and ſatisfy'd Countenance, Madam, ſaid ſhe ſmiling, I am come the firſt to pay my devoirs to your Majeſty, and to let you know that you are Queen, and that I am onely your Mother and a Subject. This Diſcourſe made *Almahide's* heart cold within her; and though ſhe knew not what *Semahis* knew, yet ſhe was not without ſome ground of Conjecture; ſo that the Natural Antipathy, if I may ſo call it, which was between thoſe words and her Love, made her heart beat, and put her very Soul into diſorder. Nevertheleſs being very reſolute and conſtant, ſhe ſoon recover'd her Speech, and addreſſing her ſelf to her Mother; Madam, ſaid ſhe, I cannot tell wherefore you ſhould uſe theſe Expreſſions to me: For as I am in no unlikely condition to be Queen of *Granada*, that were no ſuch great Wonder, ſhould it happen to be ſo, that Honour having been more than once in our Family; and therefore ſhould it happen again, me-thinks it ſhould never cauſe ſo much joy as I ſee in your Eyes. All Perſons that are Beautiful are not Queens, reply'd *Semahis*; and as proud as you are, and as Beautiful as you think your ſelf, a Scepter is worth regarding, and worth accepting with leſs indifferency than you ſeem to ſhew. This cruel and ſecond aſſault compleated what the firſt had began: The fair *Almahide* bluſh'd, as if ſhe had been all of a fire, and preſently a cold ſweat bedew'd her fore-head; ſo that notwithſtanding all her Conſtancy, her Reaſon had much ado to diſ-engage her out of that confuſion. For though the King had never manifeſted any kindneſs for her, yet underſtanding well that Kings Marry ſooner for Intereſt than Love, and that the Kings of *Granada* ſeldom Marry any other than their Subjects, ſhe ſaw no impoſſibility in the thing, and her own preſaging fore-ſight intimated to her, that it was but too true. However, becauſe it is Natural to defer the belief of irkſom tidings as long as we can, ſhe flatter'd her ſelf a while with ſome ſmall hope, which reſtoring ſomething of ſtrength to her enfeebled heart, You jeaſt, Madam, ſaid ſhe to *Semahis*; but to ſpeak more ſeriouſly, I muſt beg the Liberty to tell you, that I would rather chuſe to deſerve a Crown, than wear it. They are both good, briskly reply'd *Semahis*; but for my part, I had rather wear a Crown without deſert, than merit a Crown, and not enjoy it. Fortune, reply'd *Almahide*, is not to be valu'd however above Vertue: Nor can the Preſents of the one ſtand in competition with the Counſels of the other. That Fortune which you mean, added *Semahis*, is too Prodigal, in giving ſo much to thoſe that

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eſteem her Gifts ſo little. For in ſhort, what I tell you is a very ſerious truth. For the Prince your Father, and I are about to make you Queen of *Granada*, having already promis'd you to the King. Thoſe Bloody words cut the unfortunate *Almahide* to the very heart; for as her Vertue was extraordinary, ſhe knew ſhe ſhould be forc'd to do a thing altogether contrary to her Will: and though ſhe dreaded the Scepter, ſhe reſolv'd to bear it rather as a burthen, than an Ornament. It becomes not me, ſaid ſhe, to prefer things that are delightful, before thoſe that are juſt; and therefore ſince it is my Duty to Obey you, I will Obey without murmuring. Look you now, ſaid *Semahis* ſmiling, I do not think that Friendſhip ever ſtruggled more to do any Perſon a kindneſs than I in your behalf. For alas! it is ſo painful to aſcend a Throne, that I am afraid you would never have had ſtrength enough had I not lent you my aſſiſtance. Greatneſs, anſwer'd the fair *Almahide*, being onely an Illuſtrious Chimera, which depends upon the Imagination, not having any thing effectual or ſolid, renders them onely happy that take it for a Felicity: And I am perſwaded there be as unfortunate Kings as miſerable Shepherdeſſes. 'Tis very true, reply'd *Semahis*; but the Reaſon of that is, becauſe there be Kings that are imprudent, as well as other Men. But they that know the difference between Ruling and Serving, between Obeying and Commanding; between being a Queen and a Subject, will never be of your Opinion. There are ſome, ſaid *Almahide*, that have refus'd Crowns. They knew not the Price of them, reply'd her Ambitious Mother: And if there be any that have done ſo, they are but very few. But Madam, reply'd the fair Princeſs, Reaſon is not to be ſought for among the multitude; and that we may not err, Voices are rather to be conſider'd, than counted. Crowns are environ'd with Thorns, as well as Flowers. Happineſs and Royalty are not inſeparable; and high Fortunes have their Croſſes, as meaner Fortunes have their Afflictions. I grant it, reply'd the haughty Lady; but mean Fortunes never enjoy the Pleaſures of the former: And had that Old Dotard *Fernand* never inſtructed you either in Hiſtory or Philoſophy; or that you had never heard of theſe fine Maximes of Morality, or theſe Examples of unfortunate Kings, your Ignorance would have been far beyond your Knowledge; for Noble and high thoughts would better become a Perſon of your Quality, than a mean, yet rampant Philoſophy. But let it be as it will, added ſhe, riſing from her ſeat, you ſhall be a Queen, though you would never ſo fain continue a Subject: and if you be not happy, 'tis your own fault, ſince you do not deſerve to be ſo. Saying thoſe words, ſhe flung in haſte out of the Chamber, full of Scorn and Anger. You may judge then, Sir, in what a Condition was the ſad and diſconſolate *Almahide*, and what a variety of thoughts between Love and Reſpect, afflicted her heart. What, ſaid ſhe, muſt we then loſe *Ponce de Leon*? Muſt we abandon the lovely and inamour'd *Leonce*? Muſt we prove ingrateful to him for all his Services? Muſt I be miſerable to render him unfortunate? Muſt I drive him from my ſight? Muſt I baniſh him? Muſt I afflict him? Muſt I be the occaſion of his deſpair? O Fortune, thou ſelleſt me a Crown at too dear a rate: I deſire it not at ſo high a Price. O Heaven, added ſhe, bewailing her ſelf, he has made himſelf a Slave for thy ſake, and thou art going to be a Queen to deprive him of thy Society. He has loſt all for love of thee, and thou art going to loſe him, to deprive thy ſelf of his Love: For when thou art a Wife and a Queen, neither canſt thou cheriſh him without a Crime, nor he have any kindneſs for thee without offending. But alas, reply'd ſhe to her ſelf, can change of Condition change his thoughts? Can his Soul and his Heart be diſpos'd of like his hand and his word? And though Reaſon tells him he muſt love no longer, is his Love bound to believe it? I know that he ought, and that he muſt, but I cannot tell whether he can, or whether it be poſſible for him to do it. He may think, unhappy and forſaken Lover as he is, that Ambition has made me unfaithful: that I prefer a Throne before him, that I forſake him to be a Queen; that I loſe him to gain a Crown, that I look upon the Scepter without any conſideration of his Fetters. Ah! I ſhall never endure that he ſhould have ſuch bad thoughts of my affection, nor ſuch an unjuſt Opinion of the Condition of my heart. No, no, refuſe all, loſe all to preſerve him; and never be a Queen, that thou mayſt be always a Lover. But fair and ſoft, my heart; fair and ſoftly, my inclinations; you perſwade me to more than I can do, and to more than I ought to do. Having hearkned to Love, I muſt liſten to Vertue. For though I were to dye, I muſt not forget that I was Born: I have a Father and a Mother; I am of a Royal Extraction, and I muſt preſerve their Honour and my own. What would I do? What can I do? And in the Condition to which Fortune has reduc'd me, what could *Ponce de Leon* himſelf deſire, though I ſhould give him full Power to diſpoſe of my Will and my Fortune? Shall I make my ſelf the talk of the Court, and the ſcorn of the Kingdom? Shall I confeſs my Paſſion, and refuſe a King for a Slave? Shall I diſcover the true Quality of this feigned Slave to juſtifie my Choice? And ſhall I reſolve to loſe his Life to ſave my Honour? Alas! added ſhe, what Honour ſhall I ſave, when they ſhall come to know that a Perſon of his Condition has been ſo long diſguis'd in the Palace of *Morayzel*, and that I have had private Communication with him, though I was acquainted both with his Paſſion and his Birth? Though my Vertue be without blemiſh, though my heart have nothing to upbraid me withal; though I have done all I could to chaſe him from hence, whom I could not baniſh from my ſoul, will they hearken to me? Will they believe me? Will not Envy and Scandal Butcher my good Name? Will not *Morayzel* and *Semahis* be Reveng'd upon *Ponce de Leon*, and upon *Almahide* for the injury

injury which they will believe they have receiv'd, and for my being the occaſion of their loſing all that greatneſs which ſwell'd their Expectations? But wherefore do I talk of one man, added ſhe, when I can Name two at this very time? For though the Duke of *Infantada* be a Perſon as indifferent to me, as the Count of *Pegnaſiel* is dear and belov'd: Yet he for whom I have no kindneſs, will do me as much harm, as the Perſon whom I love ſo affectionately. My Reputation ſuffers equally from both: And the onely Advantage I ſhall get by my own overthrow, will be onely to ruine thoſe who have ſav'd my life. Oh King of *Granada*, cry'd ſhe, thou wilt never win my heart; thou wilt onely be the Tyrant and the Executioner to puniſh it for its weakneſs. From whence, alas, proceeds this unjuſt, this ſtrange Fancy of thine? Thou haſt ſeen me often enough, yet never hadſt any affection for me; how comes it now to paſs, that thou loveſt me without ſeeing me? Or if I am not belov'd by thee, what Fantaſtical Policy obliges thee to chuſe an unfortunate Perſon, that certainly will never betray thee, yet can love thee never? I will Act nothing againſt my Duty, but I can do nothing againſt my Love. I muſt remember my Quality, and be careful of my Reputation, but I can never forget *Ponce de Leon*. I will never prove ungrateful to thee, but I can never prove ungratefnl to him; and while thou Tyrannizeſt over my Body, he will Reign always in my Heart. Oh Heavens! how much more welcome would my Tomb be to me, than a Throne: and rather than be a Queen, I could wiſh not to be at all. However ſince I cannot ceaſe to be Vertuous, ſince I cannot forbear to love Honour, no more than my unfortunate Lover, I muſt reſolve to Reign; that is, I muſt reſolve to dye: happy if my Reign and Life prove ſhort, to deliver me from a tedious grief, and a lingring death. Thus, Sir, the afflicted *Almahide* bewail'd her Condition, and this was the Reſolution which ſhe took, though her Paſſionate Soul found it extreamly difficult to follow. In the mean time, the haughty *Semahis*, who as I told you before, left her Daughters Chamber, very much enrag'd to obſerve that coldneſs wherewith ſhe embrac'd the tydings of an offer'd Crown, met the feigned *Leonce* upon the middle of the ſtairs, and knowing the kindneſs which her Daughter ſhew'd him, ſhe whiſper'd him in the ear and told him, that the King was to Marry *Almahide*; *Morayzel* and I, ſaid ſhe, have promis'd her to him; ſhe has ſo little Reaſon as not to be glad of it, though ſhe conſents to the Match: I know ſhe has the kindneſs of a *Miſtreſs* for thee, and that thou wanteſt no Wit; therefore I conjure thee to perſwade her to do that chearfully, which of Neceſſity ſhe muſt be compell'd to. Having ſo ſaid, ſhe went on, without expecting an anſwer. Judge you, Sir, how welcome ſuch a Thunder-clap was to the unfortunate *Ponce de Leon*. He loſt his ſight, his hearing, his ſpeech, and his very thoughts themſelves; and had he not been ſupported by a Baluſtrade of white Marble, he had infallibly tumbled with the blow that wounded his Soul. In that manner he continued for ſome time, as it were half in a ſwoon; the exceſs of the evil that he ſuffer'd made him inſenſible of what he ſuffer'd, his grief had ſo confounded him. But having recover'd ſtrength to feel and diſtinguiſh, he drew his legs after him feebly and ſtaggering till he came into the Garden; where finding himſelf at liberty to utter his Complaints, What ſtrange Series of misfortunes is this that perſecutes me? The end of one is the beginning of another more miſerable than the former. When there was nothing but *Almahide's* abſence that tormented me, that I could Remedy by ſeeing her again; when I had onely Rivals of my own Condition, I could free my ſelf from them by my Sword: But now my hopes are loſt, and there is no way left for me to help my ſelf. For what can I hope? Or what dares a Slave do againſt a King? What dares a Slave do? What dares he not do? reply'd he immediately; there is no fence againſt a deſperate Lover: There is no ſtrength that muſt not yield to his Courage. There is no Throne which his Fury cannot over-turn. There is no Crown which his anger cannot lay at his feet. No Scepter which his Fury cannot break. No King (for a King is but a man) which an unfortunate Lover cannot deprive of his Life, if he have but Courage enough to perſiſt in the over-throw of his Enemy. He that deſpiſes his own, is abſolute Maſter of the life of the greateſt Monarch in the World. And doſt thou want, unfortunate *Ponce*, doſt thou want that conſtant, that daring, that undaunted Courage, to attacque a *Monarch*? Does the Pomp that environs him dazle thee? Do his Guards that ſurround him terrifie thee? The Image of inevitable Death, does that affright thee? No, no, reply'd he; 'tis not the fear of a Tomb can hinder me from attempting a Throne. But *Ponce de Leon*, ſaid he, thou art thy ſelf deſcended from a Race of Kings: And thou oweſt as high a Reſpect to thoſe of *Granada*, as to thoſe of *Leon* thy Anceſtors. The lives of Kings are under a Holy Protection; 'tis Sacriledge to lift a hand againſt them. And if thou dreameſt that thou couldſt be an Aſſaſſinate, thou art neither Generous nor Valiant. But this King is a *Moor*, a *Mahumetan*, an Enemy of thy Religion and thy Countrey. That matters not, reply'd he: It ſuffices that he is a King. It ſuffices that thou makeſt a Profeſſion of Honour; which will not permit thee to Commit a Treacherous Crime. O the Wiſdom of an afflicted Slave! Oh the ſcruples of a Lover! He that can ſuffer ſuch a misfortune, deſerves it, and is not to be pitied. Take the middle way between the two extreams: deſtroy thy Rival without diſhonouring thy ſelf. Aſſail him not but with his Arms in his hands, and when he is in a Condition to defend himſelf. Fool, reply'd he again, thinkeſt thou that a King will concern himſelf with a Slave? Flatter not thy ſelf, that hope is but a vain Chimera: Such an unequal Duel can never be

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brought to paſs. Well then, added he, return to *Spain*; reſume thy former Quality, and Aſſailing him ſingled out at the Head of his Army, Vanquiſh him with Honour. But alas, cry'd he, when thou ſhalt Aſſail, when thou ſhalt overcome him, then will he be *Almahide's* Husband; and neither his Death nor thy Victory will ſtand thee in ſtead. Thou deceiveſt thy ſelf, cry'd the deſpairing Lover; Revenge is the ſole Pleaſure of the miſerable, and all they can act before they dye. But alas, thou knoweſt too well the ſublime Vertue of *Almahide*; that nice and ſcrupulous Vertue that has perplexed me ſo already, to think that ſhe will endure thy ſight when thou haſt ſlain her Husband. Though ſhe lov'd thee better than her Life, though ſhe hated him worſe than Death, thou knoweſt ſhe would never marry thee, and ſo thou wouldſt be always miſerable. Thou muſt ruine him therefore before he Eſpouſe her, added he; but this thou canſt not do, and not periſh at the ſame inſtant; and it may be thou mayſt altogether miſs thy aim. 'Tis no matter, cry'd he, thy death however will precede her marriage, and rid thee of the moſt terrible of all thy ſorrows. All this while, reply'd he, 'tis not for a King to divine that a Slave is his Rival. He offends thee not, unleſs he knew it; and thou complaineſt of him as much without Reaſon, as thou wouldſt be Reveng'd of him unjuſtly. Ridiculous diſpute, cry'd he in his deſpair,; a Slave ſhould go and forbid a King to conteſt with him for his *Miſtreſs*? And then the King again ſhould forbear, out of a reſpect to the Slave? No, no; thou muſt kill him without talking, and bury thy ſelf under his Ruines: So by his death and thine, to prevent his Triumph and thy Overthrow, his Marriage and thy Miſery. But formerly he ſav'd thy life, when an *Alfaqui* would have ſworn thee out of it. But now again he ſeeks to kill thee. Which is the greater Crime, to be Ingrateful or Cowardly? But what will become of *Almahide's* Honour after this Fatal blow of deſpair? Is it not known that ſhe liv'd at *Fontaines*? Will it not be known that thou wer't at *Granada*? What will they think was the cauſe of ſo bold a Slaughter? And becauſe there has been ſo much talk of her ſadneſs, will they not ſuſpect her to have conſented to the Murder, if not to have encouraged the deſign? Ah, cry'd he, of all the Obſtacles which thou haſt reckoned up, this is the moſt conſiderable, and which makes me waver moſt. True it is, *Semahis* told thee that *Almahide* was melancholy; but it was no leſs a truth, that ſhe told thee *Almahide* had conſented to the Match; and if that be true, he muſt dye. Having ſaid thoſe words, he threw himſelf into the thickeſt part of a ſhady Grove at one end of the Garden, and without ſpeaking a word more, but onely ſighing and weeping, he ſought out the moſt obſcure Coverts of the Wood to hide himſelf. In the mean time *Morayzel* being return'd from the *Alhambre*, was ſet upon afreſh by the Ambitious *Semahis*. I believe, ſaid ſhe very ſurlily, that your Daughter has conſulted the Stars, as well as you; for ſhe afflicts her ſelf more to think of being Queen, than I ſhould rejoyce at it. We have, ſaid *Morayzel*, certain forebodings within our own Breaſts of thoſe misfortunes that threaten us; and ſhould *Almahide* prove unfortunate, ſhe is not the firſt Queen that has been unhappy. If it were my caſe, reply'd *Semahis*, if I could but Rule to day, though I were ſure I ſhould not Reign to morrow, I would accept the proffer upon that ſevere Condition. Conſidering your Humour, reply'd *Morayzel*, I believe you would look upon that *To Morrow*, as a day of great Tribulation; and if I am not deceiv'd, you would not be very well pleas'd with many of the reſt that follow'd. I confeſs it, reply'd ſhe; but the evils to come, though I were able to foreſee them all, ſhould never hinder me from my preſent enjoyments, eſpecially in matters of Royalty. However it be, ſaid he, I excuſe my Daughters weakneſs by my own, if ſhe knows any thing of what *Cid Hamet* has foretold us: For I muſt confeſs that in doing what I have done, I have rather ſought your content than my own ſatisfaction. I wonder, anſwer'd *Semahis*, how a Man can be afraid of that which a Woman fears ſo little. For that which was ſaid to you by that ſame *Arabian*, who was mad when he ſpoke it, it is ſo fantaſtical, and ſo impoſſible, that you ſeem to have loſt your Wits, as well as he, to give any great Credit to his words. *Almahide*, he has aſſur'd you, *ſhall be very Wiſe and very Amorous. Maid and Wife at the ſame time; a Virgin and a Married Woman. The Wife of a Slave and of a King. A* Mahumetan *and a* Chriſtian. *Innocent, yet believ'd to be guilty. Condemn'd to be burnt alive, yet ſhall eſcape, and live contented for all this.* Surely if you can make all theſe contradictions agree, or ſhew me the leaſt common ſence in 'em, I ſhall take you for a greater Aſtrologian than your *Arabian*, and your Daughter ſhall not be Queen. 'Tis no great Wonder, anſwer'd *Morayzel*, that the Language of Heaven ſhould not be underſtood upon Earth. Why do you pretend to underſtand it then, briskly anſwer'd *Semahis*? Or why are you ſo much afraid of that which you do not underſtand? That which has already happen'd to *Almahide*, reply'd the Wiſe *Moor*, is the Reaſon I ſo much dread that which is to come; for the truth paſt is a pre-confirmation of the truth to enſue. It fares with that, reply'd *Semahis*, as with thoſe Figures which we ſee in the Clouds, which are meerly accidental. Your Prophet has ſpoken ſo many things, and ſo quite contrary, that it is almoſt impoſſible that any one of them ſhould happen: And if I had a mind to be extravagant, I could ſay as much as he, without ever conſulting the Stars. However, in regard it is a thing concluded upon, I would wiſh you to go and ſee her, as well to chear her up in her misfortune, as to perſwade her to accept of a Crown with more Reſolution. With that the haughty *Semahis* left him, and *Morayzel* went indeed to his Daughters Chamber. He found her extreamly melancholy, and though

ſhe

ſhe ſtrove as much as in her lay to hide her grief, 'twas impoſſible to keep it from appearing in her Eyes. *Morayzel* being of a tender ſpirit, was deeply ſenſible of her affliction; but in regard his word was too far gone to be recall'd, and that nothing now remain'd but onely Pity, *Almahide*, ſaid he, your melancholy ſurpriſes me; for as ſad as you are, there is never a Lady in all the Kingdom of *Granada*, who would not willingly hazard your misfortunes, and take your place; and much more envy rather than pity your condition. Sir, anſwer'd ſhe ſighing, variety of Humours cauſes diverſity of thoughts: That which pleaſes one, is not always delightful to another; and that which is the felicity of an Ambitious Spirit, may be the torment of a Perſon more moderate in her deſires. But in my judgment, reply'd he, this Philoſophical moderation does not over-much agree with your temper, nor with your humour. And I muſt acknowledge, added he ſmiling, that I ſhould look upon a Daughter of *Semahis* without Ambition, to be a kind of Prodigy; and therefore I believe there is ſome other conceal'd Reaſon that moves you to refuſe a Crown that would ſo well become your Head. That ſmart attacque put the penſive *Almahide* to the bluſh, and had almoſt diſcompos'd her; nevertheleſs recovering her ſelf ſoon after, The change of Age, ſaid ſhe, many times alters the inclinations of the Mind. Never did Old Age creep on ſo faſt upon a Young Virgin, as upon you, reply'd he; for yeſterday you were haughty, and admir'd Reputation; to day humble and reſerv'd, which is a miracle I ſhould never have believ'd, had I not been an Eye-witneſs of it. When we underſtand Reaſon, anſwer'd *Almahide*, we are oblig'd to follow it. But we muſt have a care, anſwer'd *Morayzel*, that we do not miſtake ſomething elſe for that Reaſon: And I muſt confeſs ingenuouſly, that I do not apprehend yours. For in ſhort, the King is Young, Handſome, and Couragious: and in a word, he is the King; and what can be of more Value, than what he offers you? Liberty, Sir, reply'd ſhe; for when I am Queen, I muſt be ſtill a Subject. You are a Subject when you are no Queen, anſwer'd he; and ſetting Servitude to Servitude, the moſt eaſie and gentle is to be choſen by a diſcreet Perſon. The moſt Noble is not always the moſt eaſie, reply'd ſhe; Peace and Quiet proceed from Equality. 'Tis very true, ſaid *Morayzel*; but in regard you are of Royal Extraction, that Equality will not be miſſing: So that your averſion ſeems to be ill grounded. However confeſs the truth, purſu'd he: There is ſome other Perſon Reigns in your Heart, which is the reaſon you deſpiſe a Scepter. Is it Prince *Andalla*? Is it *Muſſa*? Is it *Abindarrays*? Had ſhe dar'd, Sir, ſhe would ſoon have anſwer'd, *'Tis Ponce de Leon.* But in regard her modeſty would not permit her, it ſuffic'd her onely to think, and to confeſs by her bluſhes what ſhe durſt not diſcover in words. Afterwards reſuming her Diſcourſe, I aſſure you, Sir, ſaid ſhe, that all the Nobility in *Granada* ſhall not hinder me from being Queen, if you abſolutely lay your Command upon me. I Command you then, ſaid *Morayzel*; for beſides that the Rival of a King would have but an ill part to play, my Promiſe is engag'd. I muſt Obey then, Sir, reply'd ſhe pale and trembling; for I will never fail of my Duty. 'Tis no more than I expected from your good Nature and your Prudence, anſwer'd he as he was going away, nor did I think it needful to conſult your conſent to advance you to the Throne: Having ſo ſaid, he left the Chamber; and the diſconſolate *Almahide*, being not able to refrain her tears, went down into the Garden to give Liberty to thoſe Fatal Meditations that overwhelm'd her Soul.

In the mean time the feigned *Ramira* underſtanding by one of *Morayzel*'s Domeſticks, what the four Officers of the Crown came for, and what anſwer his Maſter had return'd, was no leſs afflicted than the real Count of *Pegnafiel*. And though his Natural temper inclined more to mirth than ſadneſs, yet then he could not but feel a bitter anguiſh of mind. What, ſaid he, is it I that have thus deſtroy'd my ſelf, while I ſought my own Preſervation? Is it I that have made *Almahide* Queen of *Granada*, by contriving her return? To avoid one affliction, have procur'd to my ſelf a misfortune never to be avoided? Oh imprudent and ſtupid Creature, what haſt thou done? Or what canſt thou do to prevent *Almahide's* Grandeur, and impeach thy own Ruine? Her Glory and thy Shame? Her Felicity and thy Miſery? Her Marriage and thy Deſpair? Indiſcreet Duke of *Infantada*, thou haſt thruſt thy ſelf into Fetters, to ſee her wear a Crown. Thou haſt made thy ſelf a Slave, to make her a Queen. This it is to be more than blind, and have ſo little fore-ſight. I am loſt by ſeeking to ſave my ſelf, and ruined by aiming at Revenge. Alas, purſu'd he like a Perſon in deſpair, I had onely then a Count for my Rival; but now I have rais'd a King to be my Competitor. I was at leaſt equal with him, but this is infinitely above me. I was in a Capacity to have overcome *Ponce de Leon*, but I cannot come ſo much as to Fight with the King of *Granada*. Then there was ſome hope, now there is none left; and which is more inſupportable, all theſe miſchiefs are befallen me by my own procurement. I am the cauſe of my miſery, and the Architect of my own misfortune. No, purſu'd he, I cannot accuſe Fortune for a fault which I my ſelf have committed: and I am conſtrain'd to confeſs, that I am juſtly puniſh'd for that which I ought not to have done. Treacherous *Don Alvarez*, cry'd he, behold how it has ſucceeded with thee for being Wicked. I have ruin'd thee, *Ponce de Leon*, and done my ſelf no good. While *Almahide* was *Almahide*, while ſhe liv'd in *Andaluſia*, ſhe might change, my Rival alſo might change his mind, or dye; but being Queen of *Granada*, Eſpous'd to the King, what can I do? Or what can I deſire? One thing onely remains my Comfort in the midſt of all my Anguiſh, that ſhe forſakes *Ponce de Leon* as well as me; and by that I find that ſhe loves him leſs than I thought ſhe had done, and that he was not ſo happy as

he took himſelf to be. Sad Conſolation! added he; unprofitable Comfort, ſince both the Perſons belov'd and hated, are equally unfortunate, and the ſame misfortune invelops both. But who aſſures thee of the truth of what thou ſayſt? immediately reply'd he to himſelf. They tell thee *Morayzel* has promis'd *Almahide*; but they do not tell thee, ſhe has given her conſent. They have alſo told thee, the King would Marry her; but they do not ſay ſhe will Eſpouſe the King. Ah *Don Alvarez*, all this may be quickly known, and is no more than what thou wilt know too ſoon. With that the afflicted Lover ran to *Almahide*'s Apartment, and from thence to *Ponce de Leon*'s Chamber; but finding neither, and underſtanding they were both in the Garden, thither he made in all haſte to underſtand the truth of things, whether the King of *Granada* Triumphed or his former Rival. On the other ſide, being return'd my ſelf home to my Lodging together with *Sancha*, and underſtanding with aſtoniſhment what had paſs'd, I order'd the Counterfeit Merchant to look after our Horſes in the place where he had left 'em, to the end they might be ready upon all occaſions, which he punctually perform'd. And judging that the Count of *Pegnafiel* might have need of my Advice, at ſuch a tickliſh conjuncture of time, I went to ſeek him in the Garden. In the mean while the penſive *Almahide*, who ſought not for him, had found him before me; thoſe two Illuſtrious, but Unfortunate Perſons meeting at the end of an Alley whither their Melancholy guided them, they made a ſtop both at the ſame time, and beholding each other with eyes equally full of ſadneſs, they pierced each others hearts to the quick. *Ponce de Leon* diſcover'd his Tears; ſhe ſtrove to conceal hers, but all in vain. He ſigh'd and wept; ſhe wept and ſigh'd: and three times ſhe open'd her lips, not being able to utter the leaſt Syllable. True it is, her Looks ſpake enough to be underſtood without the aſſiſtance of her Lips; ſo that their reciprocal Grief was not mute, though their Tongues were ſilent. But at length the Heart of that deſpairing Lover not being able to contain all its ſadneſs, without expiring at the ſame inſtant, poured it ſelf forth in theſe words. I do not ask you, Madam, ſaid he, (with a languiſhing and mournful utterance, that would have mov'd the moſt inſenſible heart) I do not ask you, whether it be true that the Divine *Almahide* be to be Queen of *Granada*, or whether the miſerable *Ponce de Leon* muſt prepare to dye? For your Eyes too evidently inform me of the Fatal Neceſſity of both, for me to doubt it. Neither will I tell you, anſwer'd ſhe, whether this Dignity pleaſes or afflicts me, for the ſame Eyes ſpeak plain enough in my behalf: and had you heard the diſpute between *Morayzel*, *Semahis*, and my ſelf, you would rather bewail than accuſe me, as you ſeem prepar'd to do; it being certain that I did that for your ſake, which I ought not to have done for my own. I prefer'd Friendſhip before my Honour, and your Satisfaction before my Duty: Having ſurpaſſed the Modeſty of my Sex; I ſpeak it with ſhame, and what becomes a Perſon of my Quality and Virtue. But after all, Madam, anſwer'd the afflicted *Leonce*, you are going to Eſpouſe *Boaudelin*: You are going to deprive the unfortunate *Ponce de Leon* of his Life. The King excels the Slave: The Scepter ſeems fairer than my Fetters: The Crown more ſplendidly gliſters than my Chains: The King of *Granada* is more happy than the Unfortunate Count of *Pegnafiel*: The Grandeur of the one is more prevalent than the Fidelity of the other: Ambition is more Powerful than Love. 'Tis neither the Merit of *Boaudelin*, anſwer'd *Almahide*, nor the Title of a King, neither the Beauty of the Scepter which he wields, nor the Riches of his Crown, neither the Luſtre of his Throne, nor the Grandeur that environs him, nor that Ambition whereof you accuſe me, will move me to take this Reſolution that ſo afflicts your Spirit, and which it may be, more afflicts my heart than yours. So that if your deſires and mine met with no other Obſtacle, you ſhould find that I know *Ponce de Leon* better than he knows himſelf; and that I underſtand that Captives are to be preferred before Monarchs; that ſuch Glorious Fetters are more Honourable than Scepters, and ſuch Precious Chains of greater Value than Crowns; that a Fidelity ſo approv'd is to be prefer'd before all the Grandeur in the Earth, and that Ambition ought to yield to a Love ſo hard to be found. But alas, both you and I have an Enemy to contend with, which is of greater ſtrength than all this, againſt which there is no reſiſtance; nor will I ever withſtand it. And who is that formidable Enemy, cry'd the diſguis'd *Leonce*? 'Tis my Vertue, 'tis my Honour, reply'd the fair *Almahide*, which I can never overcome, nor you will never Vanquiſh. For in ſhort, if you have a Generous Soul, as I make no queſtion but you have, you cannot be ignorant, that it becomes not a Virgin of Noble Birth when ſhe has a Father, to diſpoſe of her ſelf; and can I diſobey mine, without failing in my Duty? Or can you deſire me to be diſobedient without offending me? Remember, I beſeech you, my dear and beloved *Leonce* (for it is yet Lawful for me to call you ſo, being not yet the Queen) remember, I ſay, that when, very injuriouſly, you propos'd to me a Private Marriage, I then abſolutely declar'd, that I would never diſpoſe of my ſelf without the permiſſion of my Parents, and that ſo long as I was ignorant who they were, you could never hope for any ſatisfaction from me. There is no queſtion to be made, but that I am the ſame at *Granada*, that I was at *Fontaines*: Or that I am leſs in love with my Honour, being a Princeſs, than when I was a Slave. No, no, as you are ſtill the Count of *Pegnafiel*; that is to ſay, one of the moſt accompliſh'd Perſons in the World: I ſhall be in all things *Almahide*; that is to ſay, a Perſon that makes profeſſion of ſo nice a Vertue, and ſo ſcrupulous a ſincerity, that will not permit me to fail in the leaſt of my Duty: And God grant that I have not already fail'd in my

my Duty, to ſuffer you diſguis'd in my Fathers Palace, though I onely permitted it, that I might not endanger your life, which was dearer to me than my own; and by the advice of *Don Fernand*, whom I look'd upon as my ſecond Father, having had the care of my Education for ſo many Years. Ah Madam, reply'd the feigned *Leonce*, the face of things has ſtrangely chang'd ſince that time; and though we be ſtill the ſame Perſons, you act after a different manner. For then I muſt confeſs (though it be not for my advantage to ſpeak againſt my ſelf) there was ſomething of a Noble and great Spirit in your firſt refuſal, when you knew not who you were, yet knew who I was; when you were but a Slave, and I the Count of *Pegnafiel*, and fair for the Dukedome of *Medina Sidonia*. But now that you are become what I was, that you are a Princeſs, and I a Slave (ſhall I preſume to ſay ſo, knowing your Noble Pride?) there is ſomething of lowneſs and intereſt in your towring Ambition; and without doubt it had been more honourable for you to have refus'd a Crown than to wear it. Forbear, anſwer'd ſhe, ſomewhat angrily, to interpret my intentions ſo ill: All the Crowns in the World are rather the Object of my hatred, than of my love; of my ſcorn, than of my envy. But I cannot ſay ſo of my Honour, which I value beyond a Crown, more than my Life, or You. And then again, added ſhe ſighing, though I ſhould forget the onely Object of my Remembrance, the onely Rule of all my Actions, it would be all to no purpoſe; for I ſhould loſe you, in loſing my ſelf: For ſhould I refuſe a King, think you the Illuſtrious *Moraxyzel*, and the Haughty *Semahis* would let me Marry a Slave? And if I diſcover your Condition, ſhall I not expoſe you to the anger of an incenſed King, and the Revenge of an offended Father? Will they ſuffer the ſtrange Alliance between a *Spaniard* and a *Granadine*; between a *Chriſtian* and a *Mahumetan*? There is no likelihood of it, it can never be; and therefore ſince I cannot do what I would, and that which you deſire, ſuffer me at leaſt to do according to my Duty. Well, Madam (anſwer'd the deſpairing Lover, with his Cheeks bedew'd with Tears) do all that you ſay, and more than you ſpeak of. Be Queen of *Granada*; that is, be Ambitious, be Faithful, be Cruel; I give you free leave, nor will *I* ſtrive to hinder you any longer. My Death ſhall do that for me which you refuſe. And that *I* may avoid the tormenting Grief to ſee you a Queen, never expect to ſee me alive again. O more than Barbarous thy ſelf, reply'd ſhe; forbear to inſult over an unhappy Creature, that looks upon the Throne but as her Scaffold, and Royalty as a torment; and threaten her not with your Death, to add to the misfortunes of her Life. Rather go and Revive your Parents by your return; reſtore them a Son ſo worthy of their wiſhes and their tears: and that you may remember your Duty, forget an Unfortunate Perſon, that never intends to forget you. You deſire that which is not in my Power to do, anſwer'd he. You do that which no way becomes you, reply'd ſhe. If you lov'd me, anſwer'd the diſguis'd *Leonce*, you would not aſſail my Life. If you did not hate me, reply'd *Almahide*, you would not attacque my Honour. I cannot live without you, ſaid the Count. I cannot live without my Honour, reply'd the Princeſs. Is there no way to be happy, but by being a Queen, ſaid he? Is there no way to be happy, but by being a Slave, anſwer'd ſhe? No, not when he Loves, *Almahide*, added *Ponce de Leon*. Yes, when he loves his own Honour, reply'd the fair *Granadine*. O Vanity diſguis'd, cry'd he! O Injuſtice undiſguis'd, cry'd ſhe! Oh how Noble would it be to refuſe a Crown! ſaid *Leonce*. Oh how unworthy is he that ſtains his Honour! anſwer'd the fair *Almahide*. You know not what Love is, added the Count. Nor you what Vertue is, reply'd the Princeſs. O inhumane, ſaid he. O pitileſs, cry'd ſhe. O unjuſt *Almahide*, ſaid *Leonce*. O unjuſt *Leonce*, ſaid *Almahide*. You deſire my death, and I am willing to die, reply'd the Count. You ſeek for mine, and I am contented to loſe it, reply'd that incomparable Lady. As they were thus Expoſtulating, in came the Duke of *Infantada*, when the Count of *Pegnafiel* turning toward him, Oh Unfortunate as well as I, ſaid he, come and ſhare as well in my Miſeries, as in the Injuſtice of that Ingrateful Perſon that has caus'd them. I look upon you no longer as my Rival, but as my Companion in Affliction: For it will be ſome Conſolation while you complain of her, as well as my ſelf. I complain of my hard Fate likewiſe, reply'd the Duke; and though our probability of ſucceſs were not alike, I am willing to partake of your ſorrows, now they are ſo. For I confeſs the Precedency which the fair *Almahide* gave to you, if it were not reaſonable, yet had it ſome appearance of Reaſon. In ſhort, ſhe was beholding to the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* and the Dutcheſs his Wife, both for her Life, and many other great Kindneſſes: She had her Breeding from them, you were brought up both together: Your reciprocal Friendſhip was Born and Foſter'd in the Eyes of your Infancy; and beſides a thouſand Services and Teſtimonies of your Love, your extraordinary Beauty, your Wit, your Knowledge, your Advantages over me in Fight, all theſe things, I ſay, put an end to my Wonder, why ſhe ſhould prefer you before me. But to forſake you, to leave me, through the inſtigation of Vanity, after all thoſe things which we have done for her ſake, this is that which is neither rational, nor yet to be born withall. You are ſo little accuſtomed to underſtand my heart, reply'd the fair *Almahide*, that I do not admire you ſhould have ſo little knowledge, and judge ſo ill of my thoughts. And therefore as you were a Perſon I never confided in, you cannot without raſhneſs ſo boldly judge of that which you never ſaw, nor ſee now, nor ever ſhall ſee. Good God, reply'd the feign'd *Leonce*, I wonder who can boaſt of his ever having known that Ambitious Heart, that dreams of nothing but Kings and

Crowns! For my part, added he, I muſt ingenuouſly confeſs my ignorance; I never knew it, for I always thought it had been above all the Crowns in the World, and that nothing could have mov'd it but Vertue and Merit. But this day you have convinc'd me of my Error and your Injuſtice. In ſhort, let us deſpoyl him of all his borrow'd Pomp, deprive him of his Court and his Guards; diſrobe him of his Mantle Royal, take from him his Crown and Scepter: Let him appear here with his Majeſty and couſening Grandeur, that may as well be the lot of a Fool: let him come and try his Chance with Slaves, and you ſhall ſee, maugre his Diadem and our Chains, whether he or we deſerve beſt. You ſhall then behold, Ambitious Woman, an extraordinary little Man, with a Soul as little: You ſhall find an uneven and Capricious Humour, a Cruel Phyſiognomy, an Uſurper, and almoſt a Parricide: And if I durſt preſume to ſay ſo, you ſhould ſee nothing at all in him of either *Ponce de Leon*, or *Don Alvarez*. But he overcomes us without fighting, he overthrows us without venturing himſelf, he ruines us, yet knows not who we are; and we can conclude nothing from your unjuſt proceedings, but that the King and you are two Ambitious Perſons. However, methinks, anſwer'd *Almahide*, that you ſhould better know than another, that Crowns are no temptations to me. That I know how to refuſe greatneſs, and that a more Noble Motive makes me act as I do. O *Ferdinand* and *Iſabell*, cry'd *Ponce de Leon*, what have you done? By changing *Aminta* into *Almahide*, you have, it may be, been the occaſion of a *Chriſtians* turning *Mahumetan*: At leaſt her Ambition affords us ground enough to ſuſpect it. Judge more uprightly of my Faith, reply'd the ſad *Almahide*; and be certainly perſwaded, that nothing ſhall ever move it. If it be no firmer than your Friendſhip, ſaid *Ponce de Leon*, you may be rather a Pilgrim to *Mecca*, than *Jeruſalem*: And the *Alcoran* may as well ſerve for your Prayer Book, as *Mahomet* for your Teacher. For whatever come of it, you ſtill conclude to be Sultan Queen. I conclude, anſwer'd ſhe, always to obey my Parents, to do that which I ought, and that which becomes my Quality. And what muſt become of us, replyd *Ponce de Leon?* You would do well to return to *Sevil*, reply'd ſhe, and to remember *Granada* no more, where you have been ſo unfortunate. And you will do well, without doubt, added the feigned *Ramira*, to forget at *Granada*, all thoſe that live at *Sevil*. It may be it would better become me ſo to do indeed, anſwer'd *Almahide*. But alas, we do not always that which becomes us, added ſhe, fetching a deep ſigh. In the mean time, purſu'd that fair and penſive Lady, ſhake off your Fetters both of you, ſo unworthy your Qualities; return to your Countrey, reſume your Titles, Comfort your Friends, Serve your Prince, be happy, and leave me here alone unfortunate. That is to ſay, briskly reply'd the Duke, Leave me to forget thoſe that ſav'd me from the Lions, and from being drown'd: leave me to forget all your Services, and the Chains which you have worn for my ſake: and for your parts, go and dye miſerably, that I may live a Sultaneſs. But if I may have my will, things ſhall not be thus carried; or if I am forſaken, I will undertake alone, what we might execute more ſucceſsfully both together. In a word, he that killing dyes, erects himſelf a Noble Tomb: And it would not grieve me to be cruſh'd to death by the Throne which I my ſelf over-turn. I was about to ſay what you have ſaid, added the Count: but though you have depriv'd me of the Honour of propoſing it, you ſhall not rob me of the Glory of the Execution, were the King of *Granada* the greateſt King in the World. Content your ſelf, reply'd the Duke, to ſhare Honour and Danger with me, for you may well think that a Perſon of my humour will not ſtick to Act what he once propoſes. Ah *Ponce de Leon*! Ah *Don Alvarez*! cry'd the penſive *Almahide*. Ah inſenſible! cry'd the Count. Ah ingrateful! cry'd the Duke. What will you do? reply'd the diſconſolate Princeſs. What we ought to do, anſwer'd *Leonce*. And that which ſhe by no means deſires, ſaid the feigned *Ramira*. Why will you ruine your ſelves, ſaid ſhe? Wherefore ſhould I preſerve my ſelf, anſwer'd *Ponce de Leon*? Why aſſault the King, reply'd *Almahide*? Wherefore will you be Queen, cry'd *Don Alvarez*? Honour commands me ſo to be, was her return. But Love requires you not to yield, anſwer'd the Count. But Honour is to be prefer'd before Love, ſaid ſhe. Love and Honour intended both the ſame thing, anſwer'd the Duke, would you but have hearkned to both. Generous Count, ſaid ſhe, have you no care of my Honour? Will you take no care of my life, ſaid he? Illuſtrious Duke, ſaid ſhe to *Don Alvarez*, will you not at all conſider my Reputation? Do you think to preſerve it by being ingrateful, anſwer'd the Duke? Rather by being unfaithful, added the Count. As the Count of *Pegnafiel* had ſpoken thoſe words, in ſtep'd I; ſo that inſtead of returning any anſwer to him, the fair *Almahide* turning toward me, Ah *Don Fernand*, cry'd ſhe, it is well you are come to my aſſiſtance, for theſe two furious Lovers will ruine themſelves, will ruine me, conſidering neither their own Intereſt nor mine; neither their own Safety, nor my Honour; neither Juſtice nor Reaſon. Madam, anſwer'd I, were there nothing wanting in me, but to offer up my Blood and life for your Repoſe and theirs, you ſhould ſoon behold the end of all your ſorrows and diſturbances. They would have me diſhonour my ſelf in the face of all the Court; diſobey *Morayzel*, put *Semahis* into a Fury, attract the King's hatred upon me, and the contempt of all the Kingdom; that I ſhould tell all the World I am in Love, and I think, as they act together by conſent, they would have me ſay, with both: And becauſe I am not of their minds, they will make known their Qualities, they will kill the King, they will periſh and loſe my Honour. She deſires to have neither Fidelity, reply'd the Count, nor acknowledgment:

ledgment: She will abandon her ſelf to Ambition, and me to deſpair: She would forſake me, and perſwade me to forſake her, and that is impoſſible. She would forget my Paſſion and my Patience, added the Duke; ſhe would forget all that I have done for her ſake: She will have neither Tenderneſs nor Pity. She would have me ſuffer all this Injuſtice, and I cannot brook it. Ah Madam, ſaid I to the fair *Almahide*, do but ſuppoſe your ſelf in the condition of theſe Unfortunate Noble-men; and judge you whether it be an eaſie thing to undergo what they endure. But Sir, added I alſo, what is it that you require at the Princeſs *Almahide's* hands? Can ſhe diſobey a Father? Can ſhe refuſe a King? What would that denyal avail againſt an Authority ſo lawful, and a Power that has no bounds? If you underſtood either of you perfectly what it is to love, you would know, that the Honour of the Party Beloved, ought to prevail with us beyond our own Intereſt; and that we ſhould rather ruine our ſelves, than injure her. On the other hand, if there were any likelihood of preſerving your ſelves, by attempting the King, or if the Princeſs were reſolv'd to Excuſe or clear her ſelf of all that ſhame and thoſe reproaches that will be thrown upon her, you might hope that *Morayzel* and *Semahis* might approve her Affection, and not diſapprove her Choice: and though I would not abſolutely conſent to your Violent Reſolutions, I would not abſolutely condemn them. But to what purpoſe ſhould ſhe undertake it? Would you have a Prince of the *Moors* beſtow his Daughter upon a *Caſtilian*? Will a *Mahumetan* Princeſs ſuffer her Daughter to Marry a *Chriſtian*? Do you think an incens'd King will ſit ſtill, and never ſeek his Revenge? And while you are the occaſion of *Almahide's* loſing a Crown, will you not rather procure her a Martyrdom, by diſcovering her Religion? Beſides, how do you think *Morayzel* will proceed againſt you, when he underſtands that his Slaves are Suiters to his Daughter, perſwading her to refuſe a King for their ſakes? What ſtrange Reſolutions may he not take, when he diſcovers your Quality and Diſguiſe, and the cheat you have put upon him by remaining in ſuch a diſſembled Habit in his Palace? And the King himſelf, when he underſtands your Quality, that you are his Rivals, that you are his Enemies, and diſguis'd in his Dominions, will he not Sacrifice you to his Anger, to his Hatred, to his Jealouſie, but above all, to his Security? On the other ſide, though nothing of this ſhould happen, for the which of you two would you that *Almahide* ſhould loſe a Crown? Which of you two do you deſire that ſhe ſhould favour with her Choice? Would either of you eaſily Surrender to the other? Would you have her to be the Victor's Guerdon, and make her the occaſion of the fall of one of you, if not of both, to the utter Extinction of two of the greateſt and moſt Noble Families in all *Spain*, whoſe luſtre and glory muſt of neceſſity be buried in your Tombs? But you, Sir, ſaid I to the Count of *Pegnaſiel*, is it your aim to encloſe the Duke and Dutcheſs of *Medina Sidonia* in their Graves? Would you that their Deaths ſhould coſt you their Lives? Ah Noble Duke! Ah Generous Count, take to your ſelves better Reſolutions; yield to Neceſſity that gives way to all things, and do not ruine your ſelves to no purpoſe. And you, Madam, added I, addreſſing my Speech to the fair *Almahide*, lament their Conditions whom you cannot ſuccour: Comfort them with your Pity, ſince you have no other means left; and ſo demean your ſelf toward them, that while they onely bewail their own unjuſt Fortunes, they may have no cauſe juſtly to complain of you. Alas, anſwer'd ſhe, wiping away her tears, he that ſees my heart, knows well the torments I endure; whether the Throne you tax me with, do not fill me with horror; and whether I had not rather deſcend to my Tomb, than aſcend to ſit there. Therefore ſince I am an unhappy Maid, whom Heaven has condemn'd to ſuffer, I conjure you both to ſeparate your deſtinies from mine; to leave me a Queen and miſerable both together, and to return to your own happineſs without me. That can never be, they cry'd both at a time, that can never be. I can never be happy, where you are not, added *Ponce de Leon*. And I muſt be always unfortunate, reply'd *Don Alvarez*, being remov'd from the ſight of the fair and cruel *Almahide*. Let the King of *Granada* live, ſaid *Ponce de Leon*, ſince I cannot kill him without injury to you. Be Queen of *Granada*, ſince the Fortune of a Slave affrights you, that he cannot be a King. Live happy, Madam, ſince I cannot be ſo, but by Death. But when you have taken all my hopes and comfort from me, leave me ſtill my Chains, and onely continue to me the Honour of being your Captive. As I am acquainted with your Vertue (which without doubt has been the Principal cauſe of my Paſſion) I ſwear by that Vertue that I will never ſpeak to you more of my Love; ſo far from deſiring to give you any offence, that there ſhall not eſcape the leaſt word; no, not ſo much as a thought from my Breaſt, which your moſt ſevere Vertue ſhall not approve, or which your moſt ſcrupulous Honour ought not to ſuffer. Madam, the Count pleads for me, in pleading for himſelf, cry'd the Duke; and I ſhall onely add, That our Sufferings not permitting us long to live, our importunities will ſoon be at an end. Ah! reply'd the penſive *Almahide*, I muſt refuſe alike to both what both alike requeſt. A Wife and a Queen can never grant it; my Compaſſion will prove cruel, and I ſhall deſtroy my ſelf, yet do you no kindneſs. Then I muſt dye, cry'd *Ponce de Leon*. But you muſt not dye alone, added *Don Alvarez*; and Slaves like us, may without diſcredit be Interr'd with Kings. Then let me periſh with you, ſaid *Almahide*, and periſh a Gods name; for I had rather loſe all than my Honour. Oh inexorable, reply'd the Count, I would rather venture my life a thouſand times for your Preſervation. Oh unjuſt Perſon, purſu'd the Duke, when you take all from

vom us, even our hopes deny us not one Favour, that makes us tremble that beg it, beholding the Apparition of that grief that will enſue, and thoſe terrible torments that will accompany it. Do not venture it then, anſwer'd ſhe. But we ſhall expoſe our ſelves to a worſe, reply'd the Count, if we are conſtrain'd to leave you. I ſhall never permit what you deſire, ſaid *Almahide*. Then you muſt give us leave to dye, reply'd *Ponce de Leon*. And to be Reveng'd alſo, added *Don Alvarez*. Oh how cruel you are, ſaid the fair *Almahide*. How unjuſt are you, reply'd the Count of *Pegnafiel*. And how little, ſaid the Duke of *Infantada*, do you Value your Honour and our Lives, while you drive us to deſpair. Ha, Madam (then ſaid I throwing my ſelf at her Feet) afford ſomething to them that loſe all. Grant 'em a few days to conſider of an Accident ſo little fore-ſeen: Suffer a little while theſe unfortunate Perſons, who are always to Suffer, and never ſhew your Hatred to thoſe that teſtifie ſo much Love for you. Ah *Don Fernand*, reply'd ſhe to me, can your Lips and your Vertue utter the ſame language? Yes, Madam, ſaid I, upon thoſe Conditions which they have impos'd upon themſelves. Have a great care what you ſay, reply'd ſhe. I mind it very much, anſwer'd I. Do you forget, that you are almoſt my Father, ſaid the Princeſs? 'Tis too great an Honour for me to forget, ſaid I. Let 'em be punctual then, and let 'em ſtay, added ſhe as ſhe was turning about to be gone, I give way for a Moneth. Having ſo ſaid, ſhe left us, not giving thoſe Illuſtrious Mourners time to return her thanks, nor to obſerve the Bluſhes which that permiſſion had ſpread in her Cheeks. For ſhe is a Perſon whoſe Vertues are more worthy the Primitive Times of Innocency, than the Corruption of our Age. With that the two diſconſolate lovers ſeparated, and the Duke of *Infantada* being retir'd, I labour'd with all the words of Comfort which I could invent to aſſwage the bitter anguiſh of the Count of *Pegnafiel*: Admiring in my ſelf the wonderful Paſſion of thoſe two lovers, and the ſtrange fancies it infus'd into their Brains, cauſing them to deſire that very thing which ſhould have been the Object of their fear. So true it is that ſeparation from what we love, is the laſt evil we can reſolve to ſuffer. In the Interim, the King having diſguis'd himſelf, as he was wont to do, went to Viſit *Miriam* by Night, without any other company than onely *Zarcan* his Favourite, who onely was privy to his Amours: And who had cunningly managed his Buſineſs with that charming Ladies Mother, whoſe Ambition caus'd her to venture all things to make her Daughter a Queen. But the King having a mind to prove the Affection of that fair Lady, and to try how ſhe would take the News of his Marriage, had not ſpoken a word concerning it; yet becauſe the demand which the King had made to *Morayzel* by the four Officers of the Crown had made a great noiſe in the City, it ſoon came to the Ears of *Miriam* and *Hazaqui* her Mother, who was a Widow; for which Reaſon, they not queſtioning the Kings Infidelity, when he came thither, he found them both in ſuch a conſternation, as was not to be imagin'd, and full of Grief, beyond expreſſion. However though the tears and ſadneſs of *Miriam* did not diſpleaſe the King, as being ſigns and teſtimonies of her love, yet would he not preſently diſabuſe her; but looking very ſeriouſly, and beginning his Diſcourſe in a very grave tone, I make no queſtion, ſaid he, but the noiſe of my Marriage has reach'd your ears; and I as little doubt but that you are very much ſurpriz'd at it, and that you have blam'd me very much. But *Miriam*, added he, there are ſome Affairs wherein we are to begin with the ending, and end with the beginning, and this is of that Number. For is it not true, that you would not conſent to this deſign of mine, and that you oppos'd it with all your Vigor? Nevertheleſs, the Good of my People, the Peace of the Kingdom, and my own Satisfaction neceſſarily require that I ſhould do what I have done. And when I ſhall have given you to underſtand the Reaſons, I am ſure you will agree with me, and not diſcommend my conduct in this Affair. Ah Sir, reply'd ſhe full of anger and diſdain, all I deſire, is onely for your Majeſty to ſhew me your ſpecious Maniſeſto: for though Kings are not bound to give any account of their Actions, yet hitherto you have been pleaſed to make me, your poor Subject, acquainted with your proceedings in reference to this tranſaction. I plainly ſee, ſaid the King, that what I have done does no way pleaſe you; and that you remembring the kindneſs between us, and my Promiſes, begin to accuſe me already of Infidelity, and believe me guilty. However, I am aſſur'd that before we part, you will change your Opinion; that you will approve my proceedings, and applaud me; nay, give me thanks beſides. Your Majeſty truſts a little too much to your Eloquence, anſwer'd *Miriam*. But I am very much deceiv'd, if it prove ſo Victorious as you believe it is, or if I yield to all things that you would perſwade me to. That will be ſoon try'd, ſaid the King: For in ſhort, lovely *Miriam*, purſu'd he, you cannot be ignorant of the Troubles and Combuſtions now in the Kingdom, ſince you your ſelf are involved therein, and ſuffer the inconveniencies thereof as well as the reſt of my Subjects. Thereupon having with all imaginable diligence, endeavour'd to provide a Remedy againſt the incroaching Miſchief; and having taken the advice of the Wiſeſt Perſons, and ſuch as bear the moſt Loyal Affection to my Honour, and the good of my Kingdom, we could not find out any other way to put an end to the Civil War, but by my Marriage. So far, I confeſs, anſwer'd *Miriam*, you ſeem to be a good Politician, but a very indifferent Lover. And if I had fore-ſeen what your Majeſty would have now done, when I firſt ſaw you in the Gardens of *Generalife*, I ſhould have taken the boldneſs to have adviſ'd you, onely to mind the good of your Subjects, onely to love honour, and

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to have Courted your Old Counſellers of State rather than me. But in regard the time paſt cannot be recall'd, I conjure you, Sir, to remember upon what Conditions we entred into that private Correſpondency, and kept ſuch a ſecret Intelligence together. For as I ſhall rather chuſe to dye, than do any thing beneath my Vertue; ſo neither is it for you to do any thing unworthy of a King: Nor is it ſeemly for you to violate your Promiſes, nor to be worſe than your word. 'Tis granted, reply'd *Boandelin*: But notwitſtanding all this, I muſt mind the Preſervation of my Kingdom, which inforces me to Marry. Then your Majeſty acts a great piece of Injuſtice, as if you were ſet above the Laws, onely that you might be the more free to break 'em. On the contrary, reply'd the King, 'tis onely out of an intention to obſerve the Laws that I go about to Eſpouſe *Almahide*. Ah Sir, reply'd ſhe, you take no heed of your words, your new love ſo takes up all your thoughts. 'Twas never yet ſo deep in my heart, reply'd the King: For as formerly you your ſelf were the ſole Object of my Affection, ſo at preſent this great deſign employs all my Meditations. But Sir, ſaid the fair Lady, if you Marry *Almahide*, what will become of the unfortunate *Miriam*? She will then be Queen, reply'd he, for ſhe can be nothing elſe. In good time, Sir, reply'd ſhe: your Love has made you extravagant, or elſe you add ſcoffs to your inconſtancy. For in ſhort, if you Eſpouſe *Almahide*, how can you Marry *Miriam*? There's nothing of impoſſibility in that, ſaid the King. Your Majeſty then muſt deſtroy the Religion of your Anceſtors, and bring in Plurality of Wives, according to the cuſtom of the *Turks*: But Sir, I muſt tell you, I'le have no half ſhares in a heart; for though my Birth be but mean, my Soul is large. The half-ſhare of a Crown will not ſatisfie my Ambition; I'le have all or none. You muſt have nothing, that you may enjoy all, ſaid the King: And did not *Almahide* aſcend the Throne firſt, *Miriam* could never get thither. Ah Sir, reply'd ſhe in a fury, having loſt your own Reaſon, you intend to make me loſe mine: And therefore I conjure your Majeſty, either to ſpeak more plainly, or not to ſpeak at all. While theſe Riddles paſs'd between *Boandelin* and his Miſtreſs, *Hazaqui*, who was at the other end of the Room with *Zarcan*, revil'd him moſt bitterly; call'd him the Author of the ruine of her Family, and the diſhonour of her Daughter. She demanded of the Favourite, what new Intereſt had oblig'd him to give ſuch bad Counſel to his Maſter? What would become of her Daughter *Miriam*? Whether he neither fear'd *ALLA* nor his Prophet, nor the black Angel. But *Zarcan*, becauſe he would give the King leave to follow his Courtſhip, for fear of the Daughter, madè ſport a little longer with the ſimplicity of the Mother; and more than once made her mad with his ambiguous anſwers, which ſhe did not apprehend. But when the King had taken as much pleaſure as he thought convenient in *Miriam's* Grief, he call'd *Zarcan* and *Hazaqui* to him; and telling them all that he had reſolv'd to do, he moſt pleaſingly ſurpriz'd thoſe two Ladies. So that the unfolding his Riddle as much over-joy'd the fair *Miriam*, as the darkneſs thereof had afflicted her. However, Sir, ſaid ſhe, had I been of your Counſel, I ſhould not have adviſ'd your Majeſty to ſuch a deſperate Contrivance: No do I think much better of *Zarcan*'s Obligation, to put your Fidelity upon ſo difficult a Proof, or for having expos'd me to ſo great a Danger. For in ſhort, *Almahide's* Quality is very Noble, her Beauty extraordinary; and by what I have heard ſay, her Wit as ſurpaſſing as her Beauty. All this does not pleaſe *Miriam*, I confeſs it: For ſuch a dangerous Rival may Reign for good and all, after ſhe has Reign'd a while in outward ſhew; and expell me from your heart, on purpoſe to deprive me of your Throne. In a word, the continual Company of ſo fair and witty a Woman may produce too Fatal conſequences to my prejudice: For in regard that Converſation begets Eſteem; Eſteem, Friendſhip, and Friendſhip, Love; I cannot tell which I have moſt Reaſon to fear, the Civil War, or this Ingenious Invention of *Zarcan*. Ah *Miriam*, ſaid the King ſmiling, you never mind that Jealouſie is an infallible Symptom of Love. So that while you teach me to underſtand my ſtrength, you will have as much trouble to preſerve my Affection, as I had to gain your good will. However it be, ſaid ſhe, I do not very well like this Illuſtrious Comedy; nor do I give him any thanks that adviſ'd you to be an Actor in it. The latter end of the Play will pleaſe you better than the firſt Act, reply'd *Zarcan*; and then you will thank the Author, with whom you now find fault. Upon thoſe words the King roſe from his Seat, and after he had ſworn a thouſand Oaths, and made as many Proteſtations to the fair *Miriam*, that ſhe had no Reaſon to fear any alteration, he retir'd to the *Alhambre*, attended by his Favourite. The next day, in regard the Kings of *Granada* profeſs themſelves to be Courtiers as well as their Subjects, the King being Magnificently Apparell'd, and Attended by all the Grandees of the Court, made a Viſit of Ceremony to his pretended Miſtreſs. But Sir, I never ſaw ſo many brave Blades put to their trumps, as at that time. The King, who underſtood more than any of us knew, and was in ſome meaſure aſham'd of the Cheat which he had in hand, was ſo put to it, that he ſcarce knew how to begin his Speech. *Almahide*, who was in a profound Melancholy, and knew beſides that her two former Lovers narrowly obſerv'd him, and now were Witneſſes of her behaviour toward the third, was ſo aſtoniſh'd, that had he ſpoken never ſo much, ſhe ſhould have underſtood but very little. The Count of *Pegnaſiel*, and the Duke of *Infantada*, full of deſpair, look'd upon the King as if they would have eaten him. And it was an even Wager that they had not fallen upon him to have done him ſome miſchief: ſtill caſting their Eyes ſo ſtedfaſtly upon the fair *Almahide*, and watching

watching her behaviour with that diligence, as plainly evinc'd their affection to her. The Illuſtrious *Morayzel*, ſeeing now the Marriage of his Daughter ſo near at hand, began to call to mind the *Arabian*'s Prediction, which made the Valiant *Moor* ſo ſad, and put him into ſuch a dreaming poſture, that you would have ſworn he had been among the Stars, and not in his own Houſe. The Ambitious *Semahis*, that obſerv'd the perplexity and melancholy of her Daughter, and was afraid leſt the King ſhould obſerve it alſo, grew to be in a Paſſion proportionable to her Vanity, and made ſigns to her with her eyes full of Pride and Fury, which more diſorder'd her. *Zarcan*, who beheld the miſerable carriage of the King, and after what a ſtrange manner he Courted his Miſtreſs, bit his nails for madneſs. I, for my part, being ready to dye for fear leſt the two Furio's ſhould commit ſome Extravagance, eſpecially diſcerning their Malice; and knowing my ſelf to be for ever loſt, if *Morayzel* and *Semahis* ſhould diſcover the whole Plot; had ſo many troubles and diſturbances in my Head, that in all my life I never was in ſuch a trembling condition. In ſhort, though the choiceſt Wits of the World were there, yet they behav'd themſelves as if they had had none at all. Such a Meeting was never ſeen in this World, I dare ſay. Well, after a mighty hurley burley of Congies and confuſed Compliments, the greateſt part of all which time we hardly underſtood one another, the King being ſate down, and the Perſons of chiefeſt Quality, as the Faſhion here is, having plac'd themſelves, for a long time a profound ſilence aw'd the whole Aſſembly, as if it had been at the beginning of a Sermon. Then ſome cough'd, ſome whiſper'd; and after all this great Preparation, every one pricking up their ears to hear, the King deliver'd himſelf in few words, but in very bad Language God knows: And the Princeſs *Almahide* ſpake leſs, and as little to the purpoſe. There was but one thing remarkable in this Viſit, which was, that it was ſo ſhort, that the People had not time to be weary of it. Some ſaid, the King did but onely go and come, for he was no ſooner ſate down but he roſe up again, and took leave of his pretended Miſtreſs, who was much more pleas'd with the end of the Viſit than with the beginning. When the King and the Court were gone, *Semahis* began to give vent to her Fury. Had I thought, ſaid ſhe to the Princeſs her Daughter, that you would have thus behav'd your ſelf, I would have ſet your Picture in the Room: For beſides that it would not have ſpoken leſs than you, it would not have made thoſe ſtrange Faces as you did. I ſhould not have oppos'd it, Madam, modeſtly reply'd *Almahide*; for in freeing your ſelf of a diſpleaſure, you would have ſpar'd me a great deal of trouble. Had we not been engag'd with a King (fiercely reply'd *Semahis*, turning from her) we would have ſought for ſome Deity to pleaſe your coy fancy. After ſhe was gone, there being no Perſon with the fair *Almahide* but the two Noble Slaves, *Eſperança de Hita*, and I, the Duke of *Infantada*, though in that anguiſh, could not refrain his wonted Mirth, and addreſſing his Speech to the Charming *Almahide*, Had not the more curious ſort, ſaid he, brought good ſtore of Paper, they would never have carried away half the King of *Granada*'s Love-Speech; and had you not had an extraordinary happy Memory, you would never have been able to have anſwer'd to every particular of ſuch a tedious and eloquent Harangue. Forbear jeaſting, ſaid the Princeſs, at a time when I have ſo much Reaſon to weep; and if I cannot be the object of your Pity, let me not be the object of your Laughter. Alas, Madam, anſwer'd the Count of *Pegnaſiel*, you keep us your ſelf from being over merry: Nor has the King of *Granada* any great need to be Eloquent in perſwading you to a thing, upon which you are too firmly reſolv'd already. For God's ſake, *Ponce de Leon*, do not heap reproaches upon a Perſon already laden with diſcontents. Prethee *Don Fernand*, then ſaid ſhe to me, go and comfort thy Friends, and let 'em leave me at liberty to bewail my own Afflictions, which is all I deſire. Thereupon I gave them a ſign to obey, which they immediately did after they had made her a profound Obeyſance, without any reply. *Don Alvarez* retir'd to his Chamber to lament his misfortune: And I follow'd *Ponce de Leon* to his Chamber, labouring to chear his drooping Spirits, but all in vain. O God, cry'd the fair *Almahide* (as ſoon as we were departed of the Chamber, as we underſtood afterwards by *Eſperança*) what compariſon, or rather what difference is there not between *Boaudelin* and the Illuſtrious Count of *Pegnaſiel*, as alſo between the King and the Duke of *Infantada*? Oh the Power of *Morayzel*! how I gain by his Authority? O the Vanity of *Semahis*! what do I loſe by her Pride? Alas! purſu'd ſhe, what a piece of Cruelty it is, to underſtand Reaſon, and not dare to follow it? to know Merit, and to be compell'd to do it Injuſtice! to be belov'd, and yet be forc'd to treat thoſe ill that love us! to Love, and yet be conſtrain'd to act as if we hated! to appear ingrateful and faithleſs, when we deſire nothing more than to ſhew our Fidelity and Gratitude! to be oblig'd to refuſe our chief content, and to embrace what we abhor! to expoſe, it may be, to the dangers of Death, the Perſon whom we love beyond our lives! Nay, to expoſe our ſelves to Miſeries worſe than death! of which there can be no other end, but the end of our ſelves. O Thrones! O Scepters! O Crowns! How dim is your Luſtre, compar'd to that of Vertue! How dark-ſighted muſt they be that prefer your glittering Pomp before her real brightneſs? How clearly I perceive the price of the one, and the ſmall Value of the other! How little does all that outward Glory and Magnificence move me! How ſenſible am I of Merit and Vertue, and how am I Charm'd therewith! And were I permitted to chuſe, how ſoon ſhould I determine upon the Choice. But alas, cry'd ſhe,

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thou art forbid this happy Choice: Of Neceſſity thou muſt be unjuſt, of Neceſſity thou muſt be miſerable. Ah Madam, cry'd the Charitable Slave, be a little more moderate in your Grief. Rather, anſwer'd the Princeſs, Counſel me to augment it, that ſo it may be at an end by my death; and that I may be happy in my ruine. With that ſhe ſhut her ſelf up all alone in her Cloſet, there to conceal her tears, and her troubles, and that ſhe might be at more liberty to bewail the cruelty of her Fortune. But now the King being retir'd into his Apartment, *Zarcan* came to him, and whiſpering him in the ear, Sir, ſaid he ſmiling, you are the worſt Perſon to make a Cheat of in your Kingdom; for certainly it was none of your Majeſties fault that all our innocent Impoſture had not ſucceeded ill, and that our deſign had not been ruin'd. I confeſs it, ſaid the King; but it is ſo hateful a thing to deceive a Perſon of ſo great Merit, that thou oughteſt not to think it ſtrange that I ſo ill behav'd my ſelf. But I hope the Luſtre of the Jewels which I am ſending to *Almahide*, and the richneſs of my Preſent will repair the poverty of my Language. In ſhort, he was no ſooner come to the Caſtle, but he ſent a moſt Magnificent Jewel by *Zarcan* to the fair *Almahide*, who received it with that coldneſs, which plainly ſhew'd, that ſhe would not have accepted it, durſt ſhe have refus'd it. 'Tis true, that that diſobliging behaviour was no way diſpleaſing either to the Meſſenger, or to him that ſent it. For thereby it appear'd that *Zarcan* was not miſtaken in his conjectures; and that *Almahide's* Love being other where fix'd, ſhe would ſerve the Kings turn, without any pining or reluctancy. In the mean time the King, as ſoon as he had diſpatch'd *Zarcan* away, ſent for *Mahomed* and *Morayma* into his Cloſet, and there being none but them three together: I have always flatter'd my ſelf with an Opinion, ſaid he, that you have a great kindneſs for me; and that you are not ignorant of the reſpect I have for you. And therefore confiding as well in our reciprocal Friendſhip, as in the proximity of our Blood, I am willing to let you ſee by the importance of the Secret which I am about to diſcover, the truſt which I repoſe in your Vertue. Sir, anſwer'd *Mahomed*, as your Majeſty knows me to be your onely Adherent of all the *Abencerrages*, you have ſome Reaſon to aſſure your ſelf of my Service, and my Fidelity; having ſeparated my ſelf from the Intereſts of my Family, that I might devote my ſelf inſeparably to yours. The Honour which I have to be your Siſter, added *Morayma*, will never permit me to fail in my Duty. And I ſhould be unworthy, as well of ſo great an Honour, as of your Friendſhip, ſhould I not be ready to ſerve you, with all the Zeal that you can poſſibly expect from me. And therefore, though it be ſaid that our Sex cannot keep a Secret, you ſhall find me preſerve yours more charily than my Life; and by my Actions convince you of the Vanity of ſuch an ill-grounded Opinion. I never doubted in the leaſt, ſaid the King, that either of you would deny me a Favour ſo neceſſary. Hear then what I have done, and what I expect you to do; that being well inſtructed, you may be the better able to do me the Kindneſs which I require. Then the Prince laid before them the diſorders of his Kingdom, the Cabals and Plots of *Audalla* his Brother: The unprofitable diligence which he had us'd to appeaſe the one, and fruſtrate the other; the continual Quarrels between the *Abencerrages* and the *Zegries*. The Policy of *Audalla's* Ambition to make uſe of thoſe two Potent Factions, ſometimes countenancing the one, and ſometimes the other. The impoſſibility of long maintaining a Civil and Foreign War; the unavoidable ruine of the Kingdom if theſe diſorders were not remedy'd, which would facilitate a way for the *Spaniards* to ruine the *Moors*. Then he told them, that nothing could prevent theſe miſchiefs but his Marriage, and begetting a Succeſſion to his Crown, which would fruſtrate all his Brothers Hopes. Then he diſcover'd to them the Love which he had for *Miriam*, and the Promiſes he had made to Eſpouſe her; the impoſſibility of bringing it to paſs, for fear of violating the Laws, by reaſon of the meanneſs of her Birth, and the plauſible Arguments which *Audalla* would draw from thence, to renew his hopes. The great danger that *Muleyhazen* might make uſe of the occaſion to recover his Kingdom. That therefore he was about to Eſpouſe *Almahide*; and the probability of his deſign, provided they would faithfully aſſiſt him, by reaſon of *Almahide's* private Affection. The Promiſes he had made her, that ſhe ſhould Marry the Perſon ſhe lov'd, provided ſhe would but Act at preſent according to his deſire. How he would afterwards Divorce *Almahide*, Eſpouſe *Miriam*, and declare her to be his Wife, ſo ſoon as he had fix'd himſelf in his Government. In ſhort, he omitted nothing of all the Intrigue which the cunning *Zarcan* had found out, and where he intended that *Almahide* ſhould Lodge, for the preſervation of her Honour and Chaſtity. Then continuing his Speech, You ſee, ſaid he, that I am gone too far to recoil, I muſt either go through, or periſh; and therefore I thought fitting to give you this Advertiſement, that when ſhe comes into the *Alhambre*, you may by your perſwaſions be ready to diſpoſe her inclinations to my deſign. *Mahomed* and *Morayma* were ſtrangely ſurpriz'd, however the one vow'd to the King that there was nothing which he would not hazard for his Service. The other being about to make the ſame Proteſtation, yet tax'd him neatly, that he had not diſcover'd his contrivance till he was juſt about to put it in execution; whereby it appear'd that he did in ſome meaſure doubt their Fidelity or Diſcretion. The King ſwore the contrary; and after he had moſt obligingly careſſed them, and made them a hundred advantagious promiſes, he took his leave of them both. After which, for eight days together, there was nothing minded but the preparations for ſo great and Magnificent a Feſtival; while *Almahide*, the Count of *Pegnafiel*, and the Duke

of *Infantada* consum'd themselves with vain wishes and unprofitable sighs. *Almahide* also had a most terrible Persecution to undergo, while all the Court came to congratulate her good Fortune, she was forc'd to disguise her thoughts and affliction, and to hear a thousand times over the repetition of a thing, which tormented her as often as it was mentioned. But now the day assigned for the Royal Nuptials being come, the chief streets were richly hung with Tapestry; and a spacious Theatre cover'd with Cloath of Gold, erected before the door of the Chief *Mosque*, into which the Women are not allow'd to enter. First came all the Kings Warlike Musick of all sorts; then the Heralds of *Granada* in their Coats, after them the Guards, and behind them *Boaudelin* himself in a Golden Chariot, with his Royal Mantle, Crown, and Scepter, attended by a hundred Slaves. Then came the four great Officers of the Crown, and after them the rest of the Nobility. At the same time as the King set forth out of the *Alhambre*, *Almahide* set forth also from *Morayzel*'s Palace, with all sorts of *Moresco* Musick playing before her, and fifty Slaves attending her laden with rich Presents of Jewels, Perfumes, and Magnificent Habit. She rode in a Silver Chariot, drawn by six white Barbs, under a Crimson Canopy, between *Morayzel* and *Semahis*: But notwithstanding all the Magnificence and Richness of her glittering Habit, she appear'd so sad in the midst of that publick joy, that she infus'd both pity and astonishment into all that beheld her. A hundred Slaves follow'd just behind the Chariot; the unfortunate Count of *Pegnasiel* and the afflicted Duke of *Infantada* being in the Front of all, and I my self just behind their backs. You may well ghess, Sir, what a Spectacle it was for two such Lovers, and what a sad Object for her that Lov'd so well, to behold. The sight of her made them despair, and yet they kept their eyes always fix'd upon her; the sight of them infinitely augmented her grief, and yet she could not but turn back her head and look upon 'em now and then. Their Cheeks were all over bedew'd with tears, and hers bath'd in sorrow: they sigh'd, she sigh'd; they wish'd for death, and she desir'd to dye. So that notwithstanding the Pomp of the Chariot, the Lady Triumphant, and the Captives, the Queen and the Slaves were equally miserable. In the Rear of all follow'd the Kindred of *Morayzel* and *Semahis*. Being come upon the Theatre, the King Complimented the fair *Almahide*, and she return'd him his Compliment again. But so asham'd and abash'd did the King appear; so out of all order was *Almahide*, that the People were amaz'd, not knowing what to think of so strange an accident. Presently came forth the *Mufti*, attended by all the Religious Orders of *Granada*, Singing in the *Arabick* Language, *In the Name of God Merciful and Compassionate*, being certain words taken out of the *Alcoran*: Which done, the *Mufti* ascended the Theatre alone, and approaching the Royal Couple, he perform'd the Ceremony by laying their Hands upon their Heads; the sight thereof made the Count of *Pegnasiel* and the Duke of *Infantada* tremble from head to foot; a cold sweat bedew'd their fore-heads, and certainly had they not supported themselves against the hinder part of *Almahide's* Chariot, they had infallibly tumbled down upon the ground, such was their grief, and so feeble were they withal. The Ceremony being ended, they Sung these words in *Arabick*; *Defend her, Lord, if it be thy pleasure, from the Evil Angel.* Supposing all Women have need of Divine assistance to preserve their Purity in Wedlock. After that, she was Vested with the Royal Mantle, and the Crown put upon her Head; and then the Heralds cry'd three times *God Save Queen Almahide*; which the People as often repeated. At that very cry, the despairing Lovers would have beaten out their Brains against the Chariot, had I not constrain'd them to be quiet: and through the force of a second instigation, they flung toward the Theatre to have got up, and to have Strangled the King, but the Guards kept them off, attributing their strange boldness onely to Curiosity, for the Tumult and Throng did not give them leisure to observe the Fury that spread it self in their Countenances. I presently made up to 'em, and whispering them in the Ear, Sirs, said I, what is it you are about to do? To dye, and Revenge our lives, answer'd they. But you will lose your selves, and not revenge your selves, said I: For what can you do without Weapons against Men that are so well Arm'd? Ah *Don Fernand*! cry'd the Count. Ah *Don Fernand*! cry'd the Duke. Ah Sirs, said I, now make use of your Natural Courage; remember who you are, and do nothing unworthy your Noble Birth, but Nobler Vertues. Those words somewhat calm'd their Transportations, and oblig'd them to resume their places, though infinitely sad and full of despair. After that, the King presenting his Hand to the New Queen, she suffer'd him to lead her to the Chariot, not so much as knowing what she did, or that he had her by the Hand. But being now in the Kings Chariot, they return'd in the same Order and State as they came, to the *Alhambre*. The Princess *Morayma* met the Incomparable *Almahide* at the bottom of the Stairs; and then after some Compliments, to which the Queen hardly return'd any answer, the King retir'd to his Apartment, and *Morayma* conducted the New Queen to her Chamber: And from thence (having spoken to the Usher not to let any Person whatsoever into the Chamber, unless it were *Zarcan*) she carried her into her Cabinet, and when the Sultaness and she were both alone, and both sate down together, I make no question, Madam, said she, but that you will be very much surpriz'd at those things which I have Command to reveal to your Majesty. Nor should I ever have had the Power to speak it, did not the Melancholy which I observe in your Countenance assure me, that the News will not displease you. For in regard it concerns the repose and life of the King my Brother, the loss or preservation of his Crown, the Publick

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Tranquillity or Ruine of his Kingdom, the Advancement or Overthrow of your Family, your own ſatisfaction, and the end of all your ſorrows. It is not Lawful for me to be ſilent, beſides that my Duty abſolutely enjoyns me to ſpeak. The Sultaneſs, who underſtood nothing of this intermixture of threats and fair Language, (made anſwer, interrupting her) that ſhe was ſo accuſtomed to misfortunes, that it was no eaſie thing for her to be ſurpriz'd with them, how terrible ſoever ſhe might ſeem to make them: Nor could ſhe imagine how it ſhould be poſſible that ſhe could ſerve the King or Kingdom, or that any happineſs could befall her, her adverſe Fortune being invincible. However I am certain you will overcome it, reply'd the Princeſs *Morayma*, provided you will onely be aſſiſting to ſerve the King, and onely do him a kindneſs, which he expects from your Wiſdom and Diſcretion, and which you cannot refuſe without miſchief to your ſelf. *Almahide* more intangled in the Myſteries of this Diſcourſe, knew not what anſwer to make; and therefore beholding *Morayma*, If you have that deſign which you intend, ſaid ſhe, it behoves you to ſpeak more plainly, for I am not able to apprehend the hidden meaning of your words. Interrupt me then no more, reply'd *Morayma*, and be aſſur'd that the Concluſion of my Diſcourſe will be as pleaſing, as the beginning has been obſcure. Then the Princeſs began to explain the Riddle, and to unfold the Myſtery which *Zarcan* had contriv'd, and which the King had ſpoken of, not omitting the leaſt circumſtance, and inſiſting chiefly upon the Paſſion which had been obſerv'd to Reign in her Heart; and the infallible means that was offer'd her to obtain her own ſatisfaction, provided ſhe would faithfully ſerve the King in his ſo weighty a deſign. In ſhort, ſhe forgot nothing that might increaſe her hopes and fears, and perſwade her with moſt eaſe to what ſhe requir'd from her; and concluding her perſwaſive Diſcourſe, You ſee, Madam, ſaid ſhe, that your Fortune and the Kings are abſolutely at your diſpoſal. That you may either preſerve or deſtroy your Honour, your King, your Countrey, your Love and your Lover: and that upon your Reſolution depends the happineſs or unhappineſs, the ſafety or loſs of all. You may eaſily gheſs, Sir, how ſtrangely the afflicted *Almahide* was ſurpriz'd at ſo unexpected a Diſcourſe; and in what a new perplexity ſhe felt her Soul engag'd. On the one ſide, the Cheat which they had put upon her intermix'd a ſudden diſdain with her Noble Pride; inſomuch that the queſtion which ſhe was to anſwer put her modeſty to the bluſh. But on the other ſide, her joy that ſhe ſhould not be Queen, diſſipated all her ſorrows, and made her anger vaniſh: Love tranſporting her beyond Ambition, and Content above Revenge. All her Prudence could not prevail ſo far, but that the pleaſing Promiſe which they made her, that ſhe ſhould be at her own diſpoſal to *Marry*, moſt ſweetly flatter'd her Soul: and though ſhe very well knew that *Morayzel* and *Semahis* would never conſent that ſhe ſhould Eſpouſe a Slave and a Chriſtian; the propoſal was too pleaſing to her Ears, to be otherwiſe to her Heart. However, her Noble haughtineſs not being able to ſtand mute, having ſo fair a theme to enlarge upon, ſhe turn'd toward the Princeſs *Morayma*, and anſwer'd her in theſe words. Never queſtion, Madam, ſaid ſhe, but that I have a heart couragious enough to loſe a Crown without repining: As I accepted of it without any delight, I can leave it, and never grieve for the matter. And the ſorrow which you have obſerv'd in me, does not permit you to doubt of my joy; but that I ſhould be compell'd to Act the part of another Perſon, does no way pleaſe me; nor would I have ever given my conſent, had the Propoſal been made me before: Neither was I a Perſon of that Quality to be pick'd out for ſuch an Employment. On the other ſide, I ſhall hazard my Reputation, if I authorize this Colluſion, and tarry in the *Alhambre*; for the malice of the Court will never believe my Innocence. The Teſtimony of *Morayma*, Madam, will put that ſcandal to ſilence: And I dare ſay, that my Vertue will be Surety for yours. They that took upon 'em to divine, reply'd *Almahide*, have, in my Opinion, depended too much upon Luck; and no queſtion but 'twas very raſhly done, to judge ſo determinately of a thing that lay ſo deeply conceal'd. They that obſerv'd the motions of your heart, anſwer'd *Morayma*, were not at all deceiv'd in their conjectures: and in regard there is nothing of Ignominy, nothing to be condemn'd in a Lawful Friendſhip, you have too little confidence in my diſcretion, to deny ſo real a truth. But have a care, Madam, added the Princeſs, that the happy Lover, whom you have honour'd with your Affection, do not draw bad conſequences from the difficulties which you raiſe, and that he do not gather thence, that you are more ſenſible of the loſs of a Crown, than of his Friendſhip. I did not accept that Crown with ſo much tranſportation of mind, reply'd ſhe, for him to have any ſuch fear: And ſuppoſing I had a Servant, he would deſerve my hatred ſhould he judge ſo ill of my Love. Neither do I believe, added ſhe, that you think as you ſpeak: For you are too quick-ſighted not to have obſerv'd that I am Queen, rather out of Obedience, than by my own Inclination. I confeſs it, reply'd *Morayma*; ſince your eyes, that are more ſincere than your lips, have not conceal'd from me that joy which the other ſeeks to hide. And therefore never contend againſt your ſelf, nor fight againſt Reaſon, but ſubmit to Intereſt of State, that may be a Friend to yours. As they were upon this point, *Zarcan* enter'd, according as the Plot was laid. I ſee, Madam, ſaid he to the fair *Almahide*, by the diſturbance which appears in your Face, that the Princeſs has inform'd you, what the King requeſts at your hands: And I make no doubt, being acquainted as I am, with your Prudence and your Vertue, that you will grant him a favour ſo neceſſary to him, and ſo profitable to your ſelf. You have more Reaſon, ſaid ſhe, to queſtion *Morayzel*'s anger,

when he comes to underſtand what Counſel you have given the King. For in ſhort, *Almahide* was not a Perſon to be Sacrific'd to *Miriam's* conveniencies. I do not deny, Madam, reply'd he, but that the King did communicate his deſign to me, or that I did not confirm him in it; yet though it had been in the power of *Morayzel* to have done me more prejudice, than I could have hoped for protection from my Maſter, I ſhould never have weigh'd my own preſervation in the Scales of my Duty. I never regarded *Miriam*, I onely conſider'd the King, purſu'd he: And ſo far was I from intending you the leaſt injury, that I onely aim'd to ſerve you. But is this your Service, reply'd ſhe, to expoſe me to ſcandal, and it may be to the loſs of my Reputation? Is that an injury, reply'd *Zarcan*, to ſeek your Satisfaction onely to give the King content? who receiving back again the Crown which you eſteem not, will take care that you ſhall enjoy what you love moſt? You are very confident, *Zarcan*, ſaid ſhe, to talk to me as you do. I know what reſpect I owe you, Madam, reply'd he; but I am not ignorant what I ſay: and I underſtand too well the thoughts of your heart, and the motions of your eyes, to be deceiv'd at this time. For God's ſake, Madam, ſaid *Morayma* to her, ſeeing that Time paſt cannot be recall'd, ſubmit to Reaſon, your own Intereſt, the good of the Kingdom, my entreaties, and ſatisfie the King. Is there no way, reply'd the fair *Almahide*, to convey this Secret to the ears of *Morayzel* and *Semahis*? But what way is there to preſerve the King and Kingdom, if *Morayzel* and *Semahis* ſhould underſtand it? For what will not the Fury of the one, and the Ambition of the other do to ſatisfie their Revenge? I am the Daughter of both, anſwer'd *Almahide*. But you are the King's Subject, reply'd *Morayma*. I owe them my reſpect, added the fair Queen. You owe your Obedience to him, reply'd *Zarcan*. I owe a great deal to my Honour, reply'd the Sultaneſs. You owe all to your Prince, anſwer'd *Morayma*. I owe him nothing but what is juſt. So is this, added *Zarcan*, ſince the good or bad Fortune of the Kingdom depends upon it. If you expoſe your Reputation, ſaid *Morayma*, ſhall not I hazard mine? If you loſe yours, can I preſerve my own? And do you think my Vertue is not as precious to me, as yours is to you? Beſides, ſaid *Zarcan*, purſuing his Diſcourſe, what would it ſignifie, for you to diſcover a deſign of ſo high importance? For if the King confirm not what you ſay, how will you prove it? Will you call the Princeſs your Siſter to Witneſs? Will you call me to ſpeak againſt my ſelf? And then though you remain Sultaneſs, after ſo high a provocation as this, will you not be expos'd to the anger of an incens'd Prince? But to act ſuch a Cheat as this, ſaid *Almahide*! But to let your King and Countrey periſh, added *Zarcan*! and ſuffer your ſelf to periſh! nay, to commit theſe Crimes, when you may remedy your own misfortunes! Oh what a Comfort it is, ſaid *Morayma*, to live with the Perſon whom we Love, and who has an Affection for us! Oh how ſevere and hard a thing it is to die with the Perſon that neither loves us, nor we him! Alas, ſaid *Almahide*, what choice is there to be made, in two things of this Nature? Reaſon muſt chuſe, reply'd *Morayma*. Or rather Inclination, reply'd *Zarcan*. Oh my ſad heart, what courſe does it become thee to take? I will tell you, if you pleaſe to hear me, ſaid the Politick Favourite. They were at this Diſpute, when the King himſelf entred the Cloſet alone; and rightly conjecturing, by the diſturbance that appear'd in *Almahide's* looks, that the great Diſpute was not yet ended, he mov'd toward her, and looking upon her, with a perſwaſive Air, and an utterance that crav'd compunction, Fair *Almahide*, ſaid he, the Head and Crown of the King of *Granada* are at your diſpoſal: You are at this time Sovereigneſs of your Sovereign, and Queen of your King. Yes, you Reign over him that Reigns over all others; and you are more abſolute than he. I know, purſu'd he, I know that I have committed an Error, that I have offended your Goodneſs and Merit, and that I am going about to deprive you of a Crown, which you better deſerve than any Princeſs of the Earth; but I am conſtrained by a Tyrannical Paſſion, that Reigns over Kings, as well as over other Men, and compels 'em to do thoſe things which are contrary to their Inclination. Could I give you my heart, in bequeathing you my Scepter; or could my ſeating you upon the Throne place you withal in my Affection, moſt certainly I would do your Merit Juſtice. But the happy *Miriam* Reigns in my heart above the Incomparable *Almahide*; and in regard I firſt beheld her, I Love her without offending you, and prefer her without any injury to your Beauty. I know the difference of your Qualities; I know the Excellency of your Beauty beyond hers, and the vivacity of your Wit far ſurpaſſing hers: Yet Lovers generally ſee nothing more perfect than their Miſtreſſes, and are much leſs accuſtomed to confeſs it. However my word is paſt, and you are too Generous to make me violate my Promiſe. And too proud, ſaid ſhe, to go halves in a heart, eſpecially a heart that wears *Miriam's* Ignominious Chains, and would advance her to his Throne. No, no, Sir; never fear my contending with ſuch an Inferiour Rival. She has prophan'd your Throne meerly with aſpiring to it: And I dare ſay, the Scepter which you have deſtined for her, no longer worthy of my hand, is onely fit for hers. Let her Reign with all my heart; for ſuch Subjects as my ſelf ſhall be always more Honourable, than ſuch Queens as ſhe. And therefore, Sir, purſu'd the fair and haughty *Almahide*, let us make no farther diſputes upon a thing agreed upon. Here, take your Crown again (ſaid ſhe puſhing it ſcornfully toward him, as it lay upon the Table) for I find it already ſo weighty, that I am quite aweary of it. Permit me then to depart the *Alhambre* with more joy than I entred into it; and to inform *Morayzel* and *Semahis* how much they are oblig'd to your Majeſty,

jeſty, and how you have dealt by their Daughter. Scornful and Cruel Beauty, anſwer'd the King, I am reſolv'd to ſuffer all theſe things: You have ſo much reaſon to complain of me, that I am bound to endure all the Reproaches you can lay upon me. Sir, ſaid ſhe, you blame your ſelf, and I blame my ſelf; but all the Kingdom ſhall judge who has the moſt reaſon. Ah, do not ruine the Kingdom, reply'd *Boaudelin*; remember that it was Conquer'd by your Anceſtors and mine, and that you cannot deſtroy it, without the deſtruction of your own Family, and the ruine of your ſelf. The Kingdom is dear to me, reply'd ſhe; the King is dear to me: I have a great reſpect for my Father, and for the honour of his Family; but I tell you plainly, my own Honour is dearer to me than all this; and rather than loſe that, let all the reſt periſh. That is no way hazarded, reply'd he; and yet you will expoſe your Father, your King, and Countrey to ruine. I will rather venture my Life for their ſakes, reply'd the fair *Almahide*. Save then your Father, your King, and your Countrey, reply'd he, and I ſwear to you by the Holy *ALLA* and his great Prophet, that I will make good whatever has been promis'd you in my Name; & that you ſhall be abſolute both over the King and Kingdom, and that you ſhall want nothing to make you ſo, but onely the Name of Queen. Ah Madam, added *Morayma*, can you ſtill be ſo hard hearted, and hear him pray that commands all? It muſt be as the King pleaſes, anſwer'd ſhe; and ſince I am but his Subject, if he Commands, it behoves me to Obey. I do not Command at all, I onely beg, reply'd the Prince; or rather I return you thanks for a loſt Crown, which your goodneſs is about to Redeem; which I hold as your Tributary, and depending upon your kindneſs. Remember, Madam, ſaid *Almahide* to *Morayma*, how you have Promiſed to defend my Honour. I will have as much care of it, as of my own, anſwer'd the Princeſs; and the King ſhall puniſh thoſe, who are ſo unjuſt as to doubt of it, or ſo bold as to mutter againſt it. After that, the King told the Sultaneſs, that the Ceremony of the day requiring ſhe ſhould Dine in Publick with him, it was time for her to appear in the great Hall: But ſhe deſir'd him to give her a little Liberty to ſettle her Countenance, and to recover her ſelf from that diſorder which had almoſt diſtracted her mind, before ſhe ſhew'd her ſelf to the World. Upon thoſe words the King took *Morayma* by the hand and led her out of the Cloſet, attended by *Zarcan* his Favourite, returning them both a thouſand thanks for their ſucceſsful aſſiſtance. So ſoon as the Illuſtrious Daughter of *Morayzel* found her ſelf alone, O happy *Almahide*, ſaid ſhe to her ſelf, how great is thy gain in loſing a Crown! What Vows oughteſt thou to make to Fortune, that has taken it from thee this day! Thou art no longer Queen of *Granada*; thou art *Almahide* ſtill, thou art free too, and haſt no occaſion to be afraid of *Boaudelin*. How will *Ponce de Leon* be over-joy'd! How well ſatisfied will *Don Alvarez* be! How contented am I my ſelf! I know, purſu'd ſhe, this happy adventure does not remove the impoſſibility of the Count of *Pegnafiel*'s Union and mine. I remember he is a *Spaniard*, I forget not that I am a *Granadine*: I find alſo that I muſt Exile him hence, though his Preſence be ſo dear to me, becauſe my Vertue will have it ſo. And if it ſhould happen to be my misfortune that my Father ſhould Command me to Marry ſome other Prince, without all doubt my Vertue would force me to a ſecond Obedience, though that Obedience ſhould hazard my life, and *Ponce de Leon*'s alſo, which is more dear to me. But after all, the preſent felicity drowns my future fears. And therefore without conſidering that thou mayſt be unfortunate hereafter, onely mind thy preſent content, and that thou art now to rejoyce for thy deliverance. But make haſte, added ſhe, to impart the News to the Lovely *Leonce*, and the Obliging *Ramira*, leſt they die for grief, and the Remedy prove too late. Remember the dreadful Agony wherein thou ſaw'ſt them both during that impertinent Ceremony; make haſte therefore and ſave them. With that ſhe called *Eſperança de Hita* to her, and after ſhe had fully inſtructed her what ſhe ſhould ſay, ſhe commanded her to ſeek me out, and to give me an account of this ſtrange Adventure, to the end I might make it known to the two Illuſtrious Slaves, of whom it became her to have ſo great a care. But notwithſtanding all her pains, the diligent Maid could not poſſibly find me out, we being both ſo little acquainted in the *Alhambre*. In the mean time the Sultaneſs comes forth of her Cloſet with a gaiety in her Countenance, that very delightfully ſurpriz'd *Morayzel* and *Semahis*, and which no leſs oblig'd the King. She Din'd alſo in Publick with him and them, together with Prince *Muſſa*, *Mahomed*, and the Princeſs *Morayma*: The four great Officers of the Crown were likewiſe there; nor was the Magnificence of the Feſtival to be parallel'd. After that the throng was diſpers'd, and that *Morayzel* and *Semahis* among the reſt of the Nobility were retir'd, according to the Cuſtom of the *Moors*, the King went to his Apartment, and the Queen to hers. She was no ſooner entred, but *Eſperança de Hita* acquainted her that ſhe could not find me: Thereupon being very much troubled, under pretence of taking a walk in the ſhade, ſhe went down into the Garden by a private pair of ſtairs, attended onely with her faithful ſhe Slave, hoping to find me there. But Sir, you muſt underſtand, that when the King and the Sultaneſs were alighted in the *Alhambre*, and that the croud was diſpers'd, thoſe two Illuſtrious Captives and my ſelf ſeparating our ſelves from the reſt of the Slaves, got into the Garden, and there in a thick Grove of Orange-Trees, that moſt ſweetly perfumed the Air, we ſate our ſelves down. And after we had reſted our ſelves a while, being as it were lockt up in a deep and ſilent Meditation; at length I took upon me to ſpeak, and addreſſing my ſelf to both thoſe Noble Mourners, Sirs, ſaid

ſaid I, 'tis not for ſuch great Courages as yours to abandon themſelves to ſo much grief, but patiently to bear their misfortunes when there is no other Remedy. Shethat has forſaken you, deſerves that you ſhould forſake her. I order'd *Sancha*, ſaid I to *Ponce de Leon*, to fetch the Horſes from the place where you left 'em; they are in *Granada*: Be gone therefore with all ſpeed, both of you, from the place where you have ſuffer'd already ſo many troubles, and where ſo many misfortunes are ſtill like to attend you. Ah *Don Fernand*, cry'd the Count of *Pegnafiel*, 'tis an eaſier thing to give ſuch Counſel as this, than to follow it. My heart has told me as much already, and more than you have ſaid: Nevertheleſs all the advice of my own heart, all that you have ſaid, can, or ſhall ſay, has been to no purpoſe, ſerves to no end, nor ever will do. Ah! had we been wounded onely to make a cure, added the Duke, we ſhould not have been the more ſick for that; what we have ſeen, would have done that which you labour to do: What wehave underſtood, would have ſet us at Liberty; what we have felt, would have caus'd us to break our Chains; and Fury it ſelf would have perſwaded us to take that Reſolution which you adviſe us to, and which Reaſon counſels us to take. But Fury, Grief, Counſel, and Reaſon, all are too weak for Love. And I believe that Servitude having debas'd our hearts, we are no more than miſerable Slaves accuſtomed to Suffer, without the leaſt reſentment or Courage. Oh *Don Fernand*, reply'd the Count, if any thing could drive us hence, it would be that terrible Night that is now approaching; for it will be ſuch a Night for me, that did my Religion permit me, I would end my life with the day. To ſay the truth, I admire, added the feigned *Ramira*, that the onely Imagination of what the Count ſpeaks of does not kill us immediately; for if deſpair could kill me, certainly I ſhould live no longer, ſince all my hopes are dead. But Sirs, ſaid I, what is it you reſolve upon? To periſh, reply'd the Duke of *Infantada*. After that they were ſilent and wept: And I let 'em alone, knowing there was no oppoſing thoſe torrents, and that tears comfort the miſerable. So that we all remained in this ſtupid poſture for ſome time: But on a ſudden we heard the ſound of ſeveral Inſtruments that play'd all the while the King was at Dinner; and that Harmony which is ſaid to calm the Paſſions, and lull aſleep the moſt ſenſible griefs, awakened thoſe Noble Captives, and turn'd their ſilence into Lamentations, and their Ecſtaſie into Fury. Hark, the Ingrateful Bride, cry'd the Count; that perfidious Woman is now in the midſt of her Jollity, while we are Mourning. Oh Effeminate and feeble heart, I muſt tear thee from my Breaſt. Oh inſenſible and Ambitious Woman, added the Duke, in the midſt of her Royal Paſtimes ſhe never thinks upon the miſeries of her Slaves. Her Head is too full of Thrones, Scepters, and Crowns, to mind her Fetters. Sirs, ſaid I, do but firmly believe all you ſay, and following her Example, love her no longer, but Revenge your ſelves in forgetting her. I ought to do ſo, but I cannot, reply'd the Count. I would, but I cannot, cry'd the Duke. So that all the while the Muſick laſted they ſeem'd rather to be mad, or Poſſeſs'd, than Rational Creatures. But when the wicked Muſicians had done ſcraping, the Tempeſt began to be ſomewhat aſſwag'd: They ſaid nothing while they heard nothing, but relapſing again into their former Lethargy, they were very quiet for a long time. As we ſate in this Melancholy poſture the Sultaneſs paſs'd by, without ſeeing us, leaning upon *Eſperança's* Arm, who being of a merry lively humour, ſpoke ſomething to the Sultaneſs concerning her Marriage that made her laugh heartily, juſt as ſhe drew near us. You may well gheſs, Sir, how that Mirth of hers pleas'd our Mourners: They ſtedfaſtly beheld *Almahide*, they look'd upon one another, they both together look'd upon me, but with Countenances ſo frightful and ghaſtly, that you could hardly have known 'em. By and by they roſe up, both of 'em, and running toward the fair *Almahide*, Ah Madam, ſaid *Ponce de Leon*, is it thus that you lament the loſs of me? Is it thus that you partake with me in my ſorrows? You take your pleaſure, while I deſpair; you laugh, while I mourn. O ingrateful! O inſenſible! wherefore muſt I love beyond my life an inhumane Creature, that will ſuddenly laugh at my death. What, Madam, added *Don Alvarez*, was that profound Melancholy that appear'd in your Countenance, while two of the moſt miſerable Slaves in the World follow'd your Chariot, but a piece of diſſimulation? the Effect of your Policy? You inſulted over our ſimplicity in your Chariot, and here you Solemnize with Laughter the Magnificence of your Triumph. But I declare to you I will no longer be your Captive: I reſtore you your Chains again; for if I have liv'd a Slave, I will dye in Freedom. So will I, reply'd the Count of *Pegnafiel*: Yes, I will if I can; that is to ſay, I have been *Almahide's* Slave, but I will not be a Captive to the Queen of *Granada*. Much leſs to the King, added the Duke. Upon thoſe words the Sultaneſs look'd upon *Eſperança* and ſmil'd, which the fierce *Leonce* obſerving, *Barbarian*, cry'd he, thou doſt not degenerate from thy Original. Cruelty is an *African* Quality; and 'tis no wonder that we meet it among the *Moors*. Laugh, laugh on as long as you pleaſe, for you ſhall never laugh at me more; I will take a Courſe henceforward of being the Object of your Mirth, and the Subject of your Rallery. Remember (ſaid *Almahide* laughing as ſhe did before) you are in a place, where Slaves are always puniſh'd when they want reſpect to their Maſters. Ah! I have been afraid of your eyes, but I value not your threats. All the Power of *Granada* ſhall never ſcare me, added the Duke of *Infantada*. I ſhall make you Repent of what you ſay, for all this, pleaſantly reply'd the fair *Almahide*. I have too well loved the Queen, to quarrel with her, anſwer'd the feigned *Leonce*, but I have hatred enough againſt the King, to

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be Reveng'd upon the one, for the others injuſtice. Our Fetters, added *Ramira*, are as heavy as any Scepters, and againſt ſuch Courages as ours the Kings Guards will be but a weak defence. Yet they have many times made you ſtand off, ſaid the Sultaneſs laughing out-right; however I aſſure you both, you ſhall do no more miſchief to the King than to the Queen, and before the Sun ſets, I ſhall ſee you both proſtrate at my Feet, to beg my Pardon. You ſhall ſee me ſooner in my Grave, reply'd the Count. You ſhall ſooner kill me, ſaid the Duke. Hold your tongues, inconſiderate Slaves (ſaid the Sultaneſs going her ways;) and receive my orders upon your knees from the lips of my ſlave, added ſhe, ſhewing *Eſperança* to them, for you are no longer worthy to receive them from mine: And having ſo ſaid, ſhe went on toward the Caſtle, leaving us three in ſuch an amaze, that it is impoſſible to expreſs it. Then it was that *Eſperança de Hita* drawing me aſide, fully inform'd me of all that great Myſtery, which we were then utterly ignorant of; returning to her Miſtreſs when ſhe had done, without ſo much as ſpeaking to our two diſconſolate Lovers, on purpoſe that ſhe might put 'em in more pain. You may well think, Sir, that I was ſtrangely, but delightfully ſurpriz'd: But when I came back; And well, *Don Fernand*, cry'd *Ponce de Leon*, what wicked Excuſes has *Almahide* found out now? And what Commands do you bring us, (ſcornfully added *Don Alvarez*) from her *Granadine* Majeſty? Sirs, ſaid I, I believe you muſt do as the Sultaneſs ſaid you ſhould do. Who I beg pardon of that Ingrateful Woman, reply'd the Count of *Pegnaſiel*! Who I throw my ſelf at the feet of that Infidel, added the Duke of *Infantada*! I will never yield to it, added the feigned *Leonce*. 'Twill never be, added the diſguis'd *Ramira*. Well, I am perſwaded it will be ſo, ſaid I. Then you are out of your wits, anſwer'd the Count. And you are very little acquainted with my Humour, added the Duke. Once more I tell you, ſaid I, 'twill be as I ſay. And with that I repeated all that *Eſperança* had told me, not omitting ſo much as the leaſt tittle: Afterwards beholding them both, And well, Sirs, ſaid I, is the Queen guilty now, or will you beg her Pardon? 'Tis impoſſible for me to underſtand the joy and amazement of thoſe two Noble Captives, when they underſtood that welcome News. They believ'd it, and not believ'd it; and by and by they began to believe it again. Thus wavering in their minds between hope and fear, they knew not which way to encline. They ask'd me a hundred queſtions, they made me as many objections; and when they were happy, they did all they could to make themſelves miſerable. So that although I had minded 'em a thouſand times of the ſaying, that *People are willing generally to believe what they deſire ſhould happen*, 'twould not then paſs for a truth. But at length when they had urg'd me to ſwear to it, then the Infidels were both ſatisfied; and doing as the Sultaneſs and I ſaid, they beg'd pardon for their fault, and repented of their raſhneſs; and after they had ſhed ſo many tears, they began to diſplay ſome ſymptoms of joy. In the mean time the Evening being come, and the feigned Ceremonies of Marriage being perform'd by the Princeſs *Morayma* in that manner, that the King never came near the Sultaneſſes Apartment, nor ſo much as ſtir'd out of his own: all the City was full of Bonfires. The King was over-joy'd at the favourable ſucceſs of his Enterprize. *Zarcan* was extreamly pleas'd that he had given his Maſter that advice. *Miriam* not queſtioning but that ſhe ſhould be Queen, was tranſported. *Hazaqui* being rid of her fears, was very merry. *Morayzel* was glad to ſee his Daughter leſs Melancholy. The Ambitious *Semahis* was more ſatisfied to ſee her Sultaneſs. *Mahomed* and the Princeſs *Morayma* were glad they had ſerv'd their Brother. The Young *Spaniſh* Slave was proud of the Secret wherewith ſhe was truſted; not queſtioning but that her Liberty would e're long be the reward of her diſcretion. *Almahide* was pleas'd that ſhe ſhould not be Queen. *Ponce de Leon* taſted thoſe inward pleaſures, that nothing but his former ſorrows could equal. And the Duke of *Infantada* flatter'd himſelf with hope, finding an incertain happineſs to be beyond a certain misfortune. And I, for thoſe three Illuſtrious Perſons ſake, was, I think, better ſatisfied than either of them. The next Morning, the Court was never ſo full, all the great Perſons ſtriving to be there as the King roſe: for I think, unleſs it were Prince *Audalla*, I do not believe there was one Courtier of Quality miſſing. *Muleyhazen* himſelf, being not able to go abroad, ſent his Excuſes to the new Bride in a very civil manner. The furious *Mohavide* alſo, who deſpair'd of ever ſeeing ſo great an Honour in the Family of the *Almoradies* and *Almohades*, who took part with his Enemies, came to teſtifie his feigned joy: And both the Factions of the *Abençerrages* and the *Zegries* ſeem'd to be united, and their hatred extinguiſh'd by that Glorious Alliance, deſcended from the Blood of the Kings of *Morocco* and *Tremeſen*. But if others were ſo diligent to attend the King, the two Noble Slaves were not ſlothful, you may be ſure, to ſhew themſelves to the Queen: And though they were aſham'd of their carriage the day before, yet they believ'd that the cauſe would excuſe it, and that they ſhould eaſily obtain pardon for a fault unwillingly committed. And therefore out of an impatience to ſee her, we went and waited all three in her Anti-Chamber. By and by *Eſperança de Hita* coming to go into the Sultaneſſes Chamber, I deſir'd her to tell the Queen that we were in the Wardrobe, whither I carried 'em by a back pair of ſtairs. Nor had we been there above a quarter of an hour, when the obliging Captive having Commanded the Door-keeper not to admit any Perſon living, till the Queen gave farther Order, brought us into *Almahide's* Chamber. And as we ſtood by the Bed ſide, after we had every one of us made a low Obeyſance. Well now, inconſiderate

Slaves,

Slaves, ſaid ſhe ſmiling, have I not been as good as my word? Do you not repent of your unjuſt Fury? And are you not ready to beg my pardon as I told you? Madam, ſaid the feigned *Leonce*, though it be the Will that makes the Crime, and that mine has not offended, I beg your Pardon however, ſince it is your pleaſure, having always a deſign to pleaſe you. For my part, Madam, reply'd the feigned *Ramira*, I make a nicer diſtinction of things; for I am ready, and it behoves me to ſuffer all things for the Princeſs *Almahide's* ſake, whoſe Slave I am. But Her Majeſty of *Granada*, whoſe Subject I am not, muſt excuſe me, if I take the liberty to complain, every time that her Royal Power becomes Tyrannical. But you never conſider, that though you are a Stranger, you are however ſubject to that Queen, ſo long as you continue in her Dominions; and when you fail of your eſteem and reſpect towards her, it is her Duty to give you puniſhment, for the preſervation of her Royal Dignity. Ah Madam, I beſeech you talk no more as Queen of *Granada*, ſeeing you are not ſo; 'tis a Title that grates upon my ear, and I had rather honour you, as a Shepherdeſs, than a Queen. You will make your ſelf guilty of High Treaſon, ſaid ſhe, by preferring a Sheep-hook before a Scepter. But have a care, leſt in acting the part of an inconſiderate giddy-brains, you do not force me to give you deſerved Correction. That inconſiderate Giddy-brains, cry'd *Don Alvarez*, is more afraid of your anger, than the rage of all the *Moors*: And ſo long as he perceives none in your eyes, he fears not your Guards, nor all your Armies. My Eyes do not always agree with my Heart, reply'd the Queen laughing, for you know the Royal Proverb, *He can never Govern a Kingdom, that knows not how to diſſemble.* So much the worſe for the Count of *Pegnafiel*, anſwer'd the Duke of *Infantada*: For, for my part, if you have diſſembled ſince you firſt reign'd in my heart, I am well enough, in regard you never ſeem'd to have a kindneſs for me. You ſee however, added the feigned *Leonce*, that we are us'd both alike; and that when you were unfortunate, I was never the happier. You ſpeak very diſcreetly, reply'd the feigned *Ramira*; but if you would be pleas'd to change Fetters, I know whoſe would be the heavieſt, and who would gain by the bargain. Soft and fair, reply'd *Almahide*, and whether I be *Almahide* or the Queen, I Command you to hold your peace, if you intend not to be troubleſome. I obey, Madam, ſaid *Ponce*. And I alſo, ſaid *Don Alvarez*, but not upon Articles: For I confeſs that I ſhall be very much troubled to hold my tongue, if you give me occaſion to talk. Let us talk more ſeriouſly then; and permit me to ask you, ſaid the Sultaneſs, whether you do not very much admire the fantaſticalneſs of my Fortune? 'Tis ſtrangely ſurprizing, ſaid the Count. And I find it to be very dangerous, added the Duke. I apprehend not the reaſon of that, reply'd the fair *Almahide*. However 'tis very eaſie to underſtand, added he; for I imagine it an eaſie thing to accuſtom our ſelves to wear a Crown, but 'tis a difficult thing to renounce one. You judge of my diſpoſition by your own, reply'd the Sultaneſs, though there be little correſpondence between them. It were a wonder however for a Daughter of *Semahis* not to be Ambitious: And I am perſwaded you will oppoſe the Divorce which the *Mahumetan* Religion permits, when it ſhall be diſcovered that you are a Chriſtian; and that to continue Queen, you will continue to be a Woman. 'Tis not that which I fear, ſaid the feigned *Leonce*: I am rather afraid, leſt the ſight of the moſt Beautiful Perſon in the World, and the perpetual converſation with one of the ſublimeſt Wits in the Earth, ſhould baniſh *Miriam* from *Boaudelin*'s Heart, and place you in her room. Your fear, reply'd the Sultaneſs, is as ill grounded as *Don Alvarez* belief. However it be, anſwer'd *Ponce*, I had rather ſee you in *Morayzel*'s Palace than in the *Alhambre*. But you do not conſider, ſaid *Almahide*, that the King is engag'd in a promiſe of Marriage to *Miriam*. Oh Madam, reply'd he, the *Moors* are not ſo nice in their Divinity. After all, reply'd *Almahide*, 'tis not a thing that needs to trouble either of you: For though I ſhould not be Queen, yet ſhall I never be free; and though I were not bound to obey a King, yet I am bound to obey a Father. So then, Madam, ſhould *Morayzel* command you to Marry another after you were free from *Boaudelin*, would you do it? Alas! never doubt it, ſaid ſhe; for as long as *Morayzel* cannot ſurceaſe to be my Father, nor I to be Vertuous, I muſt be obedient to him. Ah! Count, cry'd the Duke, hark there: You are my Companion in misfortune, for we are both Baniſh'd. That Baniſhment is nearer at hand than you think for; in regard you are both engag'd to return in a Moneth into *Andaluſia*. That Promiſe, reply'd *Ramira*, was made to the Sultaneſs; ſo that the Princeſs *Almahide* has nothing to do with it. 'Tis not ſo eaſie however to part 'em, reply'd ſhe. But 'tis very dangerous for you to intermix 'em together, anſwer'd the Duke, for fear of thoſe conſequences, which ſuch malicious Perſons as my ſelf may draw from thence. Upon thoſe words, ſhe beheld him very ſcornfully, not underſtanding his Rallery. But *Ponce de Leon* taking his turn, Madam, ſaid he, I beſeech you intermix no ſadneſs with my joy; nor redouble my misfortune while you ſeek to prevent it. I agree to your requeſt, anſwer'd ſhe. And I complain, added the Duke; for you are more kind to him than to me. That is, becauſe he is Wiſer than you, ſaid the Sultaneſs. Then he is leſs in Love, reply'd the Duke. I am not of your Opinion in that, cry'd *Ponce de Leon*. They were upon this diſpute, when *Eſperança de Hita* came to inform the Queen, that *Morayma* was at the Door, deſiring admiſſion; whereupon the two ſlaves return'd into the Wardrobe, and from thence went into the Garden by a private pair of ſtairs. And from that time forward thoſe two Noble Captives, whom the equality of their misfortunes had almoſt reconcil'd,

became

became as inveterate Rivals as ever they had been. In the mean time *Morayma* coming into the Chamber, return'd the Sultaneſs a thouſand thanks in the Kings Name, and deſir'd leave in his behalf, that he might give her a Viſit ſo ſoon as ſhe was dreſt, in regard it was the cuſtom for new Married Bridegrooms to Court their Brides the next day after their being Married together, and that they ſhould be importunate for that firſt Viſit: So that there was a neceſſity to obſerve the Cuſtom, for fear of raiſing any ſuſpicion of the real truth, which would be very prejudicial to the King, and diſadvantageous to her. *Almahide*, diſcerning ſo much reaſon in what ſhe ſaid, made no ſcruple at all. So that *Morayma*, leaving her at liberty to make her ſelf ready, return'd to *Boandelin* to tell him her anſwer: who in a ſhort time after came to bid the Sultaneſs Good Morrow, attended by all the Court. You may very well conjecture, Sir, that thoſe two Illuſtrious Perſons were not a little perplexed at their firſt interview. But in regard the King, according to cuſtom, led her aſide, to talk with her in private, ſhe had an opportunity to conceal her bluſhes from the throng of People that follow'd the King: For as ſhe ſate at the feet of the Bed, her Back was toward the Croud. When they were ſate, the King addreſſing himſelf to her with a low voice, I am come, ſaid he, once more to acknowledge the Obligation which you have laid upon me, and to aſſure you that I ſhall never forget this Kindneſs, which is the ſafety of my Crown. Sir, anſwer'd ſhe, I wiſh your Majeſty may receive the full benefit of this kindneſs, according to your expectations. For it would very much trouble me to have run ſuch a hazard, ſo ſorely againſt my will, and all to no purpoſe. The danger, reply'd the King, redoubles the Obligation; nor am I altogether ſo ſtupid, as not to underſtand how much you have ſacrific'd to the good of the Kingdom. Wherefore, Madam, I dare aſſure you, that my acknowledgment is no leſs than the Service which you have done me, which I am ready to teſtifie by all the proofs which you can require, and that I ſhall obſerve all the Promiſes I have made to you, as Religiouſly as the Vows which I have made to the Holy *ALLA*, which are always inviolable. I require nothing at your hands (reply'd the Sultaneſs ſmiling) but that your Majeſty will preſerve me the good Opinion of the new Queen, after I have ſurrendred her the Throne: For though as yet *Miriam* be infinitely below *Almahide*; *Almahide* will be then infinitely below *Miriam*, and being then oblig'd to Court her, your favour will be very neceſſary. Should *Miriam* prove ungrateful, ſhe ſhould be no longer worthy of my Affection, reply'd the King; for I would hate her as much as ever I lov'd her before. But being a Perſon of Wit and Diſcretion, ſhe will eaſily apprehend of her ſelf the Obligation which you have laid upon her. To tell you the truth, anſwer'd the Sultaneſs, I never regarded *Miriam*, as I did *Boandelin*: Yet if ſhe be not very thankful, ſhe muſt be very ingrateful. I take upon me all the acknowledgment which is due to your favours, and without calling any Witneſſes, I will undertake alone to ſee it diſcharg'd. I have already told you, Sir, ſaid the Sultaneſs, that my Services have no private Intereſt; however if it be Lawful for me to make a requeſt to your Majeſty, it ſhall onely be that you will haſten the Concluſion of what you have begun, that I may leave the *Alhambre*, and give way to *Miriam*. For certainly you cannot but believe but that my ſtay here is a very great trouble to me; and that I am as impatient to end my Reign, as ſhe is eager to begin hers. Though it be a very great piece of Injuſtice, reply'd the King, to take the Scepter out of the hand of one that wields it with ſo much Majeſty, yet I ſhall make all the haſte I can to commit this Offence, ſince it is your deſire; and with all the ſpeed I can, I will diſcharge you of that Crown which you eſteem ſo burthenſome. After that, they fell into publick and general Diſcourſe, which having continu'd for ſome time, the King retir'd, attended as he came. The Sultaneſs din'd by her ſelf, being waited on by her two Illuſtrious Slaves, who were more eſteem'd by her than all her new Officers. After Dinner all the prime Ladies of the Court, attended by their particular Lovers, came to pay their Viſits to her: And in the Evening there was a moſt Magnificent Banquet in the Great Hall of the *Alhambre*, where all the Nobility and Ladies of Quality had the Honour to Sup with the King and the Sultaneſs. There was alſo an Epithalamium compos'd in *Spaniſh* by a Perſon of great Quality, too tedious to repeat, but that I ſhould mention it, is neceſſary to my Relation, by reaſon of an untoward accident which thereupon befell *Don Alvarez*. For *Almohabez*, who was the Author, as he was going to Preſent it to the Queen, meets *Ramira* in the Garden belonging to the *Alhambre*, and knowing him to have an Excellent Wit, he was Covetous of his Applauſe, feigning to deſire his Opinion and Correction of it. To that end, very civilly accoſting him, Generous Slave, ſaid he, not being ignorant of your great skill, I ſhould be very glad that you would give me your judgment upon ſome Verſes which I have made to the Sultaneſs, being reſolv'd to ſtrike out whatever you diſlike. Sir, anſwer'd the Illuſtrious Slave, I am ſo little skill'd in the Sciences, that I ſhall make but a very bad Judge; and ſo ſaying, he open'd the Paper and began to laugh: But being Naturally of a merry diſpoſition, when the Poet came to deſcribe thoſe Nocturnal Combats (which he knew had never been fought) he could not chuſe but laugh out-right, notwithſtanding all he could do to keep it in. *Almohabez* ſeeing him laugh ſo heartily, thought it had been at his Poem; and therefore, as a Perſon of Quality, being of the Houſe of the *Almanzors*, one of the moſt Noble Families in *Granada*, he took it ill that a ſlave ſhould behave himſelf ſo boldly towards him, eſpecially being the Author; there being nothing more ſenſible of his

Reputation, than a Poet at ſuch a time. He told the ſlave therefore that he was very ſawcy; and that were it not out of reſpect to the Queen, to whom he belonged, he would teach him more manners, than to laugh without occaſion at a Perſon of his Quality. The Duke, who was not wont to be threatned, anſwer'd very ſurlily, that he never thought an Epithalamium had been to have been read like an Epitaph, or a Funeral Oration; or to be ſadly whin'd out like an Elegy: and therefore if he did not like his reading he might get ſomebody elſe to read it, for any thing he car'd. I have told you already, reply'd the *Moor* in a fury, that if other conſiderations did not with-hold me, I would correct your correction. That would not be a thing ſo eaſie for you to do as you think, reply'd *Don Alvarez*. 'Tis too much to bear, cry'd *Almohabez*, and ſo ſaying, laid his hand upon his Scimitar. But the Duke, whoſe agility and ſtrength was ſcarce to be match'd, ran in upon him with that ſpeed, and flung up his heels with that violence, that he ſoon ſaw himſelf laid upon the ground and diſarm'd. Then *Ramira* lifting up the Scimitar with his hand, Did not other conſiderations, that nothing concern you, with-hold my hand, I would teach you to give better Language to ſuch a Perſon as I: But that onely Reaſon ſtaying my Arm, I will onely carry your Scimitar to the Sultaneſs, who may reſtore it, if ſhe pleaſes, when you bring her your Poem. And ſo ſaying, he ſcornfully threw him back his Paper, and carried away his Scimitar in good earneſt, leaving poor *Almohabez* in a moſt deſperate condition. As for the Duke, he perform'd his word; for he went to *Almahide's* Chamber, and ſhewing her the Scimitar, Madam, ſaid he, if *Almohabez* be no better a Writer than a Souldier, you will ſee but a bad piece of Work by and by: For if he handle his Pen no better than his Scimitar, I take him to be the worſt Poet in *Granada*. The Sultaneſs, not knowing what he meant, deſir'd him to explain himſelf: wher eupon he told her exactly all that had paſs'd. I could wiſh, ſaid ſhe, that either you had been wiſer, or *Almohabez* not ſo haſty. For he being a Perſon of great Quality, and you not daring to make yours known, I fear the ill conſequences of this Quarrel; for the *Moors* are too full of Revenge to brook an injury. 'Twas no fault of mine, Madam, ſaid he; for when my Honour and my Life were concern'd, I thought it better to venture both, than hazard all. You ſhould not have laugh'd, anſwer'd the Sultaneſs. But Madam, what help was there for it, when I read thoſe ridiculous Lines? Hold your peace, ſaid ſhe ſmiling; and be a little more mannerly in my Company, than you were in his. But however, ſaid ſhe, ſtir not out of the *Alhambre*, till I have ſpoken to *Boaudelin*, and compos'd the buſineſs. I acknowledge your favour, Madam, ſaid he; but I ſhall never hide my ſelf for the matter, for I were unworthy to be your Slave, were I afraid of a King. Having ſo ſaid, he retir'd; and immediately after entred the feigned *Leonce*, who told her the ſame ſtory over again; and forthwith he went to find out the Duke. Having met with him, Sir, ſaid he, I cannot forget but that you are my Rival, yet I remember you are a *Spaniard*, and were once my Friend; and for that reaſon I am reſolv'd to loſe my life in your defence, if you are aſſaulted. Your offer is Generous, anſwer'd the feigned *Ramira*; ſo that if I cannot ſurceaſe from being your Rival, I will always continue your Friend, as incompatible as thoſe two Titles ſeem to be. In the mean time, that we may not loſe our lives baſely, let us provide our ſelves two Poiniards by *Sancha's* aſſiſtance; that ſeeing it is not Lawful for Slaves to wear Weapons publickly, we may have conceal'd Arms to defend our lives. In ſhort, he fetch'd a couple, and giving one to the Duke, he kept the other himſelf. But Sir, after *Almohabez* was gone out of the *Alhambre*, enrag'd at his misfortune, and had told the ſtory to ſome of his Friends; inſtead of taking any violent courſe, they went in a great body to the King, for fear of offending the Sultaneſs, and complained to him of the Inſolency of a Slave, and demanded Juſtice. The Prince, after they had told him the Name of the Captive, was very much perplexed For on the one ſide, he was afraid to diſpleaſe the Sultaneſs, who had ſo highly oblig'd him; on the other ſide, he was afraid to provoke ſo many great men, ſhould he refuſe to do them Juſtice, and ſo incenſe 'em to renew the troubles of the Kingdom, which he was labouring with ſo much diligence to appeaſe. Therefore to take the middle way between two extremities equally dangerous, he deſir'd them not to queſtion, but that he would do 'em Juſtice, which was all the anſwer he return'd. Commanding at the ſame time the Lieutenant of his Guards to Apprehend the Slave, and ſecure him in one of the Towers of the *Alhambre*, till he had particularly examin'd the buſineſs; for Kings, whoſe Duty it is to do Juſtice to all, muſt hear Captives as well as Princes. *Almohabez's* Friends being ſatisfied with this promiſe, which they found to be reaſonable, went their ways, having return'd their thanks firſt to the King: And the Lieutenant of the Guards, in order to the Command which he had receiv'd, took five or ſix Souldiers along with him, and went to ſeek out the feigned *Ramira*, to Apprehend him. He found him in his Chamber, talking with *Leonce*, where, when he had ſhew'd him his order, he commanded him in the Kings Name to obey and follow him. Had it been *Almohabez* that had aſſaulted me, ſaid the Generous Captive, behold here, ſhewing him the Dagger, how I would have defended my ſelf; but ſince the King commands me, I muſt obey, not queſtioning the Kings Juſtice in the leaſt. So ſaying, he flung away his Poiniard and follow'd the Lieutenant, who carried him to the Tower where the King had order'd him to be put, leaving two Souldiers to Guard him. In the mean time, the King had no ſooner diſmiſs'd the Accuſers, and diſpatch'd away the Officer,

Officer, but he went with all ſpeed to the Sultaneſſes Apartment; but he met her coming to his, attended by all her Female Slaves. Madam, ſaid he with a low voice, I am the moſt unhappy Perſon in the World, that I muſt be conſtrain'd to blemiſh the firſt Fruits of my acknowledgment with an injury: but the neceſſity is ſo peremptory, that I hope you will not impute it to my fault; eſpecially when you ſhall underſtand that I have no other way to ſave the Perſon whoſe life is ſought. Sir, anſwer'd the Sultaneſs, you ſeem to have done me a diſpleaſure, when I was going about to have ask'd you a favour. But let it be what it will, I ſhall paſs it by, provided you will revenge the injury equally done to me and your ſelf by *Almohabez*: To your Majeſty, for having drawn his Scimitar in your Palace: To me, in going to kill one of my Domeſtick ſervants without a cauſe. Madam, reply'd the King, I do engage to ſecure your ſlave, and appeaſe their anger that ſeek his ruine. But Madam, I hope you will not take it amiſs, if to avoid new troubles, and giving any diſcontent to ſo many Perſons of Quality as concern themſelves in this buſineſs, and to ſecure your ſlave from the anger of Perſons ſo much above him, and who would certainly deſtroy him, I have caus'd him to be ſecur'd for ſome time, promiſing upon the word of a King, to free him, as well from the danger, as his impriſonment in a ſhort time. Sir, anſwer'd ſhe, 'tis a little hard, that one of my Servants muſt be aſſaulted and puniſhed as if he were guilty. But ſince your Majeſty's Intereſt is ſo much concern'd, I will quit my own; and brook the Injury, if it may redound to your benefit. However, Sir, I deſire you to remember what Commendations *Morayzel* my Father has given that Slave; and that you will not detain long in Priſon a Courage ſo extraordinary. I ſhall remember, Madam, without fail, reply'd the King. And having ſo ſaid, he gave her his hand, and led her back to her own Apartment: where I believe he left her not a little glad, to underſtand that the Duke of *Infantado*'s life was in no danger, and that his Captivity gave her a little more Liberty to enjoy the Count of *Pegnafiel*'s Company by himſelf. In the mean time, the Counterfeit *Ramira* no ſooner ſaw himſelf in the Tower, where the Lieutenant of the Guards had put him, but reflecting, as well upon his paſt, as upon this preſent adventure, his grief began to increaſe beyond what I am able to expreſs. What, ſaid he, am I always deſtin'd to be a Priſoner? Have I no better Fortune at *Granada*, than I had at *Sevil*? What, ſaid he again, as I was the occaſion of my own Calamity there, muſt I be the Author of my own Misfortune here too! and all this through my own fault! Muſt I be perpetually condemn'd to loſe the ſight of the incomparable *Almahide*, while my Rival ſtill enjoys the felicity of her Company! Alas, ſaid he, what a gain is my abſence! what a benefit is my misfortune to him! What pleaſing hours does he enjoy, while every minute is inſupportable to me! *Almahide* lov'd thee not when thou wer't firſt impriſon'd, ſhe will hate thee, perhaps, e're thou getteſt free again. But when will thy Captivity be at an end? And what can a miſerable Slave expect but death, that has all the Principal Nobility of *Granada* for his Enemies? If thou diſcovereſt thy Quality, thou art loſt; if thou doſt not, who can ſave thee? *Morayzel* is Generous, he knows thy Courage and thy Valour. But *Semahis* is an Ambitious Woman, who for fear of diſobliging the Court, will not permit her Husband to embrace the defence of a poor Captive, as thou ſeemeſt to be, againſt one of the greateſt Peers of the Kingdom. Oh inconſiderate Slave, cry'd he, what haſt thou done? or how canſt thou help thy ſelf? Couldſt thou not refrain from laughing, which will cauſe thee to ſhed ſo many tears? Oh how I hate Verſes, Poets, and Poetry! how I hate my ſelf for having ſo little diſcretion! O God, ſaid he, what protection can I expect? where can I ſeek it? Shall I beg it from the Sultaneſs? And will ſhe grant it me, think you, ſeeing that my Impriſonment delivers her from a perpetual importunity? Shall I beg it from my Rival? what can he do, being a Slave as well as my ſelf? Or were it in his power to help me, can I expect from his hatred ſo great a mark of Friendſhip? Yes, I will requeſt it, and I will expect it; he is a *Spaniard*, and he is Generous. He hates thee onely becauſe he is in Love; but Honour will prevail over him beyond his Love. Being ſettled in that Reſolution, he ſpoke to one of the Guards to tell the Slave *Leonce*, that he earneſtly deſir'd to ſpeak with him. The Souldier thereupon was ſo careful to deliver his Errand, that within a quarter of an hour after *Leonce* came to him. Generous Rival, ſaid *Don Alvarez* with a low voice, though I know your Paſſion, I am not ignorant of your Vertue; and that is it by which I expect to have my deſires anſwer'd. What you have already done for me, is a manifeſt Evidence that your intentions may be ſtill the ſame: And what I would do for you, puts me in hope that you will not refuſe me what I would not deny to you, were you in my Condition. Aſſure your ſelf, anſwer'd the feigned *Leonce*, that you may Command my Service in any thing whatever, that does not thwart my Honour, or my Love: and in regard I know you have too much Reaſon and Generoſity to make any ſuch requeſt, I will conſent to fulfill your deſire before I know what it is. I conjure you then, reply'd the Duke, to employ your Credit, which I know too well to be ſo great with the Sultaneſs, that ſhe may ſtand my Friend to the King, for the recovery of my Liberty. You know that I am no ſuch formidable Enemy; that whether free or Priſoner, you have no need to be afraid of me, in reference to the fair *Almahide*. Deliver then a miſerable Captive, who can do you no harm, but will always endeavour to ſerve you. Though your Merit be not ſo little to be fear'd, as you pretend, ſaid the Count; however, I promiſe you to make uſe of all my Credit in your behalf, and I wiſh

that it may be fair enough to ſerve your expectations. There's a wiſh, reply'd the Duke, as well to my diſadvantage, as to my advantage; but ſuch a one as will certainly come to paſs, becauſe you wiſh it. I will go about it with all ſpeed, reply'd *Leonce*; ſo that if I fail, upon my word, it ſhall be no fault of mine. I rely altogether upon your care, anſwer'd the feigned *Ramira*: And I beg of you, merrily added he, to tell the Sultaneſs, that to make my peace with *Almohabez* to his beſt ſatisfaction, I will engage, if ſhe pleaſes, to weep over all his Epithalamiums, and laugh at all his Epigrams. *Leonce* could not chuſe but laugh when he heard him ſay ſo: and leaving him without returning any anſwer, he went directly to the Sultaneſs, whom he found alone. Madam, ſaid he, you will not eaſily conjecture what my Errand is to your Majeſty. Neither will you, in my Opinion, be leſs troubled, to gheſs what I have been to beg of the King. Was it not ſomething in the Duke of *Infantada*'s behalf, anſwer'd he? And is it not for the ſame Perſon, ſaid ſhe, that you have promis'd to ſpeak to me? There is no doubt of it, Madam, reply'd *Ponce de Leon*. 'Tis alſo for him that I have been ſpeaking, anſwer'd the Sultaneſs. But Madam, reply'd the Count, he has beg'd of me; yet he has not beg'd of you, ſaid he. What do you thence infer, anſwer'd ſhe. That I have done no more than I ought to do; but that you have been too Generous. That *Don Alvarez* ought to return you thanks for your goodneſs towards him, and that I ought to complain of it. Should I have ſuffer'd him to be put to death, ſaid *Almahide*, that has ſav'd my life? And ought not you, reply'd the Count, to have had as much conſideration for another, who has ventur'd his own, to ſave yours? But you, reply'd the Sultaneſs, were in no danger, and the other out of all hope. Yet it might have begot a Jealouſie in me, which is worſe than death. Had you been jealous without a cauſe, you had had no reaſon to complain. Let me complain then, Madam, ſaid he, for I have reaſon to be jealous. You have forgot then, anſwer'd ſhe, that the Duke of *Infantada* is a Perſon of Quality, and that he has been a Slave for my ſake. As little do you remember, reply'd he, that the Count of *Pegnafiel* is nothing inferiour to him, and that he is alſo a Slave only to ſerve you. However it be, anſwer'd the Sultaneſs, the thing is done, and I cannot repent of it. You have done very well, anſwer'd *Ponce de Leon* more ſeriouſly, and you have done no more than what I am come to beg at your hands. But have not I now as much reaſon to complain, ſaid ſhe, of the trouble which you have undertaken? For though it be the part of a Generous Perſon, it is no Policy in a Lover. A Lover that will not be Generous, reply'd he, is not worthy to be a Lover. And a Lady, added ſhe, that would prove ingrateful, deſerves the ſcorn and infidelity of all her Adorers. So then, let us conclude, that we have both of us done well; and let neither of us repent. I ſurrender, Madam, reply'd the Count. But when you are ſure of the Duke's Life, will you not preſs as earneſtly for his Liberty, which will deprive me of enjoying your Converſation to my ſelf, and expoſe me to a continual reſervedneſs? Ah, my beloved Slave, merrily anſwer'd the Sultaneſs, is not that the very thing which you have promis'd? and do you not herein abuſe your Heroick Vertue? I confeſs it, anſwer'd he; but between the Hero and the Lover, *Ponce de Leon* is not a little tormented. Nevertheleſs, how ſweet ſoever the temptation may be, he reſiſts it altogether, and repents; ſo far from blaming, that he commends your goodneſs; ſo far from complaining of your proceedings, that he returns you hearty thanks. To recompence your Noble Generoſity, added the fair *Almahide*, I will tell you that the King has already done all that you adviſe me to beg of him. And with that ſhe related to him all the Diſcourſe which ſhe had had with the King, and the Reaſons which he had given her why he could not ſo ſoon ſet the Duke at Liberty. Why ſhould I diſſemble, Madam, ſaid the feigned *Leonce*? 'Twas not fair that I ſhould not beg for the Liberty of my Rival; but it pleaſes me to hear that another Perſon obſtructs it. Ah! reply'd the Sultaneſs laughing, there is ſtill ſomething of ſpight in that ſweetneſs, which is ſo bitter to *Don Alvarez*. And I find you cannot pretend to the Title of a Demi-god, ſince you are guilty of ſo much humane weakneſs. However, Madam, I think my ſelf to be ſo, while I am in your preſence, and therefore you ought not to think it ſtrange that I deſire to preſerve my Divinity. This Courtly and witty Converſation continued a good while between thoſe two Illuſtrious Perſons, and from thence falling into other diſcourſes more tender or affectionate, the happy *Ponce de Leon* ſeem'd to be tranſported with thoſe felicities he then enjoy'd, greater than ever any that he had taſted ſince *Ramira* came to *Granada*. Afterwards he return'd to Viſit that Renowned Priſoner, and accoſting him with a free and chearful Countenance, Though I ſpeak againſt my ſelf, ſaid he, I come to give you this Information that you are more happy than you are aware of; ſince the Sultaneſs has already done, what you deſir'd of her, and what it was my Duty to perſwade her to do; ſo that you are wholly oblig'd to her. Nor is it for me to deprive her of the Honour, nor you of ſo great a Felicity. True it is, purſu'd he, that this happineſs will be retarded for ſome time; but the reaſon of this delay is ſo rational, that you your ſelf that muſt ſuffer the rigour thereof, cannot condemn it. With that *Ponce de Leon* rehears'd to him, all that the King had ſaid to the Sultaneſs, and all that the Sultaneſs had told him. Fortune, reply'd the Duke, has been ſo little accuſtomed to ſhew me her Favours neat and pure, that I am not at all ſurpriz'd at this ſtrange mixture of grief and joy: So that though the tediouſneſs of my Impriſonment cannot but be very ſevere and hard, however I muſt reſolve to undergo it, not forgetting to return you thanks for your trouble

trouble in obtaining ſo much as you have done. I aſſure you, reply'd the Count, that I have neglected nothing that might tend to do you Service. And that I might act the more freely as your Friend, I had almoſt forgot that you were my Rival. I ſhould have done the ſame, anſwer'd *Ramira*, had your misfortunes been mine. But ſeeing it is otherwiſe, I muſt ſubmit to my Deſtiny, and be contented with my Lot, ſince I cannot be ſo happy as you. After that, the Count of *Pegnafiel* left him, and I went to Viſit him, ſo ſoon as I underſtood what had happen'd. But all my Conſolations little avail'd; for he knowing that his Rival was happy, could not imagine himſelf otherwiſe than miſerable. In the mean time the King having caus'd *Almohabez*'s Scimitar to be ſent for, return'd it by the hand of the Captain of his Guards to the diſconſolate *Moor*, commanding him withal to tell him, that if he offer'd to draw it again in the *Alhambre*, eſpecially againſt any of the Sultaneſſes or his Servants, he would make him better underſtand his Duty. The Prince was in hopes that he might have hindred *Almohabez* from making any complaint, by complaining firſt himſelf; and that he would thereupon have let the buſineſs fall, But that piece of Policy would not fadge. For though the incens'd *Moor* came and beg'd his pardon of the Sultaneſs and him, yet he knew his fury was not quite allay'd; and that it was unſeaſonable to urge him any farther at preſent, for fear of making the breach wider. So that although the King were deeply ſenſible of *Almohabez*'s diſ-reſpect, he diſſembled his reſentment however, conſidering the little reaſon that the *Almanſor* had to deal by him in that manner: Fearing alſo that Prince *Audalla* ſhould make uſe of his diſcontents to draw him to his Party, and re-kindle the fire of Diviſion, which he had ſo much trouble to extinguiſh. For which reaſon he defer'd the puniſhment of his Crime to a more convenient Opportunity. All this while ſeveral days were paſt, and yet the Duke of *Infantada* ſtill continu'd in Priſon; ſo that although *Ponce de Leon* went from time to time to Viſit him, yet he remain'd altogether diſconſolate. The Sultaneſs alſo, by the conſent of the Count of *Pegnafiel*, ſent me alſo to give him new aſſurances of his Liberty. But all this was ſo far from leſſening his ſorrow, that they rather augmented his miſeries. During the violence of his Anguiſh, the Count of *Pegnafiel* demean'd himſelf toward him, rather like his Brother than his Rival, not omitting any of thoſe kind Offices, which the moſt ſtrict and ſworn Friendſhip uſually pays upon the ſame occaſions. So true it is that Vertue makes her own Enemies her Friends when ſhe excels, and meets with Generous acknowledgment. When *Don Alvarez* languiſh'd under the exceſs of his grief, *Ponce de Leon* reviv'd his Courage, and renew'd his ſtrength by mentioning the comfortable Name of *Almahide*; while the other conjur'd him to let him dye for his own, and his repoſe: ſeeing that ſince he could not forbear to Love, he ſhould but live to prove ingrateful, after ſo many obliging kindneſſes which he had receiv'd from him. The Sultaneſs alſo ſent *Eſperança de Hita* ſeveral times to ſee him; and I was ſeldom from him all the time of his Confinement. But neither the care of the one, nor the civility of the other, nor all that I could do, avail'd to any purpoſe. And now, Sir, he ſtill continues ſo weak, that though he had his Liberty, he could not enjoy it, not being able to ſtir out of his Chamber. But here, Sir, we muſt admire the blindneſs of humane Prudence, and how dim an inſight it has into future things: For after all the Kings deſigns, the Inventions of *Zarcan*, all the Hopes of *Hazaqui* and *Miriam*, all the Projects of *Mahomed* and *Morayma*, of *Morayzel* and *Semahis*, all the reſtleſs Torments and Perplexities of *Almahide*, *Ponce de Leon*, and *Don Alvarez*, an Apoplexy, that in two hours took away *Miriam's* life, over-turn'd the whole frame of all their Plots and Contrivances, and plainly ſhew'd how vainly Men deſign, ſeeing that the event is out of the reach of their power, leaving us no room to queſtion but that there is ſomething above the heads of Kings that ſupports their Crowns, and Reigns with abſolute Sovereignty over thoſe that Rule over others. But Sir, if the unfortunate *Hazaqui* were ſenſibly griev'd at her loſs, the King himſelf was capable of no conſolation: and the ſuddenneſs of his loſs increaſing his misfortune, all his Courage was too weak to reſiſt it, ſo that his Eyes over-flow'd with tears. And therefore ſo ſoon as he heard of the Fatal accident, he took his Bed, on purpoſe that he might conceal his Anguiſh and his Lamentations, under the pretence of being ill, that the real cauſe might not be known. O God, ſaid he, how Fatal a misfortune is mine! What a Thunder-clap is this that has over-whelm'd me! If I ever truly were in Love, can I bear it? Or if I do love, ought I not to ſink under the violence of ſo terrible a blow? Oh *Miriam*! O Dear *Miriam*! O Lovely *Miriam*! Oh Unfortunate *Miriam*, he cry'd, how ſad is thy Fate! And how much ſadder is mine! I was about to have advanc'd thee to the Throne, and thou art now in thy Grave. I was about to have given thee a Crown, but Death has ſnatch'd it from thee, and thee from me. I was about to have made thee a Queen, but thou art now no longer a Subject; I would have made thee all things, but now thou art nothing. O moſt unfortunate of Women! Oh moſt unfortunate of Men, purſu'd he, which of us two is the moſt miſerable, and which of us two has the moſt reaſon to complain? Alas! added the deſpairing Prince, if our Religion be true, the queſtion is eaſily reſolv'd. For thou art dead aſleep in an obſcure and profound repoſe; for Women never live again: Whereas I ſuffer all the torments that can haſten death, and muſt feel them in my Grave, whither they will enter along with me. Ah Fortune, I underſtand too well how far thy Malice reaches. In depriving me of *Miriam*, thou wouldſt deprive me of my Kingdom; by cauſing theſe troubles in my mind, thou wouldſt

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raiſe new Troubles in my Kingdom: and by debarring me of a Succeſſor, thou wouldſt obſtruct the Peace of my Dominions, if not altogether deprive me of my Royal Authority. Pitileſs Fortune, compleat thy injuſtice and my miſery: For having loſt *Miriam*, I have nothing more to preſerve. Thus the diſconſolate Prince utter'd a thouſand Lamentations of this Nature; nor could all the Arguments of *Zarcan* his Favourite aſſwage his Affliction. But then meaſuring *Hazaqui's* ſorrows by his own, he Commanded *Zarcan* to Viſit her in his behalf, and to aſſure her from him, that his grief ſurpaſſed hers; and to promiſe her his protection to the ſame height of ſincerity as if her Daughter had been living, as alſo to carry her ſuch a Preſent of Gold and Jewels, as might be a comfort to her in her Old Age, and mitigate her preſent deſpair. The Politick Confident immediately obey'd his orders. But the Prince was over-whelm'd in a dark Melancholy, as black as the Artificial Night that mourn'd in his Chamber, all the Windows being ſhut againſt his Mortal Enemy, Light. In the mean time, *Almahide*, *Ponce de Leon*, and I being met all together upon occaſion of this new accident, were exceedingly perplexed what to reſolve upon at ſuch a ſurprizing conjuncture of time. For my part, ſaid the Sultaneſs, I think there needs not much conſideration in the caſe, but that it is abſolutely neceſſary to advertiſe *Morayzel* of the truth of things, to the end he may find out ſome way to get me out of this place; for from henceforward what ſhould I do here? What regard of Modeſty or Reputation will permit me to ſtay in this Court? In ſhort, added the Count of *Pegnafiel*, you cannot leave the *Alhambre* too ſoon; and I dye with impatience to ſee you once out of it. Nevertheleſs, ſaid I, do nothing raſhly; conſider more than once before you determine. For do you not think, ſaid I to the Sultaneſs, but that *Morayzel* and *Semahis* will have juſt reaſon to complain, when they find that you have ſo long time conceal'd from them a Secret of this importance? And are you not afraid to expoſe your ſelf to the fury of the latter, knowing her violent and imperious humour? On the other ſide, ſaid I, ſhould you go about to provoke the King in the height of his deſpair, in my Opinion, it might prove of a very dangerous conſequence. For by making a diſcovery, ſince the loſs of his Kingdom and his Life is in jeopardy, he will not periſh alone, but endeavour to bury you and all your Family in his own Ruines. Beſides, ſhould you divulge the Hypocriſie of your Marriage to your Relations, the King will abſolutely deny it, and how will you prove what he denies? Shall it be by the teſtimony of your three Slaves? There will be no Credit given to them. Shall *Mahomed*, *Morayma*, and *Zarcan* be Witneſſes? Alas! they will never be Evidence againſt their King, their Brother, and their Maſter. And therefore conclude that you muſt altogether forbear what you drive at with ſo much eagerneſs. What then, ſaid the Sultaneſs, muſt I Act this Stage-play-life perpetually? What, added the feigned *Leonce*, muſt *Almahide* be always Queen, and *Ponce de Leon* always a Slave? Muſt we be always miſerable? By no means, anſwer'd I; for while you do things leiſurely, and by the Kings conſent, you ſhall not want his Protection againſt *Morayzel's* Anger, nor the Fury of *Semahis*: And ſo you will obtain your ends without any danger to your Relations, and without expoſing the Kingdom, the King, your Honour, your Peace and Quiet, or your Lives to any hazard: Whereas by taking another courſe you go the way to loſe all. But, reply'd the Count of *Pegnafiel*, the deſtruction of the Cauſe deſtroys the Effect. So that the King being in no hopes of a Succeſſor, cannot have that benefit from this pretended Marriage which he expects. The very poſſibility of having Iſſue that ſtill appears, anſwer'd I, will work the ſame effect: For in ſhort, you perceive already a very great Calm in the Kingdom upon the meer expectance of an *Infanta*. And therefore I conjure you both, for your own Intereſt's ſake, ſeriouſly to reflect upon what I have ſaid; for the importance of the Affair deſerves deliberation. Theſe Arguments made their Reſolutions totter, nevertheleſs they would not ſurrender; and though Lovers generally never ask Counſel of their Rivals, *Ponce de Leon* propos'd to have *Don Alvarez's* Opinion before they came to any reſult. Thereupon the Sultaneſs having given her conſent, *Leonce* undertook the charge, and immediately went to *Don Alvarez's* Chamber. Though there are ſome things, ſaid he to the feigned *Ramira*, wherein we ſhall be perpetually at odds, there are others wherein it equally concerns us to be united. And though our Intereſts are ſo far different, yet there is now a conjuncture of time wherein we muſt not divide our Counſels. Therefore it is, that the Sultaneſs and I thought it convenient to conſult your Opinion in an Affair that concerns your ſelf as well as me. Having ſo ſaid, the Count inform'd him of the death of *Miriam*, of *Almahide's* deſign, his own judgment, and of my Arguments as well againſt his Opinion as her deſign; conjuring him to turn the Scales one way or other by delivering his thoughts freely. Now, Sir, whether the Duke of *Infantada*, who was very ill, and kept his Bed, were apprehenſive of *Amahide's* departure out of the *Alhambre*, and the continual attendance of his Rival upon her, or whether it were that my Arguments ſeem'd to carry the moſt weight, he poſitively declar'd himſelf to be of my Opinion; ſo that the buſineſs being carried by plurality of Voices, it was reſolv'd as I had ſaid. Onely this Project was further added, that in regard it was but reaſonable that the Sultaneſs ſhould give the ſick King a Viſit, being ſhe paſt for his Wife, and he for her Husband, ſhe ſhould take an occaſion upon that pretence to go and Viſit him, and in the preſence of *Morayma* and *Zarcan* ſound his Intentions. Thereupon the Queen having ſent for the Favourite to her Chamber, he readily obey'd and came to her; when the Sultaneſs

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giving him her hand as ſhe went out of her Apartment, Be you my Chief Gentleman Uſher, *Zarcan*, ſaid ſhe, to day: For it concerns me that you be preſent when I ſpeak to the King. Madam, ſaid the Favourite, he is yet but in a bad condition to hearken to any thing but his grief; and in regard I pretty well gheſs what you have to ſay, I would beſeech your Majeſty to expect a more favourable Opportunity, and to give a little way to Compaſſion, rather than augment his ſorrows with a Diſcourſe of that Nature. Your Counſel, reply'd the Sultaneſs, regards the Intereſt of the King your Maſter, and not mine; for which reaſon I am not oblig'd to follow it: for though it behoves me to be chary of the Kings repoſe, it becomes me to be no leſs careful of my own Honour. Having ſo ſaid, ſhe entred into the Princeſs *Morayma's* Chamber, not giving *Zarcan* leave to return any anſwer. And finding her alone, Madam, ſaid ſhe, as I gave my conſent to take upon me to be the Sultaneſs, upon your aſſurance that you would be tender of my Innocency and Reputation, I hope you will not condemn the care which I take of it my ſelf; and therefore I beg the favour of you, to go along with me, and hear what I have to ſay to the King in this particular; to the end, that a Princeſs, whoſe Vertue is ſo admir'd, as well at Court, as over all the Kingdom, may one day teſtifie, that I have done nothing but what beſeem'd me. You have reaſon, Madam, reply'd *Morayma*, to believe that the Reputation of your Vertue is as precious to me as my own, and therefore I am ready to attend you to the King, whatever you have to ſay. But Madam, reply'd *Zarcan*, I am perſwaded that the Princeſs *Almahide* (for in private we ought to call her ſo, as we call her Sultaneſs publickly) intends to ſpeak to the King concerning the death of *Miriam*; and I am fearful leſt that Name ſhould redouble his Anguiſh, and that the ſight of the perſon who was to aſſiſt him to make her Queen, will but augment his ſorrows. You have ſurmiz'd my very thoughts, reply'd the Illuſtrious Daughter of *Morayzel*; but in my Opinion there is no reaſon the Princeſs ſhould change her mind for that, or that ſhe ſhould condemn what ſhe has already approv'd. By no means, added *Morayma*; for though I believe as *Zarcan* does, that a Converſation of this Nature will ſenſibly afflict the King my Brother; yet as his Soul is Noble, he will never diſapprove a thing which his Reaſon finds to be juſt. Thereupon *Zarcan*, not daring to make any farther reply, preſented his hand again to the Sultaneſs, who whiſpering *Morayma* in the ear, excus'd her ſelf for taking the upper hand of her, as Sultaneſs, ſince ſhe durſt not as yet reſume the Name of *Almahide*. Would it might pleaſe the Holy *ALLA*, reply'd *Morayma*, to confirm your Dignity; for I am far more ready to pay my Obedience to you, than I ſhould have been to ſtoop to *Miriam*. The fair *Almahide* bluſh'd at thoſe words, ſo contrary to her Paſſion and her Deſign, returning onely a bare Compliment that ſhe was not worthy ſo great an Honour; and immediately ſhe entred into the Kings Chamber, together with the Princeſs. The King was a bed, and alone; and though he were unluckily afflicted, what *Zarcan* fore-ſaw, unluckily fell out: for the preſence of *Almahide* reviving *Miriam's* apparition, and ſetting before his eyes the Beauty of that unfortunate Perſon, over-whelm'd him with ſuch an exceſs of ſorrow, that all his Majeſty could not hide. Alas! Madam, ſaid he to the fair *Almahide*, beholding her with a ſad Countenance, all the kindneſſes that you have ſhewn me for *Miriam's* ſake, are all loſt; ſhe was never ordain'd for a Throne, ſhe was deſtined to her Tomb: Her misfortune has been too hard for you and me; and too powerful for your Vertue or my Love. However, Sir, it ought not to be more Potent than your Courage; for ſeeing it is as Natural to dye as to be born, your Majeſty is too wiſe to look upon ſuch a Common event as a Prodigy; and too juſt to think that Death ſhould ſpare a Subject, that ſpares not Kings themſelves. I wiſh to Heaven, reply'd the King, that he had ſpar'd the Subject, and taken the Sovereign. Fortune is more juſt than you, Sir, added *Morayma*; for let *Miriam* have been never ſo rare a piece of Perfection, the good of your People permits me not to be of your Opinion: For in ſhort, ſhe is leſs miſt, than you would have been. Alas! ſaid the King, if my Conjectures deceive me not, you will know, and I ſhall know, and all the World will know hereafter how abſolutely neceſſary it was for me that *Miriam* ſhould have liv'd for the publick Peace of the Kingdom; ſince her death has fruſtrated all my deſigns, on which the tranquillity of my Dominions depended. Let it be as it will, added the Sultaneſs, ſeeing there is no farther need of me, either in reference to the good of your People, nor your Majeſties repoſe, nor as to the preſervation of your Grandeur, the ſatisfaction of your Love, the performance of your Promiſes, or *Miriam's* Preferment; I humbly beg your Majeſty's leave to retire out of the *Alhambre*, where I have nothing more to do: And I conjure you to find out ſome way that I may retire with Honour, and with all the ſpeed that may be. I am here in torment, nor can I ſtay here long without doing wrong to my ſelf; and I am ſure your Majeſty is too juſt to ruine a Princeſs, that has hazarded all to ſerve you. Ah! Madam, reply'd the King, I muſt preſume to take the liberty to tell you, that there is ſomething too ſevere in the propoſal you make; conſidering what has happened, conſidering the Condition to which I am reduc'd, conſidering the danger to which you will expoſe the King and Kingdom, if you leave the *Alhambre* at ſuch an ill time as this. I told you, Madam, added *Zarcan*, that the King would be taken up with other thoughts. However, ſaid ſhe, mine are ſo juſt, that I do not believe he can condemn them. The Reputation of a Princeſs is a Jewel of that ineſtimable Value, that we ought to do all we can to preſerve it. I ſpeak in ſome meaſure againſt

the

the King; but I would ſpeak againſt my ſelf in the defence of Honour and Vertue. But neither you nor *Almahide* venture either your Honour or your Vertue in this. You have ſaid ſo formerly, and I ſay ſo now; and either you were injur'd then, or you are now too unreaſonable. O God! reply'd the King, is it not evident how that before I have reap'd any fruit of her kindneſs, while my very Throne totters, not having had time to fix it, *Almahide* goes about to Arm the Ambitious *Audalla* againſt me? That ſhe goes about to deſtroy what ſhe has built up? To over-throw the King, when ſhe may ſave him? To over-turn a Kingdom, whoſe Grandeur ſhe may preſerve; and to ruine her ſelf, by ruining her King, her Countrey, and her Parents? O Divine *Almahide*! added he (raiſing himſelf up in his Bed, and lifting up his hands and eyes towards her) you have had the goodneſs hitherto to keep your own Counſel, and it is not yet time to ſpeak. Give me leave to wipe away my tears, that I may be able to ſee how to remedy ſo great a miſchief; grant me but convenient leiſure to ſettle my ſelf but in ſo much Power as may uphold what you and I have done; and oppoſe not what I aim at, more for your ſatisfaction, than for my own Honour, or my own Grandeur. In ſhort, oppreſs not an unfortunate Creature with deſpair, whoſe load is heavy enough already. And remember, that as miſerable as he is, he is yet your King. I can never forget that, anſwer'd ſhe; but while I am mindful of my Duty to your Majeſty, 'tis not juſt I ſhould forget what I owe to my ſelf. No, no, reply'd *Morayma*, after all our conſiderations, I find the King is in the right, and that you and I are in the wrong. To ſay truth, added the Princeſs, ſuch a Precipitation would be as Criminal as hazardous; and no leſs unprofitable than Criminal. You ſay too little, purſu'd *Zarcan*; for you may well add, too unprofitable, ruinous, terrible, diſmal; and all this yet not enough to expreſs the Fatal conſequences of ſuch a Precipitation. Ah! fair *Almahide*, ſaid the King, ſave us, and ſave your ſelf. Ah! Madam, added *Morayma*, deſtroy not your ſelf to deſtroy us. For the Holy *ALLA'S* ſake, purſu'd *Zarcan*, give way to the King, yield to the Princeſs, and ſubmit to Reaſon. But my Honour—— ſaid *Almahide*. Why, your Honour, ſaid *Morayma*, will not be more expos'd than it has been, and perhaps leſs; for *Miriam* being dead, and there being no Marriage to diſcover, the King being onely concern'd to mind his preſent Affairs, and not to look back, will the more eaſily accompliſh his deſign, provided you allow him convenient time. Let the King then promiſe me, reply'd the Sultaneſs, to make all the haſte he can to wind himſelf and me out of theſe perplexities. I faithfully promiſe it, reply'd the King, nor will I fail of my word. Upon that aſſurance, I give my conſent once more, reply'd the Sultaneſs, though it be with a very ill will. After that, Sir, the Sultaneſs led by *Zarcan* and *Morayma*, retir'd to their Apartments, the King returning a thouſand thanks to the fair Queen for ſo great a favour. As for *Zarcan*, after he had waited upon the Queen, he came back to his Maſter to revive and chear him up; and certainly he ſtood in great need of Conſolation. For the contention of the diſpute raiſing his Paſſion, and thereby augmenting his grief, both Body and Mind felt the effects thereof; ſo that all the next night he lay in a violent Fever. In the mean time, the Sultaneſs entring into her Apartment, found the Count of *Pegnafiel* and my ſelf there, expecting her return. Thereupon as ſoon as *Zarcan* had taken his leave; Well, Madam, ſaid he, are you to be no longer Queen? are you to be no longer miſerable? or muſt you ſtill keep your Crown, and muſt I ſtill wear my Fetters? I muſt do neither ſo ſuddenly, reply'd ſhe to my great grief. Thereupon ſhe repeated exactly to him all the Diſcourſe which ſhe had had with the King, with the Princeſs *Morayma*, and the Favourite; not omitting how fairly the King had promis'd her. But the feigned *Leonce* was ſo far from being ſatisfied with all that ſhe ſaid, that the trouble of his mind ſoon appear'd in his Countenance; and beholding *Almahide* with eyes full of ſadneſs and languiſhment, Ah! Madam, ſaid he ſighing, my heart miſgives me, that you will never lay down this Scepter again; and either I Prognoſticate falſe, or worſe misfortunes attend me, than thoſe which I endeavour to avoid. I hope, reply'd the Sultaneſs, that you will not prove ſo great a Prophet as the *Moors* and *Turks* eſteem theirs to be. O Madam, reply'd he, a Lover has a quick inſight into future things: O Madam, how eaſie is it to ſee what you intend, by what you have done; and by what I have done my ſelf, I can eaſily divine what another would do. Ah! *Don Fernand*, cry'd he, giving me an angry look, you will anſwer one day for the advice which you have given the Sultaneſs, for I foreſee ſhe will not like it. Sir, anſwer'd I, I hope I muſt not anſwer for my intentions; for, as for my prudence, it is ſo ſmall, that I may be eaſily deceiv'd. O *Miriam*, cry'd he, I wiſh thee alive, more heartily than does the King. You ſhould let us alone to Prognoſticate, ſaid the fair *Almahide* ſmiling; for we that are deſcended from the *Arabians*, that were Aſtrologers, ought to know more than the *Spaniards*. You laugh at that, Madam, which will make me weep, reply'd he. And you weep at that which ought to make me laugh, ſaid ſhe. Upon thoſe words he held his tongue, ſhrugging up his ſhoulders, and ſighing; and in a very ſhort while after he left the Sultaneſſes Chamber full of anger and grief. On the other ſide, the Duke of *Infantada* underſtanding what Reſolution they had taken, was as perfectly well ſatisfied as his Rival was diſcontented. In the mean time, Sir, whether it were that ſome Perſon that was privy to the Kings Secrets, had reveal'd any thing to *Audalla*; or whether it were that the Kings ſadneſs upon the death of *Miriam*, rais'd in him any

any ſuſpicion of his Love and Deſign, or whether it were by the inſtigation of his own Ambition, he fell to his former Plotting and Seditious Practices with that ſucceſs, that in a little time he ſet the two Potent Factions of the *Abençerrages* and the *Zegries* all together by the Ears; ſo that the whole City of *Granada* was up in Arms, of which you your ſelf were a Witneſs from the Walls of the *Alhambre*. In which Combuſtions it will be needleſs to repeat the Noble actions of the fair Slave, nor the dangers he eſcaped; onely I muſt needs tell you, that *Don Alvarez* was ready to dye for ſorrow, that *Ponce de Leon* ſhould win Honour while he lay confin'd; nor could he chuſe but envy his Noble Exploits. In a word, the War having ſuſpended the Kings Love, his ſorrows waſted; and having reſolv'd upon a way in Council to appeaſe thoſe Tumults, and reconcile the two Factions, by putting them upon a deſign of publick Paſtime and Recreations, he proclaim'd that Famous Carrowſel, of which you were a Spectator, wherein *Ponce de Leon* won the Ring from all the reſt, which was accordingly given him by the Queen, and carried away the Honour of that Pompous and Magnificent day. Thus, Sir, have you heard the whole Story of the Sultaneſs and the Noble Slave, ſo wonderful for the variety of ſtrange Accidents contained therein, that had my Skill and Eloquence been correſpondent to the Subject, I might then have been bold to commend the pleaſure of this Divertiſement.

They were both anſwerable to one another, reply'd *Roderic de Narva*, riſing from his Chair; nor can I better expreſs the delight which I have taken in your Relations, than by intreating you not to forget your farther promiſes, by which you are engag'd to let me underſtand particularly all the Gallantry of the Court of *Granada*, wherein you are ſo well Vers'd. Sir, anſwer'd *Don Fernand*, I ſhall always account it an Honour to obey your Commands, being oblig'd to be ready when ever you ſhall be pleas'd to ſignifie your pleaſure to me. And having ſo ſaid, he made a low Obeyſance to the Count, and took his leave.

The End of the Firſt Part.

THE Second Part OF ALMAHIDE: OR, THE Captive Queen.

BOOK I.

THere was nothing more ſpoken of through the whole Court and City of *Granada*, than of the Magnifick Entry of the Unknown; of the rare inventions of the Machines, the curiouſneſs of their Habits, the richneſs of their Jewels, and the gallantry of his Troop; the brave management of his Horſe, the excellency of his Verſe, and of his writing; but above all of his graceful Meen, and addreſs which charm'd even the whole World. Though every one did endeavour to know him; yet he ſtill kept the Title of the Unknown, and liv'd as obſcure as his Glory was famous; and neither the Curioſity of the Great Ones, nor of the People could come to diſcover him. For he who had furniſhed him with all Neceſſaries for his Troop, had done it with ſo much precaution, and had obliged them by conſiderable preſents, who were of it to ſilence, that it was a very hard matter to find out the very place where they were Maſqu'd; for it was not at the Houſe of the rich Merchant of *Granada*. For indeed, every time this moſt Illuſtrious *Ponce de Leon*, did repeat his taking *Balet*; he was ſtill Maſqu'd in ſuch ſort, that if they would, his own followers could not diſcover him, for they did not know him themſelves. So that all the gallant *Moors* did, as it were, like the *Athenians* of old, ſacrifice to an unknown God; and without knowing to whom they addreſſed their praiſes, they highly commended a perſon, of whom they knew nothing. Alſo the Muſes of *Granada* were not mute at ſo ſurpriſing a Novelty, and ſo worthy to be ſpoken of; and it was the only buſineſs of the whole Court to reſound his Praiſes. But yet whatever ſatisfaction this Illuſtrious Unknown might have taken in himſelf, he took very little, and all the Praiſes which they gave him, did not diminiſh any thing of his Inquietudes, or ſweeten very little his diſpleaſures. Not that he was inſenſible of Glory, or that his Soul was deaf (as I may ſay) to the praiſes which they gave him: but he thought that he had ſo great ſubject of Grief, that he was not capable of any Joy. In fine, when he had conſidered the preſent Eſtate of his Fortune, he found nothing but ſubjects of Affliction, and all thoſe large Sentiments of that airy Pleaſure, which might be cauſed by the publick Acclamations, did not at all ſuffice to comfort him. "Alas! (*ſaid he unto himſelf, being in the Appartment, which the generous* Monayzel *had given to him*) I am little touch'd with this "flattering noiſe, which the Court makes in "my favour, and which I receive from the "whole City of *Granada*, and take no part "in the Contentment, which without doubt "they imagine I receive. O God! ſuch

" Vanity is leſs ſtrong in me than Love; and " the Jewel which I have gained (however " dear the hands are to me, by which I have " received it) comforts me little, and eaſes " me little of diſpleaſures. O unfortunate " Combat! O unhappy Victory! O more un- " happy Liberty! *continued he*, which coſts me " ſo dear, and will be to me ſo doleful. Ah! " *added he*, that you have done already, for " you have cauſed my Pains, you have indeed " taken off my Irons, but with them all my " Happineſs; you have given me Liberty, but " you have rendered me Miſerable; for by " ceaſing to be a Slave, I muſt of neceſſity ceaſe " to Live. I am forced to leave the *Alambre*, " and to quit *Almahide*, and to leave my Ri- " val near her; and I foreſee I ſhall be alſo " forced to leave *Granada*, for they will not " ſuffer long the Liberty of a *Spaniard*: This " is to force me from my Life, I have then no " more to do but to reſolve for Death. But " if this Rival of which we ſpeak were an or- " dinary Man, it would trouble me leſs, and I " ſhould be leſs afflicted; but he is of an ex- " traordinary Make, of an infinite Wit; and " the Glory which he has got in the War gives " me much fear during the Peace. He is " Gallant, he is Pleaſant, and he is capable to " pleaſe; therefore who knows but he may " pleaſe in the end, and that the preſent Me- " rit may not carry it away from the abſent " fidelity? And if the fair *Almahide* may re- " member her ſelf of the promiſes of the fair " *Aminta*? who knows (I ſay) if the Prin- " ceſs will remember the promiſe of the Shep- " herdeſs, not ſeeing the Shepherd nor the " Slave; and that another Slave will not be- " come a thouſand times more happy than a " King. *Almahide* has Conſtancy, and the " Duke of *Infantade* has Merit, and the Count " of *Pegnafiel* Unhappineſs. Abſence is a dan- " gerous Enemy, and the preſence of a Rival " ſo brave a Man, is no leſs. But (*replyed he*) " all I can do is to depart like my ſelf, and to " render my diſgrace contagious to him, to let " them know what he is, which will cauſe him " infallibly to be baniſh'd. But O baſe Man! " (*added he preſently*) thou mayſt thus make " him loſe his happineſs; thus thou mayſt be " rid of thy Rival, it is certain, but thou alſo " thus ſhalt loſe thy Glory, thou alſo thus ſhalt " loſe thy ſelf, thou alſo thus mayſt loſe *Alma-* " *hide*; and which is worſe than all that, ob- " liege her to hate thee, and perhaps to die " with Grief and Confuſion. Ah! no, no, " thou haſt not a Soul ſo low to commit ſo " baſe a Crime, and to be capable to rid thee " of a Rival by ſo cowardly a way: Thou art " not yet ſo mad, to loſe thy ſelf without " Reaſon; thou art not ſo barbarous to expoſe " to death and ſhame a perſon more dear to " thee than thy Life, and almoſt as thine Ho- " nour. Notwithſtanding, I will reſolve ne- " ver to depart from her, I will reſolve never " to quit her; and ſince I ſee no poſſibility of " continuing long here alive, I will therefore " here build my Tomb, that I may for ever " remain here dead. It is in Truth a Month " ſince I have been here at Liberty; but the " Cauſe of it has been the Buſineſs of the *Ca-* " *rouſel*, and the Winter not ſo proper for " War has made me forget, that without " doubt the next Campagne will ſend me from " *Granada*, unleſs I will be ſuſpected. I know " not (*continued he*) how I come to think of " Maſquerades and Balls, having ſo much Af- " fliction; but it is the great deſire of pleaſing " the beloved Object, which is ſtronger than all " things elſe, that gives Spirit to an amorous " Man. As the Illuſtrious afflicted was thus ſpeaking, *Don Fernand de Solis*, and the Painter *Sanche* entred his Chamber coming to viſit him, and perceiving much Melancholy in his Eyes and Countenance, he ſpake to him ſmiling thus: " I thought Seigneur (*ſaid he*) that " Sadneſs and Victory had not dwelt together, " and I am a little ſurpris'd, not to ſee the great " *Maſſiniſſa* more ſatisfied. I know not (*re-* " *plyed the feigned* Leonce) if *Maſſiniſſa* be con- " tent, but I know well that *Ponce de Leon* is " not, and has little hopes ever to be ſo. It " ſeems to me, my Lord, *added* Sanche, that " the Glory of the one ſhould eaſe the Pain of " the other; and during the Felicity of the " firſt, the ſecond ſhould not be Infortunate. " Indeed, *return'd* Don Fernand, I wonder " that among theſe publick Acclamations, he " has time to think of his particular Grief; " and that it is poſſible, whilſt he receives the " Univerſal Praiſes, it doth not at leaſt ſuſpend " his diſpleaſures, though it doth not make " them intirely to ceaſe. Alas! *Don Fernand*, " *reply'd the Count*, Perfumes though very a- " greeable and ſweet, yet they touch not ſuch " miſerable men as my ſelf; he muſt be happy " who is ſenſible of Pleaſures, and Glory is no " part of the Infortunate. But can you be In- " fortunate in Glory? *reply'd the witty Painter*, " and how can you obtain that which you " have, without being ſenſible of much Joy? " Alas! *reply'd the Illuſtrious Infranchiz'd*, the " Joy of a Lover proceeds not from ſo ſmall " a thing; it is far enough from being the true " Good, the ſhadow of Verity can never ſatiſ- " fie. I am perſwaded however, *anſwered* Don " Fernand, that to have pleaſed what one " Loves, is no mean Contentment, and who " ſoever arrives at his ends, has no reaſon to " complain of Fortune. But I am yet ignorant " (*return'd the feigned* Leonce) if what I have " done may pleaſe; and the fair perſon, for " whom I did it, knows not her ſelf that " *Ponce de Leon*, and the King of the *Maſſili-* " *aus* are one and the ſame. If ſhe does not " know it, ſhe will know it (*replyed* Sanche) " ſo that you may eaſily fore-ſee your happi- " neſs, in that you have not received any " more diſgrace. I have no more! *replyed* " *the Count ſighing*, O you know not well the " State of my Soul, nor that of my Fortune, if " you believe what you ſay. It is for you, " my Lord, *added* Don Fernand, to teach us to " know more, for as Eſteem and Glory, is the " laſt felicity of great Souls, yours ought to be " accom-

" accompliſh'd, for nothing can be added to it.
" But, *replyed the feigned* Leonce, you con-
" found the Ambitious, and the Lover; and
" becauſe I have at preſent more of Love than
" Ambition, I now feel more of Grief than
" of Joy. You ought nevertheleſs to have
" more of Joy than of Grief, *replyed* Sanche,
" for I ſee nothing hath hapned to you, that
" ſhould increaſe your Inquietude. Do not
" you ſee, *replyed the ſad Count* de Pagnaſiel,
" that dwelling no more in the Palace, I ſee
" no more what I would always ſee. Do not
" you ſee that I am a ſtranger to the Divine *Al-*
" *mahide*, and that the happy Duke of *Infan-*
" *tade* is nigh her, and that he almoſt conti-
" nually ſees, that which I hardly ſee: you
" know not that Jealouſie is the laſt Puniſh-
" ment of thoſe who Love; and you have
" without doubt forgot that the fatal Liberty
" which they have given me, has coſt me
" all my Felicity. In fine, you do not remem-
" ber the immortal hatred, which has laſted
" this many Ages between the *Spaniards* and
" the *Moors*; and you conſider not, that you
" ſee not any men of my Nation in *Granada*,
" who are not Slaves, and that they will not
" ſuffer me here in Liberty, and ſeeing that I
" am forced to depart, I can no longer think of
" living, and I have nothing more to do but
" die. My Lord, *(reply'd the skilful Painter)*
" you always deſpair of every thing, and you
" think every thing impoſſible: and you ever
" think that which is not ſo, you judge not
" what is to come by what is paſt, and you e-
" ver more ſuſpect my Addreſs. But me-
" thinks, that which I have already done, ſhould
" let you underſtand what I can do; and whilſt
" that *Sanche* lives, the Illuſtrious Count of
" *Pagnaſiel* ſhould not talk of dying. O God
" *(anſwer'd the feigned* Leonce*)* what can you
" imagine is fit for me? notwithſtanding the
" greatneſs of your Wit, may it be permitted
" for me to hope? But why ought you to
" fear? *reply'd* Sanche, no, no, ſince I have
" made you a Slave, I will make you a King
" if I undertake it: and ſince your Ambition
" is more moderate, and that you content your
" ſelf to be a Citizen of *Granada*, doubt not
" but I will make you a Burgeſs, and you ſhall
" carry a Turban and Cimetre; and inſtead of
" calling you *Ponce de Leon*, you ſhall call your
" ſelf *Muſtapha*, *Emir*, *Facardin*, or *Jonuſe*. In
" a word *(added he ſmiling)* ſince you have
" been my Slave rely on me, I ſhall ſell you
" once more; and ſince you have no mind to
" go out of *Granada*, you ſhall not. You laugh
" *Sanche*, *reply'd the feigned* Leonce, in a time
" that I rather find my ſelf ſubject to tears. He
" ſpeaks, *added* Don Fernand, too poſitively to
" believe that what he promiſes you is in jeſt.
" Then let him make haſte to render me hap-
" py, *reply'd the Count*, in letting me know
" which way I ſhall be ſo. Behold, *reply'd the*
" *Painter*, which way I imagine it to be poſſible.
" Now *Don Fernand* being in very great fa-
" vour with *Morayzel* and *Semahis*, let him
" find them out; after he hath exaggerated your
" great paſſion for them, and let them know
" the regret you have to leave them; let him
" make them believe, that you having kill'd a
" man of great Quality in a Duel in your coun-
" try, that you cannot return thither without
" expoſing you ſelf to the rigour of Juſtice, and
" Vengeance of your Enemies: and for this
" cauſe you ſhould be infinitely obliged to
" him, if, till time had ſweeten'd things, and
" that you might return without peril into your
" Country; the Illuſtrious *Morayzel* ſhall im-
" ploy the Credit, which the Marriage of his
" Daughter has given him with the King, to
" obtain from that Prince a Permiſſion for you
" to ſtay for ſome time in *Granada*, you pro-
" miſſing to enterpriſe nothing againſt his Ser-
" vice, and not plot any thing in favour of
" your own Nation. Since I have learn'd the
" Truce is about to be renewed between the
" *Spaniards* and the *Moors*, this grace will be
" the more eaſily obtained; and by the aſſiſtance
" of the Sultanneſs, whom we will advertiſe of
" our deſign; account therefore the ſucceſs in-
" failable, as alſo your happineſs; ſince you ſay
" that depends upon it. But to perfect your
" deſign, you muſt alſo imagine that I may al-
" ſo be brought back to the *Alambre*, *ſaid then*
" *the Prince de* Leon. That's done in a mo-
" ment, *ſaid* Sanche *ſmiling again*, but, my
" Lord, if I ſhould preſently fulfil your deſign,
" without doubt you will ask me next to ba-
" niſh the feign'd *Ramire*, and perhaps the King
" himſelf. Not at all, *cry'd the Count*; for if
" you return me again to the Palace, I will
" quit you of all you owe to my Friendſhip.
" The Ingenious Wit of *Sanche*, *ſaid then* Don
" Fernand, has too much invention not to fi-
" niſh what he hath ſo well begun. He can-
" not without you, *reply'd the Painter*. The
other anſwering him: " He can then with
" me; I ſhall be careful to neglect nothing for
" the Intereſts of the Illuſtrious Count of *Pag-*
" *naſiel*. You muſt then, *purſued* Sanche, af-
" ter you have obtained of *Morayzel* and *Se-*
" *mahis*, all that I have told you, tell them,
" that after what the brave *Leonce* has done a-
" againſt *Mohavide*, and *Mahardin*, and againſt
" all the party of the *Zegres*; there will be no
" ſecurity for him in the City, and that he can-
" not be ſafe out of the Caſtle of the Palace.
" The great Actions he has done, will make
" them judge him not unworthy this protecti-
" on, and joyning to the Prayers of *Morayzel*
" and *Semahis*, the Credit of the Sultanneſs,
" the Interceſſion of Mahomet, of the Princeſs
" *Morayma* his Wife, and the favour of *Zar-*
" *can*, who they believe is ſo great with the
" King, I doubt not at all of the happy event
" of our Enterpriſe. Whatever it be, it muſt
" be attempted, *ſaid the feign'd* Leonce, and I
" conjure you both *(added he, embracing* Don
" Fernand *and* Sanche) not to loſe time, but
" without delay go about what I ought to ex-
" pect of my Fortune. For my part, *ſaid the*
" *Painter wittily*, I am one of thoſe old Coun-
" ſellers of State, that am not for the Execu-
" tion; and to ſpeak in the Terms of my own

" Art, I am one of thoſe Painters, who make " rough draughts, for *Don Fernand* to finiſh. " The ſeveral ſorts of working, *reply'd he* " *ſmiling*, will ſpoil the work, and hinder it " to ſucceed: But in fine, if the Illuſtrious " *Ponce de Leon* will have it ſo; I will go " make the tryal, and inſtantly repair to the " Appartment of *Morayzel*. I conjure you, (*ſaid the feign'd* Leonce *embracing him again with much amity*) to believe that I will one " day acknowledge your ſervices, and that I " will not prove ingrate. My Lord, *reply'd* " *he*, the ſatisfaction, which I have in the ho- " nour of your ſervice, is my recompence. At theſe words the old and ſage Captive went forth of the Chamber, leaving the Amorous Count *de Pegnaſiel*, as full of Inquietude as Love, through the uncertainty of the ſucceſs of a buſineſs of ſuch importance. It is true that *Sanche* ſtaid with him, and he did not fail to give him more of hope than of fear; for as it pleaſes infinitely, ſo he increaſed it. But the Judicious *Don Fernand*, knowing that *Morayzel* was alone in the Chamber of *Semahis*; he went to acquit himſelf of his Commiſſion, and he did it with ſo much addreſs and happineſs, that he obtained of thoſe two Illuſtrious Perſons, all he could demand of them. " I aſſure you *Fernand* (*ſaid the invincible* Granadine, *after he had attentively heard* " *him a while*) though you have a greater " Soul than I, yet you have not had a greater " Friendſhip for *Leonce*, and 'tis now a long time " ſince that I have ſought what your Court- " ſhip has found. I ſwear to thee, *alſo added* " Semahis, I will not ſpare my pains to retain " the amiable and generous Libertine: and I " am certain, *continued ſhe*, that the Sultanneſs " loves him enough, not to refuſe us her Cre- " dit. I would diſown her for my Daughter, " as great a Queen as ſhe is, (*ſaid* Morayzel) " if ſhe ſhould do otherwiſe; for I have ſo " many Obligations to this Valiant Stranger: " and ſo has ſhe her ſelf, ſince the Adventure " of *Leon*, that ſhe would be very ingrate, if " ſhe did not ſeek, as well as I the occaſions to " acquit her ſelf of them. At theſe words having ſent a Command to put the Horſes into the Chariot, they both went to the Palace whither *Fernand* followed them. They went at firſt to the Appartment of the Sultanneſs, where finding her alone, *Morayzel* thus ſpake to her. " Madam, (*ſaid he*) *Semahis* and I " come to beg a Favour of you, which we " think, will not be any pain to you to Grant. " What's that, my Lord, *reply'd ſhe*, for I can " have none; for the more difficult it is, the " more will be my pleaſure to grant it. That " which we ask of you, *added* Semahis, is that " you employ your Credit with the King, that " we may obtain of him the permiſſion, that " the Slave whom you have Infranchiſed, may " ſtay ſome time in *Granada*, and continue to " be lodg'd in the *Alambre*, that his and our E- " nemies may not hurt him. You know, Ma- " dam, in what manner he has expoſed himſelf " in the ſervice of *Morayzel* your Father, and " into what danger he hath caſt himſelf for " you: It is for that which we conjure you, to " hinder us all from being ingrate; in obtaining " for him a Favour, without which his Life is " not in ſafety. The Sultanneſs was pleaſantly ſurpriſed at this command; nevertheleſs ſhe bluſh'd, and her Virtue combating with her Inclinations, ſhe found her ſelf ſo ſtrong, as thus to anſwer *Morayzel* and the fierce *Semahis*. " I do not alter my Sentiments, and I do aſſure " you once more, that there is nothing that I " would not do to pleaſe you; but I conjure " you to conſider the Intereſts of the King in " this occaſon, and that you will not make to " him an incivil Requeſt, or to name it better, " Indiſcreet; for to demand a thing that ſhall " irritate a new all the Faction of the *Zegrees*, " and will perhaps arm them againſt him, as " againſt the *Abencerrages*. Beſides, you are " not ignorant, that the Prince inclines more " to the firſt, than to the other. So that by " all theſe Reaſons you will expoſe your ſelves " to the ſhame of a Refuſal, and alſo to the " Diſpleaſure of the King; we ought not to do " it lightly, at leaſt I think ſo. Your policy is " very good, Madam, *anſwered fiercely* Sema- " his, but your Morality is not ſo: as for me " I had rather be a little leſs prudent, than to " become ingrate, and to endanger the life of " a man who hath ſaved mine, and who hath " conſerv'd me by expoſing himſelf as *Leonce* " expoſed himſelf in the Adventure of *Leon*. " But, Madam, *reply'd the fair* Almahide, in " ſending back *Leonce* to his Country, I will " exempt him from the peril, without the " danger of encountering with the King. Not " at all, *reply'd* Morayzel, for the Enemies of " his Country are ſo puiſſant, that he will " there be in more danger, than here among " our *Moors*. The Governour of *Almerie* is " your Kinſman, my Lord (*reply'd the Sul-* " *tanneſs*) you may ſend him thither; for he will " not refuſe him his Protection, if you deſire " it. Yes (*reply'd* Semahis *almoſt angry*) that " *Mahardin* and *Mohavide*, may aſſaſſinate him " in the way. At this word *Almahide* grew pale, and *Morayzel* taking the word: " When " he is arrived there (*ſaid he*) *Leonce* will not " be in any ſafety in *Almerie*; for there is no " Town in all the Realm, which is not divided " by theſe two Factions of the *Abencerrages*, and " the *Zegrees*, ſo that he ſhall there be deſtroy'd " by the laſt, as well as in *Granada*. No (*re-* " *ply'd* Semahis) we muſt not let it hang in " ſuſpence: I ſee no place but the *Alambre* " where this infortunate ſtranger may remain " in ſafety. If it be ſo, Madam, (*anſwered* " *the Sultanneſs*) I will do as you would have " me, though I muſt confeſs my inclination is " to do what you would have, yet my Reaſon " tells me, I ſhould not do it; and if I might " be left to my Liberty, I ſhould overcome that " and follow this. The Valiant *Morayzel*, and the fierce *Semahis* anſwer'd not to this; but going preſently to the Lodgings of the Princeſs *Morayma*, where *Mahomet* was, they ſent to find *Zarcan*; and having conſulted together, the

the Sultanneſs led by *Morayzel*, and followed of the others: they found the King, to whom ſhe ſpake after this manner: "Sir, (*ſaid ſhe*) we "come to demand one favour of your Maje- "ſty, who are too much obliging to refuſe us. "Ha, Madam! (*anſwer'd he haſtily*) whatever "it be, it is already granted you, I will never "refuſe you any thing. You know, Sir, (*continued "ſhe*) that the great Actions of *Leonce*, whom "I have infranchiſed, have gain'd him the "hatred of the *Zegrees*, and ſeeing there is no "ſafety for him in the City, and knowing he "hath more redoubtable Enemies in his own "Country, we come to ſupplicate you, that "you will think it good, that he may return "for ſome time into the *Alambre*, that the "reſpect, which they bear to the place, may be "a ſhelter from the hatred of *Mohavide* and "*Mahardin*, and may give him leiſure to "diſpoſe matters for his return to his Country. "I know he is a *Spaniard*, and by conſequence "an Enemy to the *Moors*: But ſince you are "about to renew the Truce with thoſe Kings, "I'l be his Security, Sir, and will anſwer for "him, that he ſhall enterpriſe nothing con- "trary to your ſervice whilſt he ſtays in *Grana- "da*. I engage my word to you, and I am "ſure he will not make me break it. Though "he ſhould ſuborn my Guards, *anſwer'd the "King*, and trouble all my Eſtate, I would not "refuſe you; no though the *Zegrees* ſhould "renew the Civil War to Morrow, I would "grant you to day, your demand; your freed "man then may return to the *Alambre* when "you pleaſe, I will anſwer for his life, and as "much a *Spaniard*, as much a Chriſtian, and "as much an Enemy as he is; I grant him "my Protection, as if he were a *Granadine*, a "*Mahometan*, or my particular friend, and be- "cauſe he is yours, who attempts his life, at- "tempts mine, but I think there is no perſon "will do it. I am infinitely oblig'd, Sir, *an- "ſwer'd* Almahide. And we will divide the "Obligation, *added* Morayzel. And I have "alſo without doubt all the acknowledgements "poſſible, *ſaid* Semahis. I am raviſh'd, Sir, "*purſued* Morayma, that you do an Action "ſo generous. Indeed, it is ſo great, *added* "Mahomet, that the whole world will ſpeak "of it. And maugre the natural Enmity be- "tween the *Caſtillians* and the *Moors*, *perſued* "Zarcan, *Sivil* ſhall admire at *Granada*, and "all *Andulaſia* ſhall be charm'd, and alſo the "rich *Caſtile* and *Arragon*. No, no, *return'd "the King ſmiling*, I ought not to receive your "Remerciments, and it ſhall be injuſtice; for "I declare to you in this buſineſs, I regard no- "thing but the Queen, and endeavour to ob- "lige no other but her ſelf. For it is not ſo "long time ſince I was married (*added he ſmil- ing and looking earneſtly on the Sultanneſs*) "but that I may act like a Lover. Sir, (*re- "ply'd ſhe*) I charge my ſelf with the whole "acknowledgement, and will not refuſe to be "intirely obliged. After that, they chang'd the Subject of their Diſcourſe, which having continued ſome time, every one departed e- qually ſatisfied; the one that they were obliged, and the other that he had an occaſion to ob- lige; for in the humour the King was then in, he would have purchaſed it. But as good Fortune often follows one the other as well as bad: So the Queen was ſcarcely out of the Chamber of the Prince, but he found a new occaſion to pleaſe her, that is to ſay, to be hap- py a new. For *Almohabez*, who had been en- raged againſt the feigned *Ramire*, and had cauſed his impriſonment, which yet continu- ed, for ſome Verſes; came to demand of the King, the charge of the Grand Proveſt *de Ho- ſtel*, which the *Granadines* call in the Arabick Language *Alguazel*, and which the *Spaniards* yet call with them *Alguazel Mayor*. "I grant "it (*anſwered* Boadilin *very obligingly*) but it is "on condition, *added he laughing*, that you "forget the Adventure of the Verſes, and of "the Scoffer, and that you pardon that ſlave of "the Queens, who did it more out of impru- "dence, than out of diſreſpect. and did not "offend out of any premeditated deſign. Sir, (*reply'd* Almohabez *readily, likewiſe ſmiling*) "the firſt heat is over: and though it is not "for the Intereſts of the Grand Proveſt to de- "pend on the quarrels of a Poet, yet ſince "your Majeſty will have it ſo, there is no "reaſon but I may then obtain this vacant "charge. It is granted you, *reply'd the King*, "and however conſiderable it be, I would it "were greater, that I may oblige you more, "and the better teſtifie to you, that you have "pleaſed me. And as he ſaid this, he turned to the Lieutenant of his Guards, and command- ed him to fetch the Slave *Ramire* out of the Tower of the *Alambre*, where he was kept. The Officer preſently executed his Order; and a moment after he brought in the un- known Duke of the *Infantade* before him. "*Ramire* (*ſaid the Prince in the* French *Lan- "guage*) for my ſake the Valiant *Almohabez* "will forget your indiſcretion; and therefore "I command you to render him thanks, and "to aſſure him, that you will not loſe the "reſpect which you owe to a Man of his Con- "dition. Sir, *reply'd the illuſtrious Captive*, "I aſſure him in your Majeſties preſence, that "I have not fail'd in any point with my in- "tention: And if I had known that in *Gra- "nada*, I ſhould have been ſad in reading "Verſes of Mirth, I ſhould have born my "ſelf, as at the Funeral of my Father; for it "is no great matter for a *Spaniard* to be grave, "for it is his natural diſpoſition to be ſo. But "if being a *Caſtilian*, I knew not the Cuſtom "of the *Moors*, that which made my Crime, "might make my Excuſe, and might obtain "my pardon without conſtraining me to ask "it. I grant it you *Ramire* (*then ſaid* Almo- "habez) and it is permitted you to laugh at the "moſt ſerious Verſes I can ſhew you. I ſhall "not abuſe any part of this permiſſion, my "Lord, (*anſwered this diſguiſed Duke*) but if I "laugh not at the Poetry, I ſhould be the moſt "melancholly ſlave in the Kingdom of *Grana- "da*, though perhaps I may be the merrieſt.

"Go

"Go and find out the Queen *(ſaid the King)* "and tell her from me, that every thing that "belongs to her ſhall always be moſt conſide- "rable to me, and that I will not loſe any oc- "caſion to ſhew it. At theſe words the feign'd *Ramire* made a profound reverence to the King, and another civilly to the Illuſtrious *Almohabez*; and then infintely glad of his Adventure, he went to imploy the firſt moments of his Liberty, in acquitting himſelf of the Commiſſion, which the King had given him, or rather to ſatisfie the impatience which he had to reviſite the fair *Almahide*. This good Fortune finiſh'd the War, and as Joy is an excellent remedy for all ſorts of Grief, ſo this perfectly eſtabliſh'd his health, and eaſily did more than all the Art of the Phyſicians could do, though the *Arabians* are knowing in it: and though they did not ſpare Pearls in all their Compoſitions, and did all that *Averoës* and *Avicen* had taught them to advance a Cure.

Then the Noble Captive finding none but *Eſperance de Hitta* with the Sultanneſs, that is to ſay, her Captive favourite, he did not hide his Joy, but let it appear in his Eyes and Viſage. "Madam, *(ſaid he to the Divine* Alma- "hide) the King hath rendred to me ſome- "thing more precious than Liberty, in that "he hath given me the Honour to ſee you a- "gain. Hah! without lying *(ſaid the Sultan- "neſs)* a ſurpriſe adds not a little to our con- "tent; and to ſee you at Liberty, affects me "as much as it came unlook'd for. But tell "me by what means you came out of Priſon? "let me know, I conjure you; for not having "the power to obtain you Liberty, and *Miri- "am* being no longer in the World, I cannot "divine what hand was powerful enough to "break your late Chains. It was yours, Ma- "dam *(reply'd the feign'd* Ramire) but I may "not without Ingratitude ſuppreſs the words "of the King, nor hide that which he hath "order'd me to tell you; yet I think it better "that I be ingrate, *added he ſmiling*, than that I "ſhould much exaggerate what I have ſeen in "his Eyes, when he told me what I ſuppreſs. "You are a bad Envoy, *reply'd the Sultanneſs* "*ſmiling alſo*, and ſince you have ſo little "acknowledgement, I find it is not good to "oblige you. Let us ſpeak no more of that, if "you pleaſe, Madam, *reply'd he*, for the dif- "ficulty I ſhould find in acquitting me of "my Commiſſion, will make you know in- "directly what I mean; it is that which I "will not do. I Divine, *return'd* Almahide. "So much the worſe, Madam, *reply'd the* "*feign'd* Ramire, that is as much as to ſay, "you have ſeen what I have ſeen, and that "you are not ignorant of what I imagine I "know. But yet I do not Divine, *added ſhe.* "So much the better then *reply'd he*, it is not "for me to inform you. Whatever it be, *ſaid* "*the Sultanneſs*, it is a day of Grace and Fa- "vour; and the ſame time he hath given you "Liberty, he hath permitted *Leonce* to re- "turn to the *Alambre*. Ah! Madam, *cry'd* "*the feign'd* Ramire, the King is too obliging "by the half, and his generoſity ſeems to me "exceſſive. After you have appear'd unthank- "ful, *ſaid* Almahide *ſmiling again*, you ſeem "to me after a ſtrange ſort covetous, ſince "they are the good deeds of another. You "accuſe me of a grand Vice, Madam, *reply'd* "*he*, and I accuſe you of too much Virtue. "In effect I find you too acknowledging, and "you take too much part in the generoſity "of the King, and in the good Fortune of the "Earl. O worſe yet, *reply'd ſhe*, the exceſs of "Virtue is more ſupportable, than the exceſs "of Vice. Not for me, *reply'd he*, I would "that among ſo many perfections you had the "only fault to be ingrate in this Buſineſs. But as "*I* have rejoyc'd in your Liberty, *ſaid* Alma- "hide, why ſhould you not, that *I* rejoyce "to ſee the Life of one of my Friends in ſafe- "ty? O, Madam, *reply'd the feigned* Ramire, "you have a name for the other, and this laſt "Joy is much more great than the former. "You will always Divine my intentions, *ſaid* "*the Sultanneſs*, but you are no good Diviner. "You leave the buſineſs doubtful, *reply'd he*, "and that makes that my unhapppineſs is not "to be doubted of. But however it be, and "how ſweet ſoever Liberty is, *I* wiſh my Pri- "ſon had laſted yet longer, on condition that "*Leonce* had not returned to the *Alambre*. "There ſeems to me, *ſaid* Almahide, in this "deſire much of malignity. That which you "call Malignity, ought to be call'd Reaſon, *re- "ply'd the Duke*. You may rather call it diſ- "eſtimation, *added the Sultanneſs*, your wiſh "is a ſpecial mark of the little regard you "have of me. Whatever it is, *reply'd the* "*feign'd* Ramire, it is a greater evil for me "that *I* hold my Liberty of Fortune, and that "the Count *de Pagnaſiel* has not his happineſs "but from you, and from you his good Of- "fices. If my Honour did permit me, *anſwer- "ed ſhe*, *I* would let you believe what you ſay, "for your puniſhment, and for my Revenge; "but as it ought to be dear to me, I believe "I am obliged to let you know, that what "you attribute to the Princeſs *Almahide*, was "not done by her, but by the Orders of *Mo- "rayzel* and *Semahis*. It may be ſo, *reply'd* "*he*, but if you will be ingenious, you did it "very freely, and there was no order more a- "greeable, and that you executed with leſs "Repugnancy. Your temerity grows exceſ- "ſive, *returned ſhe*, and for your chaſtiſement "you ſhall know no more. I have already "ſaid too much. But ſince you change not "the diſcourſe, *added the Duke*, I ſhall not "change my ſentiments, and I would have "ſtill my chains in *Granada*, and the Count "of *Pagnaſiel*, freed from danger in *Sevil*. A- "way, *ſaid the Sultanneſs ſmiling*, for this Ami- "ty you ought to be rang'd with the illſturi- "ous Friends, which Books render celebrous, "and that merit to be remembred to Poſteri- "ty. But however, becauſe that my affairs "requireprivacy; the Sultanneſs Queen com- "mands the Slave *Ramire* to retire, and leave "me

"me at Liberty to effect them. If they are "Affairs of State, *reply'd he*, I ſhall obey "without repugnancy: but if they be of ano- "ther Nature, it will not be long before I "ſhall interrupt your privacie, unleſs the "Uſher of the Chamber, or of your Cabinet, "have expreſs order to refuſe me entrance, "and it will be difficult for *Leonce* to enter "without me. Having ſaid this, he made a profound Reverence to the Divine *Almahide*, and went out without attending her Anſwer, which he foreſaw would not at all be favour- able to him, and which he thought would not be much pleaſing.

But during this converſation, which they had in the Caſtle of the *Alambre*; *Morayzel* and *Semahis* returned home, follow'd by *Don Fernand de Solis*, that he might know the happy ſucceſs of their Negotiation with the King, and what they had obtained for *Leonce*: When they were in their Palace, they cauſed the noble Infranchis'd to be called; and as he came towards them, *Morayzel* undertaking to ſpeak: "Go render thanks to the Sultanneſs, "*ſaid he to him*, and return to lodge in the "*Alambre*, until the anger of *Mohavide* and "*Mahardin* be appeaſed; and whilſt there is "a neceſſity, that your affairs cauſe your ſtay "in *Granada*; but I intend you ſhall return "as mine, not at all as a ſlave, or a freed "man; but as if you were my Son, for I love "you, as if you were mine. My Lord, *reply'd* "*the feign'd* Leonce, the honour you do me "in ſaying this, ſurpaſſes much that which "you have done for me; and the Glory of "this is more dear to me, than the Life "which you would conſerve. And I alſo do "aſſure you, my Lord, that my acknowledge- "ment equals this Favour, if there be any "thing that can equal it: and this Life ſhall "always be expos'd with joy for your ſervice, "at all times when ever there ſhall be occa- "ſion. We have promiſed the King, *ſaid* Se- "mahis, and you by us, that you ſhall not "enterpriſe any thing againſt the State, whe- "ther it be by means of our Captives, or by "any ploting with his Subjects, and we were "willingly engaged to this promiſe, becauſe "we were perſwaded you would not violate "it. It was in your power, Madam, *reply'd* "*the feign'd* Leonce, without expoſing you "to any thing; and I engage to you my word, "which to me is ſacred, that I will account "*Granada* as my Country, and ſhall make no "diſtinction between the *Moors* and the *Spa-* "*niards*, and ſhall enterpriſe any thing as "much againſt the one, as againſt the other. "Go preſently, *added* Morayzel, and give "your thanks to the King, and to the Sul- "tanneſs, and come no more from the *Alam-* "*bre*, till time has ſweetned matters that you "may not expoſe your ſelf to danger. At theſe words the noble Infranchis'd return'd to his Chamber with *Don Fernand de Solis*, attended on by *Sanche*, where he thought he ſhould never leave embracing now one then the other, calling them the Conſervators of his Life, and the Authors of all his good Fortune. "I imagin, *ſaid* Don Fernand, it will "not be long ere the Duke of *Infantade* will "be leſs content, than the Count of *Pegnafiel*. "But the Count *Pegnafiel*, *return'd* Ponce de "Leon, may come to be more Infortunate, "than the Duke *de Infantade*: and to ſuch a "point may my joy arrive at, that the equa- "lity may render his ſadneſs very unjuſt. You "ſeem very little equitable, my Lord, *return'd* "*then* Sanche *ſmiling*, whilſt you ſtaid from "the *Alambre*, I did not ſee you very glad "that he was there. I confeſs it, *reply'd the* "*feign'd* Leonce, but things are not ſo equal, "for I was only miſerable, and now we ſhall "be both happy. And to ſpeak ſincerely, as "one loves himſelf a little better than one "loves his Rival; it is hard to be ſo very e- "qual, as not to incline a little more towards "himſelf, than to him; as that one does not "favour ones ſelf to his prejudice. That "proves, *ſaid* Don Fernand, that none is a "good Judge in his own Cauſe, and that "particular Intereſt and Reaſon never dwell "much together. But as Lovers never fail to be neat when they are to ſee their Miſtreſſes, ſo the illuſtrious *Ponce de Leon* fail'd not to cloath himſelf with all the care of an amorous man, though he did not dare to dreſs himſelf according to his high qualities; yet he was very neatly dreſs'd, and though not magnifi- cently, yet not ill. As among the great num- ber of Slaves that were at *Granada*, there was found of all ſorts of Trades, ſo it was not hard for him to be cloathed like a *Spaniard*, and to fit himſelf as he ought; the Merchant his confident furniſhing him with all neceſſa- ries. He took that day a Garment that ſat cloſe to him, and a looſe Caſſock over it of *Spaniſh* Cloth, of a browniſh gray, butten'd down with Gold Buttons, and powder'd all over with ſmall Diamonds along the ſeams: His Doublet was Cloth of Gold, with Car- nation Flowers; his Stockings of Silk Carna- tion, ſet after the mode of *Spain*; his Garters and Roſes of golden Tiſſue and Grey, as alſo his Points, with a *Spaniſh* Ruff of great price, and Cuffs of the ſame Faſhion: his Gloves were *Spaniſh* Leather, embroidered with gold, Carnation and Grey; his Hat button'd up of one ſide, with a knot of Diamonds, and his Hatband of the ſame, a chain of Gold a- bout his Neck; a Girdle and a Belt embroi- der'd with Gold; a long Sword hatch'd with Gold, and on his right ſide, a Dagger alſo gilt, which was accompanied with ſo much Muſk, ſo much Civit, ſo much ſweet Powder, and odoriferous Water, and the faireſt and fineſt Linnen in the World, richly ſet off with Point-work, that if he formerly appear'd gal- lant, under the Habit of a Slave, he now ap- peared much more brave under this of a Ca- valier; ſo that he drew the Eyes of all that ſaw him, with as much pleaſure as admiration. In this Equipage he returned to the *Alambre* with *Don Fernand*; after he had taken leave of *Sanche*, and given Orders about their Horſes,

that they might be ready on occaſion, and that they would often ſee him, eſpecially *Don Fernand*, that they might receive his Orders; and going to the King's Appartment, who that day gave a publick Audience: he appear'd with ſo much Luſtre, that he ſurpris'd the whole Court, and made him be look'd on with eſteem. He approach'd this Prince with ſo much boldneſs, mix'd with reſpect; and after he had made a profound Reverence: "Sir "*(ſaid he with a charming Air)* I come to ren- "der thanks to your Majeſty, for what you "have done, and to witneſs to you my ac- "knowledgement, and to aſſure you anew, "that I will obſerve moſt religiouſly all that "they have promiſed in my name, and that "I am not capable of Infidelity or Ingratitude. "Brave *Spaniard*, *reply'd the King*, you owe "that which I have done to the Queen, and to "your own merit; and I have no other part "in this Action, but to have pleaſed the Sul- "tanneſs, and to have rendred Juſtice to Vir- "tue. Therefore inſtead of doing a thing "ſuperfluous, go do that which is neceſſary, "that is to ſay, go render thanks to the Queen; "to whom only, after my acknowledgement "of your Valour, you have the Obligation. "Sir, *reply'd the feign'd* Leonce, one duty hin- "ders not the other; and the Gratitude that "I owe to the Queen, not being incompatible "with that, which I owe to your Majeſty, I "may be permitted to perform them both, if "you pleaſe. Saying that he made a reſpect- ful reverence to the King, and inſtantly departed the Chamber; leaving this Prince, and the Court equally ſatisfied with his good Meen, Wit, and Diſcretion. As he paſſed from the Appartment of *Boadiline*; to that of the incomparable *Almahide*, he met *Rodrick de Narve* upon the Stairs, who embracing him with much tenderneſs, ſaid to him ſoftly, that he might not be underſtood by any others; "When I ſhould not know the Illuſtrious "Count *de Pegnaſiel*, the Courage of the Vali- "ant *Leonce* is alone ſufficient to make me "his Servant, and as his Valour and Addreſs "is the Glory of all *Spain:* I intereſt my ſelf "too much in my own Nation, not to be "touch'd with that of yours. My Lord, *an- "ſwer'd the noble Infranchiſed*, as *Don Fernand* "has not hid from me, that which he diſco- "vered to you, I am not ſurpriſed at the Com- "plement you make me; and far be it from "me to complain, for that he has revealed my "ſecret, and I ſhall render him thanks; ſince "that it gives me the advantage of receiving "the Marks of your Amity, and that I may "aſſure you of mine. Your ſecret, my Lord, "*reply'd this Captain General*, is not leſs ſecure "in my Breaſt, than in your own; for it ſhall "not be known to any but to my ſelf. It is "moſt glorious for me, *reply'd the feign'd* "Leonce, to be known to a man, which all "*Europe* looks on as the Sword and Buckler "of all *Spain*, and which I look on as the "the moſt happy of my Adventures, that pro- "cures me this honour. For, in fine, *added he*, "however ſolitary I have been, the great Name "of *Roderick de Narve* has come as far as my "Deſert, and hath often given me Emulation. "That which I have ſeen you do, *reply'd this* "*brave Spaniard*, has made me know that "*Spain* was to have in you a more redoubtable "Sword and Buckler, and of a better Tem- "per; and the *Moors* may eaſily foreſee their "Slave ſhall be their Maſter: But the place "where we are will not permit us a longer "converſation; therefore I reſerve till another "time the teſtimonies of my Joy. And I thoſe "of my ſatisfaction, *reply'd the Count* de Peg- "naſiel. Then theſe two valiant perſons ſe- parated themſelves: *Roderick de Narve* kept on his way, and *Ponce de Leon* enter'd the Appartment of the Queen: And he had the happineſs to find her alone as his Rival had done, and was not obliged to hide his Joy, ſo that he wholly abandoned his Soul on this occaſion, and approached her with thoſe tranſports, that all the words in the world were not able to expreſs: "Ah! Madam, *ſaid he ſaluting her*, "if any ſhould have told me on the day of "that ſad Ceremony, when I follow'd your "Chariot, that I ſhould have an Obligation "from the King of *Granada*, I ſhould have "thought it very unlikely, and ſhould not "have believ'd it; notwithſtanding it is cer- "tain I have much to him, in that he hath "permitted me to return to the *Alambre*, and "to ſtay there: his bounty has ſaved my life, "which had infallibly been loſt, if I had not "had the liberty of ſeeing you again. It is "true, in doing me this great favour, he has "only regard to you, Madam: ſo that it ſeems "it is not me that he hath obliged; but there "comes to me ſo great advantage by what he "hath done, as there will be ſome ſpice of In- "gratitude, if I ſhould not think my ſelf re- "devable, and very much inſenſible, if I ſhould "not ſuffer my ſelf to be touch'd with it. That "ought to teach you, *anſwered* Almahide, that "you ſhould not hate ſo ſoon that which you "ought afterwards to love. And not to love "too much, *alſo reply'd the feign'd* Leonce, "that which perhaps I muſt hate. For in "fine, Madam, ſhall I dare to tell you? and "will you not jeer me, if I tell it you? the King "hath ſeem'd too civil to me in this encoun- "ter; he has too little conſidered his Intereſt, "and has conſider'd you too much: and if I "can be jealous without Ingratitude, *I* ſhall "be ſo. See *(ſaid the Sultanneſs laughing)* a "ſtrange manner of acknowledgement not "common: If the good deeds of this Prince "ſhould be always received in this ſort, he "would gain more by being covetous, than "by being liberal; and I think he would do "well never to oblige any body. Madam, "*(anſwer'd this noble Infranchiſed)* whatever "it be, the King ſeems too gallant for one af- "flicted. The Death of *Miriam*, in my opini- "on touches him too little; and if my con- "jectures do not deceive me; it is not at the "Tomb of this fair perſon, that we ſhall hear "ſighs. I imagine, *ſaid* Almahide, that you

"judge

" judge of him by your ſelf; and that finding " you would not often render viſits at Tombs; " you conclude he does ſo too, and that he has " already forgot *Miriam*, as you would forget " another. Indeed, Madam, *(reply'd the Count* " de Pegnafiel) I would not often viſit the " Tombs, but would once for all enter them. " If you are not more ſenſible of grief, than " of pleaſure, *reply'd the Sultanneſs*, Affliction will never open the Sepulcher to you; " and ſo noble a cauſe to die will never be writ " in your Epitaph. In good earneſt, *added ſhe*, " you have a Gravity too Auſtere for a man " of your Age, and the moſt ſolitary of our " Derviſes, would have quitted his Deſert for " a thing which has not made you to leave " your Chamber: You are little curious, or " very deſpiſing; and the gallantry of the " *Moors* in *Granada*, hath not ſo little Reputation through the World, as that it might " not have obliged you to have ſeen the Carouſel, it not being altogether unworthy of " that Grace. But who hath told you, Madam, that I have not ſeen it, *anſwer'd the* " *feign'd* Leonce? My Eyes, *reply'd ſhe*, for " having run over all the *Amphitheatre*, " without ſeeing you, I thought I might " conclude aſſuredly you were not there: I " ſaw *Roderick de Narve*, I found out *Don* " *Fernand de Solis*, *(purſued ſhe)* but for the " deſpiſing Count *de Pegnafiel*, he was too buſie to amuſe himſelf about ſuch bawbles, and " too proud for to do us the honour to ſee it. " Such a man as I, *reply'd he*, might eaſily hide " himſelf among the Crowd, and Slaves and " Freedmen were far enough from Kings and " Queens, ſo that you need not wonder you " did not ſee me, though I aſſure you I was " there. No, no, *return'd* Almahide, do not " hide your pride, with this feign'd humility, " and add falſhood to your deſpiſing; for " undoubtedly you were not in the Aſſembly, " and you did not ſee the Carrouſel. It ſeems " to me however, Madam, *anſwer'd the feign'd* " Leonce, that *Zelebin* was *Amilcar*, and *Ga-* " *liane Arſinoe*, that *Abinamin* was *Jugurth*, and " *Lindarache Cleopatra*, that *Abdala* was *Mi-* " *cipſa*, and *Fatima* the Queen *Maqueda*; that " the Prince *Mouſſa* repreſented *Hyarbe*, " and the fair *Zelime Dido*: That the brave " *Abindarrays* was *Juba*, and the gallant *Al-* " *doradine Berenice*: That the Valiant *Amat* " was *Siphax*, and the amiable *Cadige Barce*; " that *Alamin* repreſented *Hanibal*, and *Dara-* " *che* the Princeſs *Memphis*; that *Zais* was " *Aſdrubal*, and the fair *Zayde Candace*; that " *Orthogule* was *Bomilcar*, and the charming " *Axa Tharbis*; that *Orcame* repreſented *Al-* " *manſor*, and *Alicola Judithis*; that *Abenarax* " was *Adherbal*, and *Zelindore Thermut*; that *Al-* " *moraby* repreſented *Hyempſal*, and that *Zam-* " *brine* was *Edeſie*. As for the Machines, the " Towns repreſented were *Tunis*, *Alexandria*, " *Saba*, *Carthage*, *Algere*, *Memphis*, *Thebes* in E- " *gypt*, *Diamette*, *Fez*, *Morocco*, *Telenſin*, and the " *Goulete*. As for the other Machines, they were " the Elephants, carrying the Towers, the Tomb " of *Cleopatra*, the Lions and the Dragons, the " Phare of *Alexandria*, the Statue of *Mem-* " *non*, the *Rinocerot*, the three Pyramids, the " River of *Nile*, and the Crocodiles; the E- " *ſtriges*, and the *Pigmies*, the *Labrynth*, the " *Coloſſus*, the Mountain of the *Moon*, the Ty- " gres, the Panthers, the Leopards, the Ounces, " the Lynxes, the *Hyenes*, and the Baſiliſques: " what ſhall I ſay more, Madam? The twelve " Devices of the Cavaliers were Hope, a " Tomb, the Phœnix, a Heart and Flames, " an Eagle and the Sun, the Altar and Ve- " ſtal Fire, the Moon and Stars, the Chains " and Crowns, the Love-knots, the Crown of " Lawrel, and of Mirtle, the Ring of Gold, " and the Mirtle Branch. In fine, Madam, " *added he*, if you deſire it, I ſhall tell you the " ſoul or meaning of theſe Deviſes, as well " as I have told you the body or out-ſide; I " ſhall recite to you all the Verſes of the Car- " rouſel, all the Letters of Defiance, I ſhall " depaint to you the Chariots, the ſeveral Li- " veries of the Troops, their different Arms, " their divers Inſtruments, the difference of " their Horſes, the pitching of their Tents, " and all the Beauty of the Statutes. O witty " and pleaſant Deceiver, *cry'd out the Sultan-* " *neſs ſmiling*, ſome body has confuſedly re- " counted to you this grand Feſtival, and all " that which you now told me, which is but " the effect of your Memory: for if you had " ſeen it, you would not have forgot *Maſſiniſſa* " and *Sophonisbe*, the Town of *Tripoly*, nor the " Temple of the Gods of *Egypt*; and you " would have remembred your ſelf of the " Device of Mount *Ætna*, which the admirable " Unknown carried; for he was ſo ſuperb, " and had ſo good a meen, that he effac'd all " the reſt of the Carrouſel. Ha, Madam! " *anſwer'd the feign'd* Leonce *ſmiling*, if the " reſemblance, which was between *Sophonisbe*, " and the Divine *Almahide* did not authoriſe " a little your exceſſive Praiſes; I ſhould be " jealous of *Maſſiniſſa*, and ſhould with diffi- " culty ſuffer the Praiſes which you give him. " I know not, *anſwer'd ſhe ſmiling again*, if you " ſpeak ſeriouſly; but I know well, except the " Count *de Pegnafiel*, I never ſaw any man with " ſo graceful a meen, as that obliging Un- " known. And not to diſguiſe the Truth, *ad-* " *ded ſhe*, it was not eaſie for the Queen of " *Numidia*, to ſee with averſion, a Chevalier " who made her ſo triumph over all the He- " roeſſes of *Affrick*, and made deſcend ſo many " Beauties from their Chariots, and to bring " them to her Feet, to do their homage with " all their Glory. Madam, *reply'd very plea-* " *ſantly the feign'd* Leonce, you make me hate " and fear him whom you know not; and " though Envy is no fair ſentiment for a Soul, " it will be hard for me not to have it; though " I ſhould know him, and that his Intereſt were " as dear to me as my own. Certainly, *re-* " *ply'd the Sultanneſs*, this brave Unknown is " a dangerous Enemy; and if he is ſo power- " ful in our Hearts as in the Liſts, few Cava- " liers will encounter him, and few Ladies be

" able to defend themſelves againſt him. O " aſſuredly, *reply'd the noble Infranchiſed*, if you " ſhall know him one day, you will not hate " him, it is very likely I doubt not of it, I be- " lieve it as well as you (*reply'd* Almahide) for " it would be too much to hate him, who " would oblige us, and it would be enough " not to love him. Again, I am jealous, *re-* " *turn'd he*, and I foreſee, that I ſhall not be " more eſteemed with you than this Stranger, " when known. And ſaying this, he pull'd off one of his Gloves, and feigning to put his hand to his Hair, he made the Jewel, which the Sultanneſs had given him at the Carrouſel or Maſquerade, to ſparkle before her eyes. As it was eaſily known by the form of the Stone, which was engraven like a Heart, and by the particular Faſhion, and by the Work: *Almahide* knew it again, as ſoon as ever ſhe ſaw it; and crying out at the ſurpriſe: " By " what adventure (*ſaid ſhe*) came that Dia- " mond, which I ſee, into your hands? and by " what means have you got from the brave " Unknown, that which I had given him? " I took it not from him, Madam, *reply'd the* " *feigned* Leonce. He muſt needs be very " much your Friend, *reply'd ſhe preſently*, that " he would yield voluntarily to you, that " which he had received from ſuch a Lady as " me; and I know not but this ſlighting e- " quals the Obligation which I had to him. " Ah! Madam, *ſaid the Count ſmiling*, you are " angry that I am jealous: and you eſteem not " much, that which you did much eſteem. " I confeſs it, (*reply'd ſhe briskly*) and I think " I ſhall not eſteem him any more at all. Af- " ter he hath given me jealouſie (*reply'd the* " *feign'd* Leonce) he begins to give me pity; " and after I have made my plaint for my ſelf, " I now will complain of you for him; for " you ſeem equally unjuſt, both to the one " and to the other. You are too true a friend, " *reply'd ſhe*. And you are too vindicative, " *reply'd he*. But how came you to know " him? *demanded the Sultanneſs*, And how " came you not to know him? *asked the Illu-* " *ſtrious Infranchiſed*. O God! (*cry'd ſhe out* " *anew beholding him*) is the Unknown, and " the Count *de Pegnaſiel* all one! If it be ſo " Madam, *reply'd he*, I ought to complain of " you, both as the Unknown, and as the " Count of *Pegnaſiel*; for as the firſt I ought " to have ſome reſentment, aud as the ſecond " I ought to have ſome jealouſie. You then " ſhall be jealous of your ſelf, *return'd the Sul-* " *tanneſs*. I ought to be ſo indeed, *reply'd he*, " for that you had a tenderneſs for *Leonce* " without knowing him; that is to ſay, have- " ing found another man Mask'd reſembling " *Leonce*, you have had ſome for him: Judge " you if my Jealouſie is not well founded, " and that I have not ſome reaſon for it. " You confound tenderneſs and eſteem, *re-* " *turn'd ſhe*. It is ſo eaſie to paſs from the " one to the other, *reply'd the Count*, that " I doubt not, but that you have had both, " and it is that which makes me deſpair, and " it is that which makes me Jealous of a Rival " Phantaſm, which is, and which is not, which " is found in me, and out of me, and which " I can neither love, nor hate, his happineſs " hinders the one; that which he is to me, " oppoſes the other. However, *ſaid the Sul-* " *tanneſs ſmiling*, I am very well aſſured that " you will not challenge this Rival, as you " did the Marqueſs of *Mont-Major*, and that " you will not fight againſt him, as you did " againſt the other. It is that which aug- " ments my misfortune, *reply'd the noble In-* " *franchiſed*, for my Hatred will Revenge my " Love, and my Revenge would eaſe my " my Grief. As things are byaſs'd, I have all " the inquietude of a Jealous man, and " nothing of the Conſolation. Will you " then, *return'd* Almahide, that I no more " find in the Unknown a good Meen? that " I acknowledge him no more Witty, nor " Gallant, and that he loſe altogether my e- " ſteem? That ſeems to me too much, *an-* " *ſwer'd the feign'd* Leonce, that you ſhould " do all that you ſay; and I ſhould fear that " the known Lover had too much part in the " misfortune of him that was not known. " What will you then, *reply'd ſhe*. I know " not, *return'd he*, and my evil is ſo Phanta- " ſtical, that I think there is no remedy. You " muſt then reſolve to ſuffer always, *reply'd* " *the Sultanneſs*, for that is all we can do to " Evils, that we cannot cure. But, Madam, " *added he*, does not the laſt friendſhip permit " to know the object beloved? and does a Mask " ſuffice to excuſe you? And is this feeble im- " preſſion of your Memory not a mark of " the feebleneſs of your Heart? And this Er- " ror of your Eyes, is it not a proof of the " forgetfulneſs of your mind? Ah! for this " fault (*ſaid* Almahide) I will not undertake " the Juſtification. I confeſs that my blind- " neſs was ſtrange, and that the Affrican Ha- " bit, nor the Mask is not ſufficient to ex- " cuſe me, and that I ought to have known " the true *Ponce de Leon*, under the falſe ap- " pearance of *Maſſiniſſa*. But will you have " more facility to make the Apology, when " I demand of you, if it was permitted to en- " gage my Statue, and my Glory, in the un- " certain event of the Carrouſel, without " my knowledge, and without my permiſſion? " For indeed, however hardy you were, yet " Fortune had a part in your Courſes, and " you might have miſs'd the Ring, and *Al-* " *mahide* might have had a part of the ſhame " of *Sophoniſbe*. Ah! Madam, (*reply'd haſti-* " *ly the feign'd* Leonce) I was precautioned " againſt the Caprices of this Fortune, and I " had ſubmitted my ſelf to have followed her " Chariot, that you might have been hindred " to have quitted yours. That is true, *reply'd* " *the Sultanneſs*, but would not the defeat of " her Cavalier have reflected on *Almahide*? " and would not ſhe have had a part in " his diſgrace? would not they have ſaid, " that ſhe owed her Grandeur only to the " Glory of her Beauty? To conclude, *then*

" *reanſwered*

"*reanſwered he*, let us then both of us reci-
"procally forget our faults. Though this
"equality may offend a little the Requeſt,
"which a Cavalier owes to a Lady, *return'd*
"*ſhe*, and that ſhe ſhall treat too much as an
"Equal with an Equal, or a Soveraign with
"a Soveraign: But as a Queen I pardon
"your Crime of high Treaſon; and I conſent
"to this reciprocal Amneſty, made now be-
"twixt us two. But to repair my Error, *ad-*
"*ded ſhe*, as before I gave you a Jewel as
"*Maſſiniſſa*, I now confirm to you my Gift as
"the Count *de Pegnaſiel*: and *Almahide* ra-
"tifies all that *Sophonisbe* has done. I ren-
"der you a thouſand thanks, Madam (*ſaid he,*
putting one knee to the ground, and kiſſing the
"*Ring on his Finger*) and I aſſure you, that
"this precious Gage of our Amity, is more
"dear to me for the Gift, than for the Price.
As this fair Perſon was about to anſwer him,
they were hindred by the feign'd *Ramire*, who
then enter'd the Chamber: and who ad-
vancing with that gallant and blithe Air,
which ſparkl'd through all his Actions, he ad-
dreſs'd his Speech to his Illuſtrious Rival,
and ſaid with the beſt Grace in the World:
"Although I owe you a Complement, yet do
"not think that I ought to ſay, that I am very
"glad to ſee you return'd to the *Alambre*;
"for that would ſeem very unlikely that you
"ſhould believe it: and I imagin that it will
"ſuffice me, that I aſſure you, that I am not
"troubled to know you have a ſafe Covert
"from the hate of your Enemies. I ſhall then
"ſay too much, *reply'd the feign'd* Leonce
"*ſmiling*, if I proteſt that I am very glad that
"you are perfectly recovered; and I am per-
"ſwaded that it will ſuffice, if I aſſure you,
"that I am not troubled, that you are not
"dead by your ſickneſs: For as I eaſily con-
"ceive, that I ſhall be troubleſome to you here;
"ſo you have too much Wit not to compre-
"hend, that you will not be very welcome to
"me. This freedom between you, *added the*
"*Sultanneſs ſmiling likewiſe*, ſhews that there
"is not indeed any great Inclination betwixt
"you; but yet it ſhews at leaſt an equal ge-
"neroſity, the one to the other. It is not-
"withſtanding, more great in me than in him,
"(*reply'd the Duke*) for his preſence is incom-
"parably more dangerous to me, than mine
"can be to him; and the remembrance of
"what is paſt, makes me eaſily foreſee what
"is to come. There is not that Amity be-
"twixt us, *reply'd the Count*, that I ſhould be
"obliged to diſabuſe you for my diſadvan-
"tage; and I believe, that it is permitted me
"to ſay nothing to it. I ſhall anſwer then
"for you both, *ſaid* Almahide, or I ſhall ra-
"ther complain of you both alike; for if one
"of you have judged raſhly of my Sentiments,
"the other by his manner of Diſcretion has
"not pleaſed me more; and you are both a-
"like culpable, and both merit to be puniſh-
"ed. As our Crimes are much unequal, re-
"*ply'd the feign'd* Ramire, if you will be juſt,
"Madam, our Chaſtiſements ought not at
"leaſt to be equal: For it is much more ſup-
"portable, that an Infortunate complain of
"his unhappineſs, than it is to hear a happy
"man to vaunt of his happineſs. I ſhall con-
"ſent rather, *anſwer'd the feign'd* Leonce, to
"the increaſe of my Grief, than to that of your
"Joy, and ſhall endure a Hell within me,
"without ſaying one word, rather than ſuffer
"a word to eſcape me in this rencounter,
"which may give you any ſatisfaction. The
"Intereſt of the Object beloved, is not then
"very dear, to the Lover, *reply'd the Duke*,
"for he ought to prefer it to his own: and he
"ſeems on this occaſion to love himſelf more
"than his Miſtreſs. In earneſt, *added the*
"*Sultanneſs*, I think that I muſt declare my
"ſelf for the feign'd *Ramire*; and to revenge
"me of the feign'd *Leonce*; I ſhall let the
"Duke *de Infantade* underſtand, that the
"Count *de Pegnaſiel* owes not his return to
"me. Ah! Madam, *cry'd out the laſt*, of my
"Judge you become a party. I ſpeak againſt
"you, *return'd ſhe*, becauſe you have not ſpo-
"ken for me; and your ſilence is more cul-
"pable than my words. But whilſt the Judge
"is favourable to me, *added the feign'd* Ra-
"mire, I will preſent to him one Requeſt.
"Whatever it be, I oppoſe it without know-
"ing it, *return'd the feign'd* Leonce, and if
"the Divine Perſon, which is our Judge will
"credit me, ſhe ſhall not receive it at all. The
"Judge will not be at all equitable, *ſaid the*
"*Sultanneſs*, if he proceed in this manner, and
"without doubt it is his duty to hear him.
"I demand then, Madam, *return'd the Duke*,
"that he and I combat with equal Arms:
"and that whilſt I have but the ſimple habit
"of a Slave, he may not like a Peacock come
"here to diſplay his Broaches, his Chains and
"Diamonds; for as the *bon meene* borrows
"ſomething from the Habit, it is not very
"juſt that I continue acting the perſon of a
"Captive, whilſt he acts that of the Count
"*de Pegnaſiel*: He ſhould not owe his advan-
"tages, and I my diſgraces to the Goldſmiths
"and the Tailors. O I will willingly take
"again my Chains, *ſaid the feign'd* Leonce, if
"the Divine *Almahide* will give them me: and
"ſhe will further oblige me, if ſhe pleaſe to
"Infranchiſe you: and that you might leave
"the *Alambre* with all the Ornaments of the
"Court of *Spain*, and I ſtay here without
"you. No, no, keep your Chains, your
"Enſigns and guilded Jewels, *reply'd briskly the*
"*Duke*, I will have none at that price, and I
"love much better my Irons. My free Con-
"dition, *anſwer'd the feign'd* Leonce, will give
"me great advantages: For whilſt I ſhall
"entertain the Sultanneſs, he muſt, as a Slave,
"out of reſpect ſtay at the other end of the
"Chamber, unleſs he would be puniſh'd as
"one of his qua ity for his boldneſs of ap-
"proaching. But you tell not, *return'd the*
"*Duke*, that there are divers favourable hours
"for a Slave, wherein we ſhould fling a *Ca-*
"*ſtilian* Cavalier out of the Windows, if he
"had the temerity of coming there, and which

" would be much worſe than that Guerdon,
" which you ſeem to threaten me with. Ah!
" if this infelicity ſhould happen, *reply'd the*
" *feign'd* Leonce, the Duke *de Infantade* ſhould
" be ſoon known in *Granada*, and I ſhould
" make him be treated as a man of his Con-
" dition. And the Count *de Pegnafiel*, *added*
" *the feign'd* Ramire, ſhould ſoon receive the
" like Honour, and the ſame Treatment, and
" I ſhould ſoon hinder your greatneſs to be ſtill
" *Incognito*. I ſhall ſoon hinder you both,
" *added the fair* Almahide, for being carryed
" to ſo unreaſonable vengeance, and which
" would do me ſo great wrong, and I ſhould
" be much miſtaken, if you ſhould quarrel
" for that. To ſay the Truth, Madam, *return'd*
" *the feign'd* Ramire, I think we may be ſeen
" good friends ſhortly, as we were not long
" ſince: For if my conjectures deceive me not,
" we ſhall have to oppoſe us a more redoubt-
" able Rival: and we ſhall be obliged to unite to
" fight him. I fear him alſo as well as you, *re-*
" *ply'd the feign'd* Leonce; and I know not if we
" ſhall be able to overcome him, whom you
" ſay we muſt Combat. Your fear is but a
" Chimera, *ſaid the Sultanneſs*, and that pre-
" tended Enemy is but in your Imagination.
" O, Madam! *return'd the Duke*, I ſee too clear
" into theſe matters to be deceived. O, Ma-
" dam! *added the Count*, my Eyes under-
" ſtand very well thoſe of the Prince; and I
" know the buſineſs, as if I were his confident.
" I confeſs, *reply'd ſhe*, I have not perceiv'd that
" my ſelf, which you believe you have diſco-
" vered; and I have not taken but for a ſim-
" ple Civility, that which you have taken for
" an effect of Paſſion. You ſee, notwithſtand-
" ing, that we are two againſt you (*anſwer'd*
" *the feign'd* Ramire) and by plurality of voices
" are to carry it. No, no, Madam, *added the*
" *feign'd* Leonce, there are no eyes that can
" diſcern ſo clearly as thoſe of Love; and I
" know not by whoſe advice they have drawn
" him blinde. Indeed when you ask'd my
" Liberty of the King, *added the Duke*, he re-
" fuſed you Civilly, and now he renders it
" me without any bodies asking, and has gi-
" ven me one of the chief charges of his
" Houſe. Ah, Madam! *purſued he ſmiling*,
" none but a Lover could be ſo liberal, and he
" muſt aſſuredly Love to give with ſo good a
" Grace. Add to that, *ſaid then the Count*,
" that the King has explained himſelf enough
" in ſending us both to you, to give you thanks
" for the favour, which he hath done us:
" For who ſees not that in his obliging us, he
" had thoughts of obliging you? But what
" think you is become of that grand Paſſion
" (*ſaid* Almahide) which he had for *Miriam*,
" and which ſeem'd to us to be ſo extraordi-
" nary? It is as all other things in the World, *re-*
" *ply'd the feign'd* Ramire, the effect is deſtroyed
" with its cauſe: Time has done that which it
" does always, and your Beauty has done that
" which Beauty is able to do. But once more
" how is it poſſible, *reply'd the Sultanneſs*, that
" the memory of *Miriam* ſhould let him ſhew
" ſo ſudden an inconſtancy? O, Madam! *re-*
" *turn'd the Duke*, it was very neceſſary for
" him, that the ſhadows of *Miriams* ſhould
" be, that he might be able to diſpute a
" heart againſt ſuch brightneſs as yours: and
" that he ſhould love the Tombs, the better to
" remember where you are. Whatever it be
" *added the Count*, you will remember, if this
" unhappineſs arrive to us, that it will be the
" effect of your Counſel, and that I ſhall bear
" the pain of your fault. I ſhall be puniſhed
" enough, if that be, *anſwer'd the feign'd* Ramire,
" for to be pitied rather than accuſed. And
" if it be not, *added the fair* Almahide, I ſhall
" laugh at your inquietude, and ſhall call you
" bad Diviners. At theſe words ſhe took
" leave of them both, and paſſed from her
Chamber to her Cabinet. But whilſt ſhe en-
tertain'd her thoughts there, the King had o-
ther thoughts in his; and the new Sentiments
which he had in his ſoul, did not leave him
to the Repoſe he endeavour'd to give to his
State: and did too much juſtifie by his freeneſs,
the conjectures of the illuſtrious Slave, and
the noble Infranchiſed. " What is it that I
" feel? *ſaid he*, or what is it that I feel not?
" is it not my old Affection? or is it ſome
" new Grief? Love I no more any thing, or
" love I yet ſomething? Is it a dead Beauty
" that I regret? or is it a living Beauty that
" I adore? have I no more flame but for Aſhes?
" or am I my ſelf reduc'd to Aſhes, by eyes
" which are yet ſparkling with Light, and
" which are yet fill'd with fire? Is it always
" about the Tomb, that my Spirits wander?
" Or is it not rather near the Throne, that
" they are ſtill arreſted? But, *return'd he*, as
" Thrones and Tombs, do not at all reſemble
" one the other, how canſt thou doubt which
" it is? How is it poſſible, that you do not
" diſtinguiſh them? The Brightneſs, the Splen-
" dour, the Magnificence, the Pomp, the Glory
" accompanying the firſt, and the laſt always
" being invironed with the Shadow, the Ob-
" ſcurity, Solitude and Horror; how is it poſ-
" ſible for thee then to miſtake thy ſelf, and to
" confound two things ſo different, and which
" have ſo little Relation? But yet *added he*
" *ſighing*, you do not diſcern, notwithſtand-
" ing, if it be a Phantaſm which you follow,
" or ſomething more ſubſtantial: if thou re-
" gretteſt that which Fate has robb'd thee off,
" or if thou deſireſt that which Love may
" give thee. But O thou unfaithful King of
" *Granada*, *added he*, will you ceaſe then to
" love *Miriam*? O! too ſcrupulous *Boadilin*,
" *return'd he preſently*, how can you continue
" to love that which is no more, and that
" which ſhall never return? But if that the
" *Mahumetans* were of the Opinion of the *Chri-*
" *ſtians*, that believe that the ſeparation of the
" Object beloved ſhall not be eternal, to con-
" ſerve a love for the dead ſhould then be rea-
" ſonable, and I ſhould not then be blamed; but
" in as much that our Prophet aſſures us, that
" our Women ſhall not have any part of that
" Pleaſure and Voluptie, which he has given

hopes

"hopes to our Muſulmans, or true Believers to "enjoy, and that they enter not there at all; "and that there is no ſecond Life for them: "why is it that I continue to love, and ceaſe "not to cheriſh *Miriam?* a Shadow, a Phan- "taſm, or ſomething like it, that is to ſay, a "Thought, a Remembrance, an Imagination, "which dies in its Birth, and laſts not after "it, and which deſtroys *Miriam* as often as "it deſtroys it ſelf? But O inconſtant Prince, "*return'd he*, what is become of ſo many Oaths! "what is become of ſo many Promiſes? all "that Tenderneſs, all thoſe Fires, and all thoſe "paſſionate Sentiments, which ought never to "have end, till you have end, and which you "ought to carry to the Tomb? Alas! *pur-* "*ſued he*, all this reſts with the unhappy "*Miriam*, without troubling her repoſe; and "ſince ſhe will never come thence, we will "leave them all in her Sepulcher; from "whence they ought to come no more than "ſhe. All Commerce is broken between the Liv- "ing and the Dead, there is no more Tye be- "tween them, and that is rather to violate "Tombs, than to revere them; when one "ſhall make ones Spirit to deſcend with the "Body of ones Miſtreſs: So to call thence "the Spirit of ones Miſtreſs, and to bring her "back from Obſcurity to Light, from Silence "to Noiſe, and from Tranquillity to Tumult. "Ah! yes without doubt, *purſued the Prince*, "it is rather to commit Sacrilege, than to "give a mark of ones Love: it is rather to "commit an horrible Crime, than an Action "of Fidelity. Let alone, let alone, *added he*, "the Infortunate *Miriam*; let her repoſe in "her Sepulcher, let us no more remove her "Aſhes in her Urn, and let us not any more "ſearch for Beauty under the Earth, that will "never ſhew it ſelf above to us. Doubt no "more, doubt no more, *(ſaid this amorous* "*King) Almahide* reigns where *Miriam* reign'd: "and ſhe hath that place in my heart which "the other held; and as ſhe poſſeſſes the "Throne which the other ſhould, ſhe is in "effect what the other was, but in Hope. She "ſnatches by force the Scepter which I had gi- "ven, or to ſay better, that I was about to give. "But how may it be, *(added he)* that I have "ſeen ſo often *Almahide*, ſince ſhe return'd to "*Granada*, without feeling in my ſelf any Paſ- "ſion for her, and that I have one now ſo "great, which is without compare? whence "may come this ſo ſurpriſing a change? Muſt "I ſeek it in her, or in my ſelf, or muſt I find "it in both? At theſe words he ſtopp'd of a ſudden, and began to fall into a deep muſe, but preſently, his Mind unwrapping it ſelf from that dark Cloud which encompaſſed it, and making him ſee more clearly the cauſe "of his Love. O, *Miriam! Miriam! cry'd he*, "thou didſt foreſee, thou didſt foretel me, "that I ſhould love the incomparable *Alma-* "*hide*, if by a particular converſe, I had the "Liberty to remark the excellent qualities ſhe "poſſeſſed. Thy Love made thee read what "was to come, and foreſee what ſhould be; "and thy Prophecy comes to be fulfilled. "Thou toldſt me that I ſhould love her, and "I do love her. Thou toldſt me that I ſhould "not reſiſt, and I yield: Thou foretoldſt my "defeat, and I am vanquiſhed. I have reſiſt- "ed more than thou didſt believe: I have not "lov'd her, till thou wert no longer to be "lov'd. Thy Death only has given Birth to "my Love; and my Flame received not Light "till thy fair Life was extinguiſhed. So then "I change without being inconſtant, and I "adore without being unfaithful; and the "Throne which thou oughteſt to poſſeſs, can- "not be more worthily fill'd than by her, who "now poſſeſſes it. Her merit ſhall make my "excuſe, and it ought to be thy Conſolation, "if thou wert yet ſenſible of her greatneſs, and "of her wearing a Crown. Doubt not then "but that I love, and leſs that I ought to love, "and abandon our Soul to this noble Paſſion; "for that Beauty, Merit and Birth autho- "riſes it, and let us doubt no more, that it is "not reaſonable, but let us give way to it. "But alas! *reply'd he and ſighed*, after we have "agreed that *Almahide* is infinitly amiable, "and that ſhe ought infinity to be beloved, af- "ter having known that I love her as ſhe me- "rits to be beloved; and that the ſhadow of "*Miriam* her ſelf would not complain of it, if "ſhe did aſſuredly know what the ignores; "I have not overcome all the Obſtacles that "oppoſe my Deſign, and my good Fortune is "yet very doubtful. But what Obſtacles, *re-* "*turn'd he*, are ſo puiſſant, that can oppoſe "a Lover, that can oppoſe themſelves to a "King? what may one prefer to a Scepter? "O ſenſleſs man! *added he preſently*, doſt "thou not remember that thou haſt ſeen her "receive a Scepter weeping, and that thou haſt "ſeen her mount a Throne with repugnancy? "Thou doſt no more remember that at the "Death of the unfortunate *Miriam*, ſhe would "have ceaſed to have been Queen, that ſhe "would have quitted the Crown that ſhe "bears; and that hardly all the Reaſons of "*Morayma*, *Mahomet*, and of *Zarcan*, and that "hardly all thy prayers could oblige her to "keep it for a time, and to ſtay a while in the "Palace, whence ſhe would have gone the ſame "inſtant. But *(ſaid he after, flattering his paſ-* "*ſion)* ſince that time the face of things are "changed, then thou didſt not love her, now "thou loveſt her; ſhe knew nothing of it, but "now ſhe ſhall: Thou didſt not ſpeak to her, "but of the State, and now thou ſhalt ſpeak "to her of thy love. Thou didſt not oblige "her, but to hold a feign'd Royalty, and now "ſhalt offer her a true one; thou didſt give her "nothing, and now thou wilt give her all; "ſhe reign'd not over theſe people, but in ap- "pearance; and now ſhe ſhall reign effectual- "ly, both over my people, and over my heart. "But thy change ſhall cauſe hers; and ſhe may "take new Counſels, as thou takeſt new Re- "ſolutions, and her Intereſts may make her "accord to thy deſires, fear nothing, hope "all, and afflict not your ſelf without a Cauſe

Ah!

"Ah! thou flattereſt thy ſelf, thou flattereſt "thy ſelf *Boaudilin! added this Prince*, and "thou faileſt in thy Memory, as in thy Rea- "ſon. Thou thinkeſt that eaſie, which thou "haſt ſeen her already diſpiſe; thou makeſt "thy Fortune as it pleaſes thee, not as it ſhall "pleaſe her: and thou formeſt Chimera's "that are pleaſing, which deceive thee in flat- "tering thee. For indeed, has not *Zarcan* "aſſured thee that ſhe Loves?, and has he not "ſworn to thee a thouſand times, that you "ſhould not at all doubt it? and hath not he "told thee, that he hath mark'd it in her acti- "ons, and haſt not thou mark'd it thy ſelf? "and by the horrible averſion, which ſhe had "to Eſpouſe thee; and by the exceſſive Joy, "which ſhe had not to Eſpouſe thee, or at leaſt "to do it only in appearance. Believeſt thou! "alas! believeſt thou! *purſued he*, that ſhe had "ever done a thing ſo difficult, and ſo extra- "ordinary without the Intereſt of her Paſſion? "And doſt not thou clearly ſee, that the pro- "miſes which they made her in favour of her "Amour, were the cauſes only that ſhe yielded "to favour thine. No, no, theſe ſcruples were "not overcome, but by her Love: and her "ſo delicate virtue yielded not but to her Paſ- "ſion, and without doubt ſhe was not Queen, "but becauſe ſhe was a Lover. But more- "over, *added the amorous King*, doſt not thou "know that the Unknown, who came to car- "ry away the whole Glory and Prizes of this "Carrouſel is infallibly he, whom ſhe loves? "But doſt not thou ſee alſo, that he alſo loves "her? and by the viſage that he gave to her "Statue, and by the Device of the Flames of "*Mount Ætna*, that thoſe they ſaw were the "leaſt; and by the *Arabian* Verſe, and by the "other Verſes, he gave to the whole Court, "and which he diſperſed among the people? "by his Cartels and his Conditions, which he "offer'd to the Defendents and Aſſailants, "and the hazard he expoſed himſelf to fol- "low enchained the Chariot, that he might "not expoſe the Glory of his Heroeſs; and "by the magnifick expence, which he made "on this occaſion, and the Glory he refuſed, "rather than he would unmask himſelf; all "this ſay I, does not it prove that he loves "her? and that I have a Rival I know not, "as he hath one he knows not. It muſt be, "infallibly it muſt be that *Almahide* has diſ- "cover'd to him the great ſecret of her feign'd "Marriage: for elſe what Gallant is there a- "mong the *Moors* of *Granada*? what Man? "what Grandee? what Prince would have "the boldneſs to come openly to make love "to the Sultanneſs in my preſence, and to "expoſe himſelf to the troubleſome events, "which his raſhneſs might deſerve? No, no, "it is not at all to be doubted, but that ſhe "loves, and that ſhe is likewiſe beloved: And "if ſo, O unfortunate *Boadilin!* what is there "that thou mayſt not fear? and what is there "left that thou mayſt hope for? But (*re- turn'd he again, his ſoul being as full of Fury "as of love*) who may this Unknown be? "who may this raſh one be, who comes to "make Love to the Queen, in the preſence of "the King? who ever it be, *added he*, though "it be the Prince *Audalla* my Brother, his "boldneſs ſhall be puniſh'd, mine Honour "ſhall be reveng'd, and my Jealouſie ſhall be "ſatisfied. I ſwear by *Alla*, and by his Pro- "phet, and this Oath is never violated by a "Muſulman, much leſs by a King. But, *re- "turn'd he*, how ſhall I diſcover him, this "hardy, this ſubtil Enemy, who hides him- "ſelf ſo cunningly? But who can hide him- "ſelf from the Eyes of a Lover? *added the "Prince*, and what is it that a jealous Lover "cannot diſcover? He which imagins that "which is not, ſhall he not ſee that which is? "and what fineneſs can be great enough, to "rob our Eyes long, of that which is a pu- "niſhment to our heart? No, no, we ſhall "know him, we ſhall ruine him, that audaci- "ous one, and we ſhall teach a Subject, what "it is to attaque his King. The amorous King of *Granada* was in this violent agitation, when *Zarcan* enter'd his Cabinet; this fa- vourite remarking the trouble of his Prince in his Eyes, and in his Countenance, he demand- ed of him the cauſe, and ſpake in this Faſhion. "Sir, *ſaid he*, what new misfortune is it that "afflicts your Majeſty? and from whence "comes this particular Grief in the midſt of the "publick Joy: you ſeem to me enough to have "wept for *Miriam*, to have dry'd up your Tears: "and your Wiſdom ought to carry you above "your Love. Ah *Zarcan! ſaid the King*, "let us leave that unhappy Perſon to her re- "poſe in the Sepulcher, and let us ſpeak "no more of that we ſhall ſee no more. This "reſolution, which your Majeſty hath taken "is very reaſonable, *reply'd this Favourite*, but "I confeſs, ſince it is not any thing of *Miriam* "that afflicts you; I cannot Divine from "whence this Affliction ſhould come. For "indeed, the deſign which your Majeſty had "to appeaſe the troubles of the State, could "not have better ſucceeded: and this no- "ble Divertiſement of the Carrouſel ſeems "already to have diminiſhed much of the Ani- "moſity, of the Factions of the *Abencerrages* "and the *Zegrees*, in continuing to buſie the "Grandees, and the people about other plea- "ſures, ſo that there is great hope that you "will extinguiſh them. On the other ſide, "your Majeſty having brought it about to ob- "lige *Almahide* to continue her diſguiſe, which "her ſeverity had ſo much repugnancy to, "there is no doubt to be made, but that you "will reap all the fruit you may expect, and "are ſet ſo above thoſe Affairs, and the Parties, "and ſo ſecurely have eſtabliſhed your Au- "thority, that there is nothing to be fear'd "from the diviſion of your Subjects, nor from "the hate of thoſe two redoubtable Families. "But though the ſad death of *Miriam* has de- "prived you of the Succeſſor you expected; "the only poſſibility apparent will do the ſame "thing, and is the ſame in effect, and will give "you the ſame power. Once more, Sir, I can-

not

"not imagine from whence comes that Melan-
"cholly your Majeſty ſhows; and if I cannot
"diſcover the cauſe, I ſhall be ſo unhappy,
"as not to have power to give you eaſe. I
"am aſtoniſh'd *Zarcan*, *anſwer'd the King*,
"that a ſoul ſo penetrating as thine, has not
"already diſcovered, that which mine hides,
"and that you have not perceived from
"whence this double Inquietude comes.
"Should it be, *reply'd the witty Favourite*, that
"the King *Muley-Hazen* your Father ſhould
"endeavour to remount the Throne, and
"that you ſhould have been advertiz'd of the
"ſecret deſign that he hath. Thou haſt not
"found it *Zarcan*, *reply'd the Prince*, for the
"King my Father is of an Age fitter for a
"Bed, than for a Throne; and fitter for Re-
"poſe, than for Travel. It is then, *reply'd*
"*the ingenious Moor*, that your Majeſty has
"known, that the Prince *Audalla* is not yet
"cured of all his Ambition, and that he con-
"tinues all his dangerous practices. As little
"*anſwered* Boaudilin; and when I ſhould
"have known it, that would have been to
"me a thing ſo ordinary, that it would nei-
"ther have much afflicted me, nor much
"ſurpriſed me. Is it poſſible, *added* Zarcan,
"that the Prince *Mouſſa* ſhould forget the
"Reſpect, which he owes his King, and by
"any ſecret attempt, he ſhould bely that high
"Virtue which he profeſſes? *Mouſſa* is too
"wiſe, *return'd the Prince*, to do as you ſay,
"and I ſhall truſt my Life to that Virtue you
"ſpeak of, and am far from ſuſpecting he will
"meddle with the Scepter. It is not more
"eaſie to believe, *added the Favourite*, that the
"Princeſs *Morayma*, who regarded nothing
"but Glory, ſhould be capable of a Crime of
"that Nature, nor that *Mahomet* her Huſ-
"band, after he hath abandoned the Intereſts
"of his Houſe; and tyed himſelf inſepara-
"bly to yours, ſhould change his Senti-
"ments ſo ſoon as to revolt. My Siſter and
"*Mahomet*, *reply'd the King*, are too much
"tyed to my Fortune, to enterpriſe any thing
"contrary to their duty, or contrary to me,
"and the Virtue of that Princeſs is not leſs
"known to me, than her affection. What is
"it then I amuſe my ſelf about? *ſaid* Zarcan,
"is it that the *Abencerrages*, and the *Zegrees*
"have renewed their Cabal in the Realm, and
"that *Mohavide* and *Mahardin* deſpairing of
"that, which hath happened to them, con-
"cerning the puniſhment of the *Affaqui*, ſhould
"try to renew the troubles paſt, and to re-
"venge themſelves by turns of their enemies,
"and of your Majeſty. It is not that at all,
"*ſaid the King*, and thoſe two powerful Fa-
"ctions, have done nothing, as I know of.
"Your Majeſty then knows, *return'd the Fa-*
"*vourite*, that *Ferdnand* and *Iſabel* arm anew,
"and that they will break the Truce. Not
"at all, *reply'd* Boaudilin; and although thoſe
"Princes are my Enemies, I ought to give
"Teſtimony to their Glory, that their Pa-
"role is inviolable: and that I ought not to
"believe they will recommence the War, with-
"out openly denouncing it. Ah! without
"doubt, *added* Zarcan, it is that your Majeſty
"knows, that the Princes of Chriſtendom
"are making a League offenſive and defenſive
"againſt the King of *Marrocco*, or of *Fez*, or
"of *Tbunis*, or of *Algiers*, and that you
"would take part in the Intereſts of theſe
"Princes your Allies, and Kinſmen, that are
"of the ſame Religion, that gives you this
"Grief, and cauſes your Inquietude. The
"Chriſtian Princes, *anſwer'd the King*, are o-
"therwiſe employed among themſelves, than
"to ſeek War in *Africa*: and the Mahumetans at
"preſent need fear nothing of that. O, Sir!
"*then ſaid* Zarcan, I never knew my ſtupi-
"dity ſo much, as in this Encounter: If it
"be not, that the pretended Sultanneſs, be-
"ing weary of the diſguiſement, hath preſs'd
"your Majeſty to finiſh it; I do not know
"what more to ſay, and there is an end of
"my Demands, and my Queſtions. Ah, *Zar-*
"*can! cry'd the King*, 'tis moſt true, this con-
"cern is about the Queen, but ſhe has not
"preſs'd me anew concerning that, which
"you ſpeak of. It is then that ſhe has diſ-
"covered your ſecret to *Morayzel* and *Sema-*
"*his*, *ſaid the Favourite*, and that your Maje-
"ſty fears what may follow. Nay rather,
"*reply'd the King ſighing*, that ſhe has not diſ-
"cover'd it: and if ſhe were not ignorant of
"it, without doubt I ſhould be leſs miſerable.
"This *Enigma* is more and more embroyl'd,
"*ſaid* Zarcan: but if your Majeſty, had not
"too much loved *Miriam*, ſo that you might
"come to love *Almahide*, not knowing more
"what to ſay, I ſhould ſay you loved her.
"You ſay true *Zarcan*, you ſay true, *anſwer'd the*
"*King*, it is that which the memory of *Miriam*
"has not had power to hinder, and that which
"I had not power my ſelf to hinder. What, Sir,
"*purſued the Favourite*, does your Majeſty
"love *Almahide*? Yes, I do love her, *return'd*
"*the Prince*, and in ſuch a manner, that I never
"loved any thing ſo much. This thing is
"without doubt ſurpriſing, *added the ingenious*
"*Moor*, but after all, *ſaid he ſmiling*, never Lo-
"ver had leſs to complain of than your Ma-
"jeſty, and never had more conveniency in his
"Love, than you have in yours; for your
"Miſtreſs paſſes for your Wife, and dwells in
"the ſame place with you; and it is in your
"power to entertain her privately, as much as
"it ſhall pleaſe you, without any bodies find-
"ing fault with it; and if your Majeſty had
"an hundred Rivals, you would not be
"troubled with one, and none ever heard
"tell of ſo great a conveniency. Ah! *Zar-*
"*can*, *ſaid the King*, to think me happy, you
"muſt not remember, that your ſelf has in-
"fallibly aſſured me, that *Almahide* loves ſome
"body, and that you have diſcovered this
"hidden Paſſion. Pardon me, Sir, I do re-
"member it, *anſwer'd this accompliſh'd Fa-*
"*vourite*, and I confeſs that this is a conſider-
"able obſtacle. But after all, what hurt can a
"Rival do you, who dares not diſcover himſelf,
"and whom you might ſoon deſtroy, if he
ſhould

"ſhould have temerity to do it. O God! "*cry'd the King*, I cannot doubt of his bold- "neſs, after that which he hath done at the "Carrouſel: For undoubtedly it is he whom "we have ſeen under the name of *Maſſiniſſa*, "it is he that hath ſhow'd us his Flame by "that of *Mount Ætna*, and it is he who truly "loves *Almahide*, in feigning to love *Sopho-* "*nisbe*. That which your Majeſty ſays, *re-* "*turn'd* Zarcan, is not (without doubt) with- "out appearance: but he is but little the more "happy, nor ſhe but a little the more fortu- "nate. In fine, *purſued he*, when the Illuſtri- "ous Daughter of *Morayzel* gave a Teſtimony "of her deſpiſing Royalty, and that ſhe would "not approve it, as ſhe had never been but a "Subject, ſhe knew not what it was to be a "Queen: and without doubt it is not difficult "to deſpiſe that, which one knows not. But "now ſhe has try'd the ſweetneſs of a Throne, "there is no fear that ſhe will deſcend, ſo long "as your Majeſty ſhall permit her to continue: "and the quality of Sultanneſs is too grand, "and too glorious for to be quitted willingly. "Ah *Zarcan! replyed the King*, thou deceiveſt "thy ſelf, or thou flattereſt me: thou knoweſt "that at the death of the unhappy *Miriam*, the "cruel *Almahide* made her laſt efforts to have "quitted the Scepter, to have left the *Alam-* "*bre*, and to have been no longer Sultanneſs, "ſo that it was not without difficulty, that "the perſwaſions of the Princeſs *Morayma*, "thoſe of Mahomet, and of your ſelf, could "prevail with her to quit her obſtinacy: and "hardly all my Prayers could make her pli- "able: And it was not but by the promiſe "which I made her, that this conſtraint ſhould "not continue long: and you did ſee that ſhe "ſpoke of a Crown, as of a burthen that was "inſupportable. It is true, Sir, *replyed* Zarcan, "but it was ſo little a time, that ſhe had wore "the Crown, that ſhe had hardly leiſure to "have conſider'd its Splendor. It is not the "ſame thing now, ſhe has not had ſo little "time to wear the Royal Robe, but that ſhe "has had time to think of its Magnificence, "and to perceive how ſhe is adorned. Beſides "your Majeſty knows that then they made "her play but the part of a feigned Queen, "but when they ſhall aſſure her of a true "Greatneſs, it will make without doubt a "conſiderable difference, and give her other "Sentiments, and make her to act after an "other Faſhion. But ſuppoſe, Sir, that her "Love is ſtronger than her Ambition, will it be "more ſtrong than her Glory? Will ſhe be- "come the mock of all *Europe* for nothing? "For in fine, ſo long as your Majeſty ſhall not "confeſs the diſguiſe of this Marriage, ſhe ſhall "not be able to prove it: and the vanity of "*Semahis*, which is not leſs than your Paſſion, "will ſecond you, for ſhe will never conſent, "that her Daughter ſhall ceaſe to be a Queen. "I conclude from all this, Sir, that your Ma- "jeſty need not fear, but may hope all things: "and that this Melancholly is ill grounded, "whatever this inviſible Rival may be. But "*Zarcan, anſwer'd the King*, what way will "you adviſe to take, to diſcover my Love, "and to make her yield to my deſire? As the "Intereſt of your State, *anſwer'd the witty* "*Favourite*, asks you to continue ſtill your no- "ble divertiſements, which has engaged the "whole Court, the Intereſt of your Paſſion "asks the ſame thing. For indeed, Love is "born amidſt pleaſures; and he who can "pleaſe may be beloved. Be you neat, be "Magnifick, be Liberal, be Civil, be Com- "placent; and after you have ſhown your "gallantry, then you may ſhew your Love. "Whatever the ſucceſs of your Counſel ſhall "be, *return'd the King*, I ſhall reſolve to fol- "low it. But *Zarcan, added he*, finiſh what "you have begun, and forget not, any more "than I ſhall, to endeavour to diſcover this "dangerous Unknown; for it imports me "much to know it. That your Majeſty may "repoſe your ſelf in my Care, *returned the* "*nimble Favourite*, I do aſſure you this Invi- "ſible one ſhall be very well hid, if I do not "diſcover him; and if I unmask not this "*Maſſiniſſa*. At theſe words the King went out of his Cabinet, and whilſt *Zarcan* went to acquit himſelf of his promiſe, the amorous Prince employed all his care to prepare Di- vertiſements, which he intended to give the Sultanneſs. But whilſt this paſs'd in the *Alambre*, *Mahardin*, that Valiant *Moor*, whom the fair Slave had vanquiſh'd, being cur'd of his Wounds, went to ſee *Mohavide*, being the chief of the Faction of the *Zegrees*, who was as deſperate as he, for what he had received from the ſame hand, and no leſs deſirous to revenge himſelf. The Ghoſt of the *Alfaqui*, who was empail'd for their ſakes, before the principal *Moſque* or Temple did inſtantly wan- der about him, at leaſt repreſented it ſelf wounded continually before his Imagination, and his Soul ſuffer'd the ſame puniſhment, that the body of this *Mahumatan* Prieſt had done. "And what, brave *Mahardin! (ſaid he, ſaluting* "*him with more fury than civility*) ſhall it be ſaid "that your blood and mine hath been ſhed by "a hand ſo unworthy of that Glory, and that "our reſentments ſhall be quiet? Shall we en- "dure the Inſolent *Abencerrages* to triumph "over the unfortunate *Zegrees*, and that the "blood of the Kings of *Cordava* ſhould be "poured out by a vile Slave, without our "endeavouring to puniſh it? Wherefore "ſhould we be any longer in the Realm of "*Granada?* When that in the Capital City "of the Kingdom, and before the Eyes of the "People, the Audaciouſneſs of our Enemies "has had ſo favourable Succeſs, and we ſo "ſhameful an Adventure? To what point "will the pride of this ſuperb Faction arrive, "after they have impudently put us into the "hands of their Captives, and placed us un- "der them for our defeat, maugre the baſe- "neſs of their Condition, and the infamy of "their Chains? Hence forward, what party "ſhall we be able to make in the State, if the "People ſee us endure without revenge Out-

"rages

"rages of this Nature. And what credit ſhall "we have with them? and what may they "expect from our feeble Protection, when "we have not the Power ſo much as to de- "fend our ſelves? and far enough from help- "ing them, when we have the Cowardiſe, as "to ſuffer our ſelves to be oppreſſed by our "Adverſaries. Beſides, the King whom we "have ſo well ſerv'd, in the deſign of u- "ſurping the Crown of his Father, after "having obtained it, he thinks no more of "our ſervices, but viſibly declares himſelf a- "gainſt us; and though that his Inclination "ſeem'd always to incline towards the *Zegrees*; "he has ſhew'd himſelf ſo feeble, as to let him- "ſelf be carried away with the Flatteries of "the *Abencerrages*, and to abandon us for "them. And alſo do we not ſee *Mahomet*, "one of the chief of that inſolent Houſe, not "only the Husband of the Princeſs *Morayma* "his Siſter, but lodg'd in the Caſtle of the "*Alambre*, but wholly made his Confident, "and very much in his favour? What ſhall I "ſay more, O generous *Mahardin!* do not we "ſee the Daughter of *Morayzel* made Sultan- "neſs? who is the chief of the Family of the "*Almorades*, the moſt Zealous Partiſans of "the *Abencerrages*. What ſhall we expect "at Court ſo long as ſhe holds there the Rank "of a Princeſs, taken from among our Ene- "mies, and brought up with an eternal hatred "againſt our Houſe? And who will not em- "ploy her credit but to hurt us; and if ſhe "can find an occaſion to deſtroy us. Indeed, "there is no more for us to do, but to paſs "the Seas, and that we go to hide our ſhame "among the Deſarts, and moſt recluſe places "of *Africa*, or to die in *Europe*; for it will "not be poſſible to live here after ſo much "Confuſion. But you know not yet, (*return- "ed* Mahardin) all our Shame, nor all the "glory of our Enemies, nor all the abandon- "ment of the King: and all that you have "ſaid, comes not near the ingratitude which "that Prince hath done againſt us. Ah! *Ma- "hardin*, *cry'd out* Mohavide, what is it I hear? "and is that poſſible that you tell me? You "ſhall be Judge of it, *anſwer'd he*, for you "have not heard what I now come from hear- "ing, that the King at the intreaty of *Moray- "zel* and *Semahis*, and to oblige the Sultan- "neſs, hath cauſed that inſolent Slave *Leonce* "to lodge in the Palace, that he may be there "more ſecure. Judge if this adventure is not "a ſhame to us, and if the King has not de- "clar'd himſelf againſt us? He has declared "himſelf againſt us in effect, *return'd* Moha- "vide *with a bitter ſmile*, but for the ſhame "that you ſpeak of, I ſee not but that it lights "on *Morayzel* in this buſineſs: for in that he "hath ſought Protection, he believes himſelf "feeble, and in that he has demanded a Sanctua- "ry for a Captive, he believes him not ſecure at "his Houſe, and in that he has took him from "his own Palace, and remitted him to the "*Alambre*; ſurely he fears us, and this fear "cauſes my joy, and is far from giving me the "grief it does you. Theſe two *Moors* were thus ſtirring up one another, when there en- tred the Appartment of *Mohavide*, a great Troop of the *Zegrees*, of the *Gomeles*, of the *Macas*, and of the *Vanegues*, full of Choler and Fury, for the news which they heard, of the retreat which the King gave to the No- ble Infranchiſed. "We ought no longer to "conſider, *cry'd out* Muſtapha *in entring*, but "we muſt periſh or revenge our ſelves, we "muſt periſh or deſtroy our Enemies: and if "we delay it, it will not be in our power to "do it, and our ruine will be certain. The "King takes a Party againſt us, *added* Maho- "met, and all that amity which heretofore "he ſhewed us, was but for his own Intereſt; "he was far enough from regarding us, it was "himſelf only. Indeed, *purſued* Abomelique, "he has ſhewn he little regards us, when he "expoſes us to the ſcorn of our Enemies; and "inſtead of being at leaſt Neuter, he declares "in their Favour, and makes them triumph "over us, by the unjuſt Protection he has gi- "ven to one of their Slaves, after the Outrages "we have received, and the fortunate teme- "rity of that inſolent Captive, who was ſmil'd "on by Fortune. For my part, *ſaid* Mahardin, "I know well that I will never enter the "*Alambre* while he is there. Ah! that will "be a new ſubject to the Vanity of the *A- "bencerrages*, *returned* Abilbar: The marks of "our ſhame, and of our grief, is an advan- "tage to them, and doubles their joy: And "this feeble proceeding, will give us a ſecond "Defeat, and them a ſecond Victory, which "will cover us with Confuſion and Infamy, "and them with Splendor and Glory. No, "no, *added* Mahardin *full of Fury*, we muſt "not act after that manner, we muſt enter the "*Alambre* but we muſt enter in ſuch numbers, "and ſo well Arm'd, that we may not doubt "the deſtruction of that inſolent Libertine, "were he in the Cabinet of the Sultanneſs, or "in the Arms of the King. This Counſel is "generous, *ſaid* Abinacis, but the Execution "is not ſo eaſie: For beſides that the *Alambre* "is not without Guards, the *Abencerrages*, "ſhall no ſooner hear of our march, but they "will be with us; and ſince they are not leſs "ſtrong than we, the Event will be uncertain; "and ſo to deſtroy one vile Slave, we ſhall "expoſe a thouſand Perſons of Quality. But "this Hazard muſt come firſt or laſt, *replyed* "Menavin, it has been a long time that this "difference has laſted; and if I may be believed, "it is the Cimeter that muſt decide it. But it "will not be very prudently done, *returned* "Abenhamet, to endeavour to deſtroy the "Realm, in thinking to deſtroy a Captive, "and the ruine of the *Abencerrages* will not "be any great good, if that of the *Zegrees* "muſt accompany it. If we muſt all periſh for "our revenge, *cry'd the furious* Tarfe, and if "for our regenge we muſt deſtroy the King, "the Realm, and our ſelves; let all periſh, and "let us periſh, ſo that we periſh glorioufly. "Blind Choler is but a bad guide, *returned*

" Abencarras; that we must revenge our selves " I agree, but let us do it wisely: For when " we are interred with our Enemies, it is some " manner of Consolation, but nothing of " Glory. It will be much less to suffer this " grand Affront, *answer'd* Albinhamet, and if " Reason should Counsel me to endure it, I " should reject so cowardly a Counsel. Te- " merity, *returned* Alibarax, is less profitable " than fore-sight. But excessive fore-sight, " *returned* Cid-Mahay, is infinitely more " shameful than excessive Temerity. I con- " fess it, *added* Emir Facardin, but agreed " revenge, which assures us of the Event by " the Conduct of the Enterprise, leaves less to " Fortune than to Virtue, and exposes us less " to shame. He who deliberates too much, " does nothing, *then answer'd* Alyhamet, who " too much regards the Precipice, shall never " pass to the other side, though he sees there " ready the Glory, and a Crown; and the " Braves and Philosophers ought not to act e- " qually alike. But Philosophers, and Gal- " lants are Men, *reply'd the Sage* Argutafe, and " it is Reason that makes them so. But *re-* " *turn'd the furious* Mohavide, according to " our Religion, every thing is order'd by " Destiny, and we believe that nothing can " change its order; and our Prophet assures " us, that all that happens to us, ought to " happen to us; all these reasonings are then " unprofitable, and nothing happens but what " should happen: therefore let us revenge " our selves, and leave the rest to Fate. Yes " let us revenge our selves, *added the irritated* " Mahardin, and though we should all perish, " let us revenge our selves. He had hardly pronounc'd these words, when they beheld the Prince *Audalla* to enter the *Travers*, but with so much Fury in his Eyes, that they might easily know by his Face the Emotion which was in his Soul: " And what invincible *Ze-* " *grees*, generous *Gomelles*, Valiant *Macais*, " Couragious *Vanegues*, Brave Partisans of a " good Cause (*said he looking upon them all*) " will you suffer this grand outrage without " any resentment? and shall *Europe* be seen " to blush for shame, or grow pale for fear, " that *Affrica* would have done more Illustri- " ously? Shall then the Successors of so many " Kings suffer the impudent offence of a " Slave? and the Sons of the Conquerours of " *Granada*, shall they suffer such ill treatment " by a Captive? shall they suffer wounds, and " endure to be vanquish'd by so unworthy a " hand, without punishment, and without " revenge? O *Zegrees!* O my dear and un- " happy Friends! what is become of all that " pretended Favour, which heretofore you " thought you received from *Boaudilin*? for " I cannot call him King who is a Tyrant, " who forces his Father and me to yield to " him the Crown. He hath tyed himself to " the Allies of the *Abencerrages*, he lodges the " *Abencerrages* in the *Alambre*; and to add " to his offences, he Protects, he gives a Re- " treat, he gives Sanctuary to a vile Slave, a " Spaniard, a Christian, and one that has " done us outrages, wounded us, and van- " quish'd us; and not only a Slave, but a " Slave of our Enemies, which is the utmost " outrage, the utmost shame, the utmost in- " famy, and the utmost grief. Are you re- " solved to endure long an oppression so insup- " portable? That Bravery which resisted for " so many Ages the insolency of the *Abencer-* " *rages*, are those Arms become dejected? do " you hold them for vanquish'd? and do you " quit the Field and Battel to your victorious " Enemies? O *Zegrees!* O *Maca*'s! O *Gomeles!* " O *Vanegues*, will not you then awaken that " Valour which is asleep? will you suffer your " selves to see it dye, and not to call to life " again that ancient, and generous Animosity, " which was always so strong an Opposition " to the boldness of your Enemies? I come " to offer you my Sword against them: and " the Son of your Lawful King, comes to tye " himself to your Fortune, whatsoever your " Destiny shall be. Ah! Seignior! *cry'd out* " Mohavide, your Royal Highness obliges us " too much, and I disavow all the *Zegrees*, if " they answer not to so high Generosity, by " Actions worthy of it. Let us consider no " more, *added the fierce* Mahardin, let us re- " store the King *Muly-Hazen* to the Throne, " or perish all. *Muly-Hazen*, *return'd* Audalla, " he thinks no more of being a King, and " without doubt he will not be one again: " He is too near his Tomb, to dream of a " Throne, and the feebleness of his Age would " not permit that employ if he would. But " though *Muly-Hazen* is not able, *returned* " Mohavide, the Prince *Audalla* is able. In- " deed, *return'd* Mahardin, your advice is " better than mine: and I most willingly quit " my opinion, any yield to yours. Who will " not follow it, *said* Mustapha, who knows " so extraordinary a merit? That will pass " as one voyce without doubt, *said* Mahomet, " and he must not know his Royal Highness, " who will not give his hand to so just a " thing. I hold my resolution, *added* Abo- " melique, but we have something more to " do than to dream of the Execution. There " is no more to do, *pursued* Mahardin, than to " assemble all our Friends, and to decide this " business by Arms. It is my opinion, *said* " Abilbar, and first or last the *Zegrees*, and the " *Abencerrages* will decide their differences by " that way. Let's go altogether, *added* Ma- " hardin, let us pull down the Tyrant, and " the Tyranny, let us defeat the Enemies of " the Prince *Audalla*, as we defeat our Ene- " mies. I have no less mind to it than you, " *pursued* Abinacis, but let us not enterprise " that but what is possible: For it is not to be " done, if the People do not declare for us " against the *Abencerrages*. The People, *said* " Menavin, always follow the Victorious Par- " ty; and if we can render ours so, they will " follow us. If they will not follow us by " fair means, *cry'd* Tarse, they shall be made " to follow by force, or we will exterminate

"nate them with the *Abencerrages*. It is more "easie to say it, than to do it, *returned* Aben- "carras; and if we are not more valiant "than our Ancestors, we shall not extermi- "nate a Faction, which are become equal with "us in spite of all our resistance. There is "nothing in Nature which shall not have an "end, *answer'd* Albinhamet, and that Glory "which our Fathers could not obtain, is re- "served for us. I wish it, *said* Alybarrax, "but all our desires are not heard by Fortune. "I confess it, *return'd* Cid-Mahay, but if she "does not, they merit not the less, and that "doth suffice the Generous. But Wise men "*added* Emir Facardin, act as if they would "make their own Destiny, and enterprise no- "thing but what they ponder before hand. "They who ponder of every thing, execute "nothing, as I have said already, *added* Aly- "hamet, and Valour is an impetuous Virtue, "which Commences by the Execution, and "knows how to overcome, whilst others "deliberate of the Combat. But let us re- "member we ought not to hazard any thing "by defect, *returned the Sage* Argutase, and "whosoever goes without knowing whither "he goes, and unless he understands what he "is about to undertake, he will not easily ar- "rive at his purpose. But that we may not "deceive our selves in a business of this Im- "portance (*pursued he*) and that we may "have a Colour which may delude the People, "and make our Interests meet with those of "the State, and with that of Religion: it is "my advice that our Cabals be secretly kept "for seven or eight days with the *Muphti*, "among the *Alfaqui's*, the *Cadilesquers*, the "*Calanders*, the *Dervises*, and all the other "Religious *Moors*, and among the People; and "that after, all the Priests who shall side "with our Faction, shall go to demand of the "King that the Slave *Leonce* be exil'd, after "they have represented to him, that neither "our Religion, nor the Maximes of State "will permit that a Christian should be at Li- "berty in *Granada*. But as the Prince has "promised the Sultaness, whom he loves, to "protect him, he will not abandon him, for "all that we can say, so that he will give us a "specious pretext to raise the People, and to "arrive at our ends. This Opinion certainly "is the best then, *said* Audalla, and if I may "be credited, we will follow it. That of "your Royal Highness, *answer'd* Mohavide, "ought to be a Rule to all others, and I am "sure all the world will submit to it. Let "us all give our hands, *cry'd they out*, and let "us pray *Alla*, and our great Prophet, that "they will bless our Enterprise, and make it "succeed well.

At these words they separated themselves: and Prince *Audalla* returned to the Castle of the *Albayzin*, and all the rest went to make their Cabals among their Friends, and a- mong the People. But the Ordinary Hour of meeting being come, all the Ladies and Men of Quality went to wait on the Queen, thi- ther went the Princess *Morayma*, the fair *Gali- ana*, the Charming *Lindaraxa*, the Amiable *Fatima*, the Fierce *Cadiga*, the Gallant *Aldo- radine*, the Noble *Darache*, the Witty *Zayde*, the Pleasing *Axa*, the Sprightly *Zelime*, the Gay *Alicola*, the Melancholick *Zelindore*, the Judicious *Zambrine*, and all the Ladies of e- minency of the Court. On the other side, there was not wanting also the Prince *Moussa*, *Mahomet*, *Abindarrays*, *Zelebin*, *Abdalla*, *A- mat*, *Abenamin*, *Zays*, *Orthogule*, *Alamin*, *A- benarax*, *Orcame*, *Almoraby*, and a great many others, whose Names were not less famous, and whose Merits were not less extraordina- ry. But for all those who had been at the Carrousel, they approach'd not their Mistresses, without some Confusion, nor without having some dread of the shame. It was the adven- ture of the Statues which caused their fear, and their affliction: and as they have been overcome in the Triumph, their Grief took its turn to Triumph over the vanquish'd. But it is true, that this grief was not equal in them all: For the Cavalier did resent it more or less, according to the fierceness or sweetness of his Lady, and according to her sweetness or sharpness he measured his fear, and his hope. But among these illustrious unhappy ones, *Amat* did most of all complain; for as he well knew the Imperious humour of *Cadiga*; he easily fore-saw with what coun- tenance he should be received. "I know not (*said then the Prince* Moussa *to* Zelime, *saluting* "*her very civily*) if you shall be good enough "as not to confound the unhappy with the "culpable; and if you will be so equitable, as "to distinguish my Faults from those of For- "tune. I have so great a part in your dis- "grace, (*sadly answered* Zelime) that it is not "in my power to give you Comfort, having "my self so much need of Consolation. But "I imagine I shall do very well, if instead of "complaining of you my Lord, as many "others, had they been in my place, would "have done: I do not grudge at my evil "Destiny, which certainly shall be never the "worse. For my part, *said* Zelebin, I have "much more confidence in the goodness of "the fair *Galiana*; and as I hold it greater "than my unhappiness, so will I expect more "of Consolation, than of Reproaches. You "have reason to speak after this manner, *re- "ply'd this charming person*, for my soul is so "sensible of Compassion, and has so little of "that vanity, of ill treating the innocent, "that I should pardon even Criminals, that "should attempt against my Life. O God! "*cry'd out the valiant* Amat, such a goodness "is rare, and they that meet with it are happy "in their misfortune! you are not then with- "out yours, *reply'd* Cadiga *fiercely*, for I assure "you, that you shall not at all find it in me; "and when you shall have promoted me to a "Throne, I shall not have forgot, that you "have made me wait on a Chariot. That is "not my fear, *added the Gallant* Abenamin, "for I have better Thoughts of the Equity of

" *Lindaraxa*. Anſwer you then for that in-
" juſtice, *anſwer'd ſhe*, for it is certain that if
" ſhe hates you not, ſhe is at leaſt perſwaded
" that ſhe ought to hate you. Rigour and
" Clemency, *return'd* Abdala, are ſo different,
" and the ſweetneſs of the one receives ſuch a
" Luſtre from the Cruelty of the other, that I
" doubt not at all of which party the fair *Fa-*
" *time* will be at this time: nor of the treat-
" ment which I ſhall receive. There is no-
" thing more deceiving than conjectures,
" *reply'd ſhe very tartly*, and without doubt
" you believe me to be without an Heart, after
" you have believed me without Anger. As
" for me, *ſaid the brave* Zays, I have more of
" Hope than of Dread: And I think I ſee
" ſomething in the Eyes of the Divine *Zayde*,
" which is not of any evil preſage. Your
" prediction, *anſwer'd ſhe very obligingly*, is
" more certain than the conjectures of *Abdala*,
" and I accuſe more my misfortune than your
" addreſs. Look you, there's an Example to
" be imitated, *ſaid* Alamin *to* Darache; and
" you, that I will never imitate, *anſwer'd ſhe*
" *fiercely*, and that which I think is not to be
" imitated. For my part, *ſaid the valiant*
" *Abindarrays*, I think I have well puniſhed
" my ſelf for my fault, by the diſpleaſure of
" having committed it, which takes not a-
" way from the revenge of the Adorable
" *Aldoradine*, nor from the goodneſs which
" ſhe is able to ſhew. Your firſt courſes gave
" you ſo much Glory (*anſwered very obliging-*
" *ly that charming Perſon*) and they ought to
" comfort you and me alſo, that the Event of
" the laſt was not altogether with that Glory
" as the other: For indeed, ſeeing all thoſe
" which you have vanquiſhed, and no more
" ſeeing him who vanquiſh'd you; you are
" in a manner Victorious, and I am in a man-
" ner Triumphant. I have ſo many com-
" panions of my diſgrace, *ſaid then* Orcame,
" that the general Misfortune gives me a par-
" ticular Conſolation: For when all the
" World is vanquiſh'd, it is no ſhame to be
" ſo. You do well to comfort your ſelf, *re-*
" *turned ſharply* Alicola; for that you ſtrive to
" be ſo well aſſured, I ſhall not comfort you
" at all. Alas! *return'd* Oathogule, I ſee not
" ſo much Anger in the Eyes of the fair *Axa*;
" but that I may behold as much grief, and
" in ſuch ſort, that I am very little leſs mi-
" ſerable. Alas! *added that amiable Perſon*,
" is ſhame and joy to be placed together?
" Doth not the firſt belong to the Conquered,
" as the other to the Conquerours? Yes?
" but Misfortunes ought not to be imputed to
" thoſe who ſuffer them: nor your Com-
" plaints defended, *reply'd* Zelindore, by thoſe
" whom you made to ſuffer. Ah! I ſhall
" comfort my ſelf but little for my bad addreſs,
" *cry'd out ſadly* Almoraby. Nor me not
" more, *reply'd* Zambrine, and as I have par-
" taken of the ſhame, I ſhall partake of the
" diſpleaſure. The more you have of good-
" neſs, *then ſaid the Prince* Mouſſa *to the fair*
" Zelime, the more I ought to have of Con-
" fuſion, for in not inſulting over the afflicted,
" you merit the honour, which the diſgrace
" of our bad addreſs has deprived you of.
" The praiſe you give me, my Lord, *return'd*
" Zelime, belongs rather much more to the
" ſage *Galiana*, than to me: and I am not e-
" nough prudent, nor enough inſenſible to
" merit it. That which you ſay, *added* Zelebin,
" obliges me to redouble my thanks to that
" adorable Perſon, who has ſo generouſly
" pardon'd me: and which has cover'd her
" with more Glory, than I had raviſh'd from
" her. *Galiana*, *anſwer'd ſhe*, would be more
" unjuſt than Fortune, if ſhe ſhould treat you
" otherwiſe; and it ſuffices her to be unhap-
" py, without rendring her ſelf worthy to be
" ſo by ſo unreaſonable a ſentiment. I will
" not do the ſame for the fair *Lindaraxa*, *ſaid*
" *then* Abenamin, for the fierceneſs of her
" look has taught me too well that one muſt
" be happy to pleaſe her. Indeed, *anſwer'd ſhe*,
" I ſhould have but an ill reliſh, and ſhould
" little diſcern what was juſt, if I knew not
" how to make a difference of thoſe two
" things, which ſo little reſemble one another
" as Glory and Shame; and if I ſhould not
" treat them differently. O then Slaves are
" happy, *ſaid* Zays *in looking on* Zayde, when
" their Chains are light, and when their Ma-
" ſters are not cruel. But their Maſters are
" happy themſelves, *reply'd that gallant Perſon*,
" when the faults of their Slaves are but light,
" and when their Slaves merit not chaſtiſe-
" ment! O the felicity of ſuch Captives is
" rare! *cry'd out the ſad* Abdala. O! but
" ſuch Captives who ſerve well are not Com-
" mon, *return'd* Fatime, and there are but
" few found, who are careful of the Glory of
" their Maſters. But that of my Miſtreſs,
" *ſaid the diſconſolate* Amat, is more dear to
" me than my life, and I would loſe the one
" to ſave the other. But yet you live, *anſwer'd*
" *fiercely* Cadiga, and you are yet ſtanding,
" though you have ſeen my Statue fall. The
" goodneſs of *Axa*, *return'd* Orthogule, Me-
" rits that I erect one to her Honour, for
" that which ſhe has ſo wiſely ſuffer'd, in that
" of the Adventures of hers. Alas! *cry'd*
" *ſhe*, if Affliction and Wiſdom are not the
" ſame thing, we may let the Sculptures reſt:
" For I will not hide from you that I am very
" much afflicted. I ſhall not be inconſolable,
" ſaid *Alamin*, if the fair *Derache* be not ſad: but
" I ſee ſo much Anger in thoſe Eyes, that they
" cauſe deſpair in my Heart. Act then like a
" deſperate man, *reply'd ſhe*, and die alſo as
" well, as you have run ill: for others were
" vanquiſh'd but by one, but you were van-
" quiſh'd by all, ſo ill-favour'd were your
" courſes, or to name them better, ridiculous.
" For my part, *ſaid* Abindarrays *very gallantly*,
" I will not make uſe of Poiſons, nor of Poy-
" niards, but I ſhall endeavour to make the
" Sword more fortunate than the Lance: and
" after being vanquiſh'd in a feigned Combat,
" to be Conqueror in a true Combat, if the
" intereſt of my Lady will engage her Cavalier.

" There

"There is no hope of Victory, *answer'd the* "*charming* Aldoradine, for such vanquish'd "as you; not if I shall put into your head "the remembrance of the invisible Enemie's "gaining the Ring; and that it was he only "that hinder'd you from gaining it. O the "fortunate vanquish'd! *cry'd the valiant* Or-"came: O unfortunate vanquish'd, who "cannot be so comforted! O unfortunate "Lady! *said* Alicola, of whom the Cavalier "has need of Consolation, and who has so "reduc'd him, that he cannot comfort him-"self. But who shall answer for Fortune? "*demanded the said* Abenarax. Love, *answer'd* "Zelindore: For he finds nothing impossible, "to be able to do all things, is but to love. "I have then carryed the Ring, *said* Almo-"raby, for there is no doubt that I love. Or "rather that you love not, *reply'd* Zambrine, "for that you have not carried it. Ah! in "good earnest, *return'd* Galiana, ye have all "of you too much rigour. Or rather you "only too much indulgence, *answer'd* Linda-"raxa. Indeed, *added* Fatime, crimes of this "Nature cannot be punish'd enough. No, "*added* Cadiga, Anger, Reproach, Disdain, "nor forgetfulness it self cannot enough re-"venge me; and all the blood of the injust "*Amat* can never pay me for my Statue. "For my part, *said* Zayde *smiling*, if mine "were made by the hand of the most famous "Sculptor of all *Greece*, I should afford it "much cheaper: and I should think it cost "too much, if it should cost one drop of the "Blood of *Zays*. You are too thrifty, *reply'd* "*sharply* Darache; and I confess I should not "be so. The Blood of a Gentleman, *said* "Aldoradine, merits to be better managed, "and Valour is surely a thing to be conserved. "But Glory, *returned* Axa, is not also a thing "to be neglected. No, no, *fiercely added* "Alicola, and he who expose it, merits hatred "as much as he who never lov'd. He merits "no less, *reply'd* Zelindore, the affliction "which he gives, and more the Anger, than "the unhappiness. Inconsiderately said, *added* "Zelime, and flatter not a fault, one cannot "disguise. It is an evil, *pursued* Zambrine, "that without having a part of the Fault, "we partake of the chastisement. O too "happy *Zelebin! cry'd he*, what owest thou "not to *Galiana?* O too unfortunate *Abena-*"*min! added the other*, what suffer'st thou "not from *Lindaraxa*? Ah! unhappy *Abda-*"*la, said he*, for the excessive rigour of *Fatime*. "What is the cruelty of *Cadiga? pursued* "Amat. And how much does the fierceness of "*Darache* make me endure! *said* Alamin. "What vows do not I owe to the goodness "of *Zayde? cry'd* Zais. What may not be "spoken against the inhumanity of *Axa?* "*pursued* Orthogule. Who can endure the "fierceness of *Alicola? said* Orcame. And "what heart can suffer the Reproaches of "*Zelindore? added then* Abenarax. Who can "be able to resist, *said Prince* Mousa, the "complaints of the unjust *Zelime?* Who will "not despair. *pursued* Almoraby, hearing what "*Zambrine* said? Who would not dye with "pleasure, *concluded* Abindarrays, hearing "what the charming *Aldoradine* said but now? "So then, *pursued* Galiana *smiling*, the begin-"ning, the middle, and the end were equal: "and whilst all other complain of love, *Zelebin*, "*Zays* and *Abindarrays* praise it. That is to "say, *added the last*, whilst all these fair Per-"sons are too inhumane, *Aldoradine*, *Zayde*, "and *Galiana* have only Justice and Good-"ness: and so that these three most happy "Lovers, of which we speak are obliged on-"ly to have more Love than all the rest toge-"ther. At this word of Love, many more persons of Quality approached; and *Maho-*"*met* taking the word: "You entertain your "selves, *said he laughing*, with that which "the whole World think they know, and "yet with that they know nothing of. Indeed, "*returned* Abindarrays, the Flowing and "Ebbing of the Sea, is not more hard to be "found out, than this Passion: Its cause, and "its produce, are the Rocks which Reason "hath much look'd after: and have been the "search of the most Curious, and have em-"ployed all the subtilty of the mind; yet after "all, they have spoke of it, as blind men of "Colours; and have not been able to find "out a better Definition than that, which as-"sures us that——— *LOVE is I know not* "*what, which comes from I know not whence,* "*and which ends I know not how.* It seems, "notwithstanding to me (*answer'd* Galiana) "that I have sometime heard, that Love "comes from the knowledge of Good and "Fair, and that these qualities being infinite-"ly amiable, causes a necessity of loving "them infinitely, by the infallible report, "which is found between the causes and their "effects. But some others have believed, "*added* Zelebin, that all Love, which is for "an other person, is not but what one has for "himself; but some a little more near, others "more wide. Ah! if it be so, *said* Cadiga, one "has reason to esteem all Lovers to be Fools: "For if they be so little amiable, that they "cannot well make others love them, I can-"not see how they can love themselves: and "if it be true, that the Love one has for ano-"ther, is but Love to ones self, never passion "was more ill grounded than theirs, and ne-"ver was cause less reasonable. It is easie to "see, *said then* Abenamin, that this Maxime is "not well founded it self: For that one often "expose his own Life for the Object be-"loved, and not regard at all ones self in re-"garding that; and that one doth de-"stroy ones self for her, and to con-"serve her Glory, which is not to love ones "self, but is to love another: and I shall say "no more, it is to love another more than "ones self. But who knows, *reply'd* Fatime, "if there be not more of Vanity, than of Love "in these Actions of bravery, which you "speak of? If they love not more their Re-"putation than their Mistress? and if after

this

" this manner it be not true, as they have af-
" firmed, that one loves not but ones ſelf, then
" when one loves another. He muſt be much
" touch'd, *returned the Prince* Mouſſa, with
" the Glory which Epitaphs give, if one ſhall
" deſtroy ones ſelf for ſo ſmall a thing; and I
" think that ſuch *Narciſſuſes* are not common.
" But all you brave men, *anſwer'd* Aldora-
" dine, expoſe your ſelves to the danger of
" War for Reputation, which is but a Chi-
" mera, which ſhews that you love it as you
" do your Miſtreſſes: after this manner I have
" not more appearance to believe, that be it in
" War, be it in Love, one conſiders ones ſelf
" more than others, or that one conſiders but
" himſelf only. Inſenſibly, *ſaid* Zays, we are
" paſs'd from Lovers to Warriours, and from
" Love to War: but therefore to reduce mat-
" ters to the point, let us endeavour to diſco-
" ver what belongs to Love, after what faſhion
" it is born, after what manner it increaſes,
" how it laſts, how it wears away; and at
" laſt after what way it hath an intire end:
" For the Definition of things is that
" which makes them known. But, *ſaid* A-
" bindarrays, I have heard it divided into
" three Species, into Natural, into Senſual,
" and into Divine. The firſt is an Inclination:
" The ſecond is a Paſſion, and a furious Paſſi-
" on: And the third is a deſire of Goodneſs,
" Beauty and Virtue; therefore it is neceſſary
" to know that, which we are talking of, be-
" fore we ſpeak any more of a diſcourſe of
" this Importance. Ah! for this ſecond,
" *ſaid* Lindaraxa *ſmiling*, I ſhall have but lit-
" tle obligation to the Learned, that ſhall
" draw me out of my Ignorance. And I
" think, *added ſhe*, there is none of theſe La-
" dies, that will be willing you ſhould read
" them any Leſſons. And we as little intend,
" *Added the gallant* Abenamin, to diſcourſe
" the grave Reaſonings of that other which
" they call Divine: That Moral Love is too
" Sage and Philoſophick for ſuch as we: And
" that which is fit for *Averroës*, and for *Avi-*
" *cen*, may not be fit for me, that am not al-
" together ſo Learned, and who am a little
" more gallant. It reſts then, *returned* Zelin-
" dore, that you ſpeak of that univerſal Love,
" in which the Court is more knowing than
" the College; and leave that which is ſtupid,
" and that which is Philoſophick, and enter-
" tain us with that Love of Inclination,
" which ſo many honeſt perſons reſent, and
" that, as we ſay, is ſo little known. Love
" then, *ſaid* Abenarax, is an inward Paſſion
" of the Soul, is more tender than all Paſſion,
" and always more ſtrong. I think it is the
" moſt feeble, *returned* Zambrine; for that it
" is never ſeen without Fear, which is the
" certain Mark of it. Indeed, *added* Othor-
" gule, that which the fair *Zabrine* ſaid
" is eaſily remark'd in all who Love: For if
" a Lover is not of a good ſhape, he fears
" that his Miſtreſs ſhould love another, who
" ſhould be better made than he: if he is
" poor, he fears that one more Rich ſhould
" carry her by his Liberality; if he has a good
" Carriage, he then fears the Lightneſs, and
" love of Novelties, of which our ſex is ac-
" cuſed: if he be Rich, he fears the wit of
" his Rival; and if he be of great wit himſelf,
" he imagines, he fore-ſees, and every thing
" makes him jealous, every thing makes him
" fear; he not only fears every thing that is,
" but alſo every thing that may be; and after
" this manner it is not to be doubted, but
" that Fear no more than Hope, ever abandons
" the Lover; and that it is an infallible mark
" of Love. I confeſs it, *ſaid* Alamin, but that
" is not the only way, by which this noble
" Paſſion makes it ſelf known; there are a
" thouſand ways beſides, by which this hid
" Fire ſhines forth: and as it is not eaſie to
" hide Fire, it is not leſs eaſie to hide Love.
" But if one would know, if any one has true
" Love or no, let it be remark'd, if he eſteems
" any other thing, than that which he loves:
" For true Love conſiders nothing but the
" Object only: and if without that, he poſſeſs'd
" all the Riches of the Earth, he would, not-
" withſtanding think himſelf poor: He de-
" ſpiſes for that Object, all Perils, Travels,
" and Death it ſelf: Yes, only to ſpeak with it,
" yes, only but to ſee it, and thinks himſelf e-
" ven happy in periſhing for it. Let us then
" conclude, that this Paſſion is not leſs ſtrong
" than tender; and that fearing all, and
" daring all, it is not difficult to know that
" Boldneſs and Fear are true Characters of
" Love. But then, *reply'd* Zelebin, ſince it is
" by the effects that the Cauſes are known,
" how is it that this noble Paſſion diſtin-
" guiſhes it ſelf from others? That's very
" eaſily known, *anſwer'd* Abenamin; for firſt
" every Lover is Liberal even to Prodigality,
" and he is never capable of Avarice. Indeed,
" *ſaid* Galiana, after having given his Heart,
" he has no more left him to diſpoſe of; and
" he who ſhall give his Blood and his Life,
" will never mind ſparing his Goods. More-
" over, *added* Zelebin, Love makes the Per-
" ſon beloved, appear infinitely amiable: and
" that nothing ever can be ſeen ſo perfect, as
" may be preferred to the thing beloved. If it
" is ſo then they have very bad eyes, *return'd*
" Lindaraxa, and that Paſſion of which you
" ſpeak makes rather blind men than Lovers.
" Not ſo, *reply'd* Abdala, and however amo-
" rous the man be, and that Love gives him
" his Scarf; yet if he hath Wit, he will know
" the juſt proportion of the Lineaments which
" makes Beauty; he will remark very well
" that ſuch a Lady has a ſmaller mouth than
" his Miſtreſs, that another has Eyes more
" ſweet and large, that this has more fair Teeth,
" that ſhe has Hair of a more delightful co-
" lour, that another has a Noſe better made,
" that another is more advantagiouſly Tall,
" and that another has a Countenance more
" lively and more bright, the Neck better pro-
" portioned, the Arms more fair, the Hands
" more white: but for all that his Miſtreſs
" ſhall carry it away, by much from all thoſe

" fine

"fine things; and they will be to him but as "ſo many Statues, which may give Admira- "tion, and not Love: and yielding that they "are very amiable, yet we ſhall not ſee them "love at all. That makes us ſee, *ſaid* Fatime, "that Love comes aſſuredly from an higher "ground; and that we ſhould not ſearch for "the cauſe in Beauty, but that we ſhould find "it in the power of the Stars, or in the force "of Sympathy; and that it is rather by an "occult Virtue that one loves, than by the "charms that one knows. This Aſtrologick "Love pleaſes me not at all, *reply'd* Cadiga, "and without flying among the Stars, I be- "lieve the Cauſe will rather be found in the "accord of the Humours, in the ſweetneſs of "the Converſation, in the complacency of the "Lover; or if you will, in the acquaintance "of the Lady. Whatever it be, *purſued the* "*Prince* Mouſſa, an other mark of Love is "then, that it abaſes the great ones, and lifts "up the ſmall ones; it makes Shepherdeſſes to "be beloved of Kings, and gives the boldneſs "to Shepherds to dare to lift up their Eyes e- "ven to Queens: For it is ſuch a Paſſion which "equals all, and which impudently confounds "the Cabbins and the Palaces, the Scepters "and the Crooks. Theſe Prodigies are but "rare, *anſwer'd* Zelime, and I find them not "proper for us to make them Examples: and "if Love hath not juſtified it ſelf but by that, "never was thing ſo feebly proved. That is "ſeen much better, *ſaid* Abindarrays, by the "reſpect of the Lover, by his endeavour to "pleaſe, in being neat, in being gallant, and "by his Verſes, which he makes in the praiſe "of his Miſtreſs. We muſt not notwithſtand- "ing always truſt Poets, *ſaid* Aldoradine *ſmil-* "*ing*, for Fiction is the principal part of their "Art; and after all their Elegies, Stanzaes, "Sonnets and Odes, it is found however, that "they have little Love, and that theſe kind "of people are but the Gallants of the Muſes. "Ah! Amiable and Malicious perſon, *anſwer'd* "Abindarrays *likewiſe ſmiling*, I have no part "in that which you ſay: For I have loved "ſo many other Ladies, beſides the Muſes, that "your Satyr reaches me not. And you ſhould "add, *returned ſhe*, that you will henceforward "love ſo many more, that the like Satyr may "not reach you. What is paſt, is not always "a Rule for what's to come, *reply'd he*. It "makes us at leaſt fore-ſee it, *return'd ſhe*, and "it is prudence to prepare for it. We are "loſt by your diſpute, *ſaid* Zelebin, therefore "let us return to our Subject, which is rich "enough of it ſelf, and wants no embeliſh- "ment by your digreſſion. I demand then, "to continue it, *ſaid* Amat, if that Beauty be "the true Object of Love, from whence comes "it, that one loves not all he ſees fair? And "why all men love not the ſame perſon? You "abound without doubt in Judgement, *an-* "*ſwer'd* Cadiga *ſharply*, for that you fail "in Memory: and you remember not that "the queſtion you made hath been already "diſcourſed: and that after having ſearch'd "the Cauſe of theſe different Loves among "the Stars; it was found in the Conformity "of the Humours, and in the Agreement of the "Inclinations. But it is not that which I de- "mand, *reply'd the ſad* Amat, and I would "know whence it is, that ſome love the Brown, "whilſt others love the Fair; wherefore theſe "adore the Pale, and others the Ruddie; alſo "ſome Eſteem only the Large, and others "again only Idolize the Small: and indeed "from whence comes all the other differences "in the Guſt of Loving? For I confeſs I do "not at all comprehend it. It comes with- "out doubt, *reply'd the witty* Alamin, from "every ones framing to himſelf a different "*Idea* of Beauty; and for that every one "follows the Phantaſm he thinks amiable, and "which ſatisfies his Imagination prepoſſeſs'd "with the Inclination ſpoken of. But if this "Love come only from the reſemblance, *ſaid* "*then* Darache, it ſhould happen that Brown "Men ſhould never love Flaxen Hair'd Wo- "men, and that fair Ladies ſhould never have "any affection for Lovers that are not ve- "ry beautiful, nor Women of ſmall Stature "for tall Men. Notwithſtanding every bo- "dy ſees well enough that things are not ſo; "and that theſe Defects are not always the "Obſtacles of Love. O fair *Darache*, *ſaid* "Zays, the Conformity ſpoken of is not in "Body, but in the Mind; and the Reſem- "blance which gives Birth to that Paſſion, is "rather in the Soul than in the Viſage. It "ought then to happen, *returned* Zayde, that "Perſons of Wit ought never to love Fools, "and that the fooliſh never ſhould have any "Inclination for thoſe who have Wit; and "yet we ſee it is not always ſo: For very ma- "ny Examples, both of the one and the other "prove the contrary: Therefore I believe, "that after all our reſearch, however general "and particular it hath been, we ſhall be re- "duced again to occult Cauſes, and that Love "will be but as little known as the Load- "ſtone. It is my Opinion, *ſaid* Orthogule, "that ſome only regard the Beauty of the "Body, and that others do conſider only the "Beauty of the Soul. But is it not rather, "*ſaid the fair* Axa, that as in Muſick, the "Harmony reſults from ſometimes the diffe- "rent ſounds, and ſometimes from the agree- "able; it is ſo altogether in Love, that the "Conformity of Inclinations, or the Diverſity "of Humours, equally produces that Union "of the Will, which Lovers find more ſweet "than in Muſick, and which as much pleaſes "their Hearts, as the other charms their Ears? "O Divine *Axa*, *anſwer'd* Orcame, your "Thought is altogether Delicate, but the "Cauſes are but little more viſible than the "effect of the Cromatick, which, as much a "fault as it is, paſſes for a perfection. I think, "*reply'd* Alicola, it is not leſs eaſie to imagine "from whence it is that perſons, who having "known one another a long time, without "loving one another; they come afterwards "to love one another infinitely? Indeed,

reply'd

"*reply'd* Abenarax, from whence ſhould come "this ſtrange change? ſhould we ſearch for "it in the Lover, in the Miſtreſs, or in "them both? Were they ignorant of their "perfections, or happen'd it through their "defects? did they all that while deceive "themſelves, or did they then at that time de-"ceive themſelves? wherefore did they not do "always, what they did then? or why did they "then, what they did not do before? It muſt "of neceſſity be, *anſwer'd* Zelindore, that time "has diſcover'd to them ſome excellent qua-"lity in the Object that they lov'd, which "they had not at all before perceived. Ah! "not at all, *return'd* Almoraby; they ſaw all "thoſe things, as they ſaw them before; the "Eyes of the one were not more changed, than "the Merit of the other; and I fore-ſee that "in the end we muſt return to that fantaſtical "occult Power, by which the Ignorance of "Men ſaves it ſelf, then when their knowledge "grows lame, and that there is an end of all "their feeble reaſonings. Indeed, *ſaid* Zam-"brine, what way ſhall we be able to imagine "the Cauſe of Infidelity? and what ſhameful "Extravagancy is that, which makes one to "pull down the Altar, where one had ſo much "adored, which makes one think that foul, "which one had thought ſo fair, which makes "one deſpiſe that which one had reſpected ſo "much, and which makes one at laſt forget "the ſole Object of our Memory, the ſole "Pleaſure of our Heart, and of our Eyes; "the only Entertainment of our Wit, and the "only buſineſs of our Soul? For my part, *ſaid* "*Zelebin*, I am perſwaded, that as one Fire "may be enkindled by another Fire; ſo the "Inconſtancy of the Lady may be the Cauſe "of that of the Lover. A thouſand Exam-"ples to the contrary, *returned* Galiana, prove "clearly that your opinion is ill grounded, "and that the Lightneſs of Men have not "whereon to excuſe it ſelf. And moreover, "*added ſhe*, as it is certain, that there are in-"conſtant Women, ſo there are inconſtant "Men; if one will ſearch the defect, even to "the ſource, they will be both found equally "in fault: and the cauſe of the change of the "ſhe Lover will not be leſs eaſie to be found, "than the cauſe of the change of the he Lover. "Is it not, *ſaid* Abenamin, that one ſees too "much, that one comes to love too little? "that cuſtom leſſning the pleaſure of Love, it "leſſens alſo all its force: and that that which "continually ſtruck the Eyes, did but little "touch the Heart? It is much rather, *reply'd* "Lindaraxa, an effect of that natural Light-"neſs, of which both Sexes reciprocally re-"proach one the other: For as one is never "weary of ſeeing the Sun, though one ſees it "every day: ſo a true Lover is never wearied "with the preſence of his Miſtreſs, but pre-"fers her luſtre to that of that great Star. It "is then, *purſued* Abdala, that as the feeble "give place to the ſtrong, a mean Merit is "conſtrained to yield to a Merit extraordina-"ry. Not ſo *returned* Fatime, for we ſee eve-"ry day changes for the worſe, they quit the "Fair for the Ugly, and the Gallant for the Sot. "All this which you ſay, *purſued the Prince* "Mouſſa, is not ſo inconceivable, as the "ſtrange effects of Jealouſie, which by a Witch-"craft without Devils, makes one ſee that, "which one does not ſee, and makes one "believe that which is not, and makes one "hate that which one loves. Notwithſtand-"ing, *added* Zelime, that terrible Paſſion, if it "be well conſider'd, is a greater mark of "Love: for one may be Civil, Reſpectful, "Gallant and Liberal without being in Love: "but one cannot have Jealouſie without Love, "no not then when it ſhews it ſelf like Hate. "So, *ſaid* Abindarrays, we tumble from one "Abyſs into another: and which way ſoever "we look on this Paſſion, we find it every way "inconceiveable. But it hinders us not to "ſee, though we believe that, *reply'd* Aldora-"dine *ſmiling*, with what Riches theſe Lovers "make up their Treaſury: a Knot of Ribon, "two or three Notes, or that which is yet leſs "in effect, and leſs ſolid; a Word, a Look, "a Thought, which one imagines, or which "one thinks they imagine; all this fills them "with Joy, obliges them to kiſs their Chains, "to vant of their good Fortune, and to be-"lieve themſelves altogether happy. O but "theſe Hypochondraicks in Love are rare! "*cry'd* Cadiga; and theſe Baubles touch few "of them, who appear ſo much touched? But "ſure you have known little your ſelf, *return'd* "Amat, either of Love, or of Lovers, that "you yet ignore that all is great, that nothing "is ſmall, which comes from the perſon be-"loved: That this noble Paſſion Metamor-"phoſes all things; and that the moſt vile "are made precious, then when they are re-"ceived from a hand one priſeth. But we "have not yet diſcourſed, *ſaid then* Darache, "of the Perſons who are proper to Love. Ex-"cept, *anſwered* Alamin, Infants, Old men, "and Blind men; there are no men who are "not capable of this Univerſal Paſſion; and "the Blind men, and theſe Old men are not "always exempt from it. The Kings and "the Shepherds, the Great men and the Vul-"gar, the Wits and the Sots, the Cowards "and the Valiant, the Fools and the Wiſe-"men, *Europeans* and *Africans*: and indeed, "all are equally capable of Love: and that "is yet one of the many rare Marvels of this "noble Paſſion, that by an occult Power, "maugre all theſe contrary qualities, and op-"poſite Temperaments, it produceth the ſame "effects, in the Heart of the Eagles, and of "the Doves; of the Tygres, and of the Sheep. "But I would fain know, *ſaid* Zays *then*, "if when a Lady is altogether inſenſible, it "be not permitted to quit her? and if after "having eſſayed every thing to bend her, and "to change her mind, it may not be lawful "for this unhappy Lover, at leaſt to for-"get her? and if he ought not to diſingage "himſelf of this unprofitable ſervitude? "I hold what you demand to be nothing

"doubtful

"doubtful, *answer'd* Zayde, constancy would "be shameful on this occasion, and would "show more of Feebleness, than of Fidelity; "and the Lover would be as insensible of a-"buse, as the Lady of Love. I am not at "all of your mind, *returned* Orthogule: and "I hold the contrary, that he is of a great "Heart that will not be beaten off; however "difficult and great the Encounter may be, "which makes him aspire to the Glory of o-"vercoming; and that knowing there are "certain happy Moments, in which one may "obtain every thing, that he trys, that he at-"tends, and that he hopes always. But that "is at least, *return'd* Axa, to be always unfor-"tunate: and I do not think it would be the "business of a Wiseman to expose himself to a "certain misfortune, for a Hope which is so "little. I confess, *reply'd* Orcame, that Pa-"tience is not for a Wiseman, but yet it is for "a Lover: And if Love and Wisdom are in-"compatibles, it will not be strange that Lo-"vers act otherwise than Wisemen, if you "will not yield Wisemen to be more unreason-"able than Lovers. Knowing at least, *re-*"*turn'd* Alicola, if then that the Lady is not "insensible but for one; whether this ill treat-"ment ought not to cause him to despise her "despitings, and to break the Chain which "he shall be no longer able to carry without "infamy. Not at all, *returned* Abenarax, "and to oppose my Sentiment to yours, I hold "that seeing a double Advantage to Con-"quer at once his Mistress and his Rival, it "would be as much to his Glory, as to his "Love, to yield not to the one, nor to the "other; and to try by his Merit, by his Care, "and by his Constancy, to endeavour to sur-"mount them altogether. I am of that opi-"nion, *said* Zelindore, but I think a Lover "ought not to do so, when the Lady, whom "he loves, is unfaithful; and when her light-"ness obliges him to abandon her, without "having given her any cause. He merits "that disgrace, *said* Almoraby, if he shall "suffer with patience so cowardly; and such "a Lover will be without Courage, if he be "without Resentment. Let it be so, *reply'd* "Zambrine, it is by his constancy only, that his "Courage should appear: and the more the "Ladies inconstancy merits to be blamed, the "more doth the Lovers Fidelity deserve to "be praised. Indeed, (*reply'd* Mahomet *who had* "*been long silent*) one ought not to imitate that "which one thinks not to be imitable: the "Example of Evil, neither authorizeth, nor "excuseth; and the more infidelity makes us "have horror for another, the less should "we endeavour to suffer it in ones self. Add "to that, *said* Zelebin, that the first change "gives hope to the second: and if that the Lady "may repent her self, the Lover ought to at-"tend her Repentance. Ah! for my part *re-*"*turn'd* Galiana, I would not have a heart "which should return, the Example pass'd "would make me fear too much for that "to come; and when one has committed "one great crime, I am perswaded one may "commit a hundred. It does not always "happen so, *said* Abenamin, and they who "sometimes have weakness, have not always "a will absolutely determined to Evil. It is "however more easie, *return'd* Lindaraxa, to "conserve ones innocency, than to recover it: "and I confess that such Repenters should ve-"ry hardly obtain their Pardon of me. Clemen-"cy notwithstanding is a Virtue, *answer'd* "Abdala. And Justice also, *added* Cadiga: "but in these rancounters severity is more "sure than sweetness, and more honourable. "But we must not however, *returned* Fatime, "pass from Justice to Cruelty. Great Cha-"stisements are for great Crimes, *reply'd* Ca-"diga: and great Examples of Riger are "sometimes as necessary in Love, as in State. "Whilst we are speaking of Punishments, "*then said* Zelime, I would willingly know "of what punishment that indiscreet Lover "were worthy, who should discover that "which he was obliged to hide: and who "publishes through vanity, the Innocent Fa-"vours which he receives from his Mistress? "There is nothing he deserves not, *answer'd* "*the Prince* Mousta, and to punish him ac-"cording to his Fault; he ought never to re-"ceive any such Favours. It seems to me "nevertheless, *said* Abindarrays, that such a "kind of Indiscretion is a mark of Esteem: "For one does not brag of that thing which "he believes not glorious: and that so, a "Chastisement but light shall suffice for a fault "that obliges in disobliging. Ah! *return'd* "Aldoradine *interrupting them*, *Abindarrays* "has always Wit, but not always Reason; and "without doubt in this Rancounter he is a "Sophister in Love, who shows us more of "Subtilty, than of Justice; and more of Ad-"dress, than of Truth. I believe, *said* Amat, "that all the world will be of that Opinion: "therefore holding that for resolv'd, I de-"mand how Insensible Lovers ought to be "treated, which nothing can oblige, and "which also nothing can repulse? whom "good turns touch nothing, and whom de-"nials leave tranquil; who in all their Graces, "and all their Affronts conserve equally their "happy repose, or to name it better, their "Lethargie. They ought to be treated *an-*"*swer'd* Cadiga, as Statues of Brass or of "Marble, fitter for the Cabinet of their Mi-"stresses, than to possess any part of their "Hearts. But the Antipodes to these, *then* "*said* Alamin, are they much more agreeable? "as I will call those of the sad Figure, which "speak nothing but complaints, who sigh "more than they speak, whose Praises are "Complaints, or Reproaches, who of all sorts "of Verse, know none but Elegie; and who "always chaunt in the Plaintive tone, and have "no other name to give their Mistresses, than "that of Cruel, Inexorable, Insensible and "Barbarous, which are the fairest Flowers of "their Rhetorick. As their Crime makes "their Chastisements, *reply'd* Darache, and

"that they puniſh themſelves in the Com-
"mitment; I hold them more worthy of
"Pity, than of Anger: and I ſhould rather or-
"der them Remedies than Puniſhments. In-
"deed, *ſaid* Zays, they are the Maladies of Me-
"lancholicks, whoſe Heads are more wound-
"ed than their Heart; who when they ſeem
"ſo dark, follow rather their Temper, than
"that they flee Joy; and who alſo are as lit-
"tle to be pitied, as they are to be blamed:
"For their Bitterneſs is to them Sweet, and
"love even as much their Grief, as their Mi-
"ſtreſs, and their Sickneſs as their Cure. For
"my part, *return'd* Zayde, I ſhould rather
"love theſe languiſhing ones, than thoſe jovi-
"al ones, whom all things pleaſe, and whom
"nothing angers: and whoſe eternal laugh-
"ter ſhews them to have more of folly than
"than of Love. Theſe laſt ſeem to me how-
"ever the more ſupportable, *added the fair*
"Axa, than thoſe ſerious Lovers, who are
"always as grave as Magiſtrates; who act
"with their Miſtreſſes, as with their Kings;
"and who handle the buſineſs of Love, as a
"buſineſs of State, and render gallantry alſo
"as ſerious as the Politicks, and which pleaſe
"me leſs than thoſe vapouring ones you ſpeak
"of. But would you love better, *reply'd* Or-
"thogule, thoſe furious Lovers, whoſe Flame
"comes more from their Gall, than from their
"Paſſion, who have more of Choler than of
"Love? and who are much more knowing
"in Injuries than in Elegies? Ah! as for
"them, *anſwer'd ſhe*, inſtead of rendering
"their Chains more light, I ſhould cauſe
"them to be made more heavy: and inſtead
"of giving them Bracelets, I ſhould beſtow
"on them Manacles and Fetters, ſuch as they
"give to furious and mad men. But, *ſaid*
"Orcame, after having ſpoken of Lovers, let
"us ſpeak of Love. It is not yet time, *re-*
"*turn'd* Alicola; and I think that there are
"yet ſome kinds that have not been thought
"on. It is certain, *ſaid* Abenarax, there is
"of thoſe negligent Lovers, who never ſeem
"to think of their Miſtreſſes but when they
"ſee them; who loſe all occaſions to ſerve
"them, or to pleaſe them; who ſeek them
"not, nor in the Preſence, or at the Ball, nor
"at the Play, nor at the Court; and who
"know not only the name of all thoſe little
"officious Cares, which ſo much pleaſe fair
"perſons; and which makes ſuch progreſs in
"their minds. Theſe ſort of people, *reply'd*
"Zelindore, are of thoſe judicious Conque-
"rors, who know not how to conſerve their
"Conqueſts. Or rather, *added* Mahomet, of
"thoſe ill Captains who never made any
"Conqueſt. It then follows, *returned* Al-
"moraby, that by the Rule of Contraries, the
"redoubtable Conquerous ſhould be thoſe ex-
"act and diligent Lovers, who neglect no-
"thing, who think of every thing, and who
"have no other thought than that to pleaſe
"and to ſerve. It is not to be doubted, *ſaid*
"Zambrine, but notwithſtanding that there
"ſhould be a mean in that as in all other
"things, for otherways, the more ſedulous
"they ſhall be, the more important they will
"become: And theſe troubleſome viſitants,
"which a Lady ſees eternally after her, as
"her ſhadow, diſpleaſe in ſeeking too much
"to pleaſe, and make themſelves hated, whilſt
"they would enforce Love. There are thoſe
"ſo ill dreſs'd, *ſaid* Zelebin, that one would
"ſay, they endeavour'd rather for ſcorn than
"for eſteem. Ah! for ſuch, *ſaid* Galiana,
"theſe are thoſe diſguiſed Lovers, which have
"not been call'd to mind: For the true Cha-
"racter of them, that Love is Magnificency
"and neatneſs. Indeed, *purſued* Abenamin,
"if the Lover is Rich, it is by his Luſtre, and
"by his Pomp, that he would pleaſe; and if
"he be poor, his neatneſs does no leſs ſet him
"off inſtead of Gold and Embroidery, and in
"that he will expreſs his addreſs, when he is
"not able to delineate it in the richneſs of his
"Habit. But ſay we nothing of thoſe ſpecu-
"lative and ſilent Lovers, who ſpeak not any
"more than Mutes or Statues, or who ſpeak
"at moſt but with their Eyes. I aſſure you
"*return'd* Abdala, that theſe Voluntary Mutes
"would ſeem to me, if I were a Lady, leſs
"troubleſome than thoſe eternal Talkers, who
"leave nothing unſpoken; who ſpeak and
"anſwer, and who heap up praiſes without
"knowing the Art to praiſe well. It is true,
"*reply'd* Fatime, as we generally ſay, that Wo-
"men, who are born with Eloquence, and
"who have a very great facility of ſpeaking,
"they love not that one ſhould talk always:
"but after all, Incenſe never diſpleaſes thoſe
"Goddeſſes to whom one offers; and when
"they have not excellent Perfumes, *added ſhe*
"*ſmiling*, they content themſelves with ſmal-
"ler Perfumes. I think, *ſaid Prince* Mouſſa,
"they ſhould not ſo eaſily ſuffer thoſe Braga-
"docia's, who inſtead of praiſing them, praiſe
"themſelves; and who ſeem by their trou-
"bleſome Panegyricks, that they love them-
"ſelves more than their Miſtreſſes, and that
"they regard themſelves more than them.
"This proceeding is ſo very little honeſt, *ad-*
"*ded* Zelime, and I think ſo little gallant,
"that I ſhall blame them more than I ſhall
"praiſe them: and without doubt thoſe
"things ought to be made more fine, and
"more delicate to pleaſe a Lady, that is not
"ſtupid. I would fain know, *ſaid* Abendar-
"rays, which will be moſt pleaſing to a La-
"dy, the hardy, or fearful Lover, and which
"will moſt eaſily ſucceed? I think it is not
"to be doubted, *anſwer'd* Aldoradine, for as
"Reſpect pleaſes much more than Temerity,
"the Lady would have a very ill guſt, and
"be very fantaſtical, if ſhe ſhould prefer ſo
"great a Defect, to ſo great a Perfection. I
"hold not ſo however, *ſaid* Cadiga, and it is
"not indeed to be doubted, as you ſay; for it
"is the Bold that muſt be Conquerors: and
"that place will have a great mind to be ſur-
"render'd, and to become prize, if a fearful
"aſſaulter ſhall carry it. Theſe bold ones are
"not nevertheleſs always happy, *anſwerd* A-
"mat

"mat, nor the Prudent always unfortunate; nor "is the boldneſs of the firſt always Crown'd "to the prejudice of the modeſty of the o- "thers. However, *reply'd* Alamin, Love fa- "vours the hardy, as well as Fortune; and "he that ſhall abandon himſelf either to one "or the other, ſhall obtain but little, either "of Mirtle or of Laurel. If he obtains it "not, he merits to obtain it, *return'd* Darache, "and Virtue eaſily comforts her ſelf for a diſ- "grace, when ſhe knows ſhe deſerves it not. "For my part, *ſaid* Zayde, I ſhould not have "greater Joy than to ſtop the progreſs of theſe "bold Adventures, who dare at all, who pro- "miſe themſelves all things, who doubt no- "thing; and who think every thing eaſie for "them; and who with the Inſolency of their "Hope put me into Choler, who ſhall never "obtain of me any thing but ſcorn, in ſpite of "all their boldneſs. Let us conclude, *then* "*added* Zays, that if a bold Lover goes more "ſwiftly, the fearful Lover goes much more "ſecure; and though he be ſlow in being Vi- "ctorious, he merits not the leſs glory. But "what ſhall we ſay, *returned* Orthogule, of "the equal humour of thoſe Lovers, which "nothing can irritate, who ſuffer all things "patiently, without being moved, and whom "nothing can afflict in Exceſs? Shall we not "prefer them to thoſe capricious Lovers, "who make one ſuffer all their violences, who "change more often their Humour than their "Clothes; and with whom it happens that "one has not leſs than two or three ſcuffles "every day? Ah! for my part, *cry'd* Cadiga, "theſe laſt like me not, far be it from me to "be obliged to ſuffer the Caprices of others, I "had rather have them ſuffer mine. As for "my part, *reply'd* Axa, I confeſs that I think "to the contrary: and that the Torrents that "ruſh along, give me more pleaſure than Ri- "vers which ſlide ſo ſmoothly. Indeed, the "one lulls me aſleep, and the noiſe of the o- "ther keeps me pleaſantly awake. In a word, "it is of theſe fine humous, as of handſome "Caſcades, and theſe agreeable Fantaſticks "are not at all diſpleaſing to me. I am much "deceived, *ſaid* Orcame, if you have any "great Sect of your Opinion; and if very "many of the Ladies follow you. I ſhall not "be of the number, *returned* Alicola; and if "I ſhould have theſe humorous Lovers, I "ſhould aſſure them, they ſhould not have a "Miſtreſs equal to their humour. They ſhall "not be the more miſerable, *reply'd* Axa, for "if Love comes from Reſemblance, the Capri- "cious men ſhall be always aſſured not be to ill "receiv'd by the Capricious Ladies; and "judging of them by themſelves, their Com- "portments ſhall not make them afraid, nor "hinder them from interrupting all to their "advantage. Theſe ſort of extravagant Lo- "vers, *ſaid* Abenarax, deſerve not long "to be thought on, and the Liberal are "are worthy to be conſider'd. Indeed, "*purſued he*, Liberality is properly the Virtue "of thoſe that love; and covetous Lovers "are thoſe Monſters in Love, which one ſhall "but rarely ſee; and this noble Inclination is "always lov'd of thoſe who would make "themſelves belov'd. It is nevertheleſs a "quality unprofitable enough, *return'd* Zelin- "dore, to a Lady of Virtue: and it is in vain "for a prodigal Lover to think to give her "all, when ſhe ought to take nothing. That "hinders not, *ſaid* Almoraby, this generous "Inclination to be able to Act: When a man "of a great Soul, and of a truly liberal Heart, "ſhall have love ingenious enough, to find "out Inventions, to ſhew it, without the La- "dies concerning her ſelf with it. The Run- "ing at the Ring, Comedies, Turnaments, "Bull-fightings, Balls, Masks, Plays, Collati- "ons, the Magnificence of Clothes and At- "tendence; all this, I ſay, ſuffices to Illu- "ſtrate that generous profuſion which is de- "manded of Love. And farther, however "ſcrupulous the Virtue of the Lady may be, "yet a lover of Spirit, and who is gallant, "will know how to make certain preſents, "which the moſt prudent ſhall not be able to "refuſe with good manners; that is to ſay, "perfumed Gloves, ſweet Perfumes, Eſſences, "Paſtils, Pomes, Fans, and an hundred others "the like Trifles: After this manner he may "be prodigal of Amber, and of all thoſe o- "ther things; and often renewing this pro- "digality, he may find the Art of beſtowing "a great deal, in appearing to give little, and "to be Liberal, without the Ladies being "covetous. For my part, *ſaid* Zambrine, "I am more nice in the matter of Preſents, "than in all others; yet that ſhall not hinder, "but that I confeſs that the moſt baſe incli- "nations that a man of Quality can have, and "the moſt unworthy of his Birth, moſt cer- "tainly is Avarice. Indeed, *return'd* Maho- "met, there is nothing more oppoſite to an "honeſt man, than that lowneſs of Soul: and "if all theſe fair perſons be of my mind, an "avaricious Lover ſhall be always the Butt, "and the ſcorn of all others, if yet it be poſ- "ſible that Avarice and Love may be ſeen to- "gether in one Heart. Nevertheleſs theſe "are not the only inſupportable Lovers, re- "*turn'd* Zelebin, and I think, that you will "be inclined to grant it, theſe which I ſhall "name you, thoſe incivil and clowniſh ones, "who have not any thing of politeneſs, who "live among the Ladies, as they live with "their equals; and who have nothing of "Sweetneſs, nor of Complaiſancy, nor of "Gallantry, nor of Civility. As a Wit Po- "lite and Civil, *added* Galiana, is one of the "eſſential Qualities of a Lover, he who has "none of it, cannot be able to ſay it of himſelf, "is a ſhameful Prodigie of that Noble Paſ- "ſion: and if his Miſtreſs be not alſo more "clowniſh than he, he will have no buſineſs "to Chaunt Hymns of his Victories: and "the Hiſtory of his Conqueſts will be of a leſs "Volume, than any Book in all the Libra- "ries of the World, without excepting the "*Almanachs*. Thoſe ſtupid Ignorants, *ſaid*

" *then* Abenamin, who know not any thing, " and who glory to have known nothing, " ought to march after theſe laſt: And I be- " lieve there is no perſon that will diſpute " their place. Ah! their converſation is " burthenſome, *ſaid* Lindaraxa, and it is hard " that they ſhould be troubleſome. For the " few which that converſation raiſes up, " they are quickly vaniſhed from your ſight, " they will not underſtand you any more, " and one may ſay, that one blaſt of wind " tranſlates them into a ſtrange Land, where " they know not the Language, and where " they are no leſs than Mutes. Every thing " is new to them, every thing ſurpriſes them, " the moſt fertil ſubject is to them barrenneſs, " and from whom one may draw a certain " gibberiſh, which through the cuſtom of the " World they underſtand; Fiſhes would be " better company than they, and as good an " entertainment. It is not, *added* Abdala, " abſolutely neceſſary for an honeſt man, to " be very profoundly knowing: but if he " knows not at leaſt a little of all things, and " if he has not a ſuperficial underſtanding of " all thoſe fine knowledges, he will often " have the diſpleaſure to bluſh before his Mi- " ſtreſs; for it may happen that one may have " a very great natural Wit, which may be a- " ble to hide that defect, and yet be more in " addreſs, than in the underſtanding. That is " an adventure, *ſaid* Fatime, to which *Abin- " darrays* will never be expoſed: and his in- " duſtry has adjuſted ſo many rare things by " the natural light of his Wit, that one may " ſay, that Art worthily ſeconds Nature in his " perſon, and he hath by far gone farther " himſelf, than ſhe could have gone without " him. Ah! amiable *Fatime*, *anſwer'd that " illuſtrious Granadine*, I expected not my " Panegyrick from ſo fair a mouth, and it had " been much better for me to have praiſed " you, than to have received your praiſes: " for I am not altogether ſo ſtupid, nor altoge- " ther ſo ignorant, but that I have ſo much " knowledge left, that I may ſay, I know no- " thing. Leave your Elogiums, and your " Complements, *ſaid then* Aldoradine, and " leave alſo your Humility, and your Mode- " ſty; for I think, we have not yet ſpoken of " all, nor yet come to the end of a Theme ſo " fertil. Indeed, *return'd the Prince of* Mouſſa, " we have not yet ſpoken of valiant Lovers, " nor of cowardly Lovers: though the one " merit not to be forgot; and the others are " worthy of as ſharp a Satyr, as their Fault is " ſhameful. The quality of valiant, *added* " Zelime, is ſo eſſentially neceſſary to a Lover, " that I think we need not ſpeak of it, for " we ſuppoſe one ought to have it. It is " certain, *reply'd* Amat, that Valour among " Perſons of Quality, ought to be inſeparable " with Love: for how ſhall they be able to " ſerve their Miſtreſs on occaſion, whoſe weak- " neſs will not let them to defend themſelves, " if ſet upon by their Enemy? and how ſhall " they have the force to repel the braggs of a " Rival, or to diſpute with him the Object " belov'd, if they have not Strength, nor Reſo- " lution, nor Heart, nor Honour, nor Cou- " rage? Ah! for my part, *reply'd* Cadiga " *fiercely*, if a Lover of that kind ſhould ever " fall to my Lot, he would have but an ill " time of it: and if I ſhould beſtow on him " any favours, they ſhould be rather a Look- " ing-Glaſs than a Sword, and a Diſtaff than " a Lance, as things proportionable to his ge- " neroſity. Certainly, *ſaid* Alamin, there is " no buſineſs for a Coward to make Love: " and Gallant and Valiant are two qualities " which always go together. We have not " yet thought on, *added* Darache, thoſe " twattling Lovers; which ſort are enough " remarkable, and alſo common enough. It " is becauſe, *reply'd* Zays, that they do not " deſerve to be counted among them; and " that they are too ridiculous, to have ſo good " a name, and to be mix'd among ſuch ho- " neſt perſons. Indeed, *then ſaid* Zayde, " thoſe who love all, yet love nothing: thoſe " Chimerical Lovers, who follow their own " Chimera's; and thoſe falſe Gallants, who " are the moſt buſie of all men, yet do no " more than they who do nothing. They " ſigh here, they complain there; they go a- " walking with one Lady, they make a viſit " to another; they write to this there, they " ſerenade that there; they languiſh with " one, they preſs themſelves upon another. " After this manner they mock all the Ladies, " and the Ladies mock them: and theſe Uni- " verſal Lovers become ridiculous to the whole " Court, which is the fruit of all their pains. " Truly, *return'd* Orthogule, that place will " be eaſily taken, if ſuch, as you ſpeak of, " ſhould carry it: For however little time " the reſiſtance ſhould laſt, it would weary " that ſort of Aſſailants: and having always " five or ſix enterpriſes at one time, ſo that " they muſt be in five or ſix places at once to " ſucceed. I think, *ſaid* Axa, that thoſe " whom I ſhall name, are of all other kind of " Lovers, the moſt difficult to be endured: " For I am perſwaded, that there is nothing " more inſupportable than thoſe fierce and " imperious Lovers, who command rather " than intreat, who look to be obey'd inſtead " of obeying; and who pretend to impoſe " Laws, much rather than to receive them. " Theſe Extravagants, *ſaid* Orcame, are not " only troubleſome Lovers, but they are al- " ways unfortunate Lovers: and unleſs they " ſhould make love to a Slave, they would be " ſure to be hated. That will be no hin- " derance to them, *anſwer'd* Alicola: for of a " Slave becoming a Miſtreſs, ſhe will be al- " ways a Miſtreſs, ſo ſoon as ſhe ſhall know " her ſelf to be ſo, ſhe will uſe her Sove- " raignty over his Rights. Her ſecond Qua- " lity will make her forget her firſt; and in- " ſtead of regarding her Chains, ſhe will only " ſee the Irons of him who loves her: and " though he be her Maſter, ſhe will treat him " as her Captive. So we may conclude, with

" that

"that fair perſon who maintain'd it before "me, that the moſt impertinent of all thoſe "who love, and the leaſt worthy to be be-"loved, are aſſuredly thoſe fierce Lovers, as ſhe "has painted to us with two daſhes of her "pencil. It then follows, *ſaid* Abenarax, that "by the Rule of Contraries, as was ſaid be-"fore, the moſt agreeable of all, are the ſub-"miſſive Lovers, who have no will, but that "of the perſons beloved, who renounce all "their own; and inviolably obſerve for Laws "the leaſt of their Sentiments, who are al-"ways reſpectful; and ſo far from making "themſelves be fear'd, that they ever fear to "anger. This thing is not to be doubted, *ſaid* "Zelindore, and Servitude and Humility "ought to be always inſeparable. For in "Love they muſt yield that they may over-"come; and our Sex naturally is ſo haughty, "that all who reſiſt them, and all who are "fierce diſpleaſe them. Indeed, *reply'd* Al-"moraby, that ſubmiſſion which ſeems ſo "feeble, is more ſtrong, than all the Machines "which Love employs againſt a Heart; It "inſinuates inſenſibly, it renders it ſelf Mi-"ſtreſs, without perceiving it, and a long time "after it is vanquiſh'd, it believes yet to be "Victorious. It is true, *purſued* Zambrine, "that the Heart of a Lady is not a place to be "carried, neither by ſtealth, nor by force: And "without doubt ſhe has nothing, but ſurpriſes "to fear, and their Intelligences to apprehend. "I confeſs, *ſaid* Mahomet, that theſe ſubmiſ-"ſive Lovers are dangerous ſpies, they diſco-"ver ſoon the ſtrength, and the weakneſs of a "place, and without being apperceived, they "are no ſooner within, but that they cry out, "The City is gained. It is juſt, *ſaid* Zelebin, "that we finiſh the Catalogue of Lovers, "with the moſt perfect of all, which are the "ſincere Lovers. Say we nothing of the "deceiving Lovers? *added* Galliana, notwith-"ſtanding there are as many of the one as of "the other. Theſe laſt, *anſwer'd* Abenamin, "are not worthy to be remembred; and they "ought to be baniſh'd the World, as well as "from our Memory. If that ſhould be, *ſaid* "Lindaraxa *laughing*, *Arabia* would not be "the only Deſart, and none ever ſaw ſo ma-"ny Exiles. You have too ill an opinion of "men, *reply'd* Abdala, and your Sex is more "accuſed than ours of the Crime in Queſtion. "Theſe Ladies will not yield to agree to what "you ſay, *return'd* Fatime. Nor theſe men "to what you ſay, *added the Prince* Mouſſa. "Who then ſhall be our Judge? *ſaid* Zelime, "and who can without Intereſt decide this "difference? Reaſon, *reply'd* Abindarrays. "But every one, *return'd* Aldoradine, will "give his Reaſon for his own way, and every "one will ſee things different. Let us leave "this Proceſs undetermined, *purſued* Amat, "For my part, *ſaid* Cadiga, who call that "Addreſs, which you name Deceit, I do not "blame that ſo much, as you condemn ſo "highly: and if the Lady is ſo ſimple to give "her ſelf the leiſure, and that ſhe believe ſo "eaſily, that which ſhe ſhould never believe, "I blame more the Deceived, than the De-"ceiver; and I condemn rather the Innocent "than the Criminal. It ſeems however to "me, *reply'd* Alamin, that Deceit is an Action "too baſe, and too Cowardly to be approved "of by a generous Perſon, whoſe heart is no-"ble: and that which you ſay, is without "doubt a meer Sport of your Wit, rather than "your true Sentiment. Whatever it be, "*added* Darache, it will be no Problem among "reaſonable Perſons, that ſincerity cannot pre-"vail more than Artifice; and that the true "Lover is not prefer'd to the cheating Lover; "and the effective Paſſion to the falſe Paſſion. "That happens rarely, *return'd* Zays, that the "moſt faithful Lover, be not alſo the moſt "happy: For beſides it is more eaſie to do "thoſe things, which one does with affection, "and to which ones Inclination carries one: "And it is certain, that after all thoſe Rules "and Precepts for Loving, which have been "left us; and after all their care about it, e-"ven to Philters and Charms, even to Em-"poiſoners and Magicians; ſee the moſt pu-"iſſant Taliſment, that all their Art was "able to invent: *Would you be loved? LOVE.* "Indeed, that innocent Magick hath more "of force than all the black Magick; and "the Natural carries it away from the Infer-"nal. And ſo ſince Innocency can do more "than Crime, and that its felicity is more "certain; it is neceſſarily to be concluded, that "the ſincere Lover is preferrable to the de-"ceitful Lover; if indeed the laſt ought to "bear the name of Lover. But after having "treated, *then ſaid* Zayde, of Love, of its "Cauſes, and of the diverſity of Lovers; "if we except the Taliſman of *Zays*, we have "not yet ſpoken of the way, which is to be "followed in making of Love: For as this "Road is difficult to be kept, it is very ne-"ceſſary to have a good guide. Let us ex-"amine then what thoſe things are, that we "may the more eaſily come by them. Some "they believe, *return'd* Orthogule, that Beau-"ty is the cauſe of Love: And an Ancient, "whom the Greeks name Divine, was of this "Opinion, aſſuring us that Love was nothing "but a deſire of Beauty. But do you believe, "*anſwer'd* Axa, that that is the only cauſe of "that Paſſion. No, *return'd he*, and I am "perſwaded that nobleneſs of Birth, Valour, "Addreſs, a good Meen, Wit, Riches, Vir-"tue, and divers other advantages as well as "that, may be able to cauſe the ſame effect. "As for me, *return'd* Orcame, I reſtrain all "theſe things to three; that is to ſay, to Beau-"ty, to Virtue, and to Eloquence. I doubt "not, *ſaid* Alicola, that the firſt gives not "Birth to Love: But for the ſecond, one may "ſee ſo many perſons, which have none of "it, who yet are nevertheleſs beloved; and "that there are yet ſo many of the others be-"loved, before they heard them ſpeak; that "we may well conclude, it is not the good-"neſs of Manners, nor the Beauty of Diſ-

"courſe

" courſe that makes one to be beloved. I " hold to the contary, *reply'd* Abenarax, that " the Love which comes from the excellency " of Manners, or from the graces of Elo- " quence, is more firm, more durable, and " by conſequence more perfect, than that " which comes but from the Beauty of the " Face. For this laſt dies as eaſily as it was " born, and doth not laſt longer than that; for " it is an indubitable thing, that when the " cauſe ceaſes, the effect will ceaſe. Now as " the Wit hath the ſame advantage with the " Soul, thoſe who always ſpeak well, ſhall " always be beloved: And theſe two ſorts of " Paſſions being more ſolidly founded than " the other, they will not fail to endure lon- " ger. Indeed, *return'd* Zelindore, when that " one hath ſeen the Beauty of the Viſage, " and that of the Shape; one may ſay, he has " ſeen all; but it is not the ſame thing in that " of the Mind; for it is an agreeable *Came-* " *leon*, which takes all the Colours he pleaſes: " It knows how to flatter, it knows how to " praiſe, it knows how to complain; it can " ſeem ſweet, it can ſeem fierce; it appears " great, it appears leſs, according to the di- " verſity of the perſons with whom one " ſpeaks: And after this manner, Novelty is a " greater Charm than Nature; and the Wit " having the advantage to ſhow always new " through the fair and great Diverſity of its " *Idea*'s; it is not to be doubted, but that it " may do more than the moſt accompliſh'd " make, and the moſt juſt proportions, that " any Body can be embelliſh'd with. The " Viſage is of more import to Lovers, than the " Wit, *reply'd* Zambrine, and one fair Mouth, " or beautiful Eyes, have made much greater " Conqueſts, than thoſe moſt fair *Idea*'s have " been able to do. That is, *reply'd* Almora- " by, for that all the World has Eyes, and for " that all the World has not Wit: for as one " ought to know why one loves, the ſtupid " cannot know how to love that which they " know not: ſo that one can only love that " which one knows. After having drawn " out thus long, *ſaid* Mahomet, this Dialogue " of Love, it reſts that we examine, before we " end, after what faſhion a Lover ought to " act, when ſhe that he loves is of a higher " Condition than himſelf, and when ſhe that " is loved is his equal, and when ſhe is of a " quality below him: For in my mind theſe " differences ought to be a Rule to him in the " management. For the firſt, *return'd* Zelebin, " ſhe may expect a very fair addreſs, ſhe " ought to be made to divine, all that which " he ſhould not dare to ſay to her: his Eyes " muſt do the office of his Mouth, and he " muſt feign that, which he has a deſign ſhe " ſhould perceive: he muſt ſhew more ſighs, " than words; more of cares, than of pro- " teſtations; more of ſubmiſſion, than of hardi- " neſs: And the inferiour Lover ought indeed " to be ſo ready, that he ſhould oblige her he " loves to ſpeak, when reſpect makes him " dumb. I am not of that opinion, *anſwer'd* " Galiana; for beſides that, it happens that " ſhe whom one would have ſpeak well be " dumb; I have a greater reaſon which ob- " liges me not to be of your Opinion. Tell " us then, *reply'd he*, for I confeſs I do not " comprehend it. It is, *reply'd ſhe*, that I " think he ſhould be hardy, whom you would " have fearful: For bold perſons do not diſ- " pleaſe thoſe of an high Birth: And there " is a certain agreement between a great Qua- " lity, and a great Heart; and if boldneſs does " not ſupply the defect of the nobleneſs of Ex- " traction, and if the Lover does not raiſe " himſelf up to an equality with the Lady, " ſhe will not deſcend to him; and one ſhall " ſee ever a great difference between them. " But you lead the Lover to a Precipice, re- " *turn'd* Abenamin; for whenſoever Fortune " ſhall quit him never ſo little, he will be ſure " to fall from a great hight. But when one " has but one way to take, *reply'd* Lindaraxa, " he muſt paſs it, though it be dangerous: " The firſt neceſſity, will render the ſecond ne- " ceſſary: And as for a man of low Birth, to " lift up a dead man is no Evil. But, *pur-* " *ſued* Abdalla, that Fortune of which you " ſpeak loves Monſters, Miracles and Prodi- " gies, and extraordinary evenements pleaſe " her; and whoſoever relies only on her, ſhall " ſooner ſucceed, than if he made uſe of Rea- " ſon. He of whom you ſpeak, *added* Fa- " time, is notwithſtanding rather expoſed to " encounter with Scorn than with Love. Not " ſo, *ſaid Prince* Mouſſa, he may find indiffe- " rence, he may find himſelf hated, but he " ſhall never find ſcorn. The higher the con- " dition of the Lady ſhall be, the more will " ſhe eſteem the hardineſs of that generous " Bold One, ſhe will refuſe him, ſhe will treat " him ill, but ſhe will not deſpiſe him. Why " ſhould one diſſemble then? *return'd* Zelime, " one is never very angry to be beloved: and " provided, Merit anſwers that Affection, Love " ennobles thoſe whom it favours, and makes " them regard no more what they were be- " fore. For my part, *ſaid* Abindarrays, if I " ſhould have been born in a Cabbin, I think " I ſhould lift up my Eyes even to a Throne, " if I ſhould ſee a Queen that did pleaſe me. " And if that Queen were of my humour, re- " *ply'd* Cadiga, ſhe ſhould ſoon abaſe thoſe " proud Eyes, which you durſt lift up with " ſo much boldneſs. It is time, *ſaid then* Al- " doradine, to paſs from this elevated Love to " that of an equal Condition. This laſt, re- " *turn'd* Amat, has almoſt no difficulty in " compariſon to the other; and if it be true, " as they ſay, that Love comes through Con- " formity, that of the Rank will facilitate " that of the Heart: and without doubt he " may much more eaſily love, when he may " do it without ſhame. Alſo, *added the diſ-* " *creet* Alamin, as it is permitted to ſhew all " ones paſſion to her, who is the cauſe of it, " it is the more eaſie to touch her with it; " that ſhe may not only gueſs at it, for the " more one ſhews it to her, the more one

" obliges

"obliges her, and reſerving a diſcretion for "her favours, one needs not to hide ones "Flame, no more than the Addreſs to diſco- "ver it: Thus they being able more eaſily "to obtain their end, I think this kind of "Love is to be preferr'd to the other. But "the difficulty makes the glory, *return'd* Da- "rache. They will not find it then, *added* "Zays, in that Paſſion which makes one love "below ones ſelf, which is the third ſort of "Love. Indeed, *added* Zayde, in that ſort of "Affection, the Lady looks more on Fortune, "than on Love; and on the Riches of the Lo- "ver, than on the Lover himſelf; ſhe thinks "of her Fortune, inſtead of the ſatisfaction of "her Mind; and in this Buſineſs her Soul is "only ſenſible of her Intereſt: Of all the "Virtues of thoſe who love, or that ſeem to "love her, 'tis only Liberality that touches "her; and it is true on this occaſion, that "one may ſay, that Love wounds not but "with golden Arrows. It does not always "happen ſo, *reply'd* Orthogule, and there are "Souls ſo noble, and ſo far above their con- "dition, that that which you ſay will make "them love, will rather make them hate. "Preſents with them would paſs for affronts, "and he that ſhould make them would ſeem "an Enemy. Yes, without doubt, *ſaid then* "Axa, one may ſee hearts ſo fierce born a- "mong the people, that one muſt aſſault "them formally, if one would aſſault them "with ſucceſs: Theſe Perſons look for as "much Care, Submiſſion, and Reſpect as o- "others, and oftentimes more than others: "For as the inequality of their Condition "gives them diſtruſt, one muſt do the more to "aſſure them. Let us conclude then, *added* Or- "carne, all things conſider'd, it is eaſier to love "ones equal, or a Lady above ones ſelf, than "one below one, whoſe chains will make one "bluſh to carry them, and which gives as "much of Shame, as of Love. Since that "we are reſolved, *purſued* Alicola, to treat "thorowly of all that belongs to this Paſſion: "I would feign know if abſence neceſſarily "deſtroys Love, or if the abſent Lover doth "conſerve it? A thouſand Examples make "you know, *return'd* Abenarax, that one "may love without ſeeing. And a thouſand "Examples, *added* Zelindore, make one to "know alſo, that one loves no longer than one "ſees. For my part, *reply'd* Almoraby, I am "perſwaded, that unleſs one loves infinitely "as I do, abſence is a dangerous Enemy to "Love; and that when the Eyes ſee no longer "the Object beloved, the Image inſenſibly "wears out of the Heart, and a little after "out of the Memory. I think the contrary, "*anſwer'd* Zambrine; and as they ſay, Famili- "arity breeds contempt: I believe that ab- "ſence hides the faults, and lets one ſee no- "thing but perfections; becauſe ſo long as "one can, one will not be ty'd to any thing "but what pleaſes; ſo that it is eaſie to "judge by that, that abſence rather augments "Love, than that it diminiſhes it. I am of "that opinion, *ſaid* Mahomet, for in the grief "which it cauſes in thinking on the Perſon "beloved, there is ſo much Conſolation, that "it is impoſſible to baniſh that which pleaſes "ſo much. And then, *added* Zelebin, Letters "do as much as Eyes can do; they trace out "the Image of the Object beloved, in the "Memory of him who loves, and will not "permit him to forget it. And Pictures, *re- "turn'd* Galiana, are alſo a great preſervative "againſt this abſence of which we ſpeak; "and are capable of holding to his Duty the "Heart of the greateſt Libertine, and to ren- "der firm the moſt light. Many Examples "to the contrary, *anſwer'd* Lindaraxa, prove "that Pictures and Letters, have not all the "force that one attributes to them, and hin- "der not always the inconſtancy of thoſe who "have them. But the very preſence of the "perſon, *reply'd* Abenamin, hinders it not al- "ways neither: There are found unfaithful "ones preſent, as well as unfaithful ones ab- "ſent; and their inconſtancy comes rather "from their weakneſs, than from the force "of their ſeparation. I have ſtill to ask, "*added the Gallant* Abdala, how after having "acquired the Affection of a Lady, one may "be able to conſerve ſo precious a thing? I "hold, *return'd* Fatime, that it is with Love, "as with Perfumes, which keep beſt in be- "ing hid, and which are ſpoil'd by being o- "pen to the wind. Indeed, *ſaid the Prince* "Mouſſa, ſecrecy is the moſt aſſured Guard "of Love; and as it is of his Paſſion and his "Happineſs, that a Lover makes his Treaſure; "it is his prudence to hide them, if he knows "well the price; for fear if they are diſco- "vered, they ſhould rob him of them. Hap- "pineſs gives birth to Envy, and Envy ſome- "times gives birth to Love: It is therefore "as I have ſaid, that ſecrecy is abſolutely ne- "ceſſary when one loves, and more when one "is beloved. I think you may add to that "*ſaid* Zelime, the care to pleaſe, and to ſerve, "intereſſes it ſelf in all the pleaſures of the "perſon beloved, and alſo takes part in all "its dolours: nor can one be without com- "plaiſancy any more than without Life: nor "ſhould they ſee her ſo often, as to be afraid "of ſeeing her too much, and to weary her, "in thinking to divert her. To be neat and "magnifick in ones Habit, *ſaid* Abindarrays, is "not only the care of a Gallant, but it is like- "wiſe an infallible mark of Love. To be Li- "beral, *added the amiable* Aldoradine, and to "loſe no occaſion of ſhowing it; provided it "be in Feaſts, and not in giving for fear of "giving offence to the Virtue of the Lady, "and to diſpleaſe inſtead of pleaſing her. Ne- "ver to be fierce nor proud, *ſaid* Amat. But "to be always humble and ſubmiſſive, *added* "Cadiga; to ſuffer all, to complain of no- "thing, no not of cruelty, nor injuſtice, if "the Lady will have it ſo. To be alſo more "prodigal of praiſes, than of any thing elſe, "*reply'd* Alamin; for that is one kind of "Perfume that Ladies love no leſs than their

"Bracelets.

"Bracelets. And for the last Rule, *said then* "Darache, to love always well, be be-"loved always well. But by what way, "*asked* Zays, may one increase Love after one "has given it birth? It is in not seeing too "much, as was said before, *answer'd* Zayde, "and in having some Embroils, which being "reaccommodated, redoubles the Affection. "By Passionate looks, *added* Orthogule. And "by effective services, *concluded* Axa, for "Deeds are more strong than Words. But, "*said* Orcame, after having seen that which "gives a birth to Love, and what will con-"serve it; shall not we know that which can "put an end to it? It is the contrary to all "that, *return'd* Alicola; it is to see too much, "to speak too much, to be ill dress't, to be Co-"vetous, to be proud, to be Negligent, to "be a Lyar, to want Eloquence, to have no "Reputation, to be a Busie-body, to be in-"discreet. And sometimes without all these "faults, *added* Abenarax, to be unhappy; for "that is enough of it self to render a Lady "inconstant. By your favour, *said* Almora-"by, let us discourse a little by what indubi-"table signs one may discern a true Lover "from a feigned Lover: For it is a thing "in which many have deceived themselves. "The equality of their management in my "opinion is the best mark, *reply'd* Zambrine: "For if one perceives that he who loves, finds "out ill pretexts, and weak excuses, for not "seeing so often the person beloved; it may "be concluded, that he loves less; or it may "be better said, he loves no longer. I find, "*added* Mahomet, that a certain mark of "coldness, is when we shall perceive that "the person whom we love, has no longer "an intire confidence in us; and that she shall "not open neither her Heart nor Mind, and "let us no more read her Soul, but to the "contrary hides her self all she can, and that "she makes Secrets and Mysteries of things "indifferent: For so long as one loves truly, "one has nothing particular; all is in com-"mon, and true Lovers think it a Crime to "disguise themselves in the least thought. If "one perceives, *pursued* Zelebin, that a Lady "dresses her self with more care than ordina-"ry, that she uses more Neatness, and more "Magnificence in her Habit; I think that "this change is a proof of that of her Af-"fection, and that one ought rather to name "her Inconstant than Magnifick. If a man, "*added* Galiana, dotes when he is with his "Mistress, instead of entertaining her; if "sometimes he answers her far from the pur-"pose, as if he had not heard her; she may "believe without doubt that he deceives her, "that he is not what he seems to be, and that "his inclination is elsewhere. If a Lady, *said* "*then* Abdala, live after a greater rate than "she was accustomed to; it is an infallible "mark, that there is some one where she is, "who is not indifferent to her: and before "whom she fears to favour the unhappy "Lover whom she deceives. If that Lo-"ver, *return'd* Fatime, see too often another "Lady, and continues to visit her, after she "hath forbidden him; his Crime is no more "to be doubted than his Love, and he may be "believ'd to be unfaithful. If a Lady, *pursued* "*the Prince* Mousa, makes it be told to her "Servant at the Door, sometimes she is not "within, and sometimes that she is sick; if he "discovers that she was there, and that she "was well, he may believe that her Love is "ill, and that it is in danger of Death, if it be "not already dead. If a Gallant, *added* Ze-"lime, fails in his Assignation, without a ve-"ry lawful Excuse; if he sees another Lady "with too much Assiduity, and if he waits on "her to Races, and in her Visits, assuredly he "is a false Gallant, and one may believe so, "upon such strong conjectures. If a she Lo-"ver, *said* Abindarrays, carries her self in-"considerately, even to praise in excess ano-"other Lover, in the presence of her own; "he may believe that she is no longer a Lover. "And if a he Lover, *return'd* Aldoradine "*laughing*, makes Verses in the praise of ano-"ther Lady, the first may prepare her self to "lose, both the Poet and the Lover. If a "Lady, *then said* Amat, becomes still more "fierce than she was, and that her pride re-"doubles, he that serves her may think ill of "her. And if he who serves a Lady, *return'd* "Cadiga *fiercely*, becomes more sensible, and "more delicate; less humble, and less patient, "assuredly he loves no more, for that he knows "not how to suffer; that is the Touch-stone. "Of all the things which respect Love, *said* "Alamin, I think it rests that we examine one "thing: I would know, if after the death of "the person beloved, the Lover ought to die "to be a true Lover? or if he ought to con-"tent himself, that he loves nothing else and "live, or if it be permitted him to love else-"where? For my part, *answer'd* Darache, "I am perswaded, that he who sees one die, "whom he loves, without dying, loves not "well, and was never well beloved. Not-"withstanding, *return'd* Zays, that may "sometimes happen through the force of the "Temperament, rather than from the weak-"ness of the Affection: and the Death which "happens on this sad occasion, is rather a mark "of the small vigor of the Body, than of "the excessive grief of the Mind. Every one "according to his opinion, *reply'd* Zayde, but "I hold that a Lover satisfies fully his duty, "if he lives, and that he loves nothing more "than the Memory of the person, whom he "had loved. He does it more in living, than "in dying, *added* Orthogule, for he conserves "less the *Idea* of his Mistress, who dies with "her; it hinders to go intire into the Tomb. "I am yet more Indulgent than you, *reply'd* "Axa; I hold that Death breaks the Knots "of Amity, in cutting off the thread of Life: "and as there is no more Commerce between "the Living and the Dead, there ought not "to be any more bonds betwixt them. In-"deed, *returned* Orcame, the Religion also

which

"which we profeſs aſſures us, that Women "die as well in Soul as in Body, and that they "have no part in the general Reſurrection; "therefore I ſee not for whom they ſhould "keep that fidelity, of which the Ladies ſhall "never have any knowledge. It ſhould be "kept, *reply'd* Alicola *fiercely*, to ſatisfie ones "ſelf, to do that which one ought, and for a "teſtimony of ones Virtue. To dye with "her whom one loves, *reply'd* Abenarax, is "to do more than one ought: to love ano-"ther after the departure of the perſon be-"loved, is to do leſs than one ought to do; "but to live and to love no more, is an equal "ſatisfaction to Reaſon, Nature and Love. I "conclude from this, *return'd* Zelindore, that "the Lady whom you love ought always to "live, if ſhe would always be beloved; for a "Lover capable of forgetfulneſs, will not "ſtay there, and after having been ſome "time without loving any thing, he will love "ſhortly ſomething elſe. I am of this Opi-"nion, *ſaid* Zambrine, if that they ought to "forget us, when we are dead; I adviſe "that we forget all them living, who are "capable of ſo much weakneſs. For my "part, *return'd* Almoraby, I think if one "ought to die with the perſon that one loves, "he ſhould kill himſelf before ſhe dies, that "ſhe may know at leaſt, that which he hath "done for her. But, *reply'd* Mahomet, if the "Lady ſhould live, and ſhould love another "after that, the he Lover will be much more "unhappy than the ſhe Lover; for as the "Souls of men are immortal, their grief will "be ſo alſo. I ſee well, *reply'd* Zelebin, by "the diverſity of our Sentiments, that Love "is always unconceivable, and that it will "makes us end where we have begun; that "is to ſay, in ſaying only of it, *That* LOVE "*is I know not what, which comes from I know* "*not whence, and which ends I know not how.* "So then we are but as knowing as we were, "*reply'd* Galiana, and we have loſt a great ma-"ny words. If we have not diſcover'd the "cauſe, *return'd Abenamin*, we have never-"theleſs ſeen the Effects, and our Dia-"logue of Love has not been unprofi-"table.

Theſe fair Perſons, and theſe gallant *Granadines* were thus diſcourſing, when the King and the Sultanneſs left the Cabinet, followed by the Princeſs, *Morayma*, *Morayzel*, *Semahis*, and a croud of people of Quality, and among the reſt were alſo the Illuſtrious Infranchis'd, and the Illuſtrious Slave; that is to ſay, the Count of *Pegnafiel*, and the Duke *de Infantade*: The noiſe which they made in coming, impoſed ſilence on all; and the King and Queen being ſat, and they having formed the Circle, the Converſation chang'd, after their Majeſties have given the Rule: "Without lying (*ſaid the Sultanneſs* "*looking on the feign'd* Leonce) it muſt needs "be, that he who gained the Ring, and carri-"ed away the honour of the Carrouſal, not "being willing to receive it, hath a great Soul, "or one very inſenſible: ſince he refuſes that "thing, for which all the World ſtrives with "ſo much endeavour, and which he has ſo "well merited. For my part, *reply'd* Semahis, "I believe it is the laſt; for Glory is ſo pre-"cious, that he muſt be without Sentiment to "have the power to refuſe it. I believe ra-"ther (*reply'd the King, who was jealous with-*"*out knowing the object of his jealouſie*) that "the ſhame of his Birth deprives him of the "Glory of that Action, and that he hides not "himſelf but to hide that. It ſeems alſo to "me, *reply'd the Princeſs* Morayma, that his "good Meen and Addreſs declare in his fa-"vour: for men of a low Birth, are not ſo "well inſtructed in all thoſe Noble Exerciſes. "Add to that, *ſaid* Mahomet, that the Rich-"neſs of his Habits, and the Magnificence of "his Entry, is an indubitable mark of his "great Condition: It is certain that a perſon "of mean Quality, could never have the "means to prepare thoſe things. Further, "*added the gallant* Abindarrays, though I ne-"ver heard him ſpeak but under a Mask, I "remark'd ſo much Grace, and ſo much "Politeneſs in that which he ſaid, that it is "impoſſible that he ſhould be of the Com-"mon People, or that he ſhould be bred "any where but at Court. Indeed, *ſaid* "*then* Morayzel, he hath ſhewn too much "Gallantry in the Invention of his Entry, and "too much hardineſs in his Deſign, to come "from a Vulgar perſon; and it is a thing I "dare affirm. As I was near the Queen, re-"*ply'd* Galiana, when he ſpake to her Ma-"jeſty, and the Judges of the Field, I ſaw "ſomething ſo great in his Eyes, and in his "Carriage, that I am alſo convinc'd of his "Nobleſs, as if I had ſeen his Gencalogie, "and there remark'd Kings. Whatever it "be (*reply'd that* Granadine *in a fierce and* "*ſcornful tone*) they who hide themſelves ſhew "their fear, their ſhameful proceeding con-"demns them; and all that you have ſaid, "will not make me change my opinion. But "my Lord, *return'd the Sultanneſs ſmiling*, "if by chance this Witty Uuknown ſhould "be here, and that he ſhould hear what you "ſay, he would paſs his time but ill. If he be "here, *anſwer'd the King*, he will receive the "chaſtiſement that he merits, and I was never "more juſt than on this occaſion. Confeſs (*ſaid very ſoftly the feign'd* Ramire *to the* "*feign'd* Leonce *ſmiling*) that the Circle ne-"ver appeared leſs agreeable to you than "now, and that the diverſion you now take "is not extraordinary. To the contrary, re-"*ply'd the illuſtrious Infranchis'd*, I was never "more ſatisfied; and I harken'd ſo well to "the Queen, that I did not at all hear the "King. You are an indiſcreet Lover, re-"*turn'd the diſguiſed Duke*, for in vaunting of "your good Fortune, and in ſpeaking after "this faſhion to me; you relie too much on "my Virtue. For my part, *reply'd* Aldora-"dine, as for that which *Abindarrays* ſaid of "the Eloquence of the Unknown, he ſeem'd

"to me, when I heard him ſpeak, that he "had ſomething of a ſtranger, and that it "was not pure *Arabick*. You bluſh (*ſaid the feign'd* Ramire, *to the feign'd* Leonce, "*ſpeaking to him in his Ear*) and if this fair "*Granadine* continues never ſo little, we ſhall "ſee the Spaniſh Cavalier in diſorder. As "there has come no perſon from *Africa*, re-"*ply'd the Sultanneſs a little ſurpris'd*, and that "*Caſtilians* have not had any acceſs to this "Court; your conjecture cannot be well "founded, and you are aſſuredly miſtaken. "Ah! if the Sultanneſs hold not her peace, "I ſhall ſpeak, *ſaid the Duke* D' Infantade, "very low to the Count *Pegnafiel*. But if "you ſpeak, I ſhall not be mute, *reply'd the* "*laſt*. I will be ſilent then, that you may be "ſilent, *added the other*, and I will ſave you, "that you may ſave me. But, *reply'd the* "*Prince* Mouſſa, though we are ignorant of "our Vanquiſher: I would nevertheleſs know, "ſince we are fallen on the diſcourſe, which is "better, whether to merit glory without en-"joying it, or to enjoy it without meriting it? "I do not find the thing doubtful, *anſwer'd* "*the Sultanneſs*, for the appearance of Vir-"tue, is not Virtue: and as one knows not "how to deceive one ſelf in deceiving others, "I hold that one knows not how to enjoy an "Honour, of which he knows he is not "worthy: And whilſt the whole World be-"lieves this Cheater, of which I ſpeak, happy, "he finds himſelf not ſo at all. I am ſorry, "*anſwer'd the King*, that I am not of your opi-"nion; but I confeſs that that particular ſa-"tisfaction would not fully content me, as "the publick approbation: I ſhould not "believe I poſſeſs'd it, if it were known "only to my ſelf. Ah! Sir, *anſwer'd* Maho-"met *ſmiling*, if it were lawful for you to be a "Lover, and a Husband, your Majeſty would "be of another Opinion, and againſt that "Maxim; for ſince that you cannot be hap-"py, unleſs all the World know that you "are ſo, there would be found few Ladies "who would favour you in ſecret; for fear "that you would publiſh their favours. Diſ-"cretion in Love, *return'd the King briskly*, "is a Virtue of a Subject, rather than that of "a Soveraign; and as they have the advan-"tage to pleaſe him, they have no leſs that "one knows they have pleas'd. I believe "however, *reply'd* Almahide *fiercely*, that if "you ſhould go about to authoriſe this unjuſt "Maxim by an Edict, you would have ma-"ny Subjects guilty of high Treaſon, and you "would ſee a King but ill obey'd. For my "part, *ſaid then the Princeſs* Morayma, I am "of the Queens opinion: and I am of the "Kings, *reply'd the ambitious* Semahis; for the "Applauſe of all the People, would touch me "much more than my own: And if I ſhould "be happy, in the Deſart of *Arabia*, I "ſhould be ſo, as I may ſay, without being ſo. "That is, *return'd* Morayzel, becauſe that you "know not well that Virtue, which is its "own Recompenſe; which regards not the "Perſon, which atchieves this felicity, becauſe "it finds all in it ſelf wholly, and which pre-"fers the plauſible ſweetneſs of the ſecret Te-"ſtimony in the Heart, to the tumultuous "Applauſe, of People and Armies, and even "of Triumphal Arches, by which Reputati-"on has a long Life. This Sentiment, *an-"ſwer'd the King*, is fitter for the Moſque, "or Temple, than the Court: but after having "ſearched unprofitably this modeſt Conqueror "every where (who hath hid himſelf better "than he ran for the Ring.) I ſwear by *Alla*, "*purſued that Prince ſmiling*, that I begin to "believe, that this Unknown is ſome diſ-"guiſed *Dervis*, or ſome diſguiſed *Calander*, "who having repented himſelf of his Mask, "is gone to do penance for his fault, among "the cold Mountains of the *Alpucharres*, or "among the horrid Rocks of the *Filabres*. "O devout Religious *Mahumetan!* (*ſaid the feign'd* Ramire *very ſoftly to the feign'd* Leonce) "if Fortune ſhould never ſo little aid your "Deſerts, you may come to be the Mufti of "*Granada*; and as you have very much "Knowledge, and very much Wit, you may "Interpret the *Alcoran* after your Mode, and "make a new Sect. If that ſhould happen (*anſwer'd the illuſtrious Infranchis'd ſmiling*) "the firſt Article of my Law ſhould have "reſpect to Slaves, and they ſhould be forbid "ever to ſpeak, unleſs their Maſter commands "them. As that long ſilence, *reply'd the illu-"ſirious Captive*, would ſeem to me more "grievous than my Chains, I think I ſhould "never yield to it; and I ſhould hinder you "rather from being the High Prieſt of the "*Moors*, than expoſe my ſelf to an adventure "ſo contrary to my Nature, and which "ſhould give me ſo much trouble. However, "*added* Zarcan, this inviſible Conquerour "makes us to ſee he is of the Queens Opinion, "and that he loves rather to merit glory "without poſſeſſing it, than to poſſeſs it with-"out merit: But for my part, who am more "of the Court, than of the Deſart; and who "am not ſo knowing, as our old *Arabians*, I "am of the Kings Sentiment; and as the "open ſatisfaction touches me more than the "ſecret, I am not of the opinion of the Sul-"tanneſs; and ſetting that ſcrupulous Virtue "aſide, I declare that I ſhould love rather to "poſſeſs Glory without merit, than to merit "it without poſſeſſing it. You would be "angry, *reply'd* Morayma, that the World "ſhould believe, that the favour you have "with the King were of that kind; and if "I know your Heart well, it would not be "content with an Honour, that the Caprice "of Fortune ſhould alone give: and that it "ſelf ſhould know very well it poſſeſs'd "without juſtice; chiefly if it ſhould know "that the ſmalneſs of its merits ſhould be "known by others, as well as by himſelf. I "do confeſs it, *reply'd that favourite*: but I "aſſure you in the mean time, Madam, that I "am perſwaded, that the Honour of which "you ſpeak is ſo great a good, that if I ſhould

"not

"not have it but on that condition, I ſhould "not loſe it for that; and that I would ra- "ther be happy without merit, than to have "merit without happineſs. If all the world "abandons a good Cauſe, as the Intereſt of the "Unknown, *ſaid the Sultanneſs*, I ſhall be al- "ways both for him and for it. You are "very generous, Madam, *anſwer'd the King*; "and that modeſt Vanquiſher, is reduable to "you for this Grace, which is of more worth "than your Ring: but if he comes not to "thank you, he is unworthy of it. Go you "now (*ſaid the feign'd* Ramire *ſoftly to the "feign'd* Leonce) and let us ſee you merit "that, which was given you. As every "thing from a Rival, is to be ſuſpected, *re- "ply'd the illuſtrious Infranchis'd*, I ſhall have "more moderation; and I ſhall not follow "your counſel. Indeed, Sir, (*ſaid the divine* "Almahide *to the King, looking favourably on "the Count of* Pegnafiel) whether that the "marvellous Unknown ſhow himſelf, or not, "I will not diminiſh my eſteem: and with- "out penetrating into the cauſes of his pro- "ceedings, it ſhall ſuffice me to know his "Addreſs, though I ſhould never know his "Face. Let us ſpeak no more of it, Madam, "*reply'd this Prince*, and for to give you a Di- "vertiſement, in which the inviſible Cavilier "ſhall have no part, becauſe there ſhall be no "Masks within two or three days, I will "give you a magnificent Feaſt and Ball, where "all the Ladies ſhall be; and I conjure you "that you come extraordinarily prepared, e- "ven to make all your Lovers die for Love. "To contribute ſomething to ſo fine a Feaſt, "*returned the Sultanneſs*, I think on a Gal- "lantry as pleaſing as new, the diverſity of "which I am perſwaded will pleaſe; that is "to ſay, that every Lady be habilitated, ac- "cording to the Mode of the Women of all "the different Nations, and of the principal "Cities, where the Mahumetan Religion is e- "ſtabliſh'd; for this variety will be without "doubt an Object very divertiſing, and very "new. Ah! ſure enough, *cry'd the King*, the "Queens conceit is worthy of her, and the "Court never ſaw any thing ſo taking, and ſo "Gallant, as this Feaſt will be. All praiſed then what their Majeſties had ſaid, and it was reſolv'd, as the fair *Almahide* had propoſed. "But, Madam, *ſaid the amorous* Boaudilin, "now we have reſolved of the Feaſt, it is left "to you to order it, and to part among "theſe fair Perſons their ſeveral Habits. "Since you command it, Sir, *anſwer'd ſhe*, I "ſhall make the diſtribution, and do it ſo as "every body may have an advantage thereby. "I intend then that day to wear the ſame Ha- "bit as the Sultanneſs of the Grand Seigni- "our: the Princeſs *Morayma*, ſhall be habited "like the Queen of *Perſia*: *Galiana* like the "*Tartars* Queen; *Aldoradine* ſhall wear the "Habit of the Ladies of *Conſtantinople*; *Lin- "daraxa*, that of thoſe of *Tunis*; *Fatime* ſhall "have the Habit of thoſe of *Pera*; *Zelime* "ſhall wear that of the Women of Quality "of *Adrianople*; *Cadiga* the Habit of thoſe "of *Macedon*; *Daraché*, thoſe of the Iſland of "*Chios*; *Zayde* ſhall be cloath'd as they of "*Morocco*; *Axa*, as the Ladies of the Iſland of "*Paros*; *Alicola*, like thoſe of *Suria*; *Zelin- "dore*, like the chief Virgins of *Fez*; and *Zam- "brine* ſhall be cloathed like the Women of "*Cariamania*. All the other Ladies in the "Aſſembly, ſhall wear that of all the other "Mahumetan Cities; provided that the Men "be alſo as gallantly cloathed as the Women "ſhall be; this Feaſt cannot fail of being ve- "ry fine. All did applaud the Invention of the Sultanneſs, and every one promiſing ex- actly to obey her Orders, ſhe roſe up; and the King being alſo retir'd more amorous than ever, the Preſence ended, and all the Court went ont of the *Alambre*. But the Duke of *Infantade*, and the Count of *Pegnafiel* being retired together, the firſt ſpeaking very plea- ſantly to the other: "You can now prove, *ſaid* "*he*, that there are few pleaſures wholly "pure; for if that which the Sultanneſs ſaid "tickl'd your Ear; that which the King re- "ply'd to her, was not very agreeable to you. "I think, *reply'd the feign'd* Leonce, we ſtand "on equal terms in this matter; for if that "which the King ſaid on this occaſion di- "verted you, that which the Queen ſaid did "no leſs tyre you. I confeſs it ingenuouſly, "*return'd the feign'd* Ramire: and ſince that "you are ſincere, it is not juſt that I ſhould be "double. It was not however done like a "diſcreet Lover, *continued he*, to vaunt ſo "freely of your good Fortune; and I ſhall "uſe ill my advantages, and ſerve my ſelf but "ill with thoſe Weapons, which you furniſh "me with, if I do not let the fair *Almahide* "know, after what faſhion you publiſh her "Favours, and your own good Fortune. If "you had not been a witneſs of it, *reply'd the "illuſtrious Infranchis'd*, diſcretion would "have made me ſilent: but ſince you ſaw "the thing, it may be lawful for me to ſpeak "of it to you. Not ſo, *anſwer'd the Noble "Slave*, for ſince I was not ignorant of it, it "was uſeleſs to ſpeak to me of it. I am not "of your opinion, *return'd the feign'd* Leonce, "for ſince that which I have ſaid diſpleaſes "you, it is not uſeleſs to me, as you ſay. Well, "let it be ſo, *added the feign'd* Ramire, but yet "if my Eyes and my Conjectures deceive "me not, both of us are about to have a Ri- "val, who will give us much trouble; and "who will reunite us, as much divided as "we are now. We agree both in this matter, "*reply'd the Illuſtrious Infranchis'd*, I think "what you think, my eyes have told me the "the ſame thing as yours did, and my Heart "has ſaid that which yours alſo told you; "and if I know any thing of Love, we have "a new Rival whom I think very redoubta- "ble. Indeed, *reply'd the generous Slave*, a "King is always the moſt honeſt man in his "Realm, though he be the leaſt, his Grandeur "is inſtead of Merit; and Ladies will do that "through Vanity, which they will not do

"through Inclinations; and however Gallant a Lover shall be, he must have abundance of Gold, Pearls, Diamonds and Embroidery, to be so fine as his Rival with a Crown: Besides the scorn which he show'd towards you, is a mark of esteem which he has for *Almahide*; as you fear him, so he is afraid of you; and Love who equals all, makes you redoubtable to him, as he appears redoubtable to you: He fears that which he knows not, he blames that which all the World praises, and that which he hath praised himself: and his carriage which could not have been, but through the violence of his Passion, made him instead of being complacent with the Sultanness, to dispute against her: he combated her Sentiments, instead of applauding them; and if on this occasion one might see him act as a Lover, it was also as a jealous Lover. O God! *cry'd out the Count of* Pegnafiel, how easily do I see that we shall shortly act like despairing Lovers, and that I must be ingrate to endeavour to become happy. This is one advantage I have above you, *return'd the Duke of* Infantade, that I owe him not for my life; so I may without scruple give him his Death, if his good Fortune, and my Unhappiness demand it. As they were thus talking, they entred into the Chamber of the Sultanness, and finding none with her, but the wise *Don Fernand de Solis*, and the faithful *Esperance de Hitta*; the pleasant *Don Albare*, addressing his Speech to the fair *Almahide* with his ordinary jollity. "Madam, *said he smiling*, you have taken part against me, in appearing for my Rival: and if he has cause to be glad of it, I have no less to complain of it. I assure you, *reply'd she*, that I have done nothing in this for the Count of *Pegnafiel*, which I would not have done for the Duke of *Infantade:* for Virtue ought to be defended, whensoever one sees it attaqu'd. Ah! Madam, *cry'd the feign'd* Leonce, after you have been for me, do you declare against me. No, *reply'd the Sultaness*, I am always for Reason. I am perswaded, *reply'd the feign'd* Ramire, that then I shall have the advantage. And I believe that then I shall carry it, *answer'd the Illustrious Infranchis'd.* It is but a moment that you said otherwise, *return'd* Almahide. It is true, Madam, *added he*, but it is another moment more favourable than the first, in which I have interpreted your words, and changed my thoughts. For my part, *reply'd the generous Slave*, I shall not change mine, and I shall always think for my own satisfaction, and for your grief, that in this rancounter, I have been the better treated. It is a question as fair as doubtful, *said then Don* Fernand, to know which of the two Lovers ought to think himself the most happy, whether he whom one favours in publick, or he whom one favours in secret. Indeed, *reply'd the Sultaness*, this question is as difficult to be resolved, as it is gallant; and if I should give my voyce, and were to pronounce in it, I should find my self so intangled, that I know not who would carry it. It seems however to me, Madam, *return'd* Ponce de Leon, that publick Acts are of more force, than a particular Action: for that which one does before many Witnesses, is more considerable than that which one does where there is none, and for that they are two things so different, one need not make comparison. Indeed, *continued he*, that which one says in secret, may be but a simple sport of Wit, and an agreeable flattery, a complacency which concludes nothing: but it is not the same thing of publick Actions; they are too serious, they are too irrevocable; and when one has then declar'd ones self, and voluntarily taken ones part before all the World; one cannot retract, and one will never presume to change the scene. The inconstancy of thoughts is an indubitable mark of lightness and weakness; for when one has discover'd ones self, one will persist in it for glory, when one shall not do it by inclination. But it is not the same thing, of that which is known but to one, and to ones self: and as we know well, that we shall not witness against our selves, and that our party will never be believed in speaking for it self, they may change their mind without fear, and without shame, when ever the heart is changed. Besides, who doth not know, that Fear, Modesty and Shame are the inseparable Companions of Ladies? and when in an important Occasion, and in some generous Action one may see them discover that which they would hide, to speak of that they would have secret, and to defend publickly that which they esteem in particular; it must necessarily be concluded, as I conclude; that is to say, that the Lover whom one favours in publick is more happy, than he whom one favours in secret. You are without doubt, *reply'd the feign'd* Ramire *smiling*, a great Lawyer in Love, and one can say nothing of the force of Contracts, and of the weakness of simple promises, which you have not touch'd of, as well as they who have given us Customs and Laws, and have made us such large Volumes. But it is ill for you, that Lovers and Magistrates are not brought up in the same School; and that the Policy of the Realm, is not that of Love, and that the practice of the one, is not the practice of the other. Indeed, Love is always discreet and mysterious, it makes great secrets of little things, it loves silence and retreat, it flees the noise and the crowd, it is pleas'd to speak low, to speak little, and sometimes not to speak at all: and if he is about to do any favours, he will have the heart that receives them, to be alone to know them, and to shut up all its Joy, and all its Glory in its self, and that he flee also all witnesses of his happiness, as Rivals who dispute it with him. It is with

"Love

"Love, as with Perfumes, one deſtroys them, "if one gives them wind: And the ſupreme "felicity of them who love, conſiſts princi- "pally in being happy, whilſt one believes "them unfortunate. Yes, this witty and in- "nocent cheat is the moſt ſenſible ſweetneſs, "that two hearts united can taſte: and I am "perſwaded, that thoſe triumphs of the *Ro- "mans*, which were wont to have ſo much "Glory and Pomp, gave leſs ſatisfaction to "the Triumphant, than theſe hidden Tri- "umphs of which Love is the only Spectator, "as the cauſe. Moreover, I hold contrary to "what you affirm, that theſe free Teſtimo- "nies of good will, that this publick avouch- "ing of Paſſion and Love, that theſe pro- "phane Myſteries, that the inviolable Se- "crets which one violates, ought to be ſuſpect- "ed of more Artifice, than to ſatisfie thoſe "who Love. For indeed an hundred things "may oblige Lovers to theſe falſe Marks of "Tenderneſs, as meer Gallantry and Vanity, "if it is Man; perfidie, if it be a Lady, a de- "ſign to hide a true Paſſion, under the appea- "rance of a feign'd; and divers other Reaſons "which will be too long to ſpeak of. But "it is not the ſame of thoſe ſecret proofs of A- "mity; it muſt needs be that they are ſincere, "as they are tender; it muſt needs be that "they come from the heart of thoſe who give "them, and they are not ſubject to any evil "interpretation; one needs not doubt the "Truth of which they aſſure one; one may "relie upon their word, and need ask no cau- "tion for them; the Soul which repoſes it "ſelf in the Fidelity of their Teſtimony, de- "livers it ſelf from all Inquietudes, Taſtes, "Pleaſures altogether pure, enjoys a tran- "quil Felicity, and believes it cannot be a- "buſed by a pleaſing phantaſm, which is not "what it appears to be: And maugre all your "skill in the Laws, all your Acts, and all "your publick Ordinances, I maintain con- "trary to your Sentiments, to your ſhame, "and my own glory, that the Lover which "one favours in ſecret, is more happy, than "him that one favours in publick. And I "ſhall pronounce on this matter in difference, "*reply'd* Almahide, that neither are to be fa- "voured, nor in publick, nor in ſecret, be- "cauſe of the too much indiſcretion of the "firſt, and too much confidence of the laſt. "We both of us appeal from this Judgement, "*reply'd the feign'd* Leonce, and we pray "you to remember what one hath ſaid, The "moſt Soveraign Equity is the moſt Sove- "raign Injuſtice. As for that which reſpects "me, *added the feign'd* Ramire, I will not do "that wrong to my Judge: and without ap- "pealing from his Arreſt, I will content my "ſelf to interpret it to my advantage, and to "believe that by theſe laſt words, he would "comfort him, whom he hath condemned; "for I doubt not, that the Heart hath not "done that, which the Mouth hath not been "willing to do. It is not the firſt time, *re- "turned the Sultanneſs ſmiling*, that you have "made me ſpeak as you pleaſe, and that you "have interpreted me after your mode: but "when one does it without order, one doth "very much expoſe himſelf to be diſown'd: "and the good ſucceſs does not always fol- "low the boldneſs. If it does not always "follow it, it ought always to follow it, "*anſwer'd the Duke of* Infantade, for hardi- "neſs is the moſt happy quality a Lover can "have. I do alſo oppoſe my ſelf to that "evil Maxim, *reply'd the Count of* Pegnafiel. "And I condemn it, *added the fair* Almahide. "The more Enemies, the more Glory, *re- "ply'd to them the illuſtrious Slave*, and you "will make me take for my Device. *All a- "gainſt me, and I againſt all.* That Device, "*return'd Don* Fernand, ſhows the firmneſs "of your Soul; and lets us ſee that your "Heart makes no account of your Enemies, "when you enterpriſe the Combat. After "that manner, I imagine he would willingly "ſpeak, as a great Captain of old, who when "one exaggerated the greatneſs of the Army, "he had againſt him, ſaid: And for how ma- "ny do you accompt me? But that is not "enough, *added the feign'd* Leonce, to dare "to Combat ones Enemy: for to have Fame, "he ought to overcome. Not ſo, *reply'd the "feign'd* Ramire, for it is enough that he wills "it, it is enough that he attempts it, and to "do as much as he can; for that one depends "on our ſelves, the other upon Fortune. I "ſhall then be Fortune on this occaſion, "*ſaid the fair* Almahide *laughing*, and moſt "aſſuredly you ſhall not overcome. None "knows what is to come, *anſwer'd the Illuſtri- "ous Slave*, and none ought to ſpeak ſo po- "ſitively. If one knows it not, one may "fore imagine, *ſaid the generous Infranchis'd*; "but ſuch fore-imagining often deceives, *re- "turn'd Don* Alvare, and the Art of Con- "jecture is not more certain in Aſtrology than "in Medicine. I think however (*reply'd* "Ponce de Leon *ſighing*) that your conje- "ctures, and mine will be found too true, "concerning the Love, which the King of "*Granada* has without doubt, for the Divine "*Almahide*. In that we ſhall not differ, *an- "ſwer'd the Duke*, and I ſubſcribe willingly "to all the Prophecies, which the ſolitary "*Dervis*, of the *Filabrian* Mountains ſhall "make of that. That Prophet however may "be deceiv'd, if I don't deceive my ſelf, "*added the Sultanneſs*, and that which he ſays "of the love of the King, will not be found "more certain, than what the other *Der- "viſes* do propheſie. O! Madam, *cry'd the "Count*, Love is a knowing Aſtrologer; and "his Predictions are ſo ſure, the Eyes of a "Lover are ſo penetrating, and ſo knowing in "divination, that it is a difficult matter to "deceive them. No, no, Madam, *added the "noble Slave*, our Science does not deceive us: "and we have ſeen the Paſſion of the King, "much better in his Eyes, than in the Stars. In- "deed, *continued he*, when he metamorpboſed "the Count of *Pegnafiel* into a *Dervis*, his

"jealouſie

"Jealouſie diſcover'd his Paſſion, and his Re-
"proaches let us ſee their Origine. Yes, that
"hate proceeded from his love, *added the illu-*
"*ſtrious Infranchis'd*, and that which he ſaid
"againſt me, let us very well ſee what he
"thought of you. I am not yet of your opi-
"nion, *anſwer'd the fair* Almahide, and ſo
"long as you have nothing, but conjectures,
"I need not be afraid. Let it be as it will
"(*added Don* Fernand, *ſpeaking to the Duke*
"*and the Count*) you cannot have too much
"precaution, if you have a King for your Ri-
"val; and you muſt oppoſe your Wiſdom
"to his power. Or rather our courage to
"his might, *reply'd the feign'd* Leonce, and
"our hate to his love. Such was the conver-
ſation of theſe three illuſtrious Perſons, two of
whom foreſaw too clearly for their repoſe, the
ſequel of their adventures.

But during the great preparations in *Gra-
nada*, for the magnificent Feaſt which the
King was about to give them; let us turn a
while towards the Sea, and ſee what be-
came of the Navigation of *Thuracan* and
Abderame, whom the famous *Genois Chriſto-
pher Columbus* had led to the *Indies:* For it is
not Juſt, ſo gallant Men ſhould be forgot, and
that they who read this Hiſtory, ſhould not
know what became of them. After that il-
luſtrious Ligurian, who with his Fleet cut
the waves towards the new World, full of
Hope to bring back its Treaſures, being far
from the Coaſt of *Spain*, floating on the *At-
lantick* Sea; and turning the Prows of their
Veſſels towards *New-lands*, with full-blown
Sails; there aroſe a moſt terrible Tempeſt
which diſpers'd the whole Fleet, and put all
their Ships into great danger of periſhing:
ſome were carried towards the *Eaſt*, others
towards the *Weſt*; ſome driven towards the
South, others towards the *North:* So that all
the Art of the Pilots, nor labour of the Ma-
riners, could hinder them from running whi-
ther the Tempeſt drove them. But that in
which were the Slaves *Thuracan* and *Abde-
rame*, after having clear'd an hundred Whirl-
pools, and an hundred Rocks, and ſav'd them-
ſelves from the Eddies of the Waves, they
found themſelves at the end of this great
ſtorm ſeparated from all others: but with ſo
much good Fortune in their Misfortune, that
they were not altogether Shipwrack'd, al-
though with the choque of the Waves, and
the buffets of the Winds, they were moſt hor-
ribly ſhaken; inſomuch, that at the firſt Creek
which they found, they in a few days patch'd
up their Ship, and were in a condition to put
again to Sea, and to continue their Voyage,
and to endeavour to rejoyn with the Squa-
dron, from which the Tempeſt had ſeparated
them. Notwithſtanding theſe two brave *Gra-
nadines*, who having beheld the paſt ſtorm
with indifferent eyes, becauſe they had rather
have died, than to have gone to have liv'd in
the *Indies*, from whence they could never have
hopes to return, and ſo never to ſee again *Al-
mahide*, ſeeing the Ship in which they were
to be far off from all others, and furniſh'd
with a great number of Mauriſh Slaves; they
began to feel in their Hearts ſome hopes of
their Liberty, or to ſay better, certain hope
of ſeeing again that incomparable Perſon,
who was ſo dear to them both, though ſhe
had alike given them but an ill treatment.
And as nothing could reconcile two ſuch ge-
nerous Enemies, as an unhappineſs common
between them; the care which either took
of his bravery, was more ſtrong in them than
their jealouſie; and indeed, in ſpite of all di-
viding Intereſts did unite them. "Since all
"that comes from an Enemy, ought to be
"ſuſpected, *ſaid* Abderame *to* Thurican, I
"know not if this propoſition, which I am a-
"bout to make you, will not be ſuſpected by
"you; and if the quality of a Rival, and that
"of a confident are not incompatible. But as
"I ſhall not propoſe any thing, which I will
"not execute with you, I think, as much a
"Rival as I am, I ought to open to you
"my Heart in this Buſineſs, as if you were not
"ſo, ſince I will engage you into no danger,
"that I will not run with you; and in which
"I ſhall not be willing to expoſe my ſelf
"firſt, to take from you all ſcruple, which you
"may reaſonably have. It is true, *anſwer'd*
"Thuracan, that I know you for my Rival,
"that is to ſay, for my Enemy: But I know
"you alſo to be a Perſon of Quality, to be a
"man of Honour, and to be a Souldier;
"therefore believing you not capable of coun-
"ſelling me any thing unworthy thoſe Qua-
"lities, all your precautions are unprofitable,
"and I know nothing, that I will not en-
"terpriſe with you. I tell you then, *reply'd*
"Abderame, that making reflection on our
"Adventure, on thoſe unknown Lands, to
"which they intend to carry us, and on the
"impoſſibility of ever returning thence, if we
"ever arrive there, I concluded with my ſelf,
"that death would be incomparably more
"ſweet, and more honourable for us, than a life
"ſo painful and diſhonourable; and let what
"will happen, it were better for us to periſh
"in a good enterpriſe, than to languiſh in the
"*Indies* with Infamy, without any hope of
"ever returning to *Granada*: and that which
"is yet worſe for you and me, without any
"hope of ever ſeeing again *Almahide*. Never-
"theleſs, though Love be inventive enough,
"and that miſery fails not to make one indu-
"ſtrious; yet all my Imaginations have not
"ſhown me any thing, that might ſatisfie me;
"and which could make me ſee the leaſt ap-
"pearance of a happy ſucceſs, although we
"ſhould have dar'd to have undertaken it.
"But Fortune hath done that which I could
"never ſo much as think; and drawing good
"from evil, by one of thoſe extraordinary
"Miracles, which make her Caprices; this
"Tempeſt which has deſtroy'd ſo many
"others, ſhall ſave us, if we have but the
"courage to make uſe of this favourable o-
"portunity which it gives us. For, now all
"the Fleet of the *Spaniards* is diſperſed, the
Veſſel

"Veſſel in which we are, is by it ſelf, and "here are in it a great number of *Mooriſh* "Slaves; the fear of Slavery, and the hope "of Liberty, renders all the World valiant, "and makes the moſt cowardly become bold; "there are Arms in the Ship, which it is not "impoſſible for us to ſeiſe in the night, when "all ſhall be in a profound ſleep, except the "Watch and the Pilot, who will be wholly "buſied with his Rudder, or conſulting the "Stars, the Compaſs, the Carts, the Aſtrolabe "and his Quadrant. The ſurpriſe will aſto-"niſh them, and they who are once ſurpris'd "are already half vanquiſh'd: So that I do "not ſee it a thing impoſſible to make our "ſelves maſter of the Veſſel, to recover our "Liberty, and to return to our Country. The "only obſtacle that I can ſee is, that we ſhall "not have a Pilot to conduct us after the "Victory: but yet it will be hard, if among "ſo many Captives there ſhould not be one, "who does underſtand Navigation; but "if it ſhould be ſo, we may be able to con-"ſtrain the *Caſtilian* Pilot to be our guide, by "putting a Poynard to his Throat, or by pro-"miſing him Liberty, and a good Recom-"penſe, when we ſhall arrive at *Malaga*. "But if we ſhould wander at the mercy of the "Winds and the Waves, without Guide, and "without Pilot; and that by a ſad misfortune "we ſhould be carried back, and ſhould be "mingled with the Squadron, from which the "Tempeſt has ſeparated us, it would be how-"ever better to die with Arms in our hands, "than to be expoſed to that unhappy condi-"tion, you and I ſo much fear. But further, "ſuppoſe we ſhould encounter with the *Spa-"niſh* Ships, more ſtrong than we in number, "and that we ſhould ſtrike Sail when they "hail us, ſeeing our Ship has the Faſhion and "Building, and the Flag of *Spain*; and that "we having the ſame cloaths of the Souldiers "and Mariners, which we have overcome "or kill'd; and ſince that you and I ſpeak "*Spaniſh* well enough, for to be believed "to be of that Nation, in ſpeaking a lit-"tle we may perhaps ſhun that obſtacle, "if it ſhould happen as we ſuppoſe; and "feigning that we were returning to *Barra-"mede* by the Orders of *Chriſtopher Columbus* "our Admiral, to fetch other Veſſels inſtead "of thoſe which we will ſay were loſt in the "Storm. But on the contrary, if we ſhould "light on Mahumetan Ships, we will take "our Slaves Habits, and put up the Flag of "*Granada*, which we will make, and they "will aſſiſt us inſtead of hurting us. There is "alſo Biſquet, Water, and Amunition in our "Ship for a long Voyage; ſo that if we have "but Valour, we may break infallibly our "Chains, and put them on our Enemies; you "ſee my thoughts, tell me yours; and if they "both agree, let us not loſe time, but let us "begin with the Execution, and not loſe the "opportunity by deferring it. I know no-"thing ſo dangerous, *reply'd* Thuracan, which "I ſhall not be ready to attempt with you; "for Liberty, and the ſight of *Almahide*, are "to me two ſo great goods, that to recover "them, I do think, that in expoſing my "life only, without loſing it, I ſhall buy them "too cheap. Therefore generous *Abderame*, "*continued he*, let us not loſe moments ſo "precious, and without conſulting more on "a thing, of which our Love will not per-"mit us to deliberate; let us begin to put our "hands to the buſineſs, and get our Liberty. Preſently both of them began ſecretly to plot with the Chriſtian Slaves, whom they had a mind to gain; and after they had repreſent-ed to them, that when once they had enter'd alive the Mines in the *Indies*, and as ſoon as ever they ſhould have touch'd on the *Indian* Shores, all hope of returning would be ab-ſolutely taken from them; they let them ſee the execution of their enterpriſe ſo eaſie, and the good ſucceſs ſo infallible, provided they had Valour; and adding to that the know-ledge of their Quality, and of their Riches, and promiſes of Recompence proportionable to the greatneſs of their ſervice, which they ſhould receive from them; they reſolved to do all that they would have them do; and theſe two Illuſtrious Rivals, thought no more but of putting all to the Sword, as ſoon as night had brought her ſhades, ſleep and ſilence, into the Ship: It happen'd moſt happily for them, that one of the Captives was a Pilot by Profeſſion; and who having made the firſt Voyage to the new World, with the famous *Genois*, who diſcover'd it; he had obſerved the way, in ſeeing the works of the *Spaniſh* Pilots; inſomuch, that he promiſed to carry them back eaſily, which gave them more ſe-curity, than they could have had in the other who was their Enemy, and would not have done it but by force, and who might have ex-poſ'd them on any occaſion to ſome peril or other, and have led them to *Barramede*, in-ſtead of carrying them to *Malaga*. All things being thus agreed between the two Valiant *Granadines*, and the *Mooriſh* Slaves, they went about what they had reſolved: And one of them, whoſe Cabbin was near the Magazine, under the Hatches, being by Trade a Smith, having made an Inſtrument for the buſineſs, of an Iron-Wire which he found in the Ship, when every body was in a ſound ſleep, he pick'd open the Lock of the Door without any noiſe; and having open'd the Door, he ſlid inſenſibly into the Magazine of the Arms, and giving from hand to hand the Cutleaxes and Targets; they arm'd *Thuracan* and *Abde-rame*, and afterwards all the other Captives who were all lodg'd in the ſame place. Then without loſing time they mounted upon the Hatches; and becauſe they who were upon the Watch cry'd to Arms, and that all the *Caſti-lians* were awaken'd at the cry: *Abderame* with ſpeed, followed by ten or twelve of the moſt reſolute, advanc'd towards the great Cabbin, where the Captain of the Veſſel lay: In the mean time *Thuracan*, with the like number, went toward the Prow, where the

Lieutenant

Leiutenant of the Ship was quarter'd; and an old Officer of the *Moors* with the other Slaves following him, went towards the Main Maſt, where the Quarter-maſter of the Ship had got together moſt of the Soldiers and Mariners to oppoſe the Revolt of the Captives. In the mean time, the *Spaniſh* Captain being awakened at the firſt noiſe, immediately quitted his Cabbin and his Chamber, and arming himſelf with a Sword and Buckler, which hung by his Bed-ſide, he advanc'd upon the Deck, and crying out, *To me, companions, to me!* he put himſelf into a condition of receiving the choque of *Abderame*, who came to attaque him. The Combat was long and ſtout between thoſe two Valiant Men; but as the Courage of the generous *Granadine* was excited by a Paſſion which was not leſs great than his; he at laſt triumphed over his Enemy, though ſtrong and ſtout, and laid him dead at his feet. During this, *Thuracan*, maugre the obſcurity of the Night, having met with the Lieutenant of the Veſſel, who had got together a company at the Prow; he aſſaulted him with a Valour worthy of a Lover, who combated to ſee again his Miſtreſs: and that Officer judging well that Fortune was in his hands, and that he muſt either vanquiſh or dye, he forgot nothing, which might facilitate his deſign, and that might draw him from ſo dangerous a ſtrait, and that might make him obtain the Victory: But he had before him an Enemy too redoubtable to compaſs it, and whatſoever reſiſtance he could make, the Lieutenant ran the ſame Fate with the Captain, and was vanquiſh'd and kill'd as well as he. But whilſt theſe things were doing at the Prow, and the Poop of the Ship, they were not idle at the main Maſt; for that old Officer of the *Moors* having there met with the Quarter-maſter in a condition to fight him, he fell upon him, and there began a Combat which mingled the blood of *Caſtilians*, with that of the *Granadines*; and which made very many of the *Mahumetans*, and very many of the *Chriſtians* fall upon the Hatches, many dying, and others dead. The advantage hung long in the Scale, and I know not which of the parties would have overcome, if they had been left to have decided their good and evil deſtiny together. But the Valiant *Abderame*, and the courageous *Thuracan*, after they had defeated *Inigue* and *Nugno* (for ſo the Captain and the Lieutenant were named) came in the mean time, and charged on both ſides of the *Spaniards*, with ſo much heart, and ſo much fury, that they put them into diſorder, and overthrew them. Then the hardy Slaves putting all to the ſword who had been but a moment before their Maſters, there was not one *Caſtilian* who was not tumbled dead upon the Hatches, or who was not flung alive into the Sea, though the generoſity of *Abderame*, and of *Thuracan*, try'd to have ſav'd their lives. The *Mahumetan* Pilot flinging the *Chriſtian* Pilot over-board, took his place at the Helm, and turning the Prow of the Veſſel towards the Coaſt of *Spain*; after they had hoiſed all their Sails, and flung all the broken weapons, and the dead men into the Sea; they began their Voyage with great joy for the Victory, and with ſhouts for what had happened to them. But if recover'd Liberty, and great hopes of ſeeing again their Country, was very pleaſant and agreeable to this victorious Company, and render'd them fully happy in thought, though not in effect; their ſatisfaction came not near to that of *Abderame* and *Thuracan*'s; and as Love inſpires Sentiments more tender than all other Paſſions, theſe two illuſtrious Rivals were more touched with the happy ſucceſs of the adventure, and their Souls abandon'd themſelves to thoſe tranſports, which cannot be known but by thoſe who love. They having always their mind and their eyes turned towards the Coaſt, to which the Prow of their Veſſel was turned; every moment that they drew near to *Granada*, their felicity redoubled, and they forgot the pain which they had ſuffer'd, and their preſent happineſs augmented.

But whilſt theſe two illuſtrious Rivals entertained themſelves, with a felicity full of ſweetneſs and charms, in their pleaſing fancies on the Sea; Love and Fortune are preparing them new unhappineſſes on the Land. But as the Star of their Deſtiny has not yet run its courſe, we will leave them to follow their voyage; and whilſt we ſtay the fatal hour which is deſtined for them, till we ſhall be obliged to ſpeak of them again, let us ſee what they do at that grand Feaſt, which was made at *Granada*; for it is not unworthy the curioſity of the Reader. The King who ſometime ſince had joyned the intereſt of State, with the intereſt of Love, having a double Motive to appear Liberal and Magnifick; he forgot nothing which might ſignalize his politeneſs, and his paſſion: And never was that kind of Banquet, which the *Moors* call *Sarraon*, ſhown with ſo much pomp and ſplendor. There was in the ſtately Caſtle of the *Alambre*, a very great and vaſt Hall, and a noble Banquetting-Room on the ſame Floor: In the firſt of which the Feaſt was to be, which the amorous *Boaudilin* gave to the Ladies; the other was reſerv'd for the Ball which was to follow. The firſt was hung with rich Hangings of Tapiſtry, grounded with Gold, and wrought with Flowers and Fruits: but with that diverſity of ſhadowing of the Silks they had ſo well imitated Nature, that the Fruits and Flowers which they ſerv'd in at the Banquet, did not appear more true than thoſe, which by a wonderful induſtry were feign'd by Art. At one end of this Hall, on a rais'd place, under an high Cloth of Eſtate, of Gold and Flowers to the Life, was a Table, at which the King and the Sultanneſs Queen were to be; and a little lower the Princeſs *Morayma* was to ſit on the ſame ſide. On the right and left hand all along the Hall, two other Tables were furniſhed for all the Ladies

Ladies; and for all the Men of Quality, who were to be at that Feaſt: At the oppoſite end to that, where their Majeſties were to ſit, there was a magnificent Cupboard, furniſh'd from the top to the bottom, with Veſſels and Cups done with Vermilion and Gold, and great Pots of Criſtal of the Rock, of Amber, of Aggat, and of the beſt Porcelain, all ſet in ſuch order, ſhewing the diverſity of their Materials, Colours and Forms, that one could ſee nothing more fair, nor more rich: Over this Cupboard, there was rang'd through all this large Hall, a Magnifick row of Baliſters of Azure and Gold, where was to be placed the Muſick after the Moreſques Faſhion, to ſing and play upon Inſtruments during the Feaſt: and between, at equal diſtances, hung down from the gilded Ceiling, great Branches of Silver engraved with large Foliage entwiſting them about; at the ends of which were Lamps of Criſtal, which illuminated all the place with the brightneſs of ſplendour. Between each piece of the Tapiſtry there hung down, by little Chains of Vermilion and Gold Veſſels, which exhal'd perfumes that charm'd the ſenſes, of all the Odours the moſt ſweet, that the Aromatick Perfumes were able to give. From this firſt Hall, one paſſes to the other where the firſt Ball was to be, which was yet more magnificent. It was hung with rich Tapiſtry, of which the divers pieces repreſented the moſt remarkable Actions of the Birth, and of the Life of *Mahomet*, the only Prophet and great Law-giver of the *Turks* and the *Moors*. In one of them, was a man of a majeſtick Meen, clothed with a white Coat with long plates, holding in his hand three Keys of one matter, which was Pearl, which he preſented to an Infant, whoſe little tender body was fat and plump, having all the Beauty, all the Innocency, and all the Graces of Youth. Theſe Keys were of Law, of Victory, and of Propheſie, according to the Teſtimony of the *Alcoran*. In the ſame piece, and as at a great diſtance, three other men ſhining like the Sun held a Veſſel of Emrauld, where one might ſee four Handles of Pearl: The Baſon wholly round repreſented the World, and the four Handles, the four Quarters, that is to ſay, the *Eaſt*, the *Weſt*, the *South*, and the *North*. The ſame Infant embracing this Vat, repreſented the power of this *Arabian* Youth, which ſhould be extended through all the Earth: On the other ſide, one of theſe ſhapes in Humane Figure pour'd Liquor on his Head, which he had taken out of this great Vat, with a curious Shell: In the mean time, another apply'd a great and rich Seal between his Shoulders, as if he would imprint on him a Character: And the other had large Wings, which he put over him as a Canopy. In the ſecond piece of this pompous Tapiſtry, all manner of Birds were figur'd to the Life: The Swans made their Snow to glitter, the Ravens their Jet, the Pheaſant their Gold, and the Peacocks the marvellous variety of their Plumage: but by imperceptible ſhadowings, whoſe divers degrees of light and ſhade, were ſo artificially obſerv'd, that one would think they ſaw theſe Beautiful Animals, of which they ſaw only the Images. Above theſe various coloured Birds, the Clouds, as if they would diſpute the Education of the young Prophet, made their vaſt Bodies to flutter in the Air, where the diverſity of the Silks, of the Silver, and the Gold, did rarely imitate the changeable impreſſions, which they received from the Sun and the Light. Towards the Corners of the ſame piece, the Winds with their Wings of Cypreſs extended abroad, and their cheeks puff'd up, expreſſed very well both their Nature and their Intention, that one might eaſily conceive that it was, as if they pretended to nouriſh *Mahomet*. On the fore part of the Work, Angels wholly covered with Rays and Splendour, extending their fine various Wings, appear'd with ſuch luminous Bodies, and with an Action ſo noble and high, that one might eaſily imagin that under a Mortal Figure, they had immortal Spirits. In the middle of all this, appear'd the young Prophet ſtanding up, and at his feet Thrones and Temples revers'd, and Idols bruiſed, all ſmoaking and black, as if they had been ſtrucken with Thunder. The third repreſented an Army encamp'd, with its Tents and Pavillions: On the fore-part, the famous Impoſtor more advanc'd in Age, and great Troops of Slaves on their Knees round about him, from whom he takes away their Irons, of which one might ſee a great heap upon the ground: The Joy was ſo well expreſs'd in the Viſages of theſe Infranchis'd, that one might eaſily conceive, that he had render'd them Liberty; and that he ſaid to them (as his Hiſtory marks in expreſs terms) *That all men ought to be free.* The fourth, let one ſee the Miracles of *Mahomet*; a Dove upon one of his Shoulders, ſeeming to ſpeak to him in his Ear, ſtretching out his Neck, and his Beak, as if he were ſaying ſomething to him. A Bull marvellouſly well repreſented, ran towards him, carrying the Book of his Law between his Horns: A little farther, a great many men (with an Action very much expreſſed to the Life) making a great Pit from whence they drew Veſſels full of Milk and Honey, according to a Prediction of this Witty Deceiver, who had promiſed the like abundance to his People. A great many Trees likewiſe bending down, ſeem to admire the Prodigies of this cunning *Arabian*: and Men and Women, their Arms lifted up on high, did witneſs alſo their aſtoniſhment, which one might ſee painted in their Eyes. In another place one might ſee the Prophet at the Table, and a roaſted Sheep in a Platter, who riſes up and ſpeaks to him: and to ſay to him, that that he ſhould not eat any of him; for that his Enemies had empoyſon'd him to deſtroy him: and one of thoſe at the Feaſt falling down dead, for having put a bit to his mouth. And for the laſt wonder, the Moon tumbles

from Heaven by peace-meal upon the Town of *Medina*, and the great Law-giver of the *Turks* and *Moors*, holding it whole and intire in his Hand, having rejoyned it by his Power. The fifth ſhow'd the Heaven open, a Throne all ſhining with Light; and the falſe Prophet flying in the Air upon the *Alborac*, cover'd all over with Gold and precious Stones: An Angel who guided him having red Hair, a white Tunick ſeamed with Pearls, and Wings alſo as green as an Emrauld. The ſixth piece of this Tapiſtry repreſented the City of *Jeruſalem*, and the famous Temple of *Solomon*, which was known by thoſe turned Columns by him invented, and which they called alſo *Solomoniant*. A Troop of Prophets humbled themſelves at the door of the Temple, before the Prophet of the *Alcoran*, as if they rendred him homage, and as if they did acknowledge him more great than they were. A Ladder reaching from Earth to Heaven, whereby that great Man was to mount, each ſtep of which was a precious Stone; and the mingling of the different Colours of theſe precious Stones was done with ſo much Art, that it was the fineſt ſight that eyes ever ſaw. The ſeventh by the dark Colours very well repreſented the Night: A great Cock ſeem'd to crow in the Heaven; and towards the lower end of the Tapiſtry, the Cocks on the Earth ſeem'd to anſwer him; the very clapping of their Wings, and the motion of their Beaks were artificially imitated. An Angel one half Fire, and the other half Snow, flyes in this dark repreſentation; and by the brightneſs, which he had round about him, he gave light to diſcern all the reſt. The eighth ſhew'd Hell, according to the deſcription of the *Alcoran*, that is to ſay, a place all ſmoak, all dark and red; where the dark Angels were beating down with great Mallets to the Centre of the Earth Souls pale and trembling; whilſt other Devils drew them back again from that dreadful Abyſs with Iron Grapples. The ninth expoſed to your ſight Paradiſe, according to the opinion of the *Mahumetans*; that is a very pleaſant Garden, planted with Palm Trees, Lemons and Orange-Trees, and Mirtles water'd with little Rivulets and Fountains; peopl'd by all ſorts of Fowls, full of all ſorts of Fruit, inhabited by the moſt fair Women of the World; and in that place of delights the bleſſed Souls were repreſented, ſome among Banquets, others in amorous Converſation, and all fully ſatisfied in ſo accompliſh'd felicity. And the tenth and laſt piece of this Magnificent Tapiſtry, repreſented a ſuperb Temple built of Adamant, the Body of *Mahomet* hanging in the Air in a Coffin of Iron, and people proſtrate on the Earth, looking at this wonder, with as much Zeal as Admiration. Between every piece of theſe rich Hangings was a Pedeſtal of Braſs indifferent high, and on each, the Statue of a Slave, of the bigneſs of the Life, holding in each Candleſtick of Vermilion and Gold, with a dozen white wax Lights, which enlightned all the Room; and being reflected from the gilded Ceiling, and the Moreſque Compartments, it redoubl'd the Brightneſs, by the reflections of Light, in a place ſo pompous and magnificent. At the end of this great Room, was hung up on high a Cloth of Eſtate made like a Bell, of blew Velvet embroider'd with Gold; having great Curtains of the ſame ty'd up with great ſtrings and loops of the like richneſs with all the reſt: and under this Cloth of Eſtate, a rais'd place, cover'd with *Perſian* Carpets, grounded with Gold; where were Gold Tinſell'd Cuſhions, emboſs'd throughout with Pearls, for the King and the Sultanneſs Queen to ſit on. At the four Corners of this Eſtrade, were four fine Statues of Slaves, with Branches in each hand, which redoubled the Majeſty of the Throne ſo full of Glory: On both ſides of this great Room were rang'd from one end to the other, on the right and on the left-hand, Cuſhions of Tabby with Silver and blew Flowers, for all the Ladies to ſit on, and behind them an Amphitheatre of three Degrees, cover'd with *Turkie* Carpets, for the Men of Quality. At the other end of this Hall, there were upon a ſtately Scaffold moſt magnificently dreſt twelve Players on Gittarrs, twelve Players on Moreſque Timbrels, two Muſical Cornets, and two Sackbutts for the Counter Baſe; all which together, although a little barbarous, made an harmony, not unworthy of that place which eccho'd again with it. In the midſt was left a void ſpace of a reaſonable bigneſs, for the Ball: and the Guards of the King placed at the Doors, hindring diſorder and confuſion; the Grand Maſter of the Ceremonies executed his charge without noiſe or trouble, notwithſtanding the greatneſs of the Aſſembly. The hour of Supper being come, the King, Queen, all the Ladies that were invited, and all the Men of Quality, who were to be at the Feaſt, came into the great Hall which they had prepared for the Banquet: and the Grand Maſter of the Ceremonies having placed all of them with ſo much Addreſs, and without ſhewing any Affectation, every one found himſelf where he would be, ſo that nothing was wanting to the pleaſure, which was prepared for them. An hundred Slaves richly dreſs'd ſerv'd this illuſtrious Aſſembly: And the feign'd *Ramire* having the glory to ſerve *Almahide*, with *Don Fernand*, did not give a little Jealouſie to the feign'd *Leonce*, who being mingled among the Spectators, beheld with eyes full of envy the felicity of his Rival; who by ſigns, which were not underſtood but by him, redoubled his inquietudes, becauſe he expreſſed his Joy, and did, as it were, reproach his unhappineſs. But for that, this Illuſtrious Unfortunate ſtood near to *Roderick de Narve*, who was alſo permitted to ſee this great Feaſt; he was conſtrained to hide his diſpleaſure, and to ſuffer in ſecret a puniſhment which might well have drawn out complaints, if he had dar'd to have ſhown them. In the mean time their Majeſties of

Granada

Granada were ſerv'd, and all that fine and numerous Company, with a Magnificence and Profuſion, and a Neatneſs, that was never the like ſeen among the *Moors*; what for the delicateneſs of the Viands, the variety of the Meſſes, and for the quantity of the Courſes, *Granada* had never ſeen any thing like it; ſo that one might have eaſily gueſſed, that it was not only Liberality that order'd that Feaſt, but that Love was mingled with it. All the Perfumes of the Orient, breath'd forth themſelves from the Rich Caſſolets in the Hall; and there was nothing in Muſick of ſweetneſs and charming which did nor tickle the Ear, and touch the Heart at that time. When they had done, and all were riſen, they paſſed from that Hall to the other. But let the Reader imagine, if he pleaſe, that he is at the paſſage from one Room to the other, that he might obſerve the Richneſs and the Gallantry of their Clothes, both of all the Ladies, and of the Men who were to dance. You have not forgot without doubt what the Sultanneſs had ſo very gallantly invented in her ordering the different dreſſes of the *Mahumetan* Women, and how ſhe divided them between them: all of them had not fail'd to obey her, and ſhe her ſelf was alſo cloathed as the Queen, Sultanneſs of *Conſtantinople*; which pleaſing diverſity, fail'd not to give the pleaſure they expected. She had on that day a Tunick of raiſed cloth of Gold, all cover'd with Embroidery, the Flowers and Foliages being made of Emraulds and Rubies. The two Skirts of this kind of Robe without Sleeves, were turn'd back from before, and tack'd to a Magnifick Scarf of Gold-Cypreſs with Flowers to the Life, which ſerv'd her for a Girdle, and was lined with Silver Tabby from the top to the bottom. This ſuperb Tunick had great Buttons down before, all along to the Train, of Emraulds and Rubies intermixt: And the long ſtrait Sleeves behind, which hung very low, were tack'd up to her Girdle, where was hung on her right ſide a little Dagger; the Handle of which and the Scabbard being maſſie Gold, were embоſs'd with Rubies and Emraulds: Under this rich and pompous Tunick, her Bodies, her Sleeves, and her Peticoat were of Cloth of Silver, with Flowers and Leaves of Gold border'd with Pearls. She had about her Neck, a Neck-lace of Pearls, and one extraordinary great one before, and two like Pears in her Ears, with which, ſince thoſe of *Cleopatra*, none could ever be compar'd. On her Head was ſeen to glitter a cloſe imperial Crown, which appeared all on fire, with that of the Diamonds, wherewith it was enriched; and from under that Crown their flow'd a Vail of Gold Tiffany with lively Flowers like her Girdle, which hung down in great plates over her Shoulders, with an admirable grace: Her fair Hair falling in great Rings on each ſide of her Checks. After this manner with ſo Magnifick an Habit was clothed, the greateſt Beauty of the World, and it is not to be doubted, but ſhe aſtoniſh'd all thoſe who beheld her. The Princeſs *Morayma* follow'd, dreſs'd as the Queens of *Perſia*, the Wives of the *Sophies*: She had on a Veſt ſomewhat ſhort and ſtrait of blew Sattin, embroider'd with Gold, ty'd back to her Girdle, with a Scarf of Tiſſue of Gold and Carnation Silk: And underneath this Veſt, a Cimarr of Carnation Sattin, the Embroidery thereof Gold, which trail'd after her upon the ground; the Sleeves thereof came but to the middle of her Arms: One might ſee glitter about her Neck, and at her Ears, a Collar and Pendants of Diamonds, of an ineſtimable value; and the Treſſes of her Hair being mingled with a Scarf of Gold and Carnation; the divers turnings about of the Scarf and her Hair, made a kind of Caſque upon her Head, the two ſides of which having made divers turnings, the two ends of the Scarf hung down a good way below her Girdle, and was tuck'd up negligently upon her two Arms. A ſmall *Tiara* of Gold Plate ſhow'd it ſelf above that kind of Caſque, and from the end thereof, there iſſued out Gold and Incarnat Tiffany, the two ends of which flowing down behind reach'd to the very border of her Cimarr. The fair *Galiana*, Couſen to the Sultanneſs, followed the Princeſs *Morayma*, clothed like the Wife of the Great *Cham* of *Tartary*: She had on a Robe edg'd with Sables, the blackeſt and moſt ſhining that ever was ſeen, garniſh'd on all ſides, with a border of Goldſmithſwork, in which great Pearls were enchaſed: This Robe had a border of Ermines below, all about the Sleeves and the Neck; and as it was tuck'd up by a Buckle of Gold and Pearls on the right ſide, one might ſee it lined thorow with the ſame precious Furr, to the whiteneſs of which the Snow look'd pale, by the black ſpots which Art had added, it received a world of Grace, and a world of Beauty: Her Buskins were alſo of the ſame Martins skins, with a large border of Ermine, with great Buttons of Goldſmiths-work all down before: On her head a Cap of the ſame black Furr, border'd with white, ſpotted with black, and enrich'd at equal diſtances with Fillets of Goldſmiths-work, being a little bowed towards the right Ear; and having on the left ſide two Branches of Herons Feathers, black and white, the one giving a luſtre to the other: this kind of Plumb was faſtn'd with a Locket of Gold and Pearls: This feign'd and fair *Tartar* having the like alſo at her Ears, and divers about her Arms and Neck: Indeed ſhe was dreſt juſt like the Illuſtrious Wife of the great *Cham*, when ſhe appears in *Sarmacand*, or in thoſe portable Villages, which thoſe people call *Hords*. The Gallant *Aldoradine*, who followed her, appear'd in this fine and great Aſſembly, with the Magnifick Habiliments of the Ladies of *Conſtantinople*: She had on a Coat of *Turkie* Velvet, branch'd with Purple Flowers, the ground Gold: A Scarf of golden Tiſſue, and of the colour of Fire, ſerv'd her for a Girdle, which ended in a

great Knot that hung upon her right hip, to which were faſtned the two ſides of thoſe long Sleeves of her Coat: They on her Arms were of flame-colour'd Satin, branched with Gold Foliage, and her Neck-lace, her Pendants at her Ears, and the Buttons of her Coat were of the faireſt *Balayan* Rubies, that ever were ſold by Lapidaries: This amiable perſon had on her Head a kind of Bonnet ſomewhat piked, of Purple colour'd Velvet, whoſe ground was Gold, whip'd about the edge with a large Riband of Gold and flame-colour, and a white Lawn folded in many ſmall plates hung down behind from her Bonnet below her Shoulders. The charming *Lindaraxa*, who followed next with the Habit of the Ladies of *Tunis*, had a long Tunick of cherry-colour'd Satin, ray'd with Gold, Silver and Sea-gereen; and beſides that, a ſhorter Tunick which reach'd but to her Knees; the Sleeves of which were ſlaſh'd, and came but half way to her Arms, of *Turkie* Velvet, branch'd with Sea-green and Gold: She had for her Girdle and Scarf of Tiſſue, of cherry-colour Gold and Silver; a Bonnet on her Head of the ſame Velvet, as her upper Tunick, whip'd about on the edge, with a great many turnings of a large Riband of Gold, Silver, Cherry-colour and Sea-green, which ended in a great Knot under her Chin; having her Hair ſpread abroad before and behind upon her Shoulders. The amiable *Fatime* came next in order, clothed as the Women of Quality in *Pera*; that is to ſay, having a Robe of black Sattin ſtreak'd with Gold and Griſdelin, with an Apron of Tinſil, branched with the ſame colour, the ground Gold; this Apron came from below her Breaſts (which were very bare) and hung down even to her Feet: She had alſo a Rich Collar of Diamonds; in the middle of which was a Magnifick Locket of the ſame Stones, at the end of which was a great Pearl like a Pear: And below this Collar ſhe had a Chain of Gold with great Links, Bracelets of Diamonds and Pearls at her Ears, and on her Head a Bonnet of the ſame ſtuff as her Apron; about which was a Fillet of Goldſmiths-work, ſtudded with Diamonds towards the Front, and which croſs-wiſe compaſſed her Head about from one ſide to the other; having a moſt glorious bunch of Stones on the left ſide of her Bonnet, and her Hair diſpers'd, and waving at the pleaſure of the Wind. The charming *Zelime*, came after, dreſt as the Ladies of *Adrianople*, having a Cimarr of Velvet after the *Turkiſh* faſhion, branch'd with Leaves of a Cibron colour cut upon Silver: Under her Chin ſhe had white Cypreſs in form of a Scarf, border'd with a Fillet, embroider'd with Gold and Silver; and on her Head a great Vail of the ſame ſtuff, with the ſame garniſhings, which hung down behind to the ground, and which gave to her no little Majeſty. The pleaſant *Cadiga* follow'd next in the Habit of the Women of *Macedonia*, being dreſt in a long Gown of Dove-colour'd unſhorn Velvet embroider'd with a Girdle of Gold Tiffany: Alſo ſhe had a Collar of Diamonds, and a great Chain of the ſame Stones, which came twice about her Neck, and Pendants at her Ears very Magnicent: On her Head was a dreſſing a little phantaſtical, but yet it was very fine, and very rich: The form of it was almoſt like to one of thoſe round Baskets, which the *Italians* call *Caneſtre*; the Foot of which came half way her Fore-head: She had a thin Cloth of Gold cover'd all over with prceious Stones, and border'd both above and below with round Pearls, like to the Coronets of Counts, having a ſtring of the ſame Pearls which faſtn'd it below her Breaſt: Behind and before about her Head Tyre, hung a great Knot of a Scarf of Gold Tiffany, above which there was a Circle of Goldſmiths-work, which from behind the Head, came about to the Front, as it were to hold up the Knots; and from below that ſtately dreſſing hung all her Hair in divers Treſſes, where one might ſee more Gold than Hair. The charming *Daraché*, who came next, appear'd in that pompous Hall with the Habiliments of the Maids of the Iſland of *Chios*, one of the moſt famous of the *Archipelago*: She had on a Robe of white Sattin, the Bodies of which were cover'd with welts of a deep Crimſon coloured Velvet, embroider'd with Gold and Pearls, having alſo very many below: She had alſo an Aporn of moſt curious Work, knit up behind with a great Knot of golden Tiſſue and red Silk, and above that Apron a Girdle of Goldſmiths-work: She had about her Neck, which was bare, a ſtring of great round Pearls, at which hung a rich Locket of Diamonds in the middle; beneath that a Chain of Pearls leſs, a double row of an oval form, with another bunch of Stones, at the end of which hung three Pearls in the form of Pears; and a little lower yet, a great Chain of Gold Rings: Two Scarfs entwiſted of Gold Tiſſue, & of red and white Cypreſs; after having ſhown its Wreathings before, it came about in great Knots between her two Shoulders, and to the middle of her Girdle: On her Head ſhe had a Bonnet of white Sattin with Gold embroidery, ſomewhat high, powder'd all over with Diamonds and Pearls, border'd throughout, with very may Knots of Gold and red Riband, having underneath a Fillet of Gold Tiffany, which made a great Knot behind the Dreſſing: Her Hair hung in Rings, and her Ears were adorned with to great Pearls like Pears. The fair *Zayde* followed *Daraché*, clothed like the Ladies of *Morocco*: She had on a Jump of Aſh-coloured Damask, with Leaves of Silver; beſides that, a Tunick ſhorter by a foot of violet-colour'd Damask, branched with Gold, border'd about the Neck and below with a large Fillet of Gold Embroidery: Another Skirt more ſhort, the faireſt Work of all the *Eaſt* Country, a Scarf for a Girdle of Gold Tiſſue of Silver, Aſh-colour and Violet; the ends of which hung ſomewhat

what behind upon the left hip, and more before on the ſame ſide; by long ſtrings hung a magnificent Purſe, embroider'd with Gold, and with very many Tufts: There was alſo upon her Shoulders, a large Vail of rich Gold Tiſſue, of Silver, Aſh-colour and Violet, faſten'd before to her Girdle, which the Women of Quality of *Morocco* carry on their Heads, when they walk the Streets, that they may hide their Faces: She had Pearls about her Neck, and at her Ears, and a Dreſſing of Cloth of Silver embroider'd with Gold, almoſt like a little Caſque, and a large Riband of Silver, which ſerv'd for a Fillet, which ended in a great Knot behind her Head; another like that being above that kind of Caſque, and a great Enſign of Diamonds juſt before. The amiable *Axa*, next in the Habit of the Ladies of the Iſle of *Paros*, one of the *Cyclades*, and the moſt famous of all for its excellent Marble: This fair Perſon, had then on a Bodies, Sleeves and Petticoat of yellow Damask laid upon Silver, Filletted with a Border of Pearl-colour'd Velvet embroider'd with Gold: Beſides that, ſhe had a Robe of Pearl-colour'd Velvet ſhorter by half a Foot than her Peticoat, the Sleeves of which came but half way down her Arms: This Robe was enrich'd all about the bottom, the Borders of the Sleeves, and round the Neck with a large Border of Gold Embroidery: The Bodies were ſomewhat ſhort, and as it were careleſly lac'd, with a thred of Gold, ſo that one might ſee below the Bodies, the yellow and ſilver Damask Peticoat open in ſquares before and behind; and the Neck was ſeen dreſs'd with a ſtring of round Pearls; from the middle of which hung a great Knot of Diamonds, having below that a Chain of Gold, moſt artificially made, and round Pearls at her Ears: She had all about her ſhoulders, ſhewing their wrought Cuttings, great Puffs of yellow Riband, ſtreak'd with Silver, between which at equal diſtance were ſtitch'd on knots of Pearl-colour'd Riband ſtreak'd with Gold: Her Hair was parted plain like a Country Girls, and behind her Head a Vail of Silver Lawn in great folds, which came down before, four Fingers below her Breaſt, and another of Gold Cypreſs, which fell down much lower behind; and being brought round before, was tuck'd up to a Girdle of Goldſmiths-work, which ſhe had on. The fair *Alicola* followed after her, with the Habit of the Women of *Syria*, very pompous, and very magnifick: She had a Robe of *Turkie* Velvet, of Orange-colour in grain, with great Flowers of Silver; the Sleeves of which came but to the middle of the Arms, the other parts being cover'd veſtrait below with white Taffaty ray'd with Gold: She had alſo a very long Girdle of golden Tiſſue aud white Silk; the ends of which were adorned with a large Fringe of Gold, and hung down to the middle of her Leggs: This fair perſon had a long Mantle trailing after her, of white Taffaty ray'd with Gold, which parting above upon the head, was knit under her throat with a large Diamond Button; and falling back on both ſides above the Elbows, it fell down behind upon the ground, with a Majeſty which made her look like a Queen: Through this Mantle one might ſee her Neck a little bare, and the Button which button'd the Mantle under her Chin, and folded back behind her Ears, in which were round Pearls; alſo above this Mantle ſhe had a kind of a little Hood which was border'd and adorn'd with Pearls. *Zelindore* came after *Alicola*, cloath'd like the Ladies of *Fez*; that is to ſay, with a long Tunick of Purple-colour'd Damask, with fair Silver Branches; but the ſtuff was ſo light that one might ſee thorow all the ſhape of her Breaſt, ſhewing all over the other parts of the Body the fineſt foldes that Drapery could make: This Tunick was much folded about the Neck, where was fitted to it a ſmall Ruff jagged at the end, which did not give a little grace to that fair Perſon: She had very high upon her Breaſt a Girdle of Goldſmiths-work, and a large Vail upon her Head of rich Tiſſue of Gold and Purple, which being folded back upon her two Arms, it fell down behind even to the ground. The amiable *Zambrine* was ſeen to follow next in the Habit of the Women of *Caramania*; being the Province which the Ancients called heretofore *Cicilia*: She had on a kind of Veſt which the *Turks* call *Doliman*; made of Murrey-colour'd Velvet, enrich'd all over with Fillets of Embroidered Gold, a Girdle of Gold Tiſſue, having a great knot before: Upon her Head a Vail of Cotten Cloth, and on her Breaſt, which was all cover'd with a Moriſques work; and upon this Vail, a high Coiſure of Gold Cypreſs much pointed, ſomewhat near the form of our Miters: From behind which hung down upon her ſhoulders the two ends of a Magnificent Scarf of Gold Cypreſs, with a large Fringe of Gold at each end: This Scarf was ty'd together on high with a knot of a Riband of Gold. The fair and fierce *Semabis*, from whom Age had not yet taken away all her Charms, ſhe appear'd in this Aſſembly, with the ordinary Habit of the Ladies of *Granada*, but however extraordinary dreſt: She had on a Peticoat of *Turkie* Velvet, branch'd with Leaves of Gold, upon a black ground, and a kind of Juſticore of Cloth of Gold, wholly covered with an Embroidery of Gold very high; having it ſcollop'd all about the bottom, round the Waſte, and round the Sleeves, which came but half way her Arms: This Juſticore was open'd before and behind in ſquares, through which one might ſee about her Neck, Breaſt and Shoulders, a very fine Smock, delicately plated, enriched all about with gold Embroidery, and black Silk; at the end of which was a ſmall-ſet Ruff embroider'd with the ſame, with a Border of Gold Purle; this Shift had alſo large Sleeves with the ſame Ornaments, at the end of which were ſuch Ruffles, as about the Neck, only a little ſmaller: Over her Hair which was ſet in Rings, ſhe had

had a Cap of black Velvet, with a ſtring of Gold, a Locket of Diamonds, and three or four black Feathers; ſo that this ſetting Sun appear'd yet with very much brightneſs. All the other Ladies of the Court were clothed as thoſe of *Bagadeth*, *Hiſpauen*, *Alexandria*, *Damaſcus*, *Algier*, *Biſerta*, *Centa*, *Tripoly*, *Gouletta*, the *Grand Cair*, *Bugie*, *Oran*, and all other moſt famous Mahumetan Cities. The King was cover'd all over with Gold and precious Stones, and the Prince *Monſſa*, *Mahomet*, *Zarcan*, *Abindarrays*, *Zebelin*, *Abdala*, *Abenamin*, *Amat*, *Zays*, *Alamin*, *Orthogule*, *Abenarax*, *Orcame*, *Almoraby*, and all the other men of Quality of the Court of *Granada*, being there ſo Magnificently and Gallantly clothed; when the King and Queen Sultanneſs were placed on the ſtately Throne prepared for them; and all the Ladies had taken their places, and all the men of Quality behind them on the Amphitheatre; all this I ſay, joyn'd with the richneſs of the Tapiſtry and the Ceiling, with the magnificency of thoſe fair Statues of the Slaves, and the brightneſs of ſo many Lights, made the moſt wonderful ſight that ever Eyes beheld. After the noiſe of their ſeating themſelves was over, and that reſpect to the place had impoſed ſilence on all, giving place to Admiration, and preſently after to the Ball: The Maſter of the Ceremonies taking his charge, and the Moreſque Inſtruments beginning to play, the King roſe up, and looking on the Sultanneſs with Eyes very full of Love: "Madam (*ſaid he* "*very gallantly preſenting her his hand*) I have "been ſo little a time an Husband, that it "may yet be permitted me to be a Lover, "and to act like one at this time; let us "therefore, if you think good, begin the "Ball. Sir, (*anſwer'd ſhe ſmiling, and ſpeak-*"*ing low that none might hear her but he*) that "firſt Quality ought not to oppoſe the ſe-"cond; but if you are neither of them, you "are neverrheleſs very civil, and very gallant. At theſe words they deſcended from the State, and they who came to dance being advanc'd, they began a grave and ſerious Dance, which the *Moors* call *Zambra*, and which is ſomething like our firſt *Braules*, for they go round as in them, and with a ſoft and meaſured Cadence, which did not much buſie the Body nor the Mind, but left the laſt free enough to hold a certain kind of Converſation, whilſt they danc'd, with thoſe they held by either hand. The King knowing well how to make uſe of ſo favourable a conjecture, and to reap a profit from the Councils of *Zarcan*, putting his Mouth to the Ear of the Sultanneſs, and ſpeaking very low. "In truth, "Madam, *ſaid he very obligingly*, this Night "is the Day of your Triumph; and you "efface ſo much all the other Beauties that are "here, that you almoſt ſeem to be here a-"lone, ſo much does your Brightneſs ſur-"paſs theirs. Sir, *reply'd ſhe*, if you had another "Lady with you, ſhe would receive without "doubt that praiſe which I receive; and it "is rather Fortune, than my merit, which "gives me this advantage, or rather your ci-"vility only. Your Beauty ſhall anſwer for "me at this time, *ſaid the Prince*, and the Uni-"verſal Applauſe which is given you, prove "the Truth of my words, and the injuſtice "that you do me, in doubting of their ſin-"cerity, or at leaſt in ſeeming to doubt them. "As Kings are above Laws, *reply'd* Almahide, "ſo alſo are they above Cuſtoms: and how-"ever gallant the Court of *Granada* may be, "it is not the part of Sovereigns to give "themſelves the trouble to be Gallants. I "ought to be ſo much of your opinion, *an-*"*ſwer'd* Boaudilin, as to hold the contrary, "that a King ought always to be, if poſſible, "the moſt honeſt man in his Realm: for it "it is not juſt, no more in Merit, than in "Blood, that the King ſhould be below his "Subjects in any thing, who ought to be above "them in every thing. But there great Af-"fairs, *reply'd the feign'd Sultanneſs*, require "them altogether; and the Intereſt of the "State doth not agree with ſuch high Court-"ſhip. I do not ſee them incompatible, *re-*"*turn'd the King*, and if to Reign and to Love "you were two things, which are but the "ſame, I ſhould not be a moment in ſuſpenſe, "but ſhould quickly determine on the choice "that I ought to make, and doubt not but that "I would rather loſe my Crown, than my "Love. Ah! Sir, *ſaid ſhe laughing*, are you "not afraid that the Ghoſt of *Miriam* is be-"hind us, and that ſhe liſtens to you? do "not you fear ſhe will accuſe you of infidelity? "don't you apprehend her Reproaches? and "do not you think that you hear that grieved "Ghoſt ſigh for your change? The bounds "of Conſtancy, *return'd the King*, are the "bounds of Life; who loves even to Death, "hath been faithful enough: Love is not ac-"cuſtomed to inhabit the Tombs; and the "ſame Religion which aſſures us that Ladies "die wholly, diſpenſes with us for loving "them when they are not alive: for Reaſon "does not permit to give all to an Object, "that is no more any thing. But, Sir, *added* "*the feign'd Sultanneſs*, your Majeſty doth "not remember, that I have been bred up a-"mong people, who treat Women more fa-"vourably than we; and who believe their "Souls are immortal, as well as thoſe of Men "are. Think you not then, that I will fol-"low an Opinion ſo favourable to my Sex? "and that I would not have a Lover, who "would forget me if I ſhould die, as he "hath forgot another, as ſoon as ſhe was dead? "me, I ſay, who would have one love me in "the Sepulcher, as well as on the Earth; and "one that ſhould reverence my Aſhes, as he "had reverenc'd my Perſon. Ah! fair *Al-*"*mahide*, *return'd the amorous Prince*, you are "too good a Believer, to follow the Maxims "of our Enemies, and to oppoſe their Errors "to my true Paſſion. And you are too ill a "Lover (*anſwer'd ſhe ſmiling, with a good* "*grace*) to ſatisfie a Spirit ſo nice as mine is.

But

"But, Sir, (*purſued ſhe without giving him "time to anſwer*) as I have on the Habit of "the Sultanneſs Queen of *Conſtantinople*, it is "without doubt to her that you addreſs all "your Courtſhips; and that the Princeſs "*Almahide*, is not at all intereſted in this Diſ-"courſe. Indeed I did not ſpeak to the "Wife of the Grand Signiour, *reply'd the* "*King*, and it is to the Queen of *Granada* "that I ſpeak. But I am as little one as the "other, *ſaid ſhe very ſoftly in his Ear.* And then that this Diſcourſe might laſt no longer, ſhe turn'd to the Prince *Mouſſa*, whom ſhe held in her right hand, and put him upon ſpeaking of the Ball, and of the Beauty of the Aſſembly. On the other ſide, the King very well ſatisfied with this firſt Declaration of his Love, did not preſs it any more then: and as long as the Dance laſted, he ſpake no more but with his Eyes. It is true, they were ſo Eloquent, that they needed not the mouth, and his words could ſay nothing that his looks did not with much more tenderneſs, they were ſo paſſionate, and were ſo inſeparably ty'd to her fair Face. This *Zambra* being finiſh'd, the Prince and the feign'd Sultanneſs remounted the State, and all thoſe who had danced returned to their places. Then the gallant *Abindarrays*, and the amiable *Aldoradine* danced together a *Saraband:* which paſſionate Dance the *Moors* of *Granada* had invented, and which the Inquiſition of *Spain* had forbid; they judg'd it ſo capable of moving the tender Paſſions, and to ſteal away the Heart by the Eyes, and to trouble the tranquillity of the Mind. This witty and gallant *Granadine*, danc'd then the firſt *Couplet* with a grace altogether charming, and with a carriage that could not be equall'd: But when his Miſtreſs had begun the ſecond, ſhe raviſh'd all the people, and every one gave her ſilent praiſes, by the admiration which appear'd in the Countenances of all that numerous and illuſtrious Company. At firſt ſhe danc'd with a grave and meaſur'd Air, to an even and ſoft Cadence, and with the carriage of her Body ſo noble, ſo fine, ſo free, and ſo diſengag'd, that ſhe had altogether the Majeſty of a Queen, and inſpired no leſs reſpect than ſhe gave pleaſure. Afterwards lifting her ſelf up with a more free Carriage, and carrying her Arms at half hight, and half open; ſhe made the fineſt ſtep that ever was invented for Dance: Anon ſhe ſlid along inſenſibly, without letting one perceive the moving of her Feet and Leggs; and ſeeming rather to ſlide than to go, ſhe went, as we ſay the Goddeſſes went, and appeared to be a Goddeſs: By and by, with moſt excellent time, ſhe ſtood ſtill ſuſpended, immoveable, and leaning ſomewhat on one ſide, with one Foot in the Air, and then recovering that of time which ſhe had made, by another more precipitate, ſhe ſeem'd almoſt to fly, her motion was ſo rapid. Anon ſhe advanc'd with little jumps, then ſhe recoil'd with great ſteps; which as much by Rule as they were, ſeem'd to be done without Art; ſo much was it hid by an ingenious negligence: By and by to give all an equal pleaſure, ſhe turn'd to the right hand, and by and by to the left hand; and then when ſhe was juſt in the middle of the void place, ſhe made a turn, and a motion ſo ſudden, that their Eyes were not able to follow: Sometimes ſhe let ſlip an entire Cadence without moving her ſelf, no more than a fair Statue; and then departing like an Arrow, one ſaw her at the other end of the Hall, before one had leaſure to perceive ſhe was gone: Sometimes the Caſtanets which ſhe had in her hands, were ſilent with the Inſtruments; and making both of them a pauſe, they permitted a ſhort ſilence to reign; and then beginning again to act with the harmony, they made an agreeable noiſe, a Thunder in concert (if it be permitted me to name it ſo) and a meaſur'd Tempeſt; which redoubl'd the pleaſure with a loud and fantaſtical Muſick. But all this was nothing in compariſon of that which one ſaw, when that gallant Perſon began to expreſs the motions of her Soul by that of the Body; and to ſhew them in her Face, in her Eyes, in her Steps, and in all her Actions. Sometimes ſhe flung out languiſhing and paſſionate Looks, as long as a ſoft & languiſhing Cadence laſted; and then when that chang'd, ſhe turn'd her Looks as if ſhe would ſuppreſs her Paſſion; and by a Motion more ſwift, ſhe ſtole away the Grace ſhe had given. Sometimes ſhe came towards *Abindarrays*, her Arms half open, and making him a light ſign with her Eyes, and her hands, that he ſhould advance, and then recoiling, as ſhe ſaw him approach, ſhe deceived his hope, and ſmiled at the innocent cheat. Sometimes ſhe expreſs'd her Anger, and the Piques that Love inſpires, by a time impetuous and turbulent: and then repreſenting a Paſſion more ſweet, by Motions more moderate, one might ſee her to ſigh, languiſh and faint away, to let her languiſhing Eyes wander, as a fair one dying; and by certain bending of the Arms and Body careleſs, uneven and paſſionate, wherein Love and Pleaſure appear'd mingled together: ſhe repreſented ſo well that mute Comedy, and ſhow'd ſo amiable, and ſo charming, ſo long as that enchanting Dance laſted, that ſhe made all thoſe who beheld her unfaithful, and rob'd them no leſs of their Hearts, as ſhe had ty'd their Eyes to behold her. So that when this *Saraband* was ended, there was no praiſe which ſhe did not receive, and no addreſs was more gloriouſly Crown'd, than hers at this time. But when that *Abindarrays* had taken again his place, the other gallant *Moors*, and the fair *Granadines* continued the Ball with divers Dances after the Mooriſh Mode, very divertiſing and pleaſant. One was called the *Turkiſh*, another the *Greekiſh*, another the *Alexandrian*, another the *Babylonian*, another the *Perſian*, another the *Tartarian*; and all that they had invented at *Granada* were

were not forgotten. In the mean time the King had a mind to renew the particular Converſe, which he had begun with the Sultanneſs, while they were dancing together: but that witty perſon, who was willing to ſhun it, call'd without ſhewing any thing of affectation, *Abindarrays*, *Aldoradine*, *Zelebin* and *Galiana*, and making them ſit down at the end of the State, ſhe began to diſcourſe after this manner with the firſt Lady. "It muſt "be confeſs'd, *ſaid ſhe*, that never any perſon "danc'd ſo well as you, and that you alone "have carried all the Glory of the Aſſembly. "Indeed, *purſued the King*, her addreſs ap"pear'd incomparable; and if *Abindarrays* is "not dead, I believe that he muſt be immor"tal. If your Majeſties, *reply'd pleaſantly* "Aldoradine, give me ſo much vanity, he of "whom you ſpake, will not find himſelf the "better; and if he is not immortal, as the "King ſaid, he is expoſed to great peril: "For who cannot at leaſt but have a little "Pride after ſo great Glory? Be aſſured, *re*"*ply'd* Abindarrays, very gallantly, that men "who may be able to dye for grief, will never "die for pleaſure: it is therefore, that I am "yet alive; and it will yet be, that I ſhall not "dye, when it ſhall happen that you are "pleaſant: Since that to take a great part of "your advantages, I ſhall have nothing but "Joy, with which men never dye. In truth, *(ſaid then the Sultanneſs to draw out that Converſation, and making them to change the* "*the ſubject)* that which I have contriv'd for "the different Clothes of our Ladies, accord"ing to the divers Nations of our Faith, has "hit very happily: and if I flatter not my"ſelf a diverſity ſo pleaſant, hath contributed "ſomething to the Beauty of the Aſſembly, "and to the Magnificency of the Feaſt. In"deed *(return'd the King, who would not loſe* "*an occaſion of appearing complaiſant)* it is "from thence, that it hath drawn its great "ſplendour; and whatever of gallantry the "Court of *Granada* may boaſt of; it is certain, "that nothing was invented more gallant. The "mixture of ſo many colours, *added* Galiana, "contributes alſo very much of pleaſure to "the Eyes, and to the pomp of the Ball: and "I think that it is impoſſible to ſee altogether "ſo vaſt a quantity, and to ſee them better "mixt. It is true, *return'd* Zelebin, that a "mixture ſo diverting, deſerves well the "praiſe that you give; but as there are di"vers degrees of Beauty and Perfection, a"mong the moſt perfect, and moſt fair; I "know not which of our Ladies hath the "advantage, nor how to make the moſt ju"dicious choice: For I know not that any "one hath yet determined which of the Co"lours is the faireſt. That is not indeed very "eaſie to be reſolved, *ſaid* Aldoradine, for "that Beauty of which you ſpeak, depends "not on lineaments, nor on proportions, of "which the meaſures are juſt and infallible, "but only on the Colour, it follows then that "it depends purely on the Phanſie; and ſo e"very Colour is the faireſt, to him who loves "it beſt. That which you have ſaid fair "*Aldoradine*, *return'd* Abindarrays, is very "finely and wittily thought: but if it ſhall "be after that manner, the plurality of voices "ought to carry it. But ſome are of opinion, "*added the King*, that one ſhould rather "weigh the voices than count them; and "who are perſwaded that Reaſon is not to "be found among the crowd, and that one "ſhould not ſeek it in the multitude. How"ever, *ſaid the Sultanneſs*, I think that this "pleaſant Queſtion, is but very doubt"ful; and that we muſt treat of it as doubt"fully. Tell us then, if you pleaſe your firſt "doubts, *reply'd the King*, and afterwards e"very one ſhall tell theirs, without deter"mining any thing but for himſelf: it is not "juſt to paſs from a Legitimate Power to Ty"ranny; nor that one ſhould ſubject the o"pinion of another to ones own. For my "part, *reply'd the Sultanneſs*, ſince I have on "to day, nothing but Gold and Silver in my "Garments, I am without doubt the more "diſintereſted, for the Metals are not to "be mixt with the Colours, I ſhall take no "part, but that I ſhall appear to them the "more equitable. Ah! Madam, *anſwer'd* "Galiana *ſmiling*, your Majeſty hath then "forgot that almoſt all the Colours are in "your Scarf, and in your Girdle, and that "the Rubies, and the Emraulds, are alſo two "of the moſt conſiderable; ſo that in a man"ner you have alone as much as we altoge"ther. This lets us ſee *(return'd* Almahide "*laughing alſo)* that one does not know ones "ſelf; and that one ſees another better than "ones ſelf: But that I may not do any thing "unjuſt, I will not judge at all; and I will "rather propoſe Doubts, than reſolve Que"ſtions. Begin then, Madam, *ſaid the King*, "that every one may follow you; for it is "by ſearching that one finds, and to find the "Truth we muſt ſearch. May not then the "Blew, *ſaid the Sultanneſs*, be that prefer"able Colour, which may merit juſtly the "Title of the fineſt of Colours: It becomes "ſo well, its brightneſs is ſo ſweet, and its "luſtre ſo pleaſant, that I think it may be a"ble to pretend to the preference of all others, "with as much of Reaſon as of Beauty. Be"ſides, as it is not be doubted, but that Na"ture knows better the price of all her works, "than we are able to know, ſhe ſpeaks viſi"bly in favour of Blew: For ſhe having "formed the Heaven, which is the greateſt "and moſt noble part of the Univerſe, it "ſeems that it is not to be doubted, but that "it is alſo the moſt fair, ſince ſhe cannot err "in her choice: and by conſequence that "this Colour may aſpire without Injuſtice, "and without Tyranny, to the Royalty over "all other Colours, that is to ſay, of the firſt "Rank. Moreover, Nature is not contented "to adorn, this marvellous vault with which "the whole world is covered; but ſhe alſo "hath made fine the Earth with it: Divers

Flowers

"Flowers are painted with this fine Azure, and "the Saphires held a rank too conſiderable, "among the rair precious Stones to be forgot "on this occaſion: for that in them the Ce- "leſtial blew ſo much pleaſes the ſight, and "ſhoots out a ſparkling ſo ſweet and ſo pure. "But it is not only the Flowers, nor the Sa- "phires, nor the Heaven it ſelf, which ſpeak "moſt highly in its favour; there is an Azure "more precious and glittering, than is to be "known in them, and I think you will in- "cline to accord (*this may be ſaid without* "*intereſt*.) when I ſhall have bid you look "on the dangerous Azure, which is in blew "Eyes. But this is enough for a perſon, who "hath them not black, and who is engag'd "to decide nothing, nor ought to ſpeak more "affirmitavely in favour of the Blew, how "amiable ſoever they appear to her. I ſhall "ſpeak then of Carnation, *ſaid the King*, and "I ask theſe Ladies, if they never riſe ſo "early in the morning, as to ſee that fair and "rich impreſſion which *Aurora* makes in the "Clouds? I would know of them, I ſay, if "any thing comes near to the livelineſs of that "colour, with which the Heaven is dreſt, in "thoſe pure, and firſt beginnings of Day, and "which is hardly effac'd by all the brightneſs "of the Sun? I would fain know of them, if "any thing comes near to the glittering beau- "ty of Coral? If any Flower is able to diſ- "pute with the Roſe, which they call the "Queen of Flowers? If any thing equals the "Carnation, which is ſeen to ſhine on the "Pearl ſhells, in that changeable luſtre which "they have? And if any thing may compare "with that, which is ſeen in that wonderful "bow, which is made by the reflection of the "light of the faireſt of Stars, ſometimes in "the Air? But why do I go about to prove "the beauty of Carnation by dead colours, "ſince the living Corals of the Lips, and "the Complexion of fair Perſons do better "manifeſt its Glory, and let us much better "ſee its price, Indeed if I judge of the rank "of that Coral, by the pleaſure which it "gives, it will triumph over all others, and "will permit nothing ſo much as to dare to "diſpute it with it. I know not, *ſaid* Ga- "liana, if I ſhall not appear a little Phanta- "ſtical to oppoſe to the bright ſplendour of "the Carnation, the fair darkneſs of the A- "maranthe, or purple Flower, and the beau- "tiful ſweetneſs and modeſty of that modeſt "Colour. Notwithſtanding, let that be as it "will, it ſhews it ſelf in the whiteneſs of the "Complexion; and I find ſomething ſo rich "in that fair obſcurity, with which it is im- "bued, that it makes me hang with very much "irreſolution. For indeed, it ſeems that Na- "ture hath given the Empire of Colours to "this amiable Colour, ſince that all Flowers "periſhing almoſt as ſoon as they are born, "the Amaranth is only immortal, and con- "ſerves eternally its Beauty. No, no, *re-* "*turn'd* Aldoradine, your beautiful Darkneſs "cannot hold out againſt the glittering Light "of the deep Red; it is the moſt pure of "the Elements, the Flowers of *Granada* "burn like it, and the ſhining of the Car- "buncles, and the Rubies are compoſed "of it. In a word, that redoubtable co- "lour is able by main force to uſurp the "Royalty for which we diſpute, dazeling "thoſe raſh Eyes which dare too much behold "it, and make the Lightnings and Thunder- "bolts to wear her Livery; and which one "ought always to fear and reſpect, if one "does not love it. But I know not, *ſaid* "Zelebin, if ſuch rough Colours as theſe may "pretend to ſo pleaſant a quality, which is "the true Elogy of Colours; and if the Le- "mon Colour, as being more ſweet, may not "merit much better? Beſides, they flatter the "Amaranth in calling it the only immortal; "for the Lemon Colour is alſo in theſe fair "Flowers, which they call the Flowers E- "ternal, with which our Gardens are em- "belliſh'd, as well in the Winter, as in Sum- "mer. But then, *ſaid* Abindarrays, your "Colour is but the beginning of a Colour; "Art has made in that, but a rough draught, "to that which Nature has better informed in "the Yellow; and the imperfect brightneſs "of the Citron, may not compare with the "ſplendour of this, what ſhall I ſay to you "more? Its Dignity appears chiefly in that "the moſt fair of the Stars, the moſt preci- "ous of Metals, and the biggeſt of Flowers "carry its Colour, that is to ſay, the Sun, Gold, "and the wonderful Heliotrope, which one "may call the Gyant of Flowers; and in that "Amber doth draw from it all its Beauty, "that renders it dear and precious. After all, "*continued the Sultanneſs*, the white hath "a certain purity, ſo well becoming young "perſons, and ſomething ſo delicate, ſo "clean, and ſo neat, that I know not ſo well, "in ſpite of my firſt opinion, if I ſhould "not give my voice for this to the prejudice "of its Rivals. For indeed Pearls and Dia- "monds are white like it, being the two "moſt precious things in the World, and the "laſt Maſter-pieces of Nature; and ſince the "white Roſes, the Flowers of Oranges, and "Jaſſimines, and the Complexion of fair "Perſons are of the ſame Colour, it follows, "that all that is moſt precious above, or "within the Earth, being as it is, white may "call it ſelf incomparable. But, *added the* "*King*, as all things appear beſt by their op- "poſites, it ſeems to me that Black has a "favourable effect near the Face: and that "thoſe who clothed themſelves like *Semahis*, "let us ſee their skill: For Alabaſter and Jeſt, "Swans and Ravens, white and black Mar- "ble, Day and Night, Light and Shade, they "favour one another reciprocally in re- "doubling eithers luſtre, and makes each other "appear with advantage; and black Eyes "have ſo dangerous a darkneſs, that is not "to be feared from any other colour, except "Blew, which appear more redoubtable. For "all that, *continued* Galiana, if I had a mind

" to change my Sentiments, your Majeſty " ſhould give me leave to tell you, that I am " not in love with your ſad colour, and that " the gaiety of the Green, ſhall carry it much " ſooner, than the ſadneſs of your Black. In- " deed, *added ſhe*, nothing ſo much pleaſes " the ſight, as that charming Colour, alſo all " the Earth is painted with it: The Mea- " dows, the Woods, the Valleys, and the " Mountains; and of all precious Stones, the " Emrauld hath the moſt ſmiling brightneſs, " and moſt pleaſing to the Eyes. But, *ſaid* " Abindarrays, what ſhall become of the Ma- " jeſty of the ancient Kings, if we prefer any " other colour to the Magnificence of the " Purple? But, *added* Zelebin, what ſhall be- " come of the Marks of Dignity of the Ma- " giſtrates of Chriſtians, if the redneſs of " Scarlet loſe its luſtre? For my part, *return'd* " *the Sultanneſs*, the Cherry-colour tempts " me much; for it is very fair and very lively. " I confeſs it, *added the King*, but the Griſde- " line, ſeems alſo to me a very gallant co- " lour. But ſhall we condemn without pity " the Fleſh-colour, and the amiable colour " of the Panſie? *ſaid* Galiana. Yes, for the " Columbine, *added* Abindarrays *laughing*. I " ask your good will for the Pearl-colour, *con-* " *tinued* Zelebin. And I for the Orange in " grain, *reply'd the Sultanneſs*. And I, *return'd* " Boaudilin for the Violet, for the Grey, for " the Fillamot, and for all the other colours " forgotten. Let us end than where we be- " gan, *ſaid* Almahide, and concluding that " every colour is the moſt fair to him, who " loves it beſt; we will leave the Colours in " their Republick, without Tyranny, and " without Soveraignty. Such was the pleaſing Converſation of the amorous King of *Granada*, the feign'd Sultanneſs, and thoſe Illuſtrious Perſons about the Colours. But whilſt this paſſed thus in that place, there was a- nother diſcourſe between *Abenamin*, *Linda- raxa*, *Amat* and *Cadiga*, in another part of the Hall, which was no leſs gallant. Theſe two illuſtrious Lovers were placed juſt be- hind thoſe two *Granadines* in the loweſt Rank of the Amphitheatre: ſo that when none of them did dance, they ſpake low one to another of what they had a mind to, and what concerned their Paſſion. But as the fierce *Cadiga* had not yet forgot the evil Fortune of *Amat* in the Carrouſel, nor the adventure of her Statue, ſhe never anſwer'd him but in choler, and that unhappy Lover was the only ſad one in the Aſſembly. " Fair and too fierce Perſon, *ſaid he*, will " you never leave to be as unjuſt as For- " tune, and to perſecute me as well as ſhe? " wherefore would you have me anſwer for " her faults, as if her crime were mine, and " that I ſhould be puniſh'd for her capricio- " ouſneſs? No, no, *reply'd ſhe*, *interrupting* " *him*, I do not ſee Fortune in the carreer, I " ſaw nothing but the unskilful *Amat*: Do " not then attribute to her capriciouſneſs, that " which your weak Addreſs hath done, and " do not ſeek without your ſelf the cauſe of " your ſhame, and my diſpite: for Fortune " did not run at the Ring, and you did run " very ill. But I may be able another time " to run very well, *anſwer'd he ſighing*. Hope " of what's to come, *return'd ſhe*, does not " ſuffice me for the preſent ſhame; and a " chimera is not at all ſufficient to cure a real " Evil. But be it as it will, *continued ſhe* " *very fiercely*, let us keep in the terms of our " conditions; you have promiſed to obey all " my Commands: I command you, that you " love me no more, obey me then, if you be " a man of your Word. Ah! cruel and un- " juſt perſon, *reply'd he*, you command the " only thing in which I am not permitted " to obey; and which I never ſhall obey, and " for which I ſhall glory to be eternally a Re- " bel. He hath reaſon to do ſo, fair *Cadiga* *(ſaid then* Abenamin, *who had over heard them)* " and thoſe unjuſt commands do not oblige " him to obedience. Ah! ſince you take his part, " *ſaid* Lindaraxa *ſmiling*, I will do like you, " and range my ſelf on the ſide of the amiable " *Cadiga*, and ſtick cloſe to her; for it is " not juſt that you fight two to one: Although " you ſhould get the advantage, you would " not get it with honour. However it ſhould " happen, I do not need ſo redoubtable a " ſecond to overcome, *return'd* Cadiga, and " the juſtice of my Cauſe ſuffices me to ſup- " preſs them. We will, notwithſtanding, " fight with equal Arms, and equal Num- " ber, *reply'd* Amat; and ſince the injuſt *Linda-* " *raxa*, hath declared her ſelf againſt Reaſon, " ſhe is not able to unſay it again; and the " generous *Abenamin* is too brave to ſee us " hand to hand without making one. The " encreaſe of Enemies, is the encreaſe of Glo- " ry, *return'd* Cadiga. Yes, when one is a- " ble to vanquiſh them, *anſwer'd* Abenamin, " but to do that it will not be ſo eaſie for you. " Although it be ſo, *added* Lindaraxa *ſmil-* " *ing a little*, having drawn out our Swords, " it is not then to unſay any thing, we muſt " overcome, or be overcome. Tell us then " very clearly for what we muſt combat, *ſaid* " Abenamin, to the end that the queſtion " being well put, we may be able to examine " with order, and determine without confu- " ſion. I ſay then, *reply'd* Cadiga, having " promiſed to obey me in all things, ſince " that I have commanded him to love me " no more, he ought to obey me. Ah! un- " juſt perſon, *anſwer'd again* Amat, you ex- " plicate ill my words, and my promiſes: you " draw thence alſo conſequences contrary to " my intention & my repoſe; when I ſpeak for " my ſelf, you make me ſpeak againſt my ſelf; " and you will have that which I had ſaid for " my advantage, ſerve to my ruine, and that " I be unfortunate, becauſe I have been gene- " rous. It is true, that I have promiſed you " to obey you; but it is to be underſtood in " things juſt, in things poſſible; and that of " which we ſpeak is not ſo. No, no, *return'd* " Lindaraxa, whoſoever ſays all, excludes " nothing

"nothing; and you have promiſed poſitively "to obey in all things. By ſo falſe a conſe- "quence, *anſwer'd* Amat, it ſhould be that I "ſhould attempt the life of that unjuſt per- "ſon, if ſhe ſhould command me to attempt "it: and that by an obedience ſo blind, a "Lover may become an Enemy, when he "ſhall give Death to that which he loves more "than his Life; and whilſt he deſtroys that "thing, for which he would give all his "blood, if all his blood were able to ſave it. "Yes, he ſhould do it. yes ſhould I be willing, "*reply*'d Cadiga, and if I would live no lon- "ger, I would that he ſhould kill me. But, "too Tyrannick perſon, *ſaid* Abenamin, is not "impoſſibility above all Laws, and all "Thrones? could ever the moſt fierce Ty- "rants be able to make men do beyond their "Power? and hath not all their cruelty been "conſtrained to yield to that only thing, to "which every thing yields? Or is it poſſible "to leave to love when one will, and ſo to "diſpoſe of ones Heart, and ones ſoul? to "take away ones Soul, and ones Heart as ea- "ſily as one had given it? to ſtrip ones ſelf "of a violent Paſſion, as of a Garment? and "that we are able to forget when we pleaſe, "the ſole Object of our Memory, and the "only entertaiment of our Mind? No, no, "that thing is not at all poſſible; and by "conſequence it is a thing that is not to be "done. But, *return'd* Lindaraxa, is it lawful "for Slaves to reaſon when they ſhould obey? "Is it not rather forbidden to examine that "which is commanded them? and to yield "to whatſoever it be, that ſhall fall to their "lot, with obedience and ſubmiſſion? Yes, "without doubt, *added* Cadiga, the right of "Freedom belongs to their Maſters as well as "that of giving them Irons. But if I am free, "*reply'd* Amat, I owe you no more Obedi- "ence, and you ought no more to command "me. I command you however to love me "no longer, *anſwer'd ſhe*, and ſince you love "me ſtill, and that I command, you ought to "obey me. If he loves you yet, *reply'd* Abe- "namin, that obedience is impoſſible for him: "and if he loves you no longer, your com- "mand is in vain, and you have no more "right to command him. So that which way "ſoever one ſhall conſider the buſineſs, you "are altogether equally unjuſt, and he either "way diſpenc'd with for obeying you. This was the entertainment of thoſe four Illuſtrious Perſons, whilſt in other parts of the Hall the Prince *Mouſſa* diſcours'd with *Zelime*, *Alamin* with *Daraebe*, *Zayd* with the fair *Zayde*, *Abdala* with the amiable *Fatime*, *Orbogule* with the charming *Axa*, *Abenarax* with *Zelindore*, *Orcame* with the witty *Alicala*, *Almoraby* with *Zambrine*, and the other Lovers with the other Ladies; every one taking hold on the occaſion, trying to pleaſe by diverting, and to become more happy by becoming more pleaſing. On the other ſide the feign'd *Ramire*, and Don *Fernand* talk'd with *Roderick de Narve*; who was altogether charm'd with the Magnificence, and the Addreſs of theſe Gallant *Moors* of *Granada*; and he ceaſed not to praiſe a Nation ſo Civil, ſo Polite, and ſo gallant. "It is very certain (*ſaid Don* Fer- nand *to the Captain general of the Armies of* "Spain) that except the *Saraband* of *Abin- "darrays*, and *Aldoradine*, all that we "have ſeen dance in the Ball is nothing, and "may not be compared ro the Sultanneſs, "when ſhe dances, as they do in *Caſtile* and "*Arragon*; and I do aſſure you, that all the "Court would be raviſh'd, if it ſhould ſee "her in the noble Exerciſe with *Leonce*, who "dances to my knowledge, as well as any "man can dance. There are ſome others "that may perhaps diſpute it with him, *re- "ply'd the feign'd* Ramire, and he of whom "you ſpeak, is not alone as a *Phenix*. But, "*anſwer'd again*, Roderick de Narve, that "which you ſay will be impoſſible here: for "the *Mooriſh* Muſicianers, without doubt "know not how to play the *Spaniſh* Dances. "Pardon me, Sir, they know them, *reply'd* "*Don* Fernand; and as among ſo great a "number of Slaves as are in *Granada*, there "are of all ſorts of Profeſſions, there are "ſome found that have taught them all that "you think they are ignorant of; and I have "heard them play all our Dances, as well as "they are play'd in *Sivil*, or in *Madrid*. If "it be ſo, *ſaid then the Captain general*, did "the King know as much as we know, he "would without doubt, add ſo great an "Ornament to his Feaſt: but we are not ſo "much in favour, as to take the Liberty to "give him that advice; ſo that this divertiſe- "ment muſt be only in *Idea*, for that it can- "not be effected. In the mean time *Zarcan* the King of *Granada*'s Favourite, being by chance near to them, had heard all they had ſaid, without taking notice that he had heard any thing; and unperceiv'd leaving the place, and going behind the State, he approach'd the King, and whiſpering to him, told him all what thoſe Noble Captives had ſaid. That Prince who ſought for all occa- ſions to ſpeak to the Sultanneſs, and eſpeci- ally to pleaſe her; he turn'd himſelf towards her, and beholding her with Eyes all full of Love. "Madam, *ſaid he*, *very obligingly*, "there is one here who has inform'd me, "that I do not yet know all the perfections "that you have: for he aſſures me that you "know how to dance admirably after the "*Spaniſh* faſhion; and that the Ladies of "*Caſtile* dance not ſo well as you. "Sir, *an- "ſwer'd ſhe with a very good Grace*, I did not "think that Fame would have given her ſelf "the trouble of lying for ſo ſmall a thing? "nor that ſhe would buſie her ſelf to flatter "a ſubject ſo little important. No, no, *re- "ply'd the King*, ſhe hath neither ly'd nor flat- "ter'd in this buſineſs; and not doubting at "all, but what ſhe hath ſaid is true, I con- "jure you in the name of all this fair and "great Aſſembly, that you will ſatisfie my "curioſity and theirs, in dancing before them.

"and me, as they dance in the Court of *Ferdinand* and *Iſabella*. But, Sir, *return'd* "Almahide, if I ſhould reſolve to loſe that, "which that flattering brute has given me, I "ſhould not however be able to obey you, "for that I cannot dance alone; and the *Moors* "of *Granada* cannot dance the *Spaniſh* Dances. "Fortune has provided for that, *anſwer'd the* "*King*, and hath taken from you that ſhift: "ſince I am aſſured at the ſame time, that the "Valiant Infranchis'd, whom I ſee, is alſo as "ready at the Ball, as he is redoubtable "in Fight. If it ſhould be ſo, Sir *(ſaid ſhe blushing, through the ſurpriſe, when ſhe heard* "*the feign'd* Leonce *named*) there will be "yet an invincible impoſſibility of that which "you deſire of me; ſince that the Moreſque "Muſick know not how play as the Caſtili-"an. Not ſo, *reply'd the King*, for they are "not ſo ignorant as you think they are. At theſe words, whithout ſtaying for the Sultanneſſes anſwer, this Prince commanded the grand Maſter of the Ceremonies, to bid the feign'd *Leonce* to draw near, and to come and dance with the Queen. But here we may meet with an Objection, that one might make in this place, that it is not congruous to make a Queen to dance with a Slave, or at leaſt with one who had been one: Let the Reader conſider if he pleaſe, divers things which may ſatisfie this. One is, that the Court of *Granada*, was more gallant, and leſs conſorted than ours: Another, that the greateſt Lords of that Country, being expoſed to ſlavery, by the Fortune of the War, as well as that noble Captive, theſe Irons were not accompanied with infamy among the people; and they left no ſpot on their Glory, no more than on their Reputation. And ſince the extraordinary Valour of this Illuſtrious Infranchis'd, had put him out of compare with other Slaves; and made him be conſider'd as a man altogether rare, and worthy of the greateſt honour a Souldier might receive. That Officer then did his charge, and ſpoke to the feign'd *Leonce*, in the Kings name to come and dance with the Queen. The Count of *Pegnaſiel*, was not leſs ſurpris'd at this encounter, than the Sultanneſs had been: However, without ſhewing his aſtoniſhment, he put himſelf in condition to obey the order he had received. But the Duke of *Infantade*, jealous of the advantage of his Rival, approach'd his Ear, and ſaid to him ſoftly, but pleaſantly: "Have a care "you dance not too well, for fear of pleaſing "the Sultannneſs too much; for if you do, "I ſhall diſcover the true condition of *Ba-*"*ladin*. I eſteem you too much to fear "you, *anſwer'd the feign'd* Leonce *laughing*, "and as I do not love to do it ill what I "do, doubt not but that I ſhall do my beſt "at this time. Saying this, without giving him time to reply, he went towards the King, and after he had made a profound Reverence, "Sir, *ſaid he*, your Majeſty may come to re-"pent the curioſity which you have and the "command you have given me; and the "little pleaſure you ſhall receive from my ad-"dreſs, will make me be judg'd unworthy "the Honour which I have receiv'd, if my "obedience does not excuſe me, and not let "me ſuffer for my defaults. Generous *Spa-*"*niard, anſwer'd the King in the* French *Lan-*"*guage*, your make is too noble, and too ply-"ant for us to believe you; and you walk "too well to dance ill. However *(added he* "*riſing up, and making the Queen to riſe)* "take an Hand which bears a Scepter with ſo "good a Grace; and be aſſured that a Mo-"narch is about to be jealous of thee, and to "envy the Glory which he hath procur'd thee. Then the feign'd *Leonce* preſenting his hand to the Sultanneſs, ſhe deſcended from the State; and whilſt they were traverſing the Hall for to put themſelves at the other end, this diſguiſed Lower ſpeaking low to her, "Madam, *ſaid he*, the King of *Granada* is "not the only jealous man in this encoun-"ter, and I am more of his quality than he "can be of my addreſs. You have, it may "be, leſs cauſe than he, *anſwer'd then* Alma-"hide, and your Merit ought to be more re-"doubtable to him, than his Crown ought "to be to you with all its grandeur, and all "its luſtre. The Inſtruments having then begun to play the *Paunne*, the feign'd *Leonce* who was very neatly dreſt that day, began to dance with his Sword and ſhort Cloak as they dance in *Spain*. Never was ſeen together ſo much Grace, and ſo much Majeſty, as appear'd in thoſe two marvellous perſons all the time the Dance laſted; and in the divers couplets which compos'd it, the Sultanneſs kept ſo juſtly the time, and had ſo much gravity in her port, and *Ponce de Leon* ſo much agreement, and ſo much addreſs, that the King was charm'd with it, and all the Aſſembly Raviſh'd. The feign'd *Ramire* perhaps muſt be excepted, to whom the praiſes of his Rival gave as much diſpite, as they had given to him Glory: When that grave Dance was finiſhed, the Count *de Pagnaſiel* laid by his Cloak and Sword, and the Sultanneſs and he danc'd together another more gay Dance, which they call the *Chaconne*, from the name of *Jean Chacon*, one of the moſt gallant, and the moſt brave of the Court of *Spain*, whoſe Hiſtory I will give you, in ſome other place of this Narration. But if the firſt Dance gave ſo much Admiration to every Body, this ſecond redoubl'd it; and when they had done, with an admirable conſent, the whole Hall reſounded with the Acclamations, and the Praiſes which were heard of every one, of the Grace of the Sultanneſs, and of that of the noble Stranger's, which did not a little augment the joy of the feign'd *Leonce*, nor the grief of the feign'd *Ramire*, who was the only man who did not praiſe what every body prais'd ſo much. In the mean time the Illuſtrious Infranchis'd reconducted the Sultanneſs to the foot of the State; and as ſoon as ſhe was mounted, he made a profound Reverence,

verence, and went back to his place, very full of Glory and Pleasure. "Ah! Madam, "*cry'd the King*, the *Pauanne*, and *Chaconne* "may be able to dispute it with the *Zambre*, "and the *Saraband*; and you are every way "incomparable in all that you undertake: Sir, "*answer'd she*, it is to that nimble *Spaniard*, "that all the Glory of the *Spanish* Dances "must be given; and it is not for a *Grana-* "*dine* to pretend to it; nor can they know "what has not been taught to their Nation. Whilst that *Almahide* was thus speaking, the feign'd *Ramire* addressing his speech to the feign'd *Leonce*. "One cannot easily deceive "the Eyes of a jealous Lover, *said he very* "*softly*, and I am not so stupid, nor so little "interessed in that which appertains to the "Sultanness, that I should not have remarqu'd "that you whisper'd one another, as you "went to put your selves to Dance: and I "am assur'd that you spake nothing to my "advantage, nor that she nor you said any "thing of which I might boast. However, "I counsel you not to dance often with her, "especially when I am by; for you may be "a little afraid, that after having made your "self admired for your address in the Ball, "I do not, to augment your Glory, make "known also what you have done in the "Carrousel. For ought I see, *reply'd* Ponce "de Leon *laughing*, we have chang'd per- "sons, and you are become melancholly in "your turn, who had so much reproach'd "me for being so. One should be so at least, "*return'd the feign'd* Ramire, and I know "nothing of that gay humour which the like "adventure would not put an end to: But I "counsel the Infranchis'd not to make the "Slave dispair; for although that Irons, "and the Habit of a Captive are not very "advantageous for a Ball; if I see you dance "again, I shall dance, though no body en- "treats me; being resolv'd not to suffer you "to be pleas'd, unless I am pleas'd; nor that "you shew your self so nimble, without I "try to let them see that I am able to do as "much as you. As the feign'd *Leonce* was going to answer him, a great noise, which came from that side of the Hall where the Door was, hinder'd him. It was a great Company of Ladies, and Men of Quality, who had composed a very gallant Masquerade, and fine enough to be called a Balet, though there were no Machines. It was named,

The three Arabia's.

That is to say, the Desart, the Stony, and the Happy: But then when their Players on the Instruments had placed themselves on the same Stage with the King; there was seen to appear a Scene which spread thorow the whole breadth of the Hall, and which represented that first *Arabia*, by a great Forest, the Trees of which appear'd so high, and the Shades so dark, that they seem'd, as if they had been as old as the World; and it was so well imitated that one would have thought they had seen a true Verdure, and to be sensible of that pleasing coolness, that one finds among the Woods, under the great and spacious Trees. Then from the middle of this rustick Scene there came four great Birds admirably well imitated; a Parrot, a Jay, a Pye, and a Starling. All the Birds to whom Art had given speech, sung with the Musick these Verses:

What! ah what! can silent be,
Such charms, and such a Queen to see?
The Owles and Eagles sing as well as we.

This novelty may you surprise,
That Beauty beyond Nature Flyes,
And makes Birds speak to praise these charming Eyes.

From hence through the whole world we'll flye,
And chant her praises to the skie,
And all the Woods shall eccho to our cry.

These wonderful Birds then extending their Wings, as if they would flye, they let fall all about the Hall these Verses of the first part of the Masquerade; and returning to the same way they came, making as if they flew behind the Scene, they vanish'd among the Trees that form'd it. But every one presently taking up those papers they had let fall, they found they were made to speak thus:

The first Entry: The Lions.

Nothing our courage equal can,
And nothing equal can our might:
Valour and Rage distinguish'd then,
To ill we never yeild our right.

The second Entry: The Apes.

Our address is natural,
We well can save our selves from hurt:
And when some fair one serve we shall,
We well know how her to divert.

The third Entry: The Ostriges.

Rash then by no means is our flight,
We cannot change our destiny:
Wisely they flye, who do it right,
We also without danger flye.

The

The fourth Entry: The Foxes.

Cunning with ſtrength its fortune tryes,
Diſputing th' honour of the prize:
But I confeſs there is a Bait,
With which the cunningſt's taken ſtraight.

Then the Inſtruments having began to play an Air after that firſt Entry, they ſaw to come out of that Foreſt ſix Lions, ſo exceeding well counterfeited, that they affrighted all them that beheld them. The force, and the agility of theſe fierce Animals was naturally expreſſed by the meaſured leaps which they made at the end of every Cadence: and every time that they mixt together to form the divers Figures of their Entry, they ſtood bending upon their fore-feet as Lyons, that are roaring, and laſh'd themſelves with their Tails, with a craſhing noiſe, which kept equal time with the Muſick; and then leaping all ſix, with one great bound they made their laſt Figure, and after they had ſtaid a while to be ſeen, they regain'd the Foreſt, and were ſeen no more by the Company. As ſoon as the Moreſque Harmony had chang'd the Air; the ſecond Entry appear'd compos'd of twelve Apes, ſo naturally repreſented, that except the invention of the Maſquerades, and the Balets, there was never any thing like it. To expreſs the extreme diſpoſition of theſe witty Animals, the motions of their Dances were ſudden, and with a precipitate Cadence. They went by leaps and by capers; repreſenting ſo well that reſtleſs and ſportive Action, which Apes always have, that the true Apes themſelves would be deceived by ſo feign'd a deceit. Every one held in their two fore-feet two lighted *Flambo's*; and by thoſe excellent Figures, which they made one with another, they made be ſeen with thoſe Lights, in Letters of Fire and in ſhining Cyphers, the names of the King and the Sultanneſs: After which four of them leaping upon the ſhoulders of five others, and two upon the ſhoulders of thoſe four, and one upon thoſe two, they made be ſeen, as it were, an inflamed Pyramide, which made doubtleſs a very fine ſhow: Then leaping from above and below, they ſhew'd the ſame Figure on the ground; ſo making a kind of Counter-march, they in bounding and running ſwiftly, ſhew'd that Figure till they were under the Trees, where at laſt its brightneſs diſappear'd. Then the third Air was heard, and ſix Oſtriges, which made the third Entry, began to flye cloſe to the ground, with ſo great a rapidity that their Eyes could hardly follow them. Theſe Gyant Birds, if I may be permitted to call them ſo, had great bunches of grey and white Feathers in their Tails, and with their two Wings, which they ſhook with a good Grace, they mov'd themſelves in the Dance, which they very diſtinctly mark'd: and when they had made ſeveral flights round, and Serpent-like, and made divers Figures by their divers ſituations, they were ſeen ſuddenly to gain the Wood with their Wings extended, and to hide themſelves behind the Scene where the others were. It was not long but the Muſick chang'd its Note, and the Inſtruments playing another Air, the fourth and laſt Entry of the firſt Part of the Maſquerade advanc'd into the open place of the Hall, compoſed of eight Foxes marvellouſly well imitated. Sometimes they were ſeen to run with all their force, ſometimes to march with ſoft and fine ſteps, and bending themſelves to lye down; at length, as if they were dead, with intention to ſurpriſe ſome other Animal: But with that exact imitation of Nature, that the ſubtilty of Foxes was painted to the perfection, and could not be better imitated. At laſt they might ſee one of their feet lifted up, and their heads turned of one ſide, as if they were liſtning to ſome noiſe they had heard; and then the Inſtruments, which had been a little while ſilent, beginning to play with a loud Cadence; it ſeem'd to increaſe the fear of theſe crafty Animals, and made them take a haſty flight under the ſhades of the Foreſt, where theſe deceiving Animals diſappear'd. Then the Scene chang'd its Face, and the *Arabia Deſerta*, which had appear'd, was ſucceeded by the ſtony *Arabia*, where was ſeen great and affrightful Rocks, which ſeem'd to hide their Heads in the Clouds; whoſe briſtly Craggs gave admiration and horrour, they were ſo well imitated. From the hollow of a large and profound Grott, which was ſeen in the middle of that fair piece, there came forth the Nymph Eccho, clothed with a Robe of Silver Tiſſue, mingled every where with blew, to repreſent the colour of the Air, where the repercuſſion of the voice is made by that fine ſolitarineſs. She held in her Hand a Gittarr, and after ſhe had plaid ſeveral tunes, ſhe began to ſing after this manner:

From Dens where day ne'r comes but night,
To pleaſe you I return to light:
What cannot your Divinities do,
Which makes me ſpeak, not ſpoken to?

I come great Queen, your praiſe to ſing,
To make with it theſe wild Woods ring:
Reaſon muſt Loves tranſport direct.
Few words ſhall ſhow you my reſpect.

Who knows not that theſe conquering Eyes
Do every day gain Victories?
In vain ſhall I their conqueſts name:
Th' whole World's but Eccho to their Fame.

In the ending this laſt Couplet, ſhe went back leiſurely into the Grott; and Silence coming forth with one finger upon his mouth,

mouth, as he ordinarily holds it, he was ſeen to fling among all the People, the Verſes of the ſecond Part of the Balet, which that Illuſtrious Aſſembly took after he was retirrd.

The firſt Entry: Four Aſtrologers.

Theſe Beauties which in this place reign
Us happy, or elſe wretched make;
We ſearch among the Stars in vain,
For what we from your Eyes ſhould take.

The ſecond Entry: Four Alchymiſts.

O rare and charming Beauties us behold;
Flye not from us, we will for you make Gold:
For you moſt lov'd, moſt amiable, and bright
It is, we labour ſo much day and night:
'Tis you muſt make that evil fame a lye,
That ſays our pains away in fume do flye.

The third Entry: Six Travellers.

Round all the World travell'd have we,
Born by our curioſities:
Yet nothing could we equal ſee,
Fair Beauties, to your illuſtrious Eyes.

The fourth Entry: Six *Arabian* Thieves.

O Divine Object, Conquerours of all;
Whoſe great addreſs ſurmounts us, & our Arts:
No more now our profeſſion ſhameful call,
Since you rob us, and rob us of our Hearts.

As the ancient *Arabians* had been the firſt and moſt knowing Aſtrologers of all the World, as ſoon as the Moreſque Inſtruments had begun to play an Air to the firſt Entry, there came forth four to dance with a cloathing altogether extraordinary. They had all Coats of blew Sattin, powder'd with golden Stars; on their Heads the Terreſtrial Globe, in their left hands the Celeſtial Sphere, and a great pair of Compaſſes in their right. After this manner they moved after the Air that was very grave, ſometimes looking up towards the Heaven, anon towards the Sphere which they held, imitating that profound attention, which that difficult Art required: and they made not any Figure in their Entry, in which their minds did not appear to be in the the Heavens, as well as their Bodies upon the Earth. When theſe were retired, and that the Muſick had changed the Tune, *Arabia* being the Source of Alchymiſts, as well as of Aſtrologers, there was ſeen appear four clothed in brown Sattin, which ſeem'd blutch'd with ſmoke: Theſe Habits being all cover'd with Ingots of Gold and Silver, Crucibles, Bottles and Cucurbits, which are their melting Veſſels, and all four having for the dreſſing of their Heads Alimbecks of Gold. They putting a Furnance of Gold in the middle of the Hall, ſuch as we ſee in the Laboratories of the Chymiſts, and making all their Figures in turning about, they mark'd the end of every Cadence with the noiſe of their Bellows, looking attentively into the Furnace with pale and ghoſtlike Masks, like the ordinary looks of thoſe Blowfires. But then after theſe were retir'd behind the Rocks which form'd the Scene, and that the Inſtruments had chang'd the Air, they ſaw the third Entry to appear; that is to ſay, ſix Travellers with ſhort Veſts of Carnation Velvet embroider'd with Gold; and little Turbants on their Heads, great Cimeters by their ſides, and a Buckler of Silver on their left Arms. They expreſs'd very well by their Actions the Curioſity of Strangers, to whom every thing is new, and who ſtare on all things; ſo well then did the divers Figures of the Balet, in making them change their places make them ſeem, as if they had not chang'd but to ſee new things: and as if they had nothing of accord in their Actions, nor in their ſteps, ſo much had the Art of the dance hid their deſign, and their Artifice. But the Muſick having chang'd the Air, and the Meaſure, and plaid one more tumultuous; juſt as the Travellers were upon going off, there iſſued from divers places of thoſe Rocks, ſix *Arabian* Thieves; who, the better to repreſent the divers Sheeps skins wherewith theſe Robbers are cover'd, had their clothes of ſhagged Silver Pluſh, and like one Sheep-skin made of golden ſhaggy Pluſh about their necks; which paſs'd over the left ſhoulder, and ſo came about under the right arm, to give that the more liberty. They had moreover, a very high Cap of the ſame golden ſhaggy Pluſh; a Buckler of Gold in one of their Hands, and a crooked Sword in the other. At the noiſe which they made in entring, the ſix Travellers fell to their Arms, and then there began a Combat between them, mingling and retreating with ſo much addreſs, advancing and recoiling, on all ſides with ſo much fury, knocking their Cimeters againſt their Bucklers: At the end of every Cadence, keeping time with that exactneſs, that they had not ſeen any thing ſo pleaſant in all the Maſquerade, as was that armed Dance which the ancient *Greeks* called *Pyrrhick*. At laſt the Travellers fled, and the *Arabian* Thieves followed them, till they were behind the Painted Cloth, and ended the ſecond part of the Balet. The Scene once again chang'd its Face; and having repreſented ſucceſſively the Deſart, and Stony *Arabia*, it ſhew'd all at once the happy *Arabia*, the moſt pleaſant Object which eyes ever beheld. There was an indifferent high Mountain all cover'd over with Cedars, Cinnamon, and Caſſia Trees, and of thoſe which caſt out Incenſe, Myrrh, Benjamin, Storax, and other Oderiferous Trees, divers Brooks bright and clear

clear creeping among their ſhades; and the Phenix appearing on the top of that rare Mountain on his precious Neſt, with all the rare colours that ever fair Feathers ſhew'd. And though ſome Authors place his Tomb in the happy *Arabia*, that is in *Aſia*, others place that happy Country in *Africa*; that the gallant *Moors* in *Granada* having followed in this buſineſs, that of the two opinions, which was moſt favourable to them, and which might bring moſt honour to the beginning of their Nation. After this illuſtrious Aſſembly had had the leiſure to admire that fair Scene, they ſaw Love to come forth followed by the three Graces: The firſt was eaſily known by his Wings, his Bow, his Quiver full of Arrows, his Wreath, and his lighted Torch, and by other remarkable things, as his Clothes all of Silver Tiſſue, all alike, and chiefly by his Action ſo natural to him of holding his Hands: when he was advanc'd ſome paces into the Hall, he began to ſing; his Voice being help'd by the Harmony of divers Inſtruments, which play'd behind that feign'd Mountain: The three Graces mixing their Voices with his, in anſwering to him at the end of every Couplet of that pleaſant Song, which was this;

See the place all others above,
Where that Love
Intends for to make his abode:
The Zephirs which flye,
Through all this ſweet skie
Are the ſighs of the amorous God.

My Cypreſs far leſe do I love,
Than this Grove,
Whoſe Odours the Soul do awake:
My Torch I will light,
At a Pyle that's ſo bright,
And a flame that's more fair it ſhall take.

The Queen of this place with her Eyes
Doth ſurpriſe;
Such bright Flames flye thence we do ſee:
By it we do find,
Unleſs ſhe be kind,
There's no Land, that happy can be.

When Love had Sung this Song, he ſtretch'd out his Wings, and retired almoſt flying; but the Graces before they went, preſented to the people the Verſes of the Third Part of the Balet, which were theſe:

The firſt Entry: Four Carriers of Perfumes.

O ye beauties young and fair,
Take here Perfumes both ſweet and rare:
Amber far they do excel,
Methinks they do become you well:
For nothing dwells ſo well together,
As ſweet Love intermix'd with pleaſure.

The ſecond Entry: Six Merchants with Precious Stones.

Praiſe-worthy Nymphs, think it not ſtrange,
We come to offer an exchange
As juſt as charming: will you pleaſe
To know it dear Divinities:
Take all our Stones, if ſuch you want,
For your hearts of Adamant.

The third Entry: Six Hunters.

What Pride ſhould we have, and what Joy!
If after all our pains we get;
To charm our Minds, ſo fair a Prey,
To fall entangl'd in our net.
We muſt defend our ſelves to attaque is vain,
We come to take, but we our ſelves are tane.

The fourth Entry: Four Shepherds, and four Shepherdeſſes.

Upon theſe Hills of Spice we keep,
Where ſtill they browſe, our Flocks of Sheep.
In theſe cool ſhades we lie at eaſe,
Love lets us there to live in peace:
With conſtancy Love ſtill doth bleſs,
The Shepherd and the Shepherdeſs.

These Inſtruments deſigned for the Dance, having begun to play the Air of the firſt Entry, there appeared four Bearers of Perfumes: For as the happy *Arabia* is the place where grow all the moſt excellent Perfumes, the gallant *Moors* of *Granada* could not chuſe any thing that could more exactly remark the Nature of that Place: and as that happy Climate is no leſs bleſt in Riches, than in excellent Odours, they were Magnificently clothed: Their Coats, their Buskins aud their Bonnets were of a very brown ſweet-ſented Leather, on which they had not ſpared for Amber; and that was wholly cover'd with a very rich Embroidery, where one might ſee ſtately Cenſors of Gold all emboſs'd below, from whence came forth a thick ſmoke, waving, repreſented very artificially with the Silver, and the Silk of a brown Grey, which the Embroiderer had ingeniouſly mixt together. They had all four in each Hand a magnificent and fair Caſſolet of Gold, enriched with divers Figures on the lower border, which repreſented the Hiſtory of *Mirrha*, the Mother of *Adonis*, changed into that Tree, which bears her name, and yields that ſweet Gum which they mix with Perfumes: and the Hiſtory alſo of thoſe other Trees, from which we have the Incenſe: A charming vapour breath'd it ſelf out of all thoſe perfuming

ſuming Pans, which flow'd through all the Hall with an unutterable pleaſure. But the divers Figures of theſe Perfume-Carriers, was as pleaſant as their Odour, which made an impreſſion very ſweet in the Air, a long time after they were returned behind the Scene. In the mean time the Muſick of the Balet having begun to play an Air to the ſecond Entry, there appear'd ſix Merchants with precious Stones, clothed like *Arabians*, with their Coats and their Buskins of Cloth of Silver, branched with Gold; and their Veſts of Cloth of Gold, raiſed upon the ſhoulders, with Turbans of Golden Tiſſue, and Shaſhes of the ſame: All ſix had in their hands little Coffers of Virmilion and Gold all open, that one might ſee them full of Jewels enrich'd with divers precious Stones: and then by their Actions they ſeem'd to ask of every Body, if none would buy any of them? Sometimes here, ſometimes there, as often as they made their Figures, they gave ſeveral Jewels to the Ladies, as every one of them had an inclination; and at laſt their Coffers being emptied, they regain'd the Mountain, recompens'd with praiſes and acclamations. Then the Moreſque Inſtruments, having begun to play the Air of the third Entry, they ſaw appear ſix Hunters very gallant and magnifick, and who danced with ſo much aptneſs, and ſo much grace, that few of the others did equal them, and none ſurpaſs'd them: They had all their Coats, Buskins, and their Caps of green Satin, embroider'd with Silver; a Bugle-Horn red and gilt, hung at a Scarf of Gold Tiſſue, and in their right hands an Hunters Spear, of which the Iron was gilt, and the Staff cover'd with green Sattin embroider'd with Silver, having a large Fringe of the ſame, at the end of the Iron head. Their Actions did expreſs to the Life, the activity of their Profeſſion; and they did uſe their Horns and their Spears with an incomparable Addreſs: And feigning to ſeek every where what they could not find, they imitated ſo well, that which they would repreſent, that thoſe that ſaw them wanted little of believing it to be a true chaſe. This Entry being ended, their Inſtruments plaid the Air of the fourth and laſt Part of the third Part of the Maſquerade: But it was a wild and ruſtick Tune, of which the ſounds being ſimple, natural, and without Art, ſeem'd to hold ſomething of the innocency of the firſt Ages, and of the firſt birth of gallantry in the prime of the World. They then beheld four Shepherds, and four Shepherdeſſes very neatly clothed, both men and Women, having Cloth of Silver welted with an Embroidery of Natural Flowers; they had in their Hands their Crooks painted with characters of divers Colours on a white Ground; and their Scrips of Cloth of Gold, hanging at Scarfs of Gold Tiſſue, in which were plac'd their Flutes, Bag-pipes, and Reed-pipes. Theſe Shepherds had branches of Laurel on their Bonnets, and the Shepherdeſſes Garlands of Flowers on their Heads, and Noſegays in the midſt of their Breaſts: They danc'd with as much aptneſs as grace; and though it was in every part very great and exact; yet it was done in ſuch a manner, that Art ſeem'd to be hid, and the ſimplicity of the Country very pleaſantly diſguiſed. But when they had ended their Entry, and that they were retired, the Scene was chang'd anew for the Grand Balet, and all the Face of it was full of Tents and Pavilions of a company of *Egyptians*: The Ambulatory and Portative Houſes were ſo well repreſented, that they appear'd to be a ſmall Camp indeed: and as theſe wandring people came from *Africa*, it was with reaſon that they brought theſe into the Maſquerade. When the Inſtruments had begun to play an *Egyptian* Air, they ſaw to come forth from amidſt thoſe extended Pavillions, a young *Egyptian* very gallantly clothed; who held in his Hands a ſmall Tabour round and flat, round about which were little Bells, and round Plates of maſſie Silver, with which fantaſtick Muſick he kept time with the other more regular Inſtruments: All his dancing was very high, and by Capers; but with that activity, that it might better be term'd flying than dancing: But before he retir'd among the Tents, he flung divers papers among the Aſſembly, which he took out of a Bag of Cloth of Gold, which hung at his left ſide; and whilſt they were buſied with looking on them, after he had turn'd round on his toe, and had made a Caper, and a croſs Caper, he vaniſh'd like a Bird. But ſee here the Verſes wherewith he regail'd this illuſtrious Company.

The Egyptians.

We skilful are in cunning Arts,
In promiſing we have good parts:
Believe us then all that we ſay,
By this ſo fine deeeiving way.
We ſtill to all good Fortune tell,
But ne'r unleſs they pay us well.

By dreams and many pleaſant cheat,
We cruel Deſtiny make ſweet:
By flames which in the Eyes do rowle,
We read what lyes within the ſoul:
But then we feign to underſtand,
that it is writen in the Hand.

The Curious do about us preſs,
We ſignalize then our addreſs,
And we make all us to admire:
But when the preſſing flock retire,
Each one then to himſelf may ſay;
My Heart from me they'ave ſtole away.

But O great adorable Queen;
We then will ſay our luck hath been

Incomparable: If that you
The ſame Deſtiny have too:
Since Mercurie's *time, we then ſhall ſay,*
None ever got ſo great a prey.

They had hardly the leiſure to read theſe Verſes, when the Inſtruments began to play the grand Balet after the Moreſque Faſhion: And when they ſaw to come forth from among thoſe Pavilions twelve Ladies the moſt perſonable, and of the beſt Meen in the World; with large Mantles after the *Egyptian* manner, and all the reſt of the habilements of the Women of that Nation. Four of them had Mantles of Scarlet lined with Mohair of Gold very bright, with twelve bands of Gold Embroidery upon it all round: They had underneath a Peticoat of Cloth of Silver, laced all over with Laces of red Sattin embroidered with Gold, and a Girdle of Gold Tiſſue and red Silk, which hung down on the ſide where the Mantle opened, which was joyn'd to the left Shoulder with a Claſp of Gold; and a great Knife, of which the Handle and Sheath were of Vermil and Gold, with an Engraving and high Emboſſment. There was ſeen above that Girdle, under that magnifick Mantle, a kind of a Smock very much plated all about the Neck, where was ſeen a large Welt of Gold Embroidery: the Sleeves were very large, and very much gather'd with intermixed Welts, ſome of Cotten-cloth, others of red Sattin embroider'd with Gold, and others of Silver Mohair embroider'd with the ſame: having their Hair ſpread abroad, a piece of Gold Tiſſue knit negligently upon their Heads, and a black Mask. Four others had their Mantles of Cloth of Silver, with very many Laces of Carnation Sattin, embroider'd with Silver: Theſe Mantles being lin'd with the ſame colour'd Sattin: Their Peticoats were alſo of the ſame ſtuff, and of the ſame carnation lacings, border'd with white Sattin, embroider'd with Silver: They had alſo a Girdle of the ſame Metal, at which hung a large long Knife, whoſe Handle and Sheath were maſſie Silver engraven: Their Shifts with large Sleeves were cover'd with Welts of Carnation, and white Sattin embroider'd with Silver; having alſo one round about the Neck, a black Mask, and Silver Tiffany entwiſted with their hair ſpread abroad, which hung careleſly behind them. The four laſt having their Mantles of Cloth of Gold half cover'd with Laces of Griſdelin, and Cherry-colour'd Velvet intermixt, and embroider'd with Gold in the open places; theſe Mantles were lined with Sattin of the laſt colour: Their Peticoats being of griſdelin Sattin, lac'd Billet-wiſe with Welts of Cherry-colour'd Sattin, embroider'd with Gold; Their Girdles of Gold Tiſſue, and of Silk, of the ſame colour, at which hung alſo as the reſt, a great Knife whoſe Handle and Sheath were of maſſie Gold, enamel'd by compartments of *Arabian* Work of the colour of Fire and Griſdelin. Their Shifts with large Sleeves were alſo cover'd with Welts of thoſe two colours embroider'd with Gold, and one ſomewhat large about their Necks, a black Mask, as the eight others; and upon their Hair ſpread abroad a Vail of Silver Tiſſue, ray'd with Gold, Griſdelin and Cherry-colour. Theſe twelve Gallant Perſons made their Entry in a Line, with an admirable Grace; and then bending that ſtraight thred, and folding like a Serpent, with a thouſand and a thouſand turnings and windings up and down which they made, they went with ſo ſwift and precipitate a time, and ran ſo ſmoothly, that one could hardly ſee their fine ſteps. They did not forget any of all thoſe fine Figures, with which the *Egyptian* Dances are adorned. They mix'd themſelves an hundred manner of ways, to diverſifie the pleaſure, by their different colours, and by that skilful intermixture which they made; and then at the cloſe, ranging themſelves all a Front, they made a profound reverence to the King, and alſo to the Queen, and by that let him know the Maſquerade was ended. There was nothing then but praiſes and acclamations, and every one endeavour'd to give them the noble fruit of ſo much pains, care and expence. In the mean time all thoſe men of Quality, who had been mask'd, had mixt themſelves among the company, and the fair *Egyptians* before they unmask'd themſelves did alſo the like; and one of them advancing towards the King, after ſhe had given him a ſalute, ask'd him very gallantly, if ſhe ſhould tell him his good Fortune? "For, Sir, *continued* "*ſhe ſmiling*, I am very knowing in Palme-"ſtry, and very few Women of my Profeſſi-"on are better inſtructed than I, in the Art of "lying with a good grace. Fair *Egyptian*, (*anſwer'd the King, preſenting her his hand*) "a lie ſo agreeable, will be almoſt equal with "the Truth; and if you be well skill'd in "your Trade, and that the Marks of the "Hand ſhew the Thoughts of the Heart; I "do aſſure you, that you will there find a "very great eſteem for you, and that you "will alſo be as well ſatisfied with mine, as "I ſhall be with your Science. Sir, *return'd* "*ſhe*, as it is the Cuſtom of *Egyptians* to ſay "nothing at all, till they have before hand a "reward for their pains, your Majeſty has "paid me before hand already, therefore to "acquit my ſelf of what I ought, (*added ſhe, feigning to look very attentively in his hand*) "I ſhall tell you, that the abundance of "Marks which I ſee on the Mount of *Venus*, "lets us ſee clearly that the predominate in-"clination of your Majeſty is to Love. But "I ſee certain Lines on the Mount of *Saturn*, "which makes me judge that your Majeſty "will not be always happy in that Paſſion; "and if my Art doth not deceive me, I ſee a "broken Line which expoſes you to loſe that "which you love. It is true, that I ſee here "another more apparent upon the Mount of "*Mercury*,

" *Mercury*, which is a more gay Planet, which " leaves me no room to doubt that your Ma- " jeſty will not be comforted for that loſs; " and theſe two Branches which parts the " ſame Line, aſſures me that you will Love " more than one time. But I apperceive " *Jupiter* ſo favourable (who is a ruling " Planet, and the Star peculiar to Kings) that " infallibly all manner of felicity attends you: " For I ſee by thoſe two even Lines, that the " correſpondence which you ſhall find in this " ſecond Love, ſhall be more happy than the " firſt. Ah! fair *Egyptian* (*anſwer'd the* " *King when ſhe had ended her prediction*) I " would fain divine my ſelf, who hath ſo " inſtructed you in what is paſs'd? Content " your ſelf, if you pleaſe, Sir, *reply'd ſhe* " *ſmiling*, with the hope of what's to come, " and demand no more of me, ſince I have " not any more to ſay to you. At theſe words ſhe left him, after ſhe had done her Reverence; and went to tell her Propheſies to others in the Hall. But whilſt this paſſed there, another gallant *Egyptian* having taken the hand of the Sultanneſs; and after ſhe had much conſidered it: " Madam, *ſaid ſhe*, " I ſee the faireſt, and the longeſt Line of Life " that I ever remark'd in all my Life; it is " not cut by any other: no, not by thoſe " ſame which uſe to foreſhew ſickneſſes. Be- " ſides, I ſee upon their two Mounts, the Sun, " and *Jupiter* being favourable Planets, moſt " aſſured Marks of the Grandeur which you " are arrived to, and of the felicity which is " to follow: there are indeed ſometimes in- " termingling from that of *Saturn*'s, which " let me fore-ſee that your Majeſty will not " be always contented; and if I dar'd to tell " you all, you ſhould know that *Venus* ſhews " that your Crown is a little ſupported by her " Empire. Fair deceiver (*ſaid the Queen in* " *diſmiſſing her*) you are your ſelf deceived; " and I hope to guard my ſelf from the ill " you have predicted. In the mean time a- nother of theſe fair Lyars was telling the good Fortune to the fierce *Semahis*: " O " Madam! *ſaid ſhe*, this ſupreme Angle lets " me ſee the ambition of your Mind! I do " aſſure you, that you aſpire to nothing leſs " than Thrones and Scepters, but your *Ju-* " *piter* does not promiſe them to you. Alſo I " ſee here, upon *Saturn* much trouble; and if " *Mars* is not a lyar, it muſt be of neceſſity, " that you are alſo as fierce as you are ambi- " tious. I ſhall not excuſe either, *anſwer'd* " Semahis *proudly*, and all that diſlikes me " of your prediction, is that you forbid me " to hope for the only thing which I believe " worthy of my hope. I can predict your " Fortune, (*ſaid that amiable cheater in* " *leaving her*) but I know not how to change " it. Another had taken the hand of *Abin-* *darrays*, and having conſider'd it: " O God! " *cry'd ſhe out*, what Lines are here! what " Loves, and what Miſtreſſes! none ever be- " held ſo many of the one in the Hand, nor " ſo many of the other in the Heart. Others " have not theſe amorous Marks, but on that " part of the Hand, which is called the Mount " of *Venus*, but they are all over yours; and " I may ſay, that there was never man who " had lov'd ſo much, nor was belov'd ſo lit- " tle. If that you will, *continued ſhe*, I will " tell them preciſely to you, how many A- " mours you have had, and how many you " ſhall yet have. No, no, (*ſaid* Abindarrays *to her haſtily, interrupting her, and pulling a-* " *way his hand ſmiling*) I know enough all " that you would tell me; and I would not " that thoſe who harken to us ſhould know it. Whilſt they were ſpeaking thus, another *Egyptian* held the hand of *Aldoradine*; and ſhewing her with her finger the Lines ſhe ſaw there: " See here, *ſaid ſhe*, one which " paſſing from the Mount of *Venus* to that " of *Mercury*, promiſes that your addreſs ſhall " fix the volatil Spirit of a Lover, which is " a thing not much eaſier than to fix *Mercury*: " Beſides, as Ladies do not make War but in " words, and that I ſee the Mount of *Mars* " much mark'd in your hand; I draw thence " this conſequence, that by your natural in- " clination, you are not inclin'd much to " Panegyricks on every Body, or to paint " them out very delicately: But the Wiſe do " govern the Stars, and know how to rule " their Inclinations. In ſaying this the *E-* *gyptian* quitted the Gallant *Aldoradine* with- out ſtaying for her anſwer: but ſhe did no- thing but menace her with her hand ſmiling, as if ſhe reproach'd her for the injuſtice of her prediction; to which ſhe did not accord, and from the extremity of which ſhe would guard her ſelf. On the other ſide, one of theſe fair *Egyptians* taking the hand of the unhappy *Amat*, and beholding it, cry'd out, " O unfortunate that you are! how much " trouble has your Deſtiny prepar'd for you! " *Venus* here promiſes nothing favourable " to you, and *Mercury* who preſides in Plays " and Exerciſes, in that other place, ſays that " you muſt not think to ſucceed in them bet- " ter than in Love. Ah! cruel perſon, *ſaid* " Amat, inſtead of telling me what's to come, " you entertain me with what is paſt. That " which is to come, and that which is paſt, " *anſwer'd ſhe*, will be to you the ſame thing; " and your Line of Life, which I ſee cut ve- " ry high, adverti ſes you to think very ſoon " of your Epitaph, if you continue to love " in the ſame place where you loved. A- nother of theſe fair Magicians in ſhow, hold- ing the right hand of *Cadiga*, ſaid to her ve- ry pleaſantly, " In that I ſee theſe Lines of " communication between *Mars* and *Saturn*, " it muſt of neceſſity be that you are very " fierce, and a little diſquieted: On the o- " ther ſide, they who have Mount of the " Moon ſo mark'd, it is almoſt impoſſible but " that they be not a little changeable like that " Planet, and that they have not a little " Fantaſticalneſs mixt with a great deal of " Wit. In fine, *added ſhe*, unhappy he who " ſhall love too much, her who ſhall love ſo

" little, and who ſhall be expoſed to ſuffer " chains ſo heavy and ſo troubleſome. You " underſtand nothing of your Trade, *reply'd* " Cadiga *fiercely*, and you have but recom- " pens'd me ill for the pains I have taken in " hearkning to you. Another who was tell- ing to *Zaraan* his good Fortune, aſſur'd him in looking on his Hand, that *Jupiter* and *Sol* promiſed to him Riches, and the favour of Kings, but that *Venus* was not ſo propitious to him, and that he ſhould not be ſo happy with his Miſtreſs, as with his Maſter. Ano- ther told to the valiant *Abenamin*, that he ſhould be confounded by his Miſtreſs, but that he ſhould then make a treaty of peace very advantageous; and that this peace ſhould be to him very ſweet, after that little war. All the other *Egyptians* did alſo very gallantly tell the Fortuues of all the people: after which they unmask'd themſelves, as well as the o- thers of the Maskers had done. The Ball continued yet for ſometime, after which when it was ended, the King, the Queen, and all that illuſtrious Aſſembly, went back again in- to the great Hall, where they feaſted. They found it ſhining as it was before, and per- fum'd by thoſe Magnifick Caſſolets, but other things were there changed; for inſtead of the Tables which had been there, they found in the midſt fifty Statues of Dwarfs all in a round, with all their Faces outwards, every one of them holding upon their Heads with both their Hands, a large and magnifick Basket of Vermilion and Gold, full of rare Sweet- meats, and of the fineſt Fruits of the Seaſon. After the Company had made a turn about this fair Circle, and had a while ſatisfied their eyes, they alſo ſatisfied their taſte: after which all retir'd equally content with the Magnificence of the Feaſt, and with the Liberality which the King had there ſhown. But among others the Duke of *Infantade*, the Count of *Pegnaſiel*, and the Valiant *Roderick de Narve*, to whom theſe things were the moſt new, had them moſt in admiration; and they could not chuſe but praiſe the Gallant *Moors* of *Granada*, who had made them; and they confeſs'd, that in theſe matters this wit- ty Nation was the Miſtreſs of all others, and that ſhe had acquitted her ſelf much better than any, and that ſhe had taught them to the reſt. On the next day after the Dinner, Don *Fernand de Solis*, going to viſit the Captain General of the *Spaniſh* Army; he was no ſooner enter'd his Chamber, but he cry'd out, raviſh'd with what he had ſeen the laſt night; " Ah! my dear *Fernand*, it is not for *Sivil* " to diſpute with *Granada*! Theſe *Moors* as " to gallantry, do carry it away much from " all the *Spaniards*; and we are but ill Copies " of theſe excellent Originals. It is certain, " my Lord, *reply'd that old Slave*, that this inge- " nious Court merits the eſteem you have of " it, and I know no other in all *Europe* which " ought not to yield it the firſt place for thoſe " things, for which you praiſe it. I am of your " opinion, *anſwer'd* Roderick de Narve, and I " have remark'd ſo much Wit, and ſo much " Invention in this Magnifick Feaſt which the " King made, and in the fine Maſquerade " which we have ſeen, that after this we muſt " not ſee either Maſquerade or Feaſt; for no- " thing aſſuredly can be able to equal it. Do " you then prefer it to the Carrouſel, *reply'd* " *Don* Fernand. As to that I do not ſay ſo " preciſely, *anſwer'd the Captain General*, but " I confeſs, that theſe laſt pleaſures have not a " little the advantage, and I do not determine " abſolutely in their favour, they hold me at " beſt in ſuſpence. Indeed, my Lord, *return'd* " *that old captive*, could one ever ſee any thing " more ingeniouſly invented, or any thing " more great, or more ſuperb than was that " fine variety of the Habits of the Ladies of " all the Mahumetan Nations? But, *added* " Roderick de Narve, what is there that may " be able to be compared with the Hall, where " becauſe there was a Feaſt, the Tapiſtry was " all of Flowers and Fruits; where the " rich Perfuming Pans corrected ſo well the " only thing which is not agreeable in Ban- " quets, and where the richneſs of thoſe " precious Veſſels ſurpaſs'd the Magnificence " of all the Kings of the Earth? But the o- " ther Hall did ſurpaſs this, *continued the* " *Captain General*; for all the Pomp of the " World was effaced by thoſe rare Statues of " Slaves which enlightned it: and I never " ſaw any thing ſo great, nor ſo majeſtick as " the Throne cover'd with a Canopie, and " thoſe four rare Statues which alſo gave light " to it. I am of your opinion, my Lord, *re-* " *ply'd Don* Fernand, but alſo it muſt be con- " feſs'd that nothing was ever more gallant- " ly contriv'd than thoſe other Statues of " Dwarfs, which bore the Collation in thoſe " rich Baskets of gilt Virmeil. I yield to it, " *anſwer'd* Roderick de Narve; but it is " not to be diſputed, but that the Balet of the " three *Arabia's*, was alſo as well contriv'd, " that all the changings of the Scene were " very ſurpriſing, and very fine, that the three " Recitals were very well ſung, and that the " perſons who ſung them were very judici- " ouſly choſen, and all the Verſes of the Ba- " let were very well made, and very gallant: " That the Habits had been moſt Magnifick, " and very happily invented: that the four " Entries of the *Arabia Deſerta*, was very " aptly for a Deſart Country, and that thoſe " Lions, Apes, Oſtriges and Foxes were re- " preſented with ſo true an imitation of thoſe " Animals, that ones Eyes might have been " deceived: That the four Entries of the " Stony *Arabia* was yet more fine than the " former, and that thoſe Aſtrologers, Alchy- " miſts, Travellers and Robbers might carry " it away yet from the Brutes: That thoſe of " the happy *Arabia*, were incomparable; and " that thoſe Carriers of the Caſſolets, thoſe " Merchants of precious Stones, thoſe Hun- " ters, thoſe Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes " charm'd all the World with their Dancing, " and with their Habits: That the grand Ba-

" let

"let of the *Egyptians* was extraordinary fine; "and that the telling of Fortunes which fol- "low'd it, was also the most gallant thing "that ever was possible to be seen, or to be "done. But, my Lord, *reply'd Don* Fernand, "you have said nothing of that marvellous "*Saraband*, which the brave *Abindarrays*, and "the amiable *Aldoradine* danc'd together; "which according to my Opinion merited "some place in your Memory. I have left "the last, *reply'd* Roderick de Narve, to fol- "low in order; for that we see the most ex- "cellent are so placed, for that they are of "most Dignity. And indeed it is certain, "*continued he*, that nothing may enter into "comparison with the Dance you speak of; "and that *Europe* never invented any thing "that could come near that *African* Inventi- "on. It not only pleases the Eyes, but it "goes through the Eyes, even to the Soul: "It inspires the same Passion that it repre- "sents; it not only gives pleasure, but it also "gives love; and for my part I confess that "so long as *Aldoradine* danced, I was a Ri- "val to *Abindarrays*. Also I have felt re- "doubl'd in me, that strong desire I have "sometimes had to know the Adventures of "these two excellent persons: and as you "promised to continue to instruct me of all "those of the Court of *Granada*; I entreat "you that it may be with them, that you "will begin to acquit you of your promise. I "shall do it when you please, my Lord, *re- "ply'd that old Slave*. You shall do it then just "now, *return'd the Captain general*, for to "defer a pleasure, is oftentimes to lose it; "and he that willingly defers it, desires it "little. In saying this he led Don *Fernand* to his Couch, where being sat down, and having made him sit down, he put himself into a posture to give him a favourable audience: And then the old Captive after he had been silent a while, began his Narartion in this manner:

The History of Abindarrays *and* Aldoradine.

I Undertake to do a thing which is not very easie to be done; and I am engag'd to a Narration, which perhaps may try your patience, and my own memory. For indeed the first Matter is not capable of more forms than the Gallant *Abindarrays* has had Amours: And as White, and the Camelion take all Colours; and as the Water also receives the impression of all the little drops that are in the World, so his Soul is born with an invincible Inclination to that noble Passion; and he hath lov'd in all the fashions that one can love, and there is none of which he hath not had a long experience; so as most assuredly he is become the greatest Master in that Art, of any who ever went about to give instructions in it. But however changing he hath been, the Fortune of his House hath been yet more changing; and although the Race of the *Abencerrages*, of which he is, descended from the great *Miramamolin*, King of *Morocco*, by the Valiant *Abenrabo*, who pass'd out of *Africa* into *Spain*, when the *Moors* had almost conquer'd it all: And that by the Mothers side, he is of so Illustrious a Family, that it boasts it self to be issued from the *Othoman* House, the greatest at this day in all the World; it is notwithstanding true, that we have seen this House, of which we speak, sometimes very high, sometimes very low, and always in a continual Agitation. Indeed it is more than four Ages since that it was almost wholly subverted in the Wars of *Africa*; the party which it had embrac'd being the weaker, and also the less just, if we may judge by the event. Nevertheless, through the Revolution of Times and Affairs, the Grand-father of *Abindarrays*, who nam'd himself *Elizar*, got again great Offices, and great Possessions. However, as extraordinary as his merits was, Fortune was not more constant to him, than she had been to his Fore-fathers; and his ruine was not inferiour to his rise. The brave *Caraman* his Son inheriting the Courage of his Ancestors, though he did not inherit their Riches, came to the Court with the invincible *Zogan*; who by his extraordinary Valour, and by the support of *Usson Cassan*, favourite to the King who then reign'd; and for that he had the honour of being his Brother-in-law, he obtain'd the charge of being Admiral, and the Government of *Guades*, one of the most important places in all the Realm of *Granada*. As for *Caraman*, after he had signalized himself in an hundred occasions, he had a part of the good Fortune of *Zogan*: and after having pass'd through divers charges, and having acquitted himself of them with honour, he obtained that of being Lieutenant to the King in that City, and the chief Government of another, which the *Moors* call *Tariffe*. As these employments were honourable, so he found them also very profitable: That in a little time after this manner, *Caraman* had got together as much as his Fathers had lost; and his establishment was yet greater than his loss. He married a young Widow, called *Alboraya*, of whose Condition I have already spoken: and by this Illustrious person he had two Sons, both of them called *Abindarrays*: the first of them dy'd, after having made so great a noise in the World with his Amours, with a fair Lady called *Carife*: and the other is this *Abindarrays*, whose History I am recounting to you, and who is without doubt one of the principal Ornaments of the gallant Court of *Granada*. *Caraman* had also three Daughters; but the two Eldest dyed very young, and the third is that admirable Person called *Zagabide*, of whom

whom all *Europe* ſpeaks as a Prodigie of Wit. But, my Lord, the Illuſtrious *Caraman*, who had ſeem'd to have vanquiſh'd the evil Fortune of his Fore-fathers, felt very ſoon that ſhe was always fickle and ill-diſpos'd, and that the evil Star which had perſecuted them, was found ſtill in the ſame ſituation, and did before hand threaten him with the direful effects of its evil Influences; and the certain conjectures which he had were found not to be ill grounded. For the invincible, but unfortunate *Zagan*, having been wretchedly abandoned by his own men in a Combat, was made a Priſoner of War, and afterwards kill'd in cold blood, by thoſe who had taken him, to the ſhame of our Nation. The death of this famous Admiral afflicted the Valiant *Caraman*, as much as it is imaginable: and the Illuſtrious *Uſſon Caſſan* having been kill'd before in a famous Battel, *Caraman* ſaw himſelf depriv'd of thoſe two ſupports, and in a neceſſity of falling, or of ſuſtaining himſelf. But howſoever puiſſant he was, it was not poſſible for him to do it; and as he had been rais'd by the War, and not by the Intrigues of the Cabinet, he was not able to hinder it, but that he was render'd ſuſpected at Court; inſomuch, that after having loſt his goods and his charges, he was conſtrained to leave the Realm with *Abindarrays* his Son; and to retire himſelf to *Ceuta*, where he had yet ſome remains of the ruines of his Houſe; having left *Alboraya* and *Zagahide* in *Almerie*, where they had permiſſion to ſtay: That excellent man not being willing that his Wife or Daughter ſhould follow him in his Exile, and that their preſence might conſerve their friends, who might be able one day to ſerve them in the revolution of Affairs. But my, Lord, the famous ſtreight of *Gibralter*, is not broad enough to let us leave upon the Sea any long time, *Caraman* with the young *Abindarrays*; ſuffer us then to put them abroad for *Ceuta*, which was to be the end of their Navigation. As ſoon as they were arrived abroad, the Domeſtick cares, and the viſits of his Friends, did in a manner rock his grief aſleep, and ſuſpend the remembrance of his diſgraces: But after theſe neceſſary buſineſſes were over, and that the company were gone, he began ſenſibly to perceive the difference then between Riches and Poverty, between a commanding and a private Life. Indeed then, when he had brought into his imagination, the Glory, the Pomp, and the Greatneſs which he had loſt, the Divertiſements, the Pleaſures, and the Employments he had quitted, and that unlimited power which he had had in two important Cities, and in two others which depended on them; that is *Gades*, *Tariffe*, *Malacene*, and *Albolet*, then I ſay, when he had ſeen in his mind the proud Image of ſo many Officers, ſo many Souldiers, ſo many Inhabitants, and ſo many Mariners, whom he had ſeen ſubmit to his Orders, being Vice-admiral, being Governour, and being Lieutenant to the King; and when he came to compare all this with the preſent ſtate of his Fortune, it was not poſſible, but that the privation of ſo many pleaſant and magnifick things, ſhould coſt him ſome ſighs; and that the lazie obſcurity of his preſent Life, could not but ſeem long and tedious every moment: Beſides the remembrance of the generous *Alboraya*, and the amiable *Zagahide*, redoubled yet his inquietudes, and his puniſhments, by the privation of two Perſon ſo dear, and ſo deſerving; and who were alſo preſent in his mind, though they were far from his Eyes. After this manner, when he came to think on all theſe ſad reflections, and that he ſaw himſelf as much unfortunate, as he had ſeen himſelf happy; he ſuffer'd grief enough to make him diſpair, and evil enough to make him die: Nevertheleſs, as he had a great and ſtrong Soul, and as Cuſtom renders every thing ſupportable; and as time never fails to efface by little and little thoſe *Ideas* which are moſt deeply imprinted in the memory of the unhappy, he inſenſibly accuſtomed himſelf to his misfortunes, and came inſenſibly not to feel them almoſt at all, and to have no other care, nor any other thought, than that of the Education of the young *Abindarrays*; to whom, though he could not leave the Fortune of his Anceſtors, he would at leaſt leave their Virtues. It is true, that he found ſo good a diſpoſition to all good things in the Soul, and the Spirit of his Son, and a ſoil ſo fit and ſo fertil to produce them, that the good Seeds which he had ſow'd there, very quickly yielded Fruits worthy of his cares, and proportionable to his hopes. Indeed, he found in this marvellous Infant three things which ſpring from contrary Temperaments, and which very ſeldom are ſeen together: For he had a prodigious Memory, a quick penetrating Spirit, and the greateſt Underſtanding that was poſſible for one to have: but he had likewiſe a Judgement ſo clear, ſo ſure, and ſo ſolid, a diſcerning ſo fine, ſo delicate, and ſo certain of every thing that was preſented to him, that he was never deceived in his choice of good and evil: but in that of good, and of better, which is much more difficult, he was arrived to that perfection, as never to err, or miſtake one for the other. All his inclinations were noble and high; and in an Age when Art could not diſguiſe Nature, and when he might act freely, and ſhew himſelf what he was, he carried himſelf always ſweet, civil, complaiſant, praiſing almoſt every thing, and almoſt never blaming any thing, though he had ſo juſt a diſcernment, that the ſmalleſt faults could not be hid from his knowledge. For ſuch as you ſee him now, ſuch a one he was ſeen to be in his youth; and if that years have made him underſtand many things, and all thoſe which Learning could give; and being certain of all thoſe advantages which one might draw from his Birth, there was not any thing wanting in him. He was Generous, Liberal and Magnick: he

he gave away with more Joy, than others had when any thing was given them; and that Soul of the firſt Rank, believ'd he gain'd in loſing, and that he enrich'd himſelf, even then when he became poor by ſo fair a prodigality. There never was a Friend that was more ardent, or more faithful than *Abindarrays*: the intereſts of thoſe whom he lov'd he made his own, and did that always for others which he would never do for himſelf; and when he did any thing to ſerve one, though it was but a ſmall thing, he did it ſo carefully, as if he were labouring for his Fortune. He is humane, compaſſionate and pitiful, not only towards men, but alſo towards all creatures where he loved; he lov'd ſtill with that tenderneſs, that made known the goodneſs of his Soul, and the ſweetneſs of his Nature. He ſpeaks eaſily, eloquently and ſtrongly: the tone of his voice is ſweet, inſinuating, and full of charms: but as his Temperament inclines a little towards that ingenious Melancholly, which makes great men, he hides all his Riches oftner than he ſhows them, and knows as well how to hold his peace, as to ſpeak. Moreover, the bright Fire which he hath in his Spirit, gives him ſome inclination to choler: But that thunder does not laſt long, and one may ſee him almoſt ever ſerious, and very even. As for his bravery, my Lord, you have been a witneſs of it, you have been a ſpectator of thoſe great Actions he hath done in the grand Combat of the *Abenceraages*, and the *Zegrees*: Moreover, I have ſo many others to recount to you in the ſequel of my Diſcourſe, both in the War and in particular Combats, of which he hath made ten or twelve, that you will not doubt, but that he is one of the moſt valiant men of the World. Beſides, that he doth not fail to have an eſſential character of true courage; for he not only conſerves all his judgement in perils, which gives one great advantages; but after his moſt glorious Victories, he is ever ſeen cold, diſcreet and modeſt; not ſpeaking any more of his Combats, than if he had never done any, directly oppoſite to that of thoſe falſe Braves, who importune all the World with the troubleſome recital of their Triumphs, and who make Panegyricks for themſelves, of that which they had not done: Beſides, his Wit is very clear in all fine things, he loves them, with a paſſion without equal, but principally Poeſie, Muſick and Painting; and as Love comes by Knowledge, that which he hath of thoſe Divine Arts enchants his Soul, and ſteals it away, every time that they become the Object of his Senſes, and of his Wit. Indeed, he hath acquir'd all the reputation that one is able to have in the firſt, he knows the ground of the ſecond, ſo much as to guide his voice, and ſo much as to move the Soul with divers Inſtruments on which he plays: and for the third, which he hath wholly rifl'd for the fair Cabinet, which he hath made, full of excellent Pictures, marvellous Statues, and all other rarities of Art, and of Nature; he hath acquired a knowledge ſo fine, and ſo delicate therein, that very few have more than he. As for his Amorous Inclination I ſhall not trouble my ſelf to diſcribe it to you, ſince you will better ſee the portraict of it, in the ſequel of my Diſcourſe; and for his perſon, I need not give you an exact Diſcription thereof, ſince you ſee it every day: Nevertherleſs, as his great wounds, and the fatigues of his great Travels have rob'd him of ſomething; and though you ſee him as he is, I ſhall ſhow him to you, as he was. His Stature, as you know is of the middle ſize, between too big and too little: but ſo fine, ſo noble, and ſo pliant, that there is nothing more to be deſired. He hath an high Air, a majeſtick Port, a ſober Gate, and an Action a little fierce: but all this temper'd, however, with ſo much ſweetneſs, that it cauſes him as much amity, as the other qualities give him reſpect and eſteem. His Hair which is not too black nor too light, is of a very pleaſant colour, his viſage is oval, and juſt and proportionable in every part: His Eyes are black, large and well open'd, but wholly full of Spirit and Love: His Eye-brows brown and very thick, his Complexion lively, his Noſe well made, though ſomewhat big for a *Granadine*; and his Mouth ſo extraordinary fine, both for ſhape and colour, that the faireſt Lady would be content to have ſuch a one: and then when he ſmiles, it ſtretches it ſelf ſo pleaſantly with his Viſage, that it is the moſt lovely ſight that Eyes ever beheld: He hath alſo the fineſt hands in the World for a man; and moſt aſſuredly, as I ſaid before, his infancy was the fineſt thing on the Earth, and the moſt charming. But although in his young years when he forſook his Country, he had already made a great progreſs in the beginning of Letters, under the Tutouring of an *Alfaqui*, who inſtructed him in the *Arabian* Sciences; yet *Caraman* being arrived at *Ceuta*, remitted him to the conduct of that knowing and famous Renegade, who is now at *Granada*, and obliged him by his Liberality not to ſpare any pains in the Education of this Infant, whoſe perſon was ſo dear and precious to him. This Prodigie of knowledge acquitted himſelf faithfully of the promiſe he had made; and finding in the amiable *Abindarrays* ſo fine a Nature, and an inclination ſo propenſe to ſtudy, in three years the Scholar was worthy of the Maſter, to the admiration of all thoſe who ſaw him. He taught him divers Languages, he inſtructed him in all the parts of Philoſophy, but chiefly in the Politicks and Morality. He render'd him knowing in Hiſtory, in Fables, and in Geography: He ſhew'd him the Mathematicks, he taught him to deſign, he diſcover'd to him all the ſecrets of Muſick, and indeed he gave him a ſuperficial knowledge of all other Sciences, and of all other Arts, which render'd him one of the marvels of his Age, and one of the Ornaments of his Nation. In the mean time his

Body

Body growing ſtrong with his Mind, *Caraman* provided for him other Maſters, who taught him other Exerciſes, in which he profited as well as in the others. Indeed he became the beſt Horſeman in all *Africk*, he vaulted, he leap'd like a Bird, he ſhot in the Bow like a *Parthian* or a *Scythian*; he knew how to uſe the Sword and Buckler with an incomparable addreſs: He knew how to defend himſelf with a Pike, with a Javelin, and to flouriſh the Colours with any the moſt ready Officer in all *Mauritania*: He knew to dance the *Zambra*, the *Saraband*, and all the other *Mooriſh* Dances, better than any man of quality, either in *Morocco*, *Fez* or *Tunis*, or in all the Courts of *Africa*; and without contradiction *Abindarrays* was in his time the moſt accompliſh'd among the *Moors*. See, my Lord, a light rough-draught of what *Abindarrays* was, and of what he yet is: but ſo imperfect, and ſo ill handl'd, that one may ſay it is but an ill Copy made after a very excellent Original. In the mean time the divers affairs, that the King of *Granada* had, during the re-eſtabliſhment of his Power after the death of *Corchut*, and the removal of the Queen-Mother, he had too long forgot the injuſtice that they had done to *Caraman*: and although *Alboraya* and his Friends had put him in mind of him, that his exilement might be repeal'd, the perplexity he was then in hinder'd it: ſo that the noiſe of the great change in the Court having paſs'd into *Africa*, long before that Prince had ſent thither his Orders, to call him back from that illuſtrious Baniſhment, his Soul fierce and proud, which knew very well its merit, and its price, took in a diſpleaſure ſo ſenſible, that all that *Muley Haſen* could do after that, which he ought to have done ſooner, he would never return to *Granada*; and although *Alboraya*, and all his Friends wrote to him about it, he would do nothing in it, but obſtinately to ſtay always in *Ceuta*, and to mind nothing more than the Education of *Abindarrays*, ſo as I have told you before. But, my Lord, as the Graces were born with him, one might be almoſt aſſured that his tender and paſſionate Soul began to Love, as ſoon as it began to live. The firſt Perſon that he lov'd, was a Maid of Quality of *Ceuta*, called *Donique*, whoſe Beauty was not leſs than her Nobility. She was a little too fat in the opinion of ſome, but in that of *Abindarrays*, this fair heap of Snow was very fit to give Birth to his firſt fires. But as the intercourſe between *Africa* and *Europe*, by the ſtrait of *Gibralter*, hath made *Ceuta* to ſhare with *Granada* in its Cuſtoms, the Women of Quality live there with much more liberty, than they do in all the other Cities of *Africa*. So that the illuſtrious *Granadine*, of whom I ſpeak, making uſe of that pleaſant Liberty, quickly deſtroy'd hers, and the plumpneſs of *Donique*, would not permit him to keep his own. Indeed, he began to have all the inquietude of Love, before he knew it was Love, nor ſo much as that it was, that which they call Love: And as the Muſes are born with that Paſſion, ſee the firſt Verſes with which this young Lover ſpake his firſt Flames.

SONG.

O thou which I reſpect do call,
Under ſuſpicion thou doſt fall:
Name I it well? tell me that,
I think 'tis,—— but I know not what:
This fatal moment, perhaps I
Am ſick grown of Loves malady.

Of all the things which my Eyes ſee,
One only Object pleaſes me,
I'm raviſh'd when I with it ſtay,
I dye if it removes away:
O God! ſince 't full of charms doth prove,
May not it ſomething be of Love?

I have at once Hope and Deſpair,
I flye from what, I ſeek with care:
I burn, and vows make in my mind,
Pleaſures and troubles both I find:
Alas! I ſigh both night and day;
What is this? is't not Love I ſay?

I feel a ſweet and ſcorching fire;
I jealous grow, and all deſire:
I dote, and know not what I do;
All my repoſe is baniſh'd too:
My very ſleeps are troubleſome,
Am not I a Lover then become?

If Donique *prove as cold as Snow,*
My Ardour then doth double grow:
But when her eyes grow ſweet again,
She then takes from me all my pain:
So that all doubtings to remove,
There is no doubt but that I love.

When he had compoſed theſe lines, he loſt no time to let his new Miſtreſs underſtand them: and the firſt time he was alone with her, he took a Gittarr, which was then upon the Table of the fair *Donique*; and after he had tun'd it, he began to ſing theſe Verſes; for which he had compoſed a Tune, the moſt amorous and the moſt paſſionate that Love could inſpire him with, and that Muſick could teach him; accompanying theſe words, and this Song with certain looks ſo languiſhing, which did yet better expreſs his Paſſion, than either the Verſes, or the Muſick. But as ſoon as the amiable *Donique* had heard her ſelf nam'd in the laſt Couplet of the Song, ſhe bluſh'd, and their mounted into her Face the fineſt Carnation in the world: after which taking the word and ſmiling: "You are very "happy *Abindarrays*, *ſaid ſhe*, that my name "is made up of three Syllables; for if it had

"had been made up of four, you could not "have put it into Meter, without breaking "the measure of your Poesie; so that chance "has much a greater part than your heart, "in this unlook'd for gallantry, which you "have done me. Ah! fair *Donique (answer'd he, laying down the Gittarr upon the Table)* "it was not so unsought for: Presence and "Wit hath no part in my Song; your fair "Name is not a thing so to be apply'd, and "I have not put it in my Verse, but after your "fair Eyes have put it in my heart. This is "at the least the first time, *said she smiling a-* "*gain*, that one hath made a Declaration of "Love singing; for I have heard them say, "that they never speak of these things, but "whisperingly, and in the Ear; that they "make it a great secret, and that it is not "without trembling, that the most hardy "Lover dare to shew his chains to his Mi-"stress. It is true, *return'd* Abindarrays, that "one may be able to do so in a mean Pas-"sion; but in a violent one as mine is, that "discretion is not possible, and this impor-"tancy is much more natural. Indeed (*re-*"*ply'd* Donique *laughing out aloud*) to sing "is no very great mark of grief, and the "Swans and you without doubt dye after the "same manner. But if it be so, *continued she*, "if I hearken to all that you would say to "me as a Song, you have no cause to com-"plain, since all that you would say is but "one. You confound the Verse and the Prose, "*reply'd that gallant* Granadine: but I assure "you, Madam, *added he*, that my Prose, and "my Verse are equally true. It will not be "advantagious to you to perswade me to it, "*answer'd* Donique *more seriously*, and if I "did not take as a piece of Wit, what you "would have me take to be real, I should "not have laugh'd as I did, and I should "have answer'd you after another manner. "Then do not laugh any more, Madam, and "answer me as you please, *return'd* Abindar-"rays, for there is nothing more true than "what I assure you. No, no, *answer'd she*, "I will not be sad, nor will I treat you ill: "and to conserve my good humour and your "repose, I will rather be incredulous, than "believe you rash. It will be very difficult, "*reply'd he*, for my boldness not to appear "from your incredulity: and it is so likely "a Truth, that one loves infinitely, that "which one sees infinitely amiable, that it "will not be easie for you to doubt my Pas-"sion, if you knew your self as I see you; "and if your Glass did shew you what my "eyes shew me. Indeed, Madam, (*continued he without giving her time to interrupt him*) "it is not more true that you are the fairest "Person upon the Earth, than it is certain "that I am at this present the most amorous "of all men: and if a fault so little volun-"tary, deserve great Chastisements, prepare "your rigours and my punishments; for I "shall never repent of what I have done. "Nor I that I believe you not, *reply'd* Do-"nique, that I may not be obliged to pu-"nish you: For as I have too much disdain to "conserve you being culpable, you have too "much merit for me to be willing to lose you, "being innocent. But, Madam, (*answer'd* "*that gallant* Moor *smiling*) if this first bold-"ness is not punish'd, that happy rashness, "which you have spar'd, will soon be fol-"low'd with a second, much greater than the "other: and after having the hardiness to love, "one will have the temerity also to be willing "to be belov'd. As for that, *return'd* Donique, "it will be but unprofitable, and never Crime "will have less success than his: for as the "business will depend wholly upon me, I "may answer what I please. I shall try how-"ever, *answer'd he*, by all the services ima-"ginable, by an unequall'd Passion, and by "a fidelity without Example, that being so-"veraignly absolute over my heart, that you "shall not be so much over your own. It "is a place, *answer'd she*, that I am neverthe-"less, resolv'd to defend obstinately; and as "it fears neither open force nor surprise, "there will be no less peril than glory to "attack it. The glory causes the danger to "be dispised, *answer'd* Abindarrays, in such "hearts as mine; and that which could be "fear in the cowardly, is a spurr in the hardy. "This enterprise is much greater than you "think it, *reply'd* Donique, and I counsel you "not to engage in it: For it having been ever "disputed, whether this Passion be good or "evil, and whether one ought to follow or "flee it, I shall be of the more sure opinion, "and never put it to venture. And, *re-*"*turn'd* Abindarrays, I shall hold the other "against you, how redoubtable soever you "may esteem your self, and how accustom'd "soever you be to vanquish me. As you "know that I have not any experience of "Love, *answer'd she*, you imagine without "doubt that I shall be an ill Advocate in a "good cause; and that your Eloquence will "Triumph at once over Reason, and my "weakness. But you do not know then "(*said he*) that nothing is so strong as Truth, "and that the experience of others hath "made me to know that which I have not "learn'd from my own. Indeed, *pursued she*, "I have often heard say, that of all the Pas-"sions, that which most disorders Reason, "which puts the Soul into confusion, and "makes it commit the greatest faults, is assu-"redly the same which you maintain, and "that I endeavour to oppose: There is al-"most no difference between a Lover, and "one without sence; the actions of one ve-"ry much agree with the Actions of the o-"thers; and if Folly troubles the Mind, and "Harmony, Love troubles the Judgement, "hinders its operations, and overthrows all "its Conduct. Since if we consider those "who love, we shall infallibly see, that one "loves that which is not amiable, that ano-"ther hates that which is worthy to be be-"loved; that one thinks fair, that which is

" ugly; that another thinks ugly, that which " is fair; that this here esteems, that which " he ought to despise; and that that there de- " spises, that which merits his esteem: One sees " them follow that which flees them; one " sees them flee that which follows them; " and the blind chuse better than these mad- " men whom you praise, and I blame: So " that if Reason (as it is not to be doubted) " is the greatest of all Goods, it necessarily " follows, that that which distroys it is the " greatest of all Evils; and by consequence " that this Passion is evil, and that its con- " venient to flee it. Besides, that you may " know his little discernment, he lets you " see the things with which he is satisfied, of " which his Treasures are made, and of which " all his ambition is full; a look, a smile, a " word, an ill writ Scrowl, a miserable end " of Riband, are the bounds of all his desires, " the objects of all his hopes, the recompence " of all his pains, and the payment of all " his services. Notwithstanding, to obtain " so great goods, he must sigh, he must groan, " he must suffer a long time, and suffer also " without complaining: He must, I say, have " a continual trouble, an eternal inquietude, " must lose his repast, and his repose, not " speak, nor sleep, nor smile, be pale, disfi- " gured, lean, a dotard, and melancholick: " He must neglect his Friends, his Interest, his " Reputation to give himself wholly and in- " tire to a thing so agreeable: He must act " as if there was but one only person in all " the Earth; regard none but her, esteem " none but her, visit none but her, and leave " her no more than a Shadow leaves the Bo- " dy; become importunate, after he is be- " come a Lover, and make himself hated, " with his eager loving. But all this is no- " thing in comparison of jealousie, which in- " separably follows Love; and Hell, as they " say, hath no torment cruel enough to be " compared with this enraged Passion, which " transports the Soul, which untunes Rea- " son, which hinders the use of the Senses, " which makes me see Phantasms that are not, " which makes me take Lyes for Truth, and " Chamera's for real Bodies. It is nourish'd " with Poyson, and with that it nourishes " the Body that it possesses: It is one of those " Serpents that kills those who give them " birth; and these most sweet Fooleries have " have for their Object Precipices or Halters, " Poysons or Ponyards, the Death of a Rival, " or of ones own self. And from these un- " chain'd mad men come a thousand Mur- " thers, a thousand Assassinations, and a " thousand other horrid crimes: Likewise " those people who have given a Body to " this Passion, that makes one love, and " which they have painted forth for us, have " represented Love to us as an Infant, to ex- " press his small conduct; they have feign'd " him blinded with a Scarf to figure the " blindness of those who are carried away " with this Passion: they have given him " weapons to represent the evil which he " doth, and they have also put a Torch into " his hand like the Furies, to let us un- " derstand that fatal burning, with which the " Soul is consumed; and which hath some- " times destroyed, as I have heard, Houses, " Cities, Provinces, and Monarchies for ever. " What shall I say more? as there is nothing " so precious among men as Liberty, nothing " is so much to be feared as Slavery; and " from all this I conclude that this Passion " is evil, and that it is diligently to be shun'd. " Ah! fair *Donique*, *answer'd* Abindarrays, " there is a great deal of Wit, and little of " Reason in the Discourse which yon have " made me: where one may much better " see your address, than the Truth; it proves " much better your Eloquence, than your " proposition; and the force of your Reason " astonishes more than it perswades, causes " more admiration than doubt, and serves " much more for your Glory, than it can be " hurtful to that of Love. For indeed, to " declare things as they are, and so stay with- " in the terms of Truth, altogether pure, " without Art, without Cunning, and with- " out Disguisement; all the Passions of them- " selves are good: the power which they " put into our Soul, being too wise, and too " just, to make us do evil things: and pro- " vided that their Object be legitimate, and " that one does not disorder them, and that " they are kept within the reasonable bounds " which are prescribed to them, as they are " never condemnable, so one ought never to " condemn them. Indeed, there are some in- " nocent desires, there are some hopes well " grounded, and some fears that one ought " to have: There are also some equitable " Angers, and some just Hates; wherefore " then may not there be a lawful Love, since " it is a Passion incomparably more sweet, " more humane, and less culpable than all " those which I have named to you? Be- " sides, it is a popular Error to call Lovers " mad men; it ought not to be cited by a " person of Reason, since to the contrary the " Judgement appears in the choice of the Ob- " ject, more than in any other thing; and he " must not have a mean one for the guidance " of a Love discreet, delicate, and concerted. " If that one love the flaxen hair'd, and a- " ther the Brown; one the big, another the " little; one the fat, another the lean; that " makes nothing for you, that says not any " thing against me, since that one cannot con- " clude any thing, but that all these Qualities " being good, it is permitted to the inclina- " tion to make its choice: Do not op- " pose me any more fair *Donique* about the " strong inclination or forcible aversion, " which our Soul hath for some different Ob- " ject, which she seeks, or which she flies; " since that Sympathy and Antipathy, come " apparently from the Stars, which men " can very hardly resist, so much power and " force have they, and so much weakness

have

"have we. Moreover, if that it ſometimes "happens, that one loves a perſon, who hath "not a fair Face, that may be becauſe ſhe "may have a very fine Wit; or that the "Beauty of the Soul may make amends for "the unhandſomeneſs of the Body: Beſides, "the conceit of Nations being different, as "to that which reſpects Beauty, and alſo that "of all men, it is ever true that they love "what is beautiful, whatſoever the Object "be that one loves: ſince that they do not "believe it ugly, whatſoever the beauty be, "whether fair or brown, great or little, fat or "lean. And truly, fair *Donique*, it appears that "you have not ever lov'd any thing, by the "little eſteem which you have, for all thoſe "marks of Love which you make ridiculous: "It is that which makes them, that ennobles "them, the hand, which gives them, renders "them precious; and to a heart which is not "covetous, the leaſt favour of a Lady is a "Treaſure. But all that fine and great exag-"geration, which you have made of ſighs, "of groans, of cares, of troubles, and of "melancholineſs of thoſe who love, lets us "ſee no other thing, except it be that love "hath in it much of pleaſure, ſince it obliges "our Soul to undergo ſo ſenſible evils. As "for jealouſie, it is certain, that I grant it to "be a moſt troubleſome Thorn, which Love "mingles with his Roſes: But as to thoſe "ſtrange effects, which you attribute to that "furious Paſſion, they happen but very "rarely: and it is alſo a Truth, that it is the "ſpurr and provocation to Love, that with "his bitterneſs quickens the other's ſweetneſs, "which would elſe be too languid; and the "ſatisfaction of agreeing again, after its em-"broilments, ſurpaſſes by much the more un-"diſturbed pleaſure. And if ſome people "have painted Love like an Infant, it was to "repreſent his innocency: If that they feign'd "him blind, it was to let Lovers know they "ought to be ſo to all perils, or that they ought "to expoſe themſelves for the perſon beloved: "If they have given him ſome Arrows, they "were Arrows of Gold, ſo fine, and ſo pre-"cious, that their wounds were ſweet and "honourable: If they have put a Torch in "his hand, it was a perfumed *Flambo*, whoſe "fair flame had no ſmoke; and if they have "given him wings, of which you have ſaid "nothing, it was not to expreſs his lightneſs "and inconſtancy, but rather to be a mark of "the nobleneſs of his Nature, which hath "nothing of earthineſs or greatneſs, which "touches leſs the Body than the Spirit, and "which comes from Heaven by ſympathy, "and flies thither again by the purity of a "a Paſſion altogether Celeſtial. Ceaſe then, "fair *Donique*, from ſaying there is nothing ſo "precious as Liberty, ſince that my ſervitude "is more; and the quality of being your Slave, "ſeems more glorious to me than to be a "King, and I prefer my Irons to their "Crowns. Far be it then to blame Love, "who is worthy of Praiſe, repent of your "error, follow the Truth which I ſhew you; "and ſince that this Love is the Soul of "Nature, the ſupport of the Univerſe, the "tye of all men, the moſt tender ſentiment "of the Heart, the moſt delicate Paſſion of "the Soul, and the moſt ſenſible pleaſure "that one can be able to taſte upon Earth, "conclude with me, that this noble Paſſion "is good, and not evil; and one ought to "purſue it, and that one ought not to ſhun "it. Ah! too cunning *Abindarrays*, *reply'd* "*ſhe*, I muſt tell you what you ſaid before to "me, and with much more reaſon than now; "for your Eloquence has raviſh'd me, with-"out perſwading me: and although I have "not the force to reſiſt it; I am reſolved not "to render my ſelf, knowing well that my "weakneſs comes from my want of Wit, & not "from the juſtice of my cauſe. Let each of us "keep then his own opinion, Madam, *an-*"*ſwer'd this gallant* Granadine, and wait up-"on time, which is much more able than I am "to perſwade you, and to make you inſenſi-"bly of my opinion, and cauſe you to abjure "your errour for a more true Belief. If it be "true, that I am an Heretick, *ſaid ſhe ſmiling*, "you will not eaſily convert me; and though "you call time to ſuccour you, yet you are "not nevertheleſs at the end of this great "work: For that I may not do any hurt to "your glory, I will not do more for it, than "I have done for you. Take leſs care of my "Glory, *return'd he*, and take a little more "of my repoſe, ſince I may be able to live "without one, but I cannot live without the "other. Such brave men as you, *reply'd* "Donique, uſe ſtill to prefer it to pleaſure. "In any other encounter I ſhould prefer it to "life it ſelf, *anſwer'd* Abindarrays, but in this, "I can prefer nothing to you. And ſince, "*added he farther*, there is ſo much Glory in "loving you, it is ſo far from loſing ones an-"cient Glory in doing it, that it clothes one "with a new, incomparably more bright; ſo "that the Reaſon you make uſe of to make "me give over my illuſtrious Enterpriſe, "carries me on with much more ardour. This, My Lord, was the firſt Diſcourſe of Love, which this generous *Granadine* had with the fair *Donique*; who then in this firſt viſit, had not all that in her Heart, which ſhe had in her Mouth, and who was very far from flying that Paſſion as an evil, but left her Soul to believe it good, and worthy to be embraced. On the other ſide *Abindar-rays*, perceiv'd his to be redoubled by a con-verſation ſo moving, and to give *Donique* a new mark of it, he compoſed a work of that kind of Poeſie without Rhime, which we have learn'd from the gallant *Moors* of *Gra-nada*, called by us Romance; which kind of Poeſie was more ordinary with the *Moors*, than with any others, which they had learn'd for the moſt part from that famous Renegado, of which I have often ſpoke; theſe then did not fail to be pleaſing to *Donique*: although in the opinion of *Abindarrays* theſe Romances

came not near the beauty of our Poems in Rhime: Nevertheleſs, ſhe praiſing extremely this Poem, ſhe fail'd not to tell this Illuſtrious *Granadine*, with the beſt grace in the World, when he preſented it to her, that that conquering Love would not find the place which he attack'd ſo eaſie to be be taken, as he imagin'd, that it had made a better defence than he had believed, and that moſt aſſuredly, the conqueſt of it would not be very eaſie. "Let the worſt come to the worſt, "*anſwer'd he ſmiling*, ſince that my Lines "are made, and my circumvallation perfected, "there is no more queſtion, but that ſome-"time or other I ſhall carry it, and that "there will be an happy ſucceſs of my Enter-"priſe. Ah! (*reply'd* Donique *ſmiling alſo*) "if you think to take me by famine, you will "be ne'r the near for your pains, for as I am "too fat, and that a little leanneſs will make "me handſomer, I ſhall gladly reſolve to hold "out the laſt extremity of the ſiege, when I "ſhall be the more amiable for it. I do not "ſee however, *anſwer'd* Abindarrays, that a "skelliton is ſo pleaſant, unleſs it be ſuch a "one which we look on to learn Anatomy, "to number the Bones, and to know the "Nerves and Muſcles; at leaſt I know well, "that if I were to paint the Graces, I ſhould "make them plump, and give them as much "fullneſs as you have; methinks one cannot "better name a Lady ugly, than to call her "lean; nor better to make one conceive ano-"ther to be fair, than to ſay ſhe is fat. Be "more ſerious, and leſs flattering, *reply'd* "Donique, ſince I know too well my faults, "to diſguiſe them. I will be ſilent, ſince "you command me, Madam, *reply'd he*, but if "I ceaſe ſpeaking, I ſhall not ceaſe ſeeing; "and ſo long as I ſhall ſee you, I ſhall not "change my opinion; for whatſoever you "can ſay for that defect, which you would "have paſs for a perfection, and whatſoever "you may ſay againſt that perfection, which "you endeavour to make paſs for a defect. And indeed he did not quickly change his opinion, but courted her in Verſe as well as he had done with Proſe, which the fair *Donique* received often from him. But, my Lord, as *Donique* was very amiable, *Abindarrays* was not very long her only Lover, and the merit of that fair perſon, got him many Rivals. But among the reſt there was one who by his aſſiduity, and being continually with her, gave him much more trouble than all the other Companions of his ſervitude, how obſtinate ſoever they were in ſeeing her, and tormenting her. This man was called *Aladin*, a perſon of Quality, and whoſe Father was exceeding Rich. He was much about the Age of *Abindarrays*; well enough made as to his Perſon, and not much wanting as to Wit; but a great talker, indiſcreet, full of vanity, and whoſe evil qualities much exceeded his good: So that, my Lord, it was no wonder, if having ſo many things little worthy of eſteem, that *Donique* did prefer *Abindarrays* to him, who had ſo much Virtue, and not one Vice. But however, they were always with her, and always importuning her. But as *Abindarrays* ordinarily ſpake little enongh, eſpecially when thoſe were there, who did not pleaſe him, and on the contrary, *Aladin* who had a continual torrent of words, which no damn was able to ſtop, he had ever the advantage: and for as much as he was no leſs ſatisfied with his ſeeing, than with his ſpeaking to his Miſtreſs; his unhappy Rival was reduc'd to withdraw himſelf within himſelf, and to entertain himſelf alone with more pleaſant things than thoſe which he heard, or to ſay better, that they thought he had heard; and very often to lift up his ſhoulders, and to make ſome ſign with his Eyes to *Donique*, that ſhe ſhould take notice of all the traſh, all the trifles, and all thoſe toys with which this great Babbler of nothing had fill'd his Diſcourſes, that he might revenge himſelf, for their diſpiſing the horrible puniſhment, which ſo many impertinences made him endure, and were worthy to be diſpiſed: And truly, I know no Geneneration of men in all the world more troubleſome, more to be feared, and that one ought to ſhun with more care, than theſe ſort of people, who will hold the Dye in all Companies, and leave nothing to be ſaid by others, continually playing the part of the ridiculous Doctor in the *Italian* Comedy, troubling all the World with their babble, making mutes of their unfortunate Auditors, examining nothing, hazarding all, good and evil, pleaſant and fooliſh, neceſſary and unprofitable, agreeable and troubleſome; making others ſeem ridiculous, and being ſo themſelves; blaming unfitly, praiſing after the ſame manner: and by a prodigality of words, a thouſand times worſe than to be ſparing of them, and by a miſerable abundance more to be fear'd, than the ſteriliy, tyring the whole Company, making every body weary, and diſcontented, and becoming in theſe meetings, the terror of the company, and the ſcourge of humane kind; yet the whole world is full of this kind of perſecuting people, even the Court as well as the Country, the Preſence as well as the Societies of Villages, and the fineſt Revels cannot be inacceſſible to theſe falſe pleaſers, to theſe Buffoons by profeſſion, who are the Antipodes to honeſt men, and the declared Enemies to Reaſon, and to common ſence. But *Aladin* poſſeſs'd this ſhameful quality by excellency; he was the Farmer of it, the chief of the party, and the true pattern: and no body could be able to diſpute the firſt place with him. And cerrainly, *Donique* and *Abindarrays*, one day above others, made a cruel experience of it: For being enter'd one day into the Chamber of that fair perſon, with that vapouring air, and importunate wit, which all thoſe of that impertinent ſect have. "You did well fair *Donique*, *ſaid he*, "not to go laſt night to the Ball, for I never

ſaw

"ſaw in all my life ſo vile an Aſſembly: "All the women that were there, were ill "cloth'd, all the Men ill dreſt, the Hall had "too little light, the Inſtruments play'd piti- "fully; thoſe who danc'd obſerv'd no time, "there was a moſt horrible company, all the "Ladies were red, and their heads undreſs'd "and the Collation was worſe than all that. "But as to the Collation, *added he*, by and by, "that which we were at together lately, was "not much better, the Comfits were ſo dry, "as thoſe were mouldy; the Lemonades were "almoſt all water; there was no Amber in "the Hippocras, the Fruits were the baſeſt "that I ever ſaw in my life, and I have ſeen "you almoſt dye with Famine at a Table a "thouſand times better furniſh'd. My God! "*purſued he*, that the young *Roxelana* ſhould "ſhow there ſo ugly! and that ſhe ſhould "eat with ſo ill a grace! That her Lover "ſhould ſeem to me a Ninny, and a man of "little honeſty! That I ſhould buſie my ſelf "with her countenance, which hath ſo lit- "tle Air of great people. But truly, (*ſaid he* "*again without taking breath*) your Couſin had "a handkerchief of the fineſt work that was "ever made in *Africk*; and if ſhe had been but a "little leſs pale, ſhe would have been exceeding "well. To conclude, after he had told di- ſtinctly the Moſaick Work, that is, compoſed of fit and agreeable pieces, his breath rather failing him, than his endeavour to continue; he held ſtill a few moments, and poor *Donique*, who began to ſweat with hearkning to him, fearing leſt he ſhould begin again to ſpeak, with very great haſte began to jeſt, and to ſpeak her ſelf. "I am much obliged, *ſaid ſhe*, "that you will render me ſo exact an ac- "compt of that which I did not ſee, and— "Stay from thanking me, *ſaid he*, *interrupting* "*her*, till I have added to my relation, the "news of the Marriage of *Deſpine*. I have "already told it to the Lady, (*anſwer'd* Abin- rays, *to ſtop him alſo it was to no purpoſe*) "That's nothing, *anſwer'd* Aladin *briskly*, "and I know ſome particulars which you "have not told her. Then he was about to to begin again, but *Donique* ſtop'd him a- new: "You are ſo little grave, *ſaid ſhe*, that I "will not hear your recital upon that ſubject. "I ſhall tell you then, *anſwer'd he*, to be more "ſerious, of the Funeral of our Cadi, which "was very Magnifick; and I will give you a "particular diſcription of it. The poor *A- bindarrays* trembled at that word Diſcription from head to foot, not having any hope that he could ſpeak to *Donique* the reſt of that day. And to try whether he could conjure down that Tempeſt. "It ſeems to me, *ſaid* "*he*, that this Recital will be too ſad and "mournful to divert a Lady. You have "reaſon, *anſwer'd* Aladin, and I will tell her "another adventure more merry. But alas! *Abindarrays*'s Artifice prov'd ill, for the at- tention to that ſad ſtory could not have been ſo long, as the Recital of this wretched Ad- venture was troubleſome; which inſtead of making thoſe laugh who heard it, made them almoſt cry with wearineſs. In the ſe- quel, the perſecuting *Aladin* varied his Diſ- courſe on the pinkings and lacings, and a hundred different follies, now of Love, now of War, by and by of the City, preſently of the Court, and even until it was night, which is called the Mother of Silence, he did not leave talking, but gave chaſe to *Donique*, and granted neither peace nor truce to theſe two unhappy perſons who heard him; and al- ways ſpeaking well or ill, but much more often one than the other. But as amity comes by reſemblance, ſo averſion comes likewiſe by a diſreſemblance: ſo that beſides the incli- nation which Rivals have ever to hate one another; the antipathy which was between the fine ſeriouſneſs of the one, and the ridi- culous jeſting of the other, begat in their minds an equal hate, and a reciprocal diſ- dain. *Aladin* looking on *Abindarrays*, as a man too melancholick; and *Abindarrays* looking on *Aladin*, as a very ill Buffoon, whoſe dull raillery had nothing of ingenuity, nor ſo much as a quickneſs that might be capable of pleaſing. But as their Souls were as different as their Wits, their proceedings were nothing alike: and as the Illuſtrious *Abencerrage* was much more nobly bred, he contented himſelf only with a diſeſteem of his Rival, without meddling with him: but *Aladin*, having incli- nations leſs noble, and not ſo ſcrupulous a virtue, did back-bite him upon all occaſions, with as much of injuſtice, as of baſeneſs and cowardiſe. "For my part, *ſaid he*, one day "I cannot comprehend that, which gives "ſo much Reputation in *Cenia*, to this *Gra- "nadine* whom we ſee there: I do not know, "I ſay, where that great ſpirit is which they "attribute to him: for I muſt confeſs that I "can hardly find any at all. It may be (*an- ſwer'd laughing a certain man in the company, who was a particular friend of* Caraman's) "that he left it at *Granada*, and that he hath "not brought it hither: for methinks all the "Court ſhould not be deceived in him; nor "other poor Provinces, ſhould have better "eyes than all the Court, who admired his "Infancy, and which alſo was an admirati- "on in the ſight of Queens. I ſhall counſel "him then, *ſaid* Aladin *again*, to ſend for "that fine Spirit by the poſt, if he would have "a part in our eſtimation; or that he return to "*Granada*, if he would not be the object of "our diſdain. For indeed, if he be not more "valiant than expert (and that may well be) "he will have trouble to raiſe up the ruines "of his Houſe. Speak better of him, or ſpeak "not at all of him, *reply'd that man.* As the "laſt is more eaſie than the other, *return'd* "Aladin, I ſhall for your ſake forbear to ſpeak "the ill I had begun for my own. This nice Diſcourſe thus ended; but this friend of *Caraman*'s, went immediately to him to ad- vertiſe him of it, fearing that the averſion of theſe two young men, ſhould come to a worſe buſineſs; and that this offenſive converſation

ſhould

ſhould be followed with ſomething more troubleſome: exhorting him to employ all his Prudence, and all his Authority to hinder it. *Caraman* thank'd him with much civility, and promis'd him to make uſe of his advice, and his counſel: but as he had a great Heart, a fierce Soul, hot Blood, and impatient Humour, he had no ſooner left his Chamber, but he comes into that of his Sons; and as ſoon as he enter'd, he bolted the Door, that no body might interrupt him, nor that any of the Domeſticks might hear. After he had fix'd his eyes upon him, and ſhowing him a Sword, which he laid upon a Table: "*Abindarrays*, *ſaid he*, *with an imperious tone*, do "you know of what Blood you are ſprung? "and to what that Blood obliges you? Yes, my "Lord. I know well, *reply'd fiercely that gene-* "*rous young man*, and I ſhall never forget that "I have the honour to be your Son; nor ſhall "I ever do any thing that ſhall render me "unworthy of it. If it be ſo, *reply'd the Fa-* "*ther*, take my Sword which you ſee, it has "got me glory enough, and may do no leſs "for you: never render it back to me till "you have vanquiſh'd *Aladin*, who has ſpo- "ken evil of you, if you will not have me "puniſh you my ſelf, for the wrong which "you ſhould do to all the *Abencerrages*. "That is a puniſhment I need not fear, (*an-* *ſwer'd again the young* Abindarrays *taking that* "*Sword*) and I engage my word to you, that "I will not return to you but dead or victo- "rious. Go then my Son, *ſaid* Caraman, "*embracing him*, thou art already worthy to be "ſo, by this ſtout reſolution which you have "taken; and I fore-tell the Victory, that you "merit ſo well to obtain. I promiſe my ſelf "alſo (*reply'd that noble Youth with a fierce-* "*neſs as noble as his Birth*) and I promiſe you "too, *added he*, that I will not leave you "long in doubt of the evenement of my Vi- "ctory. At theſe words he made a profound Reverence to his Father; and left his Chamber with a pace ſo deliberate, and with a viſage ſo chearful and ſo firm, that it was eaſie to fore-ſee that he would return victorious. Many people blame the extraordinary Action of *Caraman*, for expoſing his only Son to danger, from which his years would have exempted him without ſhame, for he was then but about thirteen years of Age; but for my part, I am not of that opinion, I believe I ſee ſomething very great, and very fine in this proceeding ſo little common: and which ſavours of the hight of thoſe Heroick Ages, whoſe remembrance endures yet, and whoſe glory ſhall have no end. However, the generous *Abindarrays* put his Fathers Sword by his ſide, and went to ſeek *Aladin*, reſolving to fight him, and to vanquiſh him. After he had look'd for him in ſeveral places, he found him at laſt by the Sea-ſide, about five hundred paces from the Town; without doubt thinking on the Paſſion which he then had in his Soul. For ſo his Rival imagined, by his clear ſighted Jealouſie, and approaching him very fiercely: "I inter- "rupt you without doubt, *ſaid he*, in an en- "tertainment, which is queſtionleſs more a- "greeable to you, than the converſation "which I came to have with you: but I ſhall "recompenſe you for that trouble, by the "honour which I ſhall ſurpriſe you with, "and for which you ſhall not long ſtay. "That may perhaps be difficult, *anſwer'd* A- "ladin, that that which you have to tell me "ſhould pleaſe me ſo much, as that which "you hinder me from thinking on. You are "then but little brave, *reply'd the diſdainful* "Abindarrays, ſince I intend to fight you. "You have not then ſpoken very right, *ſaid* "Aladin *again*, or I underſtand you not: for "you have told me that I ſhould receive Ho- "nour, when I think it will be you that ſhall "receive it in fighing with me. And I think "ſo too, *anſwer'd* Abindarrays, but it will be "by your defeat. Since you have doubted "of my courage, I am obliged to give you "a better opinion. At theſe words they both drew, and fought with an animoſity that ſhew'd they were Rivals, and not only bare Enemies. I ſhall not trouble you with the recital of the particulars of this Combat; for that my Narration regards *Venus* more than *Mars*: and I ſhall only tell you, my Lord, that although *Aladin* was Valiant, *Abindarrays* had the advantage, and that Fortune, more equitable than ſhe ordinarily is, declar'd her ſelf for a good cauſe, and ſided with the better party. And indeed what reſiſtance ſoever the firſt made, the other made him fall at his feet, with a great blow which he gave him with his ſword upon his head, and which in ſpite of all the Cloth of his Turban, gave him a very great wound. Then the Conquerour taking the Arms of the vanquiſh'd, and ſpeaking to him with a malicious ſmile, which made him quite deſpair in this diſgrace. "*Aladin* (*ſaid* *he*, *ſhewing him his own ſword which he had* "*got*) you may yet believe that I have no "wit, but you will not be permitted any "longer to doubt of my courage. And leſs "yet of my unhappyneſs, *repl'yd this brave* "*afflicted one*. Thou mayſt try then, to "vanquiſh, when it pleaſe thee, *return'd* A- "bindarrays, *flinging him his Sword*, but it "muſt be when you are cured, I muſt think "of ſaving your life, after it hath been in my "power to have given you death. He went from him ſaying this, leaving his unfortunate Rival in the greateſt deſpair imaginable. When he came to the *Corps du Guard* of the Port, he entreated ſome of he Soldiers, whom he found there to aſſiſt wounded *Aladin*, and to carry him to his Father, ſhewing them where he was. They did ſo preſently; but for all the Art of the Surgeon, the greatneſs of his wound, but more the diſpite which he had receiv'd for being vanquiſh'd by his Rival, made them think that he would have dy'd, and held him more than a Month in his Bed, with the uncertainty of his Life. In the

the mean time to return to the Valiant *Abindarrays*, as ſoon as he was return'd home, he asked for *Caraman*, and having learn'd that he was alone in his Chamber, where the incertitude of the event, and that which he had done, gave him an inſupportable inquietude, and made him almoſt repent of the counſel he had given, there it was he found him, and as he enter'd the Chamber, he kiſs'd his Father's Cimeter with reſpect; and preſenting it to him very gracefully: "My Lord, *ſaid he*, "I have endeavour'd not to ſully the bright-"neſs of the Arms, which you have done me "the honour to lend me: and if I do not "flatter my ſelf too much, I do give it you "back with all its Glory. O my Son, (*cry*'d "*out* Caraman *embracing him*) ſince I ſee "thee return'd a Conquerour, may thy De-"ſtiny be more happy than mine, and give "thee all the greatneſs of thy Anceſtors, as "thou haſt their courage, and all the good "that I can wiſh thee, and all that thou art "worthy of. He oblig'd him then, notwithſtanding all his modeſty, to recount to him exactly all the particulars of his Combat, and that generous Father was not able to withhold ſome tears of joy, which the generous Action of the Son made him ſhed. But, my Lord, during all this which I have told you, the noiſe of this brave Action being ſpread through the whole Town, *Donique* was not ignorant of it, and the new intereſt which ſhe took in the perſon of *Abindarrays*, made her partake much of his Glory. Indeed Ladies, though they are not Valiant, yet they love the Valiant: and whether it be their natural weakneſs which makes them regard the Valour of men as a needful ſupport, or whether it be more their vanity to ſee Conquerours conquer'd by them, or whether it be that the luſtre of Heroick Virtue, forces all the World to admire it; it is moſt certain, that women love brave men, and that Cowards are not at all pleaſing to them. *Donique* was then in this pleaſant Meditation, when ſhe ſaw *Abindarrays* enter her Chamber: for as ſoon as he had left *Caraman*, he had nothing to hinder him from going whither his inclination call'd him: But he enter'd cold, even temper'd, and modeſt, not as if he had come from a Combat; and without having the leaſt mark in his face, either of Joy, or of Pride; he ſat down without any forwardneſs or emotion, and began indifferent diſcourſes without the leaſt mention of *Aladin*. The fair *Donique* paſs'd the time with him after the ſame manner, for a good while, with the pleaſure to ſee in him the eſſential Character of a right brave man, & the glorious mark which diſtinguiſhes ſuch Captains from Bragadocio's. After ſhe had admired at her leiſure, the dainty mixture of humility and valour, ſhe look'd upon him very obligingly, and turning her ſelf of one ſide ſmiling: "You are very modeſt "*Abindarrays*, *ſaid ſhe*, and very humble for "a Conquerour. None can ever be ſo, Ma-"dam, where you are, *anſwer'd he*, for even all "the world ought to appear there as van-"quiſh'd. This which you anſwer me is "very gallant, *reply'd ſhe*, but it is not e-"qually true; and I am certain, that the un-"fortunate *Aladin*, knows too well for his "glory, and for his repoſe, that you have been "his Conquerour. But you were not preſent "at our Combat, Madam, *reply'd he ſmiling*, "and if you had been there, you would then "have let us ſeen that we had been both "vanquiſh'd. I had then rob'd you of a "great deal of Glory, *ſaid* Donique *again*. "Or rather done me a very great pleaſure, "*anſwer'd* Abindarrays; for your Chains are "of more value than Crowns; and it is more "advantageous to be defeated by you, than "to overcome; and to be among your Tro-"phies, than to triumph. By ſaying that "you were the weaker, *reply'd ſhe*, you eſſay "perchance to be the more ſtrong; in pub-"liſhing your defeat, you try to render mine "publick; and in talking of Chains, your "Eloquence is ſeen triumphing. It is, Ma-"dam, *reply'd he*, that you would deprive me "of Chains, which I would not quit for "Crowns: and as one never fights better "than when one doth it to ſave that which "he eſteems, you need not think it ſtrange, "that I defend with ſome force, thoſe Chains "which I look upon as my Treaſures. Theſe "Treaſures, *ſaid* Donique *again*, are not thoſe "of a covetous man. But they may be thoſe "of an ambitious man, *return'd* Abindarrays, "and there is ſo much Glory in their Poſſeſſi-"on, that one ought not to loſe them, but "with ones Life. Their Conſervation, re-"*ply'd ſhe*, asks but little care, and you will "find but few Thieves of Riches of this Na-"ture. I ſhould be willing to find none, re-"*ply'd he*, but that is not poſſible for a thing ſo "precious: and I ought rather to think of "defending them, than to neglect their con-"ſervation. If it ſhould be ſo, *return'd* Do-"nique, the poor *Aladin* will not for a long "time be in a condition to be able to play the "Thief, and you may repoſe your ſelf a "nights very ſecure. His abſence, *anſwer'd* "Abindarrays, is the beſt Fruit of my Victory, "and I have ſo ſeldom ſeen you without him, "that it ſeems to me to be the firſt time that "I have ſeen you. The Grace of Novelty is "not the leaſt amiable of the Graces, *reply'd* "*ſhe*; but as that which is moſt new, is moſt "agreeable; I ſhall preſently loſe that advan-"tage, and your eyes will ſoon accuſtom "themſelves to a thing which now ſur-"priſes them with ſome kind of pleaſure. "Ah! Madam, *anſwer'd he*, as there are ſome "good things which never tyre one, ſo there "are ſome Beauties which never grow old; "and diſcovering every day new charms in "your perſon: I am very certain to find e-"very day new pleaſures, and a new paſſion. "This is, *return'd* Donique *laughing*, a kind "of inconſtancy, of which I ſhall not have "cauſe to complain: and it is the firſt time, "that infidelity hath been pleaſing, and de-

"ſireable

" ſireable. Such was the converſation between theſe two illuſtrious Perſons, who ſo long as *Aladin* was ſick, were merry with a tranquil felicity, and reliſhed true pleaſures. In the mean time the *Cadi* of *Ceuta* would take cogniſance of the Combat of between *Abindarrays* and *Aladin* as criminal, but their Friends on both ſides huſh'd the buſineſs up, ſo that there was no more words of it. The ſame Friends would alſo have brought about an interview between theſe two illuſtrious Rivals, and would have obliged *Abindarrays* to have given a viſit to *Aladin*; but they found ſo much repugnancy to that reconciliation in both their Spirits, that they were never able to bring it about; and the one was as unwilling to receive this viſit, as the other was to give it; ſo that it was eaſily fore-ſeen, that this quarrel would not be the laſt that ſhould happen between them; and that they would purſue their hate, as well as their love. But, my Lord, in this place it is neceſſary that I intermix a little of the general Hiſtory of *Africa*, with the particular Hiſtory of *Abindarrays*, becauſe that the firſt ſerves to make you underſtand the ſecond; and that I cannot poſſibly illuſtrate the one, without touching a little upon the other. But nevertheleſs I ſhall but lightly touch upon it, and ſo lightly, that it ſhall not at all interrupt the courſe of my Narration. I ſhall tell you then, my Lord, or to ſpeak more truly, I will remember you (for I know you are not ignorant of the buſineſs) by what means the Houſe, which now Reigns over the Realms of *Morocco* and *Fez*, hath atchieved ſo great an Empire, and by what degrees they have mounted the Throne. There was in *Africa* an *Alfaqui*, that is to ſay, a Religious Mahumetan, born in a Town that's called *Tignmedet*, in the Province of *Dara*; a man who was not leſs cunning, nor leſs ambitious, than he was well inſtructed in all the Sciences, wherewith thoſe of their Profeſſion among the *Moors* are indued. He was call'd *Mahomet Abenamat*; and after he grew high, he made himſelf be call'd *Cherif*, that is as much as to ſay, a Lord in our Language; which quality is become heriditary to the Sons of the Emperour of *Morocco*, and which without doubt they will leave to all their Poſterity. This Man, who ſaid he was of the Race of *Mahomet*, had a very great and proud Heart, able to conceive great matters; and ſeeing the diviſion of the *African* States, where the *Portugals* were then very puiſſant; he had a high deſign of getting for himſelf *Mauritania*, *Tingintania*, and to make himſelf Sovereign over it. But that he might compaſs a thing ſo difficult, he firſt ſent three Sons that he had, *Abdala*, *Hamet* and *Mahomet* on a Pilgrimage to *Mecca* and *Medina*, to viſit the place of the Birth, and the Tomb of their Prophet. Theſe three young men being all of them Children fit for a Father ſo ambitious and ſo skilful, made their voyage with ſo much reputation of Sanctity, that at their return the people came about them in Flocks; kiſſing the lower ends of their Robes, and honouring them as Prophets ſent from God. Theſe Deceivers feigning to be carried up with an high Contemplation, went through all the Provinces, invoking *Alla* with cryes, interrupted with ſighs, and long groans: and living only upon Alms. There Father receiv'd them at their return with a Joy proportionable to his Hope: But not being willing to let the Zeal of abuſed people cool, nor the high opinion they had conceived of his Sons to diminiſh; he ſent two of them to *Fez* (and they were *Hamet* and *Mahomet*) where having been very favourably received of the King, who was not ignorant of their Reputation, one of them became Reader of the *Amoradaque*, the moſt famous College of the City, and the other Teacher of the children of this abuſed Prince, who little thought he cheriſh'd thoſe who ſhould ranverſe his Throne, and kill his only Son after they had been his Tutor. But when theſe bold deceivers ſaw themſelves Maſters of the Kings mind, and of great authority among the the People, by the ſecret advice which they receiv'd from their Father, cloaking their ambition with the evil that the *Portugals* had done to *Africa*, and with the revolt of the *Moors* and *Arabians*, who had fought under their Enſigns; they ask'd of that Prince a permiſſion, to ſet up a Standard againſt the Chriſtians: being aſſured, as they ſaid, by Divine Revelation, of the happy ſucceſs of their enterpriſe, and of the defeat of their Enemie. *Muley Nazzet*, brother to the King, oppos'd himſelf with all his might, to this dangerous propoſition, fore-ſeeing wiſely the ſequel: but certain as he ſaid, that if under the ſpecious pretext of Religion, theſe obſcure Fellows ſhould make any progreſs with their Arms, it would be impoſſible afterwards to ſtop them, or to reduce them to their firſt condition, their Victories making them bold, their proſperity inſolent, and the folly of the People, Uſurpers and Rebels. But the King being ſtrongly prepoſſeſs'd with the opinon of their Sanctity, making but little account of the Reaſons of the Prince his Brother, gave them a Standard, Drums, and twenty Horſe only to accompany them, granting them Letters of recommendation to the *Arabians*, to the great Lords, and to the Cities of *Barbary*. With theſe weak beginnings theſe fortunate raſh men engag'd themſelves in a deſign, which made all *Africk* to tremble, and which conquer'd for them one of the nobleſt parts of it. For at the report only of ſo glorious an Enterpriſe, the *Moors* ran to them from all parts; and without ſupport, without Eſtates, and without Money, they ſaw themſelves at the Head of an Army, and in a poſture to enterpriſe any thing. Then ſeeing their Reputation ſolidly eſtabliſh'd, they repreſented to the Neighbouring people, that ſince they had undertaken this war againſt the Chriſtians, only for the Law of *Mahomet*, their great Prophet, it was but very

very juſt that they ſhould be aſſiſted, but that in this holy War they did, however only demand the Tenths, which all the Earth ow'd to God. This was very eaſily granted by the Inhabitants of *Dare:* and after this manner they ſeiz'd on by little and little the Realm of *Tarudant*, that of *Suz*, and the Provinces of *Hee* and *Ducale*, of which they proclaimed their Father King, aſſuring all the people that an Angel did come to advertiſe them that God would have it ſo. They took by aſſault *Teneſt* and *Teſarote*, and overthrowing in a ſet Battle *Lopez Barrigue*, a Captain of the *Portugals* of great Reputation: but they loſt there, their Eldeſt Brother, who was come to joyn with them. It is true, they were eaſily comforted for that loſs: for by means of their fair words, having found the trick to enter into moſt of the ſtrong holds in *Morocco*, they empoyſon'd the King in a Feaſt which they made him: and their Father being alſo dead in that favourable conjuncture, *Hamet Cherif* made himſelf be crown'd King of *Morocco*, *Tarudant* and *Suz*. In the mean time the *Arabians* of *Ducale*, and *Charque*, being in a hurly burly with thoſe of *Garbie*, they ſoon came into their Hands: each of theſe two parties aſſuring themſelves of the protection of the *Cherif*; but he finding them already half diſcomfited, he finiſh'd their defeat; and enrich'd himſelf with the ſpoils of theſe two Armies, which he made to agree, by a new manner of way. But, my Lord, theſe Conquerous having at all times ſent to the King of *Fez*, the fifth part of all their Booty; till after this Victory, when they began to deſpiſe him, and ſent him only for forms ſake ſix *Barbary* Horſes, and ſix Camels. The Prince offended at this outrage, refus'd a preſent ſo unworthy his Greatneſs, and reproach'd them of their ingratitude, and ſent them word, that if they did not preſent him with that which they accuſtomed to give him, and that they did not pay to the full the ſame Tribute, which the Kings of *Morocco* ought to pay him, he would declare war againſt them, and bring them as low, as Fortune had made them high. But as theſe fortunate men were at their hight, this Prince dy'd threatning them: and *Hamet* his Son, who had been the Diſciple of of the young *Cherif*, was not only appeaſed, but he gave the Inveſtiture of the Realm of *Morocco* to *Hamet*, provided only that by a ſmall Tribute, he would acknowledge the Soveraignty of the Kings of *Fez*. This cunning Conquerour agreed to it, becauſe he had no mind to have this new Enemy upon his hands: but after that he had been well ſettled in his power, and when the time of paying the Tribute was come, he ſent the King of *Fez* word, that being the Legitimate Succeſſor of *Mahomet* their Prophet, he was not obliged to pay any Tribute to any body, and that he had more right than he to *Africa*: That if he would have him his friend, he ſhould be ſo; but if that he would diſturb his War with the Chriſtans, he ſhould teach him to play with his Maſter. The King of *Fez* anger'd at this inſolent anſwer, preſently declared War, and went in perſon to beſiege *Morocco*, but he was conſtrain'd to raiſe the ſiege: but being return'd again a little time after, with eighteen thouſand Horſe, and a great number of Foot, the *Cherifs*, who had not above nine thouſand in all, defeated him at the paſſage of a River, and put his Army to the rout, and conſtrain'd him to flee. By the means of this Victory, the *Cherifs* impoſed a very rigorous Tribute on all the Provinces round about: and paſſing the Mountain *Atlas*, they took *Tafilet* an important City, and brought under their power almoſt all the people of *Numidia*. Then turning head againſt the Chriſtians, they attack'd the *Cape* of *Aguere*, a place of grand importance, then held by the *Portugals*: and after they had carried it, they chas'd, in the end, that Nation from *Safin*, *Azamor*, *Arzile*, *Alcacar*, and from all the Coaſt of *Barbary*. But as ambition hath no bounds, it at laſt divided the two Brothers: and *Mahomet* the younger having gain'd two Battels againſt his elder Brother, made him priſoner, & confin'd him to *Tafilet*: Then turning anew his Arms againſt the King of *Fez*, after he had once taken him priſoner, and deliver'd him, he got him a ſecond time into his hands, and becauſe he had broke his Parole, he put him to death, and render'd himſelf Maſter of all his Eſtate; and ſo joyning that fair Kingdom to thoſe he had before conquer'd: He took upon him the proud Title of Emperour, diſdaining that of King. In the mean time, his Brother being eſcaped from priſon, form'd a very formidable party, and levied an Army very conſiderable: and as he had to do with a redoubtable Enemie, he try'd by all ways imaginable to fortifie himſelf. For that end, having heard ſpeak of the Valour of *Caraman*, and of his retreat to *Ceuta*; he wrote to him a Letter very obliging to engage him to his Intereſts, and offer'd him a very honourable employ to draw him after him in this War, he was about to undertake. On the other ſide, the Uſurper *Mahomet*, did not fail alſo to do the ſame thing: but between the two parties *Caraman* declar'd himſelf for the more juſt; and taking Money and Commiſſions from *Hamet*, he began to raiſe ſome Troops for his ſervice, that he might go to joyn with him the ſooneſt that he could. In the mean time his mind was troubled about what he ſhould do with *Abindarrays*, during this voyage; for on the one ſide he was yet too young to be expos'd to the Fatigues of the War; and on the other ſide he judged, that he could not too ſoon teach him a Trade, by which he ought to repair the ruines of his Houſe, and to recover the luſtre of his Anceſtors. Beſides the Combat which he had made with *Aladin*, with ſo much advantage, and ſo much glory, would not permit him to doubt, neither his courage, nor his ſtrength: Nevertheleſs, that

he might act in this buſineſs with all the prudence poſſible; and that he might not conclude any thing in haſte about a matter of this importance; he made his Son be call'd into his Chamber, and ſeeing him there alone: "*Abindarrays (ſaid he, cunningly to diſcover on this occaſion the true movement of his mind)* "the weakneſs of your yet tender Age hath "made me reſolve to leave you at *Ceuta*, "during the voyage I am about to make; and "though I leave you with much regret, pre- "ferring your Conſervation to my Joy; I am "almoſt determined not to take you with "me, becauſe I would not expoſe to danger "ſo young a perſon, that is ſo dear to me. *Abindarrays* being deſperately in love with the fair *Donique*, it was no ſlight tryal for him to overcome, and the pleaſant thought of ſtaying behind with her had like to have overthrown all his Virtue. And the thought of leaving his Rival at *Ceuta* during his abſence, gave him not leſs pain than the other did pleaſure; and his mind being uncertain and doubtful, hung in ſuſpence ſome moments between Grief and Pleaſure, between Honour and Love, between Jealouſie and Glory. But this laſt having at all times carried it from all the reſt, in a ſoul ſo noble and ſo high. "My "Lord, *anſwer'd he to* Caraman, methinks "that my Actions ſhould have given a little "better ſhare in your eſteem; and that you "ſhould not have ſuſpected me capable of "ſuch a ſhameful idleneſs, whilſt you ſuffer "labour ſo honourable. No, no, *continued* "*he*, I ſhall not ſtay behind at *Ceuta*, if you "pleaſe, whilſt that you ſhall be with the "Army: I will learn under you how to o- "bey, that I may become worthy to com- "mand, and to profit by ſo great an exam- "ple, that I may one day be what you now "are, or that I may loſe my life with ho- "nour in endeavouring to become ſo. Come "then my Son, (*ſaid this generous Father "embracing him*) come and adorn thy ſelf "with the Glory of thy Grand-father *Eli- "zar*, and with that of *Caraman*: Come, I "ſay, merit the Fortune of thy Anceſtors, if "thou art not able to have it: and as I have "made the a Companion of my Exile, and of "my Diſgraces, come and be ſo of my Glory, "or my Tomb. See, my Lord, after what manner the firſt going to War of the illuſtrious *Abindarrays* was reſolved: after which the invincible *Caraman* thought not of any thing more than of haſtning his march, and ſo put his Troops in a condition to depart ſuddenly. Notwithſtanding his illuſtrious Son, maugre all his bravery, and maugre all that ardent deſire of Reputation which conſum'd him, ſuffer'd a grief which I am not able to declare, and an inquietude which you cannot imagin: He had an horrible repugnance to leave *Donique*, and he had no leſs to leave *Aladin* with her, the image of his abſence from his Miſtreſs made him ſigh, but that of the ſtay of his Rival made him tremble; he was afraid before hand for the Object of his Love, he precautionſly dreaded that of his Hate, and his Soul equally tormented, by this hate, and this love, endured all the puniſhments that theſe two tyrannick Paſſions are capable to make one ſuffer. But after ſo long and great a Combat, Glory in the end was the moſt ſtrong; that triumph'd in his noble Heart, and how inſupportable ſoever it was for him to depart, he reſolv'd it abſolutely: When he was confirmed in undertaking ſo afflicting a deſign, and ſo difficult to be executed, he went to *Donique*'s Houſe, to whom was already known by Fame, the reſolution of *Caraman*, and the obedience of *Abindarrays*. He found her then as melancholy, as ſhe ſaw him ſad, and as there was ſeen in the eyes of the one nothing but grief and affliction; thoſe of the other ſpake nothing but trouble and deſpair. He would have had much trouble to have his mouth ſo eloquent as his eyes were, and becauſe his tongue was not able to ſpeak well the thoughts of his heart, it would ſay nothing at all; ſo much was he troubl'd that he ſhould do it ill. Notwithſtanding, as he was not able to endure the torment without complaining, he was at laſt forc'd to do it in ſpite of all that he was able to do; and after he had fetch'd a grievous ſigh: "Alas! "fair *Donique* (*ſaid he with eyes wet with "tears*) thoſe who have not known what "Love is, have called a ſeparation from that "one loves an eſloignment, and abſence; but I "name it a grief worſe than death, which "will not end but with life, or at leaſt but "with ones return. Ah! would to heaven "that this ſad and miſerable life, of which I "ſpeak, may be able to continue till that "ſo happy return which I mention, and that "I may be able to come back again to theſe "places ſo much belov'd, where I am about "to leave my Heart and my Soul: but it is a "thing of which there is but little appear- "ance; ſince the fear only of ſo great an "ill, makes me look upon death as a great "good, rather chuſing to live no longer, "than to be ſeparated from you, ſo weak is "my Hope, and ſo ſtrong is my Deſpair. Here this unhappy Lover ſtopp'd, not being able to ſay any more; and his Heart and his Eyes ended that which his Mouth had not the the power but to begin. On the other ſide, *Donique* let him ſee ſhe was in the ſame condition, and one could not well judge which was the greater in her, ſadneſs or beauty, and all her Modeſty could not hide that, which Paſſion for all her would manifeſt. She divers times fix'd her Eyes upon the Ground, ſhe lifted them up divers times towards Heaven, all full of Fires, and of Tears, and then opening her Mouth: "O God! *ſaid ſhe with "a ſigh*, Fortune has not given me the plea- "ſure of ſeeing you, but to the end to render "more great the grief of ſeeing you no more. At theſe words ſhe was ſilent, as he had been ſilent; and though ſhe had a mind to ſpeak, yet ſhe was not able; and by a ſtrange effect of Love, theſe two illuſtrious Perſon, who

lov'd

lov'd one another ſo tenderly, felt more dolour in ſeeing one another, than they had ever felt when they did not ſee one another; *Abindarrays* beheld anew *Donique*, *Donique* look'd anew upon *Abindarrays*; after which this unfortunat Lover began to ſpeak, or rather ſaid nothing, it being his grief that ſpake for him. "Ah, Madam! *ſaid he*, I did ne-"ver think that there could be any pain ſo "great, which your dear preſence would not "have made to ceaſe; and I could never "have imagined it poſſible, that any thing "could have been able to have given me more "grief, than your ſight could have given "me joy. And although there had been no "affliction, which your Eyes would not give "an end to in my Soul; I am reduc'd to that "point, that if at other times I dy'd, be-"cauſe I did not ſee you; I dye now becauſe I "do ſee you. It is not, alas! becauſe my "Love is diminiſh'd, for I never lov'd ſo "much; but I would now give my life that "I might not ſee you, that I might only ſhun "the grief of bidding you adieu. But how "ſhall I be able to part? but how will you "ſuffer me to do it? Have I lov'd you? "Have you not hated me? And by what "way ſhall either of us do a thing, which "ought to be equally impoſſible? Ah! no, "no, Madam, I confeſs I have no cauſe to "complain of you, and you have to forget "me; for indeed you do not make me to de-"part, nor do I depart of my ſelf alſo; and "if I would tell who is the cauſe of it, I ſhall "only ſay that I know nothing of it. Truly "it is Deſtiny, it is my Father, it is my Un-"happineſs, it is Honour, it is the ſame "Love; it is in a word that which I know "not how to tell, and that which you know "not what to think. All *Africa* arms it ſelf "againſt me, in believing to arm againſt it "ſelf: The *Cherifs* make war with me, whilſt "they imagin they do it among themſelves, "and their ambition does not leſs trouble the "repoſe of my Soul, than that of all *Mauri-"tania*. Here he ſtop'd a while, and *Donique* not being able to anſwer, her Love anſwer'd for her, and obliged her to ſay thus: "Ah! "too generous *Abindarrays*, *ſaid ſhe to him*, "I muſt needs ſay more than I would, ſince "that you do leſs than you ought: it is true, "that I would hold my peace, if I could; for "what will it avail me not to be ſilent any "longer, in a time in which it will be to no "purpoſe to ſpeak? Wherefore do you leave "me *Abindarrays*, ſince that you thought ne-"ver to forſake me? And wherefore do you "render your ſelf unhappy, to make me un-"fortunate? Why pour you out theſe tears, "ſince it is in your power not to pour them "out? O mad man! weep no more, ſince it "is to do it without Reaſon, to offer to com-"plain of an evil, of which we have the re-"medy. O God, *anſwer'd he*, that you "ſhould believe I would think of going a-"way, if it were in my power not to go "away: But alas! you command me that I "ſtay, and imperious Fate commands me to "go, I obey you by inclination, but he will "be obeyed by force: and as I cannot be able "to live without ſeeing you, it muſt needs "be that I ceaſe to ſee you, to live no longer, "not being able to live longer in ſeeing you. "In fine, my departure is not voluntary; for "if it were, adorable *Donique*, there is nothing "which I would not quit, to continue in "your ſight: But it is a lawful force, yet as "legitimate as it is, it is to me tyranny: But "an Authority eſtabliſhed by Nature, and by "Laws, carries me by violence; but it is the "will of my Father forces mine, and con-"ſtrains me to obey him. Would to Heaven "that my departure depended on my ſelf, as "my heart depends upon you: But alas! "nothing of all this can be able to ſatisfie "me, nor have I ever taken any heed to "it; and the Star which perſecutes me, "reigns always ſoveraignly. I may ſtay in "ſpite of *Caraman*, I know it well: but in "conſerving my Pleaſures, I ſhall loſe my "Glory; and how ſhould I be able to con-"ſerve your eſteem, if I ſhould loſe that? "Ah! too wiſe *Abindarrays*, *then anſwer'd* "Donique, he muſt have but little Love that "has ſo much Reaſon. Truly, it it but an "ill ſign to have ſo much of it; for indeed "he who knows ſo well how to excuſe his "abſence, will aſſuredly know how to en-"dure it. Alas! ſince you will go away, I "know not what will become of me, but "that you may remember only that you have "ſeen me, and that I have ſeen you; and I "ſee nothing certain but my unhappineſs. "But ſince my grief doth not touch you, "go *Abindarrays*, it muſt be as you will, "ſince you will not have it as I would, and "I wiſh yet at your departing from me, that "Fortune would be as favourable to you, as "you are cruel to me: For though you cauſe "to me all my evil, I will not wiſh you any "of it. O God! divine *Donique*, *reply'd he*, "one ill never comes alone; and the greateſt "grief is always follow'd by another, which "is greater than that: ſo ſeeing my ſelf re-"moved from your ſight, and my life, it is "not altogether ſo great a grief, as that is "which lets me ſee that my ſeparation cauſeth "yours. This is not however without con-"ſolation, this grief of which I ſpeak, how-"ever exceſſive it may be: and I know no "misfortune, that ſo great a happineſs ought "not to ſweeten. But if I ſhould ever for-"get your Eyes, may Fortune forget me, "and may my Baniſhment never have an "end, if I think of any other thing than you; "and if I look on any other Beauty but yours "only: I conjure Heaven to give me an age "of diſgraces, for a moment of pleaſure: "Yes, if I be unfaithful, I wiſh with all my "Heart, that Fortune may be ſo to me; and "that ſhe fling me down from my Greatneſs "into Poverty, and from my Glory into In-"famy, as I ſhall have deſerv'd. Do not "exhort me then to return ſoon, ſince that I

" ſhall not know how to return late: and if " that my abſence be long, my life will not " be ſo. And if I do not always cheriſh it " more than my own, *ſaid* Donique *again*, " may mine be the moſt unhappy of all o- " thers, as it ſhall be the leaſt worthy of " compaſſion: and for the utmoſt diſgrace to " ſuch a heart as mine is, may I, ſay I, be re- " duced to that dire neceſſity, as to have the " trouble of being aſſiſted by him, to whom " I ſhall have done, ſo great outrage, and ſo " great injuſtice. This laſt wiſh was cruelly heard for her part, as you will perceive by the ſequel of my diſcourſe; and the juſtice of Heaven puniſh'd her crime by the ſame chaſtiſement ſhe had demanded. But the fair *Donique* took from her Neck a Magnifick Scarf of the Spaniſh cut, which ſhe had thence, and put it about *Abindarrays*, and giving it to him, " Bring it back to me, *ſaid ſhe to* " *him*, and keep it for a ſafeguard. I ſhall ex- " poſe my ſelf much rather to merit it (*an- ſwer'd he, receiving it with reſpect, and kiſſing it* " *with tenderneſs*) and I ſhall believe my ſelf " unworthy of it, if I do not clothe it with " Glory, as it clothes me with Brightneſs. In ſaying this he puts one knee to the ground, and kiſs'd her hand whatever ſhe could do; retiring with his Soul full of grief, and of joy, of deſpair, and of pleaſure, leaving her as ſad as he was afflicted, and as much touched with his departure, as he was with his abſence. But, my Lord, the Troops which *Caraman* had levied, being ready to march, and the Eldeſt of the *Cherifs* having ſent for his Squadrons, he departed from *Ceuta*, follow'd by the young *Abindarrays*, to be at the Rendezvous, where he was to form the Body of the Army: But although that illuſtrious Youth appeared very ſad (for ſo we may term him, though he had already been both a Lover and a Warriour) he was alſo at the ſame time, ſo extraordinary fair, and ſo young, that he attracted the love and admiration of all the people, in all thoſe places where they paſs'd; ſo that there were almoſt no Ladies, who did not wiſh ill to *Caraman*, and who did not murmur very highly againſt him, for that he would expoſe to the troubles and dangers of War, a Son of ſo great Hopes, and whoſe age was ſo unfit to endure them. In the mean time this illuſtrious Lover, as young and as beautiful as they paint Love, ſigh'd in ſecret for the abſence of his Miſtreſs; and as he did not fetch a ſtep, which did not carry him ſtill farther from his Miſtreſs, ſo he fetch'd none which did not coſt him a ſigh, and which did not increaſe his inquietude. The fair and charming Image of *Donique* follow'd him ſtill; and the troubleſome phantaſm of *Aladin* never left him; and if the firſt was all his comfort, the laſt was all his torment. Nevertheleſs, though they were both of them fix'd in his Heart, yet he ſhew'd nothing of it in his face; appearing always among the Soldiers, ſprightly, pleaſant, and of the moſt agreeable humour in the World. But the more he had of conſtraint, the more he had of torment: ſo that it becoming inſupportable, the third day of his March he ſent one of his Slaves to *Ceuta* with a Letter, which I am about to recite to you.

To the fair *Donique.*

IF I ſhould follow my inclination, Madam, I ſhould return to the place where you are, finding my ſelf unhappy where I am; and if I did not love you more than Glory, I ſhould not go to ſeek after it. In truth, all the Crowns that ſhe can give, are of leſs value than your Looks; and however high the title of Conquerour may be, that of your Slave pleaſes me better. But as we muſt have one to merit the other, I am about to continue my journey, that I may continue my ſervitude: and haſte to vanquiſh, that I may haſte to ſee you again. That is indeed, Madam, my great concern; for your abſence is ſo cruel to me, that I cannot laſt, if that laſts; and if you did ever pity the miſerable, have ſome wiſhes for my return, or at leaſt compaſſionate a little the unfortunate

Abindarrays.

He accompanied this Letter with theſe Verſes, which will not be troubleſom for you to hear.

O Woods leſs dark than I,
My heart I hence will ſpeak;
As in your ſhades I lie,
I will my ſecrets break:
I'll tell to you my Love,
Be then diſcreet, O Grove!

Proud Rocks be ſilent too,
Do not my words repeat,
To Vallies near to you;
But be you all diſcreet:
My troubles hide, and cryes,
Be mute, tell not my ſighs.

Abſence doth cauſe my ill,
And doth advance no leſs
(The thought whereof doth kill)
My Rivals happineſs.
My ruine I do ſee,
At diſtance he kills me.

How I that moment fear!
Since fatal it will be,
Which favourably he'll hear,
Whilſt it gives death to me:

If

If my Fair falſe do prove,
Death ſoon ſhall end my Love.

This Slave, did not fail to make all the haſte poſſible, ſo that he quickly put this Letter, and theſe Verſes, into the hands of *Donique*, which ſhe read with extreme pleaſure, and without ſtaying a moment, ſhe gave him an anſwer, conjuring him without delay to return to his Maſter with the ſame ſpeed he had come to her: And to oblige him the more, ſhe was as liberal to him as ſhe would he ſhould be diligent. The Slave promiſed her, and did not fail to make good his promiſe: and as the Troops of *Caraman* had made an halt for their repoſe, in a Town, which they had met with in their way; he came to *Abindarrays*, and put into his hands the anſwer of *Donique*; which he red with all thoſe emotions which Love gives on the like occaſions, and which he found to be after this manner:

To the ſuſpicious *Abindarrays.*

YOur Proſe hath very much obliged me, but your Verſes have deſtroyed that obligation: and how well ſoever you have painted an inquietude ſo ill grounded, that which you have fear'd, renders you almoſt unworthy of hope. Hope nevertheleſs, I permit it you, for I pity your weakneſs: and how great ſoever your fault may be, my clemency is not leſs, that grants you a pardon. But it is on condition, my dear and unjuſt Abindarrays, *that you do not entertain the Woods and the Rocks any more with ſuch things; and that without ſending back the falſe reports of their Ecchoes, you fear* Aladin *no more than you doubt of that which you have promis'd*

Donique.

This gallant *Moor* receiv'd a joy after he had read this Letter, which is not poſſible to be expreſs'd to you, he carreſs'd his Slave almoſt as much as his Miſtreſs had carreſs'd him; he ask'd him an hundred queſtions, which he made him repeat an hundred times over: and not being able to leave reading this obliging Letter, nor of ſpeaking of her, he ſpent almoſt all that day about it, and could not reſolve to do any thing elſe. He alſo was no leſs liberal than *Donique* had been; and if he had been as able as he was generous, he had enrich'd his Captive inſtead of recompencing him. This favourable Letter became a *Taliſman* againſt all the troubles which abſence caus'd, and a powerful preſervative againſt the dangerous Venom wherewith Jealouſie empoyſons the Soul. In the mean time *Caraman* renewing his March, joyn'd his Troops ſuddenly with the Army of the legitimate Emperour of *Morocco*: who after he had taken a view of their Arms, and having found them extremely fair, he very much prais'd him who had rais'd them, and very much careſs'd alſo the young *Abindarrays*, whom his Father preſented to him, being raviſh'd with his beauty, but much more with his good Meen. After which that Prince turning towards *Caraman*: " You could not " have arrived more fitly, *ſaid he to him*, to " ſignalize your Courage, and to make known " the Valour of theſe brave people, which " you have brought me; for as the Enemies " Army approaches, I am advertiſed, that " they keep a very ill Guard in their neareſt " Quarters, and I would have you go and teach " them to keep better, that the firſt blows " may be given by you. I am proud, Sir, *an-* " *ſwer'd* Caraman, of the Honour that your " Majeſty does me, in preferring me to ſo ma- " ny valiant men, who are of much more " worth than me. And as Glory does lift up " the Heart, that which your Majeſty has " heap'd upon me, will not permit me to " have low thoughts, and I hope to let you ſee " in this occaſion, on which you are about to " ſend me, that theſe *Granadines* are come " out of *Africa*, and that they have alſo their " Valour. Beſides, Sir, I have a mind that " this young Soldier (*ſaid he, ſhewing him* A- " bindarrays) ſhould come to learn his Trade " under the moſt illuſtrious Captain in the " World, and to be inſtructed by his great " Example in all thoſe things, which his " Birth obliges him not to be ignorant of. " The Captain of which you ſpeak (*anſwer'd* " *very obligingly this Emperour*) is now come " from *Ceuta*, and *Granada*, is not ſo far from " *Morocco*, that this merit ſhould be unknown " to me. It is therefore under him that the " Noble Soldier, which you ſpeak of, ſhall " learn to overcome; ſince that he cannot " find a better School. He will learn there " to die at leaſt for the ſervice of your Maje- " ſty (*reply'd the young* Abindarrays, *with the* " *beſt grace in the world*) and if he cannot be " victorious, he will not be ſeen living and " vanquiſh'd. At theſe words the Emperour gave his laſt Orders to *Caraman*, and retired into his Tent: After which the Valiant *Granadine* made his Soldiers to reſt themſelves, and to feed their Horſes two or three hours: and as ſoon as night was come, he took Guides and begun his March, being favour'd by the darkneſs. He had already gone a good part of the way, aſſiſted by the ſhadow of that favourable obſcurity, when by the brightneſs of the Moon which then roſe; *Caraman* ſaw the Cimeter of *Abindarrays* to ſhine, he having loſt its Scabbard in marching among thoſe Shades without apperceiving it. So that being

being willing to jeſt pleaſantly: "I know "not, *ſaid he laughing*, if that which I ſee "be a good or an ill preſage: and if the loſs "of the Scabbard of your Cimeter, be an au- "gury ſent me from Heaven, or a ſimple "effect only of the negligence of a young "Horſe-man. I know not neither, *(ſaid* Abindarrays *again boldly, putting his hand to his Sword, which was ſtay'd hanging by the* "*Chain*) but I know very well that that loſs "is very little conſiderable, ſince they who "go to fight have no buſineſs with a Scab- "bard. And ſurely, my Lord, he made his word good, as you will perceive by the ſequel of my Diſcourſe. The Night was already far ſpent, and the Troops of *Caraman* began to draw near to the Quarters, which they had a deſign to fall upon, when very unhappily for them, the fore-runners of the Enemies Army diſcover'd them, and fled to give the Alarm to the Avant-guard of the Uſurper of *Morocco*. They preſently heard the noiſe of their Drums, and their Trumpets; and a little time after, they might ſee them draw out their Troops without the Village, and to take the Field: *Caraman* without noiſe, diſorder or confuſion, when he ſaw this by the bright- neſs of the Moon, made an hault for a mo- ment, to deliberate with himſelf, what reſo- lution he ſhould take, whether to fight or no; for on the one ſide his enterpriſe was diſcover'd, and by conſequence ſpoil'd: And on the other it troubled him extremely to return without doing any thing, and without attempting ſomething conſiderable in this firſt occaſion. He ſaw alſo that he had to do with people, who knew their Trade as well as he: He ſaw moreover that in attacking the Avant-guard in their Arms, the Battel, and the Arreer-guard would be ſoon upon his hands: and the Emperour of *Morocco* not failing to aſſiſt him, it would engage him to a general Battel, which was very far beyond his Orders, and might be alſo very far from the intention of the Emperour. On the other ſide, he conſider'd that his retreat was long, and would be alſo difficult, by reaſon of their often unranking themſelves, which they muſt neceſſarily do to paſs, and where they might very eaſily be defeated: he concluded that in the choice of two dangers, he ought to take the moſt honourable, whatever the event ſhould be. At laſt bravery carry'd it away from all other conſiderations; and he made a Charge be ſounded, and march'd boldly to the Enemy. "*Abindarrays, ſaid he to his Son*, "it is now that you muſt teſtifie that you are "an *Abencerrage*. I hope, *anſwer'd the cou-* "*ragious Youth*, that you will not diſavow me "for one after the Combat: and that living "or dead, I ſhall be prais'd by you. In the mean time the Troops of the uſurping *Cherif* advanc'd alſo, but ſlowly, becauſe he who commanded them, not being well informed of the number of thoſe of *Caraman*, though they had been ſeen by their Scouts, by rea- ſon of the obſcurity of the Night, he was a- fraid to be hem'd in by ſome Ambuſcade, and to be defeated before he could be re-inforc'd. On the other ſide *Caraman* gave the Charge but on a ſmall trot, and Bridle in hand, for the ſame fear: having ſent away to advertiſe the Emperour of the ſtate of things. But the the young *Abindarrays*, impatient to give the firſt mark of his courage in the War, turning towards his Father, with a countenance as pleaſant as undaunted. "I am going to tell "the Enemies, that you are coming, *ſaid he*, "that your name may confound them; and "that putting them into diſorder, you may "find it the eaſier to vanquiſh them. In ſay- ing this, he gave a looſe to his Barbe, called *Iſſabel*, upon which he was mounted, and clapping ſpurrs to his ſides, he ruſh'd into the middle of a Squadron with his Sword in his hand, without ſtaying for the anſwer of his Father. *Caraman* ſurpris'd and afflicted at this bravery, felt at this time in his heart, that which I am not able to expreſs: how- ever, being a man very exact in Military Diſ- cipline, he made ne'r the more haſte for fear of diſordering his men: and turning towards the firſt Ranks of thoſe who follow'd him: "Let him periſh, if he will, *ſaid he*, for his "raſhneſs; for I had rather loſe my Son than "my Glory. But he was neither heard nor believed; and a noble Emulation entring in- to the hearts of all his Troops, they charg'd upon the Enemy, and forc'd him along with them. The encounter was harſh and bloody on both ſides; nevertheleſs, as thoſe who aſſault have ſome advantage of thoſe who are aſſaulted; the impetuoſity of *Caraman*'s men, was ſo ſucceſsful as to make thoſe of the U- ſurper at the firſt to give way. But their Commander fearing the ſequel of ſo ill a be- ginning, after he had rallied his Troops, and given Orders to his Squadrons; he made a Counter-march with Infantry, towards the Village from whence they came; and in the mean time to facilitate their retreat, charging with all his Cavalry, he valiantly ſuſtain'd his Enemies, whom he was not able to beat back. They purſu'd him hard, even to the Barrica- does of their Camp, where he turn'd head, and being flank'd by thoſe Barricadoes, he be- gan to let flie a ſhower of Arrows and Bul- lets upon the Troops of *Caraman*, which forc'd him to make an hault, and to content himſelf with ſome higher Grounds which they had poſſeſs'd: All the advantage of the Combat remaining to him, ſince he ſtaid upon the Field. In the mean time day ap- pearing, they perceiv'd the Body of either Army, with their Emperous in the head of them, both of them poſting themſelves as advantageouſly as the ſituation of the place would permit. Preſently *Caraman* went to render an accompt of his Action to the Em- perour of *Morocco*, who commended him as he deſerv'd: but not ſeeing *Abindarrays* with him, he ask'd news of him: "Sir *(anſwer'd* "*the afflicted Father, who endeavour'd to hide his grief)* Fortune has puniſh'd his boldneſs,

"and

"and without doubt he is dead, or priſoner "through his raſhneſs. If it be laſt, *reply'd* "*the* Cherif, there is no Ranſom which I "will not give, that I may reſtore him to "you again: and if through misfortune it be "the other, the Glory of the Action will "comfort you for his loſs. But, my Lord, I imagin that you are little leſs troubl'd to know what is become of *Abindarrays*, than his Father was then; and that the curioſity to know what ſucceſs ſo extrarordinary a bravery, or to name it better, ſuch a hardineſs ſo near to raſhneſs, had, gives you no leſs deſire to underſtand, than kindneſs had given affliction to *Caraman*, before he had known the adventure of his Son. I will tell you then to ſatisfie you, and to draw *Abindarrays* from ſo grand a peril, that this young Heroe advancing his Cimeter, and covering himſelf with his Buckler, he flung himſelf headlong upon a Squadron; at the head of which was he who commanded the Avant-guard. This General Officer, although he was ſurpriſed at an Action ſo little common, he receiv'd him however as a man of Courage: but the choque of the Horſe of *Abindarrays* was ſo great, that he ſent him over the Crouper upon the Ground, where he lay alſo aſtoniſh'd; for beſides the fall, he receiv'd a blow upon his Turban, which put him into diſorder for ſome time. In the mean time the fierce *Granadine*, ſtriking on the right and on the left, with an incomparable Valour he pierced the Squadron through and through, maugre all the blows which they gave him: But however, he was ſurrounded between that Squadron, and that which follow'd him, when that the Troops of *Caraman*, falling upon the firſt on their Flank, and being already ſtaggering, they routed them. But, my Lord, at this ill chance, the Battalions of the Uſurper, ſetting up an horrible cry, according to the Cuſtom of theſe Eaſtern men, and at this horrible cry, the Barb of *Abindarrays*, which was a young head-ſtrong Horſe, of a hard Mouth, and little accuſtom'd to ſuch noiſes, took the Bridle in his Teeth, and in ſpite of all his Maſter was able to do to hold him in, he carried him from Squadron to Squadron, and from Battalion to Battalion, through all the Avant-guard of the Enemy, without his being able to ſtop him, until he had penetrated even to the laſt Ranks, where he ſtaid him at laſt cover'd o'er with foam and ſweat, beating the ground with his feet, toſſing up his Head, champing his Bitt, ſhaking his Main, full of Fury and Anger. *Abindarrays* deſpairing at this his Adventure, began to reaſon with himſelf, what he had beſt to do, to withdraw himſelf from this dangerous perplexity, and ſo difficult to be avoided, when that great Troop of Volunteers, which the *Moors* as well as the *Turks* call *Delis*, met with him juſt as they drew out from the Body of the Battel, marching before, the ſooner to meet with an occaſion of honour; for in all places theſe Brave Fellows are not ſo ſtrictly Diſciplin'd, and do not act like the more regulated Troops. He who commanded them taking *Abindarrays* for a run-away, who had fled from the skirmiſh, becauſe both parties being of one Nation, and wearing the ſame Clothes, he could not know him for what he was, he asked him fiercely whither he was going, and if he was not aſham'd to flee? Sir, (*boldly anſwer'd the valiant* Granadine, *in the* Arabian *Language*, "*with a wonderful preſence and wit*) if you "ſhould know me better, you would not "ſuſpect me to have fled, and the Blood "which you may ſee upon my Sword, may "let you know, that ſuch as I do not run-"way. But I was going by order of our "Commander to carry a ſecond notice to "the Emperour, that his Avant-guard is "hand to hand with the Enemy, and that "it was needful for the Body of the Army "to advance: Nevertherleſs, ſince that I "judge by your arrival, that the Prince is "coming, and that he is not far off, I will "return with you, that I may give you by "my Actions, a better opinion of my Cou-"rage. If it be ſo, as you ſay, *anſwer'd the* "*other*, I ask you pardon for my errour, and "if I had had leiſure to have obſerv'd your "good Meen, and the noble Air of your "Viſage; moſt aſſuredly I had not been capa-"ble of it. At theſe words *Abindarrays* bow'd himſelf to the Bow of his Saddle, to give him thanks for his civility, and placing himſelf among thoſe of his Troop, theſe Volunteers continued on their way: during which this young and valiant *Granadine*, was thinking with himſelf by what means he ſhould get from them; and how to caſt himſelf among the Troops, whom the afright of his Horſe had carried him ſo far from. In the mean time, he who commanded theſe Rebels, being retired under the Barricadoes of the Village, of which I ſpake before; a little time after the two Emperours with all the reſt of their Armies with them arrived alſo, as I have already told you. But as this firſt choque had ſlacken'd the ardour of theſe Revolters; and on the other part, the advantageous Poſt which they had taken, hinder'd them, that they were not able to enterpriſe any thing againſt them; all the reſt of the day paſs'd in light skirmiſhes, without coming to a general Battel. In the mean time, the younger of theſe *Cherifs* having call'd his Council of War, to deliberate upon what he ſhould do: in this tickliſh buſineſs, it was reſolved that he ſhould immediately Diſencamp without Drum or Trumpet, and that they ſhould march off their Troops without the leaſt noiſe, and that they ſhould poſt themſelves under the Cannon of *Elmuridin*: lighting great Fires, and leaving ſome Soldiers in the place, with a great noiſe and Fires to cover their March, and to hide their Retreat from their Enemies, and that they might have time to do it without loſs, and without diſorder; commanding thoſe Soldiers he left

there

there to follow them with a running March, and to joyn with them, when they ſhould judge they were ſo far gone, that it ſhould be in vain for the Enemy to follow them. The thing was executed then, as he had reſolved: And the Valiant Uſurper making a Countermarch with his Army, without noiſe, and without diſorder, he made the Reer-guard, to ſtay with the ſelected Troops, making at the ſame time his Retreat with as much of Conduct, as of good Fortune. But as it could not be done ſo ſecretly, but that the legitimate Emperour of *Morocco*'s Scouts diſcover'd them, he commanded *Caraman* to attack the Enemies Camp, and to carry it by main force, which he executed without much trouble, becauſe of the ſmall number of Soldiers, which were therein left. But the *Cherif* having taken the Poſt, which his Brother had left, he would have put himſelf upon the purſuit, to have enlarged his Victory; but *Caraman* hinder'd it: and this great man of War let him underſtand, that in the obſcurity of the night, he might fall into ſome Ambuſcade, by which he might loſe all the Glory, which his Arms had lately gotten. This Prince follow'd then ſo judicious a counſel, and Encamp'd himſelf in the ſame place, which the Rebels had quitted; who in the mean time, not being purſued, arrived without any obſtacle at the foot of the Walls of *Elmuridin*, according to their intention, and there immediately re-intrenched themſelves. But, my Lord, that me may not loſe ſight of *Abindarrays*, in the darkneſs of the Night, and that we may not wander in the Tumult, and buſle of the Decampment, made by the Enemies, and with ſo much precipitation; I ſhall tell you, that his inquietude was much increaſed, when he ſaw that the Army, in which he was unknown, did put it ſelf upon its march, and that it was removing from that, where he would willingly be, and into which, he knew not how to return. Notwithſtanding, as he had a ſtrong Heart, and a Wit very ready, this trouble did not laſt long; and judging well that a man alone, without Equipage, without Acquaintance, and without Enrolment, would not fail to be diſcover'd when the Rebels Army ſhould be Encamped, he determined to venture all at a puſh; and turning himſelf boldly to him, who commanded theſe Volunteers: "Sir, *ſaid he ſmiling*, by our turning "about, I do perceive we are not like to fight "to day, and that the Runaway which you "have met with, will not have an opportu- "nity of giving you a more advantageous o- "pinion of his perſon: Therefore I beſeech "you to think it well, that I go and rejoyn "my ſelf to the Body, and render an ac- "compt of my Adventure to my Lieutenant "General, of that which you have hindred "me from following his Orders. To repair "my fault, *anſwer'd this Commander*, I will "juſtifie you to him when you pleaſe. In the "mean time you are free, and may go or "ſtay without us, as you ſhall judge moſt "convenient. At this agreeable word, Liberty, *Abindarrays* found himſelf tranſported with joy, and not being willing to give him time to change his mind, he anſwer'd him not, but bowing civilly even to the neck of his Horſe, and putting him upon a ſmall gallop, he marched the ſame way which the Army went, not daring preſently to take any other for fear of rendring himſelf ſuſpected, and of falling into their hands another time. He followed then for ſome times theſe Troops, feigning, as if he were, ſome Field-Serjeant, or one of the *Mareſcals de Camp*, who were to make them file off; and who being obliged to be every where, were accuſtomed to march after that manner out of Rank; the obſcurity of the Night favouring his Deceit, and not letting them diſcern his Age, ſo little agreeable to that of theſe general Commanders. Beſides, as he knew not preciſely what Poſt the Emperour of *Morocco*'s Army had taken, he judg'd that it was better for him to ſtay till he had lighted his Fires, which might ſerve him inſtead of Guides. But he had no ſooner ſeen them glitter in the plain upon his left hand; but making extreme haſte with his Barb, he drew him that way with his Bridle, and ſoliciting him with his Hand, with his Voice, and with his Spurrs, ſo ſuddenly, that the Rebels loſt ſight of him, before they had the leiſure to think of his Action, or to doubt of what he was about to do. He ran after this manner, even to the Emperours Avant-guards, who having ſtop'd him, and knowing him, they let him paſs without any difficulty; the Soldiers being very glad he was alive, whom all the Army had believ'd dead, and whoſe loſs they had much regretted. *Abindarrays* inform'd himſelf then at the entrance of the Camp, where the Troops of *Caraman* quarter'd, and where he had pitch'd his Tents: but the Commander of the Out-guards, gave him one of his Horſemen to conduct him thither, which he did immediately. As he there alighted, he found *Caraman* not there; but having learn'd from the Domeſticks, who were all tranſported with the joy of his return, that he was with the Emperour; he took another Sword, leaving his own, becauſe it had never a Scabbard, he went immediatly thither. If the ſurpriſe of the *Cherif* was great, that of *Caraman*'s was no leſs; and if the joy of the firſt was very great, that of the laſt was even to tranſport. Nevertheleſs, hiding it wholly, and darting him a look full of ſeverity: "Raſh one, *ſaid he, in a menacing tone*, "if the Clemency of the Emperour does not "ſave thee from juſtice, you ought to loſe "your life, for having fought without my Or- "ders, and your own Father ſhall condemn "you. Let him condemn me then, *return'd* "Abindarrays, for I confeſs my fault, but I "cannot repent me of it. Indeed, *ſaid the* "*Emperour, embracing him*, it is too fair, and "too illuſtrious for him to do that, and I "think

"think he rather deſerves Crowns than Cha-
"ſtiſements. Therefore, *added he, ſpeaking*
"*to* Caraman, be not more ſevere than I,
"nor than Reaſon, be a Father as well as a
"Captain, hear Nature as well as Military
"Diſcipline, and let us both of us pardon this
"illuſtrious Criminal. Sir, *reply'd* Caraman,
"I do not owe leſs obedience to your Majeſty,
"than this Raſh one ought to have for me;
"and ſince your Majeſty has given him your
"pardon, I give him mine, on condition that
"he never do the like. After that the Em-
perour would know the whole Adventure of
Abindarraya, and by what happy accident, he
was able to get out of the Enemies hands.
But by the Relation which he made, it viſibly
appear'd, that he ow'd his Liberty rather to
his Ingenuity, than to Fortune, and that the
firmneſs of his Courage, and the readineſs of
his Wit, had drawn him forth of this ill condi-
tion, and brought him back again to the Ar-
my. The Night being far ſpent, the *Cherif*,
having diſmiſs'd thoſe about him, went to
Bed, and the Illuſtrious *Caraman*, and the Va-
liant *Abindarraya*, retired themſelves alſo to
their Tents, having no little need of reſt, con-
ſidering it had been a long while ſince either of
them had had any ſleep. But yet it was not
before the tenderneſs of ſo good a Father,
made him give divers leſſons to ſo generous a
Son: But through a check ſo ſerious, one
might ſee his joy to ſparkle, notwithſtanding
all he did to hide it, and one might eaſily per-
ceive, that though he found fault with his raſh-
neſs, that his Valour was very pleaſing to him.
The next day, it was no ſooner light, when
all the *Cherif*'s Officers of the Army, came to
the Emperours Tent, being by his Orders
call'd to council: the invincible *Caraman* did
not fail to be there with the firſt, notwith-
ſtanding his late weariſomeneſs. As ſoon as
that Prince was dreſs'd, he went from his
Chamber into his Cabinet, where he had aſ-
ſembled his Council of War: And when e-
very one had taken his place, the *Cherif* be-
gan to ſpeak after this manner. "It is our
"Prudence, *ſaid he to them*, not to loſe this
"favourable conjuncture, which the affright of
"my Enemy offers us: and ſince they are
"retreated, I think it imports us to advance.
"I know, *continued he*, that when he advanc'd
"towards us, he ſent to *Tenant* all his Cloth,
"Baggage, and Money enough to pay his
"whole Army one Muſter, under the Guard
"only of ten or twelve hundred men. Now
"*Tenant* is but an ill place, and may be car-
"ried in five or ſix hours; ſo that we march
"the next Night, and that we can conceal
"our march from the Enemy; for that it is
"near us, and that we may have inveſted it
"before Day, if we quickly make our aſſault,
"we ſhall have taken it, before my Brother
"will hear that we have attack'd it. This
"place is only begirt with ſimple Walls,
"having no Out-works, nor Tarreſſes within,
"and few Inhabitants but what are Rich: ſo
"that we ſhall be aſſured of a great Booty
"with little trouble, and a great deal of
"Glory, with very little hazard. But the
"principal advantage that we ſhall get in this
"Enterpriſe, doth not conſiſt in all this: but
"in that I believe my Enemy having loſt all
"his Baggage, he will not be in a condition
"to appear in the Field the reſt of this Cam-
"pagne; and ſo we ſhall have our choice of
"all thoſe places, which may yield us the
"greateſt advantage to carry. Tell me then
"your thoughts about this, that if they be
"conformable to mine, and that we conclude
"of the attempt, I may the reſt of the day
"order things accordingly: and if you think
"otherwiſe, I may then take other meaſures:
"for I truſt my ſelf much more to your pru-
"dence, than my own; and your counſels,
"than to my opinons. But, my Lord, all of
them were of the Emperour opinion; and
Caraman, who had been a very skilful man
in Wars, prais'd the Reſolution of the *Cherif*
above all the reſt. He added to his Reaſons,
that though it ſhould happen, that the Ene-
my ſhould diſcover his March, and his De-
ſign; and that he ſhould raiſe his Camp at
the ſame time, and ſhould be as ſoon as they
before *Tenant*, yet all this would not hin-
der his Enterpriſe, ſince that they endeavour
to fight him, and that they ſhall be ſure to
do it; conſidering after what manner he hath
ſhut himſelf up, we muſt turn of one ſide,
that we may draw him from under the Can-
non of *Elmuridin*, where he is poſted, the
better to give Battel, which we are almoſt
aſſured to gain. The opinion of the Empe-
rour fortified with that of *Caraman*'s, was
then follow'd, as I have ſaid; and the Prince
employ'd the reſt of the Day in giving Orders
to all his Officers of War, and to thoſe of
the Artillery; he waited for Night with all
the impatience that a Conquerour aſſured to
vanquiſh could have. As ſoon as it was come,
he Decampt without ſounding either Drums,
Trumpets, or *Attabales*, being a little Brazen
Drum, uſed by the *Mooriſh* Horſemen, and
marching in as great haſte as poſſibly they
could; he came about break of Day before
Tenant, which he inveſted, and ſummon'd
to ſurrender immediately upon diſcretion:
threatning the Commander with a very rigo-
rous chaſtiſement, if he ſhould offer to have
the raſhneſs to hold out againſt an Army
Royal; and in a Town of ſo little impor-
tance as that was. But the Governour an-
ſwer'd very ſtoutly, that he was reſolv'd to
bury himſelf under the ruine of the place,
rather than not to defend it like a man of
Courage. After ſo bold an anſwer, the
Cherif at the ſame inſtant made his approaches,
and judging *Tenant* not ſo ſtrong, as it need-
ed to be attack'd in form, he lodg'd himſelf at
firſt before the Counterſcarp, with a bravery
that coſt him ſome Soldiers, but which alſo
did intimidate the Beſieged after a ſtrange
manner. However they fired ſtoutly; and
during two or three hours, whilſt they were
making their lodgement; and perceiving

their Battery, all the Curtain appear'd in a Flame, and the noiſe of the Muſquets never ceaſed. But when that the Ditch was near full with the ruines of an old Tower which they had batter'd, and that the breach was reaſonably wide, the Emperour commanded his Troops to aſſault it, and immediately they march with ſuch a boldneſs that promiſed Victory; and which was an infallible preſage of the advantage they ſhould obtain, and of the Defeat of their Enemies. The young *Abindarrays* ſeeing them to go where he was not to go, conceiving a noble jealouſie, and addreſſing his ſpeech to *Caraman*: "As it "becomes you, *ſaid he*, to do like a Captain, "ſo it becomes me to do like a Souldier: hin- "der me then from committing a ſecond fault, "and permit me to do that which I may elſe "perchance do without permiſſion. Go my "Son (*anſwer'd that generous exile, embracing "him with much tenderneſs*) go and ſhow "thy ſelf worthy of being Succeſſor to ſo ma- "ny brave men, from whom thou deſcendeſt. At theſe words the courageous *Abindarrays* gave him thanks with as much Joy as Valour, and taking a Pike that was in the Trench, he put himſelf in the Head of theſe Souldiers: and ſpeaking to him who commanded the Attack: "Will you be pleas'd "*ſaid he very obligingly*, that I may be your "Soldier to day, and that it may be under "you, I may be render'd worthy to be one? "Brave *Abindarrays*, *reply'd this Officer*, you "heap upon me Glory, in coming to get "your ſelf honour: But let us change the "Title, if you pleaſe, you ſhall be no longer "here a ſimple Soldier, you ſhall be our Cap- "tain. They march'd then without any more words, and went to the breach with an equal emulation. But, my Lord, if the Attack was vigorous, the reſiſtance was no leſs: and more than once were the Beſieged forc'd back, and more than once the Beſiegers were repuls'd: The breach was every where cover'd with duſt and fire, with blood and death; and Fortune hung a long time in ſuſpence, between both, without determining for either. In the mean time *Caraman* beheld from the Battery the brave Actions of his Son; and ſeeing him betwixt Danger and Glory, he had at the ſame time Joy and Grief, Fear and Hope, Satisfaction and Repentance. But in the end, the good Cauſe carried it from the ill Cauſe; and the Rebels giving way, the place was taken, and they were all put to the Sword, and the Flame made an end of deſtroying what the Sword had ſpared. All the Baggage of the Uſurper's Army was either taken or burnt; all the Money became a Booty to the Conquerours, and all their Enſigns ſerv'd for Trophies. But, my Lord, in this great diſorder the young and valiant *Abindarrays* being enter'd with the firſt into the Town; and having taken his way along the Walls, follow'd by a great number of Soldiers, he ſaw two or three hundred of the Enemies, which began to intrench themſelves with the Earth of a Baſtion, that they might make a Redoubt, for a place wherein they might diſpute for their Lives, or make their Capitulation, or at leaſt to die honourably. He had no ſooner ſeen them, but he charg'd them, and though they fought like brave men, deſparing of Life, yet they were wholly defeated, and not one of them eſcaped his Victory. But at the noiſe that theſe Combatants made, ſo many Soldiers ran to pillage the dead, that the preſs became there very horrible, and every one preſſing with ſo much indiſcretion, and ſo much tumult; *Abindarrays* took his Cimeter into his hand, and put himſelf at the entrance of the Baſtion, to hinder them from entring; but he was puſh'd back by the croud, with ſo much inconſideration and violence, that although he did all he could to ſtay himſelf, he was notwithſtanding flung headlong from the top of that Baſtion, to the foot of the Walls. *Caraman* who ſaw him make that terrible leap, ſet up a great cry, and believing his Son dead, he ran in all haſte to the direful place of his fall: but he was very pleaſantly ſurpris'd, when he found he was alive, and that by a prodigy without Example, and which all the Surgeons in the world were not able to comprehend, falling with all the weight of his body upon his right arm, by the natural motion of thoſe who fall, the bone of that arm was only bow'd inſtead of being broke, whether the tenderneſs of his Age was the cauſe, or elſe Heaven had done a miracle to ſave him. Whatever it was, it has continued ſomewhat bent ever ſince that time, but without being any thing leſs free in its motion, or leſs ſtrong, as you may have remark'd in the Combat, which you ſaw from the top of the Caſtle of the *Alambre*. "O my dear Son (*ſaid* Caraman) I am more "culpable than thee in thy misfortune, and "the permiſſion which I gave thee caus'd my "crime, and thy unhappineſs. It has done "neither, my Lord, *ſaid he, lifting up himſelf*, "and if I have merited any glory, I owe it "rather to that only. Notwithſtanding, his bruiſe being very great, they carried him to his Tent, where his people put him to Bed: and all the Surgeons of the *Cherif* being in haſte ran thither; they look'd on him as a wonder, and a thing which all their Art had thought could never have been poſſible, and the like of which they never had heard. Nevertheleſs the fall was ſo terrible, and the bruiſe alſo, that an hour after the Emperour had done him the honour to viſit him, he fell into a violent Fever; ſo that they thought, who conſider'd it well, that it would be more than three Months ere he would be well. But, my Lord, the *Cherif* being willing to take all advantages, and to make uſe of the weakneſs of the Enemy, he reſolv'd to raiſe his Camp from before *Tenans*, and to go to take another place in the Province of *Hee*: He being almoſt aſſured that the Enemy would not enterpriſe to ſuccour this, ſince he had not attempted to do it in the other.

And

And indeed, the affright of the Rebels Army was ſo great, that though the young *Cherif* had known that his Brother was on his march, and that he had turned head towards *Tenant*, he could not have obliged his Troops to have followed him; judging well by the terrour which the Action of *Caraman* had given them, that all that Campaign, he ſhould not be in a condition to reſiſt his Enemy, and that he ſhould in the end be in very great danger of being wholly defeated, he reſolv'd then, ſeeing he was not able to do better, to retire himſelf to *Tunis*, and to diſperſe his Army into their places, that he might at leaſt defend them, and ſtay the progreſs of his Enemy, until the arrival of thoſe recruits that were promis'd him, and that he could make again the Body of an Army, to decide by one Battel, the great difference between them. He executed then the reſolution he had taken, and by this unmanly retreat, his Brother ſaw himſelf Maſter of the Field, and able to enterpriſe what he had a mind to; without encountring any obſtacle, but that of the reſiſtance of thoſe places he ſhould attack, which apparently could not be very great, all hope of ſuccours being taken away by this abandonment. But the legitimate Emperour being advertis'd of all thoſe things, reſolv'd with himſelf, as I have told you, not to ſtay there, but to puſh on further his conqueſts. But for that *Caraman* was too brave to forſake the *Cherif* in conſideration of his Sons wound, though it was bad enough, the Fever being joyned with it; and beſides *Abindarrays* not being in a condition to follow the Army, and *Tenant* being no place to leave him in, he reſolved to ſend him to *Morocco* in a Litter with a good Convoy, till his Fever had left him; and to lodge him in the ſtately Palace of *Almanſor*, the faireſt Houſe in all *Africa*, and where he ſhould be treated as a perſon dear to the Emperour, according to his quality, merit and ſervices. Thus he executed his purpoſe, notwithſtanding the reſiſtance of *Abindarrays*, and he was ſent to *Morocco*, to recover a health ſo dear to *Caraman*, to the Emperour, and likewiſe to the whole Army. In the mean time, the *Cherif* found that he had rightly taken his meaſures, and that his conjectures were well grounded, and his hopes yet better; for *Tedneſt* an important Town, ſituated upon the River *Tanſiſt*, ſometimes called *Tamuſis*, render'd it ſelf before ever they ſaw the Cannon, ſuch an horrible conſternation was amongſt them. *Teculet* did the like, though it were a fair and great Town, and had to it a very good Sea-port. *Teſelgdet* defended it ſelf better; but yet was forc'd to capitulate as well as the others. *Tagreſs*, *Denet* and *Tefethne* were taken by ſtorm: *Culcibat* was alſo yielded where were their Proviſions, and the Amunition for War; and in the end almoſt all the Province of *Hee* yielded to the Fortune of the Conquerour, and followed the ſtrongeſt party. But, my Lord, ſince it is not the Hiſtory of the Kingdom of *Morocco* that I relate to you, but that of *Abindarrays*, who had no part in theſe Conqueſts, permit that we forſake the Army with him, and that leaving it under the Conduct of the *Cherif*, I ſpeak no more to you for a long time of war, having ſo much to tell you of Love. Know then, my Lord, that notwithſtanding the violence of that Fever, which this generous *Granadine* had, and in ſpite of the pain of his bruiſe, which was not ſmall, his Soul was more ſick than his Body, and he thought much leſs of his recovery than of *Donique*, and much more of his Rival, than of the conſervation of his Life. The troubleſome Image of *Aladin* appear'd to him in all its fooleries, and the object of his Hate left him no more, than that of Love. In the Tumult of the Army, amidſt the noiſe of the Troops, during their March, during their Incampment, in the midſt of Peril, at the ſight of Death, and in the joys of Victory, the agreeable *Idea* of the one, left him as little as the perſecuting Image of the other: and all theſe things which ſo much buſied both Body and Mind, were not able to cauſe the leaſt ſuſpicion in his Breaſt, neither of his Love, nor of his Jealouſie. He lov'd in all, he fear'd in all: and theſe two tyrannick Paſſions, agreed to puniſh him always, and to torment him equally. But now when they found him diſarm'd, when they took him in his Bed, and diſengaged from all thoſe employs, which ſtuck to his minde, do what he could, and at quiet, they poſſeſt him altogether, ſo that they became the labour of his Repoſe, the buſineſs of his Leiſure, the grief of his Remedies, and the Diſeaſe of his Cure. And truly, the more his Health increaſed, the more his Inquietude redoubled; and one might rather ſay, that he chang'd his pain, than that he ceas'd to ſuffer. In the mean time he knew not wherewithal to comfort himſelf, for theſe mortal inquietudes, and theſe inſupportable ſufferances, brought him to the end of his Patience, and of his Reaſon: For to ſend a Slave to *Ceuta*, which was ſo far off from *Morocco*, was but a ſlender Remedy for thoſe evils that had ſo great violence: And to return thither himſelf, neither his Health, nor his Honour would permit him: and after this manner he was the moſt unhappy of all men, the moſt full of deſpair; and the moſt hopeleſs of being otherwiſe. Nevertheleſs, he found without thinking on it, that which he durſt not think on, and this illuſtrious unhappy one, met with eaſily that which he judg'd impoſſible. For truly it happen'd there, that they were about to eſtabliſh an ordinary courrier between *Morocco* and *Ceuta*, for the benefit of Commerce betwixt the two Cities, and that the next day it was told him, he was to go away, being the firſt day. Judge, my Lord, if *Abindarrays* was not full of Joy when he heard this news, and if he would loſe ſo favourable an opportunity, which Fortune preſented to him. He then preſently cauſed

ſomething be given to him that he might write, and though he were very much incommoded in his right Arm, he would for all that write a Letter to *Donique*, and another to one of his Friends, to whom he order'd them to be given, and that they ſhould return him the anſwer. The firſt of them as I remember was in theſe Terms.

To the fair *Donique.*

I Am not only without you, but I am alſo without Glory: and the ſame Fortune, which binders me from ſeeing you, binders me likewiſe from acquiring that: ſo that I am more unhappy than you think for; and more than I believ'd I ſhould have been. In truth, the Honour I hop'd to have gain'd, where I am, ſhould in ſome ſort have comforted me, for that which I loſt where you are: and the hope of ſeeing you again, though unworthy of ſo great pleaſure, ſhould have ſweeten'd all the bitterneſs that I have in not ſeeing you. But Fortune is too ingenious, to do her ill turns by halves: and after having done me a deſpite ſo cruel, ſhe has taken care not to leave me, that which ſhould be a conſolation. I wiſh then, that inſtead of puting me into my Bed, ſhe had put me into my Tomb, and that ſhe had taken away my Life, ſince ſhe has taken away two things, which I eſteem more than it, Fame, and the fair Donique. *I know not however, if it be lawful for a lover to deſire Death, ſo long as it is permitted him to hope, that he may ſee that which he loves. Suffer me therefore, that I conſult you about it, and that according to what you ſhall anſwer me, I may either live or die.*

Abindarrays.

That which he wrote to his Friend, if I am not deceived, was this:

To my dear *Albinhamat.*

IF you have any knowledge of Love, and of Abſence, you will have pity of my Grief, and you will try to comfort me. But if you have never made tryal of neither one, nor t'other, ſuffer me to inſtruct you in both, to the end that I may obtain the aſſiſtance by your compaſſion. The firſt takes from us our Heart, the ſecond deprive us of our Reaſon: Love mingles ſome pleaſures with its Evils, but Abſence has nothing but Evils without Pleaſure. So long as one ſees, one hopes; ſo long as one ſees not, one fears; and ſince fear is more troubleſome than hope, it is alſo more hard to be endured. But when theſe two Paſſions are at one and the ſame time in a Soul, they never leave it any repoſe, and what it ſuffers cannot be told nor conceiv'd, without one feels it. So that in the moſt ſtately Palace *of* Almanſor, *which for ſo many years has paſs'd for the moſt magnifick Building of all* Africa; *I am as unhappy, as I ſhould be in the moſt ſmoakie hole of* Algier; *and although that* Morocco *be incomparable more fair than* Ceuta, *yet it is certain that* Ceuta *pleaſes me much better than* Morocco. *But as you ſee what the affliction of your Friend is, let him alſo ſee what pity you have; in faithfully delivering his Letter, and in returning to him ſpeedily the Anſwer, for that alone is able to comfort*

Abindarrays.

After that the currier was departed with the Pacquet of *Abindarrays*, the generous *Granadine* waited its return with an impatience, that redoubl'd his ſickneſs, and which they thought was more dangerous than his bruiſe. He counted every moment of this interval, and they ſeem'd to him as long as they were ſhort, and he found them as cruel as he thought them long, and his inquietudes gave him neither Peace nor Truce, during the voyage of this currier. Nevertheleſs, Nature was more ſtrong than Love: The bruiſe of his Body was cured, although that of his Soul was not: and this Meſſenger who left him in his Bed, when he went from *Morocco*, found him up when he return'd. But he had need of all his ſtrength, when he receiv'd the Pacquet from his Friend, for Fear and Hope, Love and Jealouſie, Joy and Uncertainty did agitate him in ſuch a manner, that a weak man could not have endured ſo great an emotion without dying. But at laſt, after ſo a rude a Combat, Love was in his Heart ſtronger than all the other Sentiments, and beginning to be moſt preſſing, for that it had the greateſt part in his Soul, he haſted to open the Letter which *Donique* had writ, in which he had found theſe words.

To the Valiant *Abindarrays.*

I Have before hand heard of the accident which hath happened to you, and I have bewailed it, before that you had complain'd of it to me. But Fame hath been more juſt than you: ſince that it not only let me know of your fall, but alſo did not hide your Elevation: and as it let me know of your bruiſe, it did not let me ignore

your

your Valour, nor of the Glory wherewith it hath cover'd you. But Modeſty well becomes Brave men, and Humility Conquerours. Notwithſtanding, that this Glory is ſo great, may I dare to tell it you? I wiſh that you had had none at all; that is to ſay, that you had not gone from hence. It had been better for either of us, ſince you would have had leſs of ill, and that I ſhould have had leſs of pain. But ſince we cannot call back what is paſs'd, let us think only of what's to come; and without doubting whether you ſhall live or die; live generous Abindarrays, *if it be but to revenge*

Donique.

This laſt word made the Heart of the Valiant *Granadine* to beat; a noble fierceneſs made him bluſh with anger, without having any known Object of his Choler; he hated, without knowing whom he hated: and believing himſelf out-rag'd in the perſon of his Miſtreſs, he reſolv'd to revenge her, without knowing what offence they had done her; nor ſo much as from whom ſhe had receiv'd it. But being willing to underſtand more clearly, he opened the Letter of his Confident, where he read this which I ſhall tell you.

To the Illuſtrious *Abinbindarrays.*

THere are ſome things that one ought not to write, and I have ſomething to tell you, which is of that Nature. Return then to know them, for it imports you not to be ignorant of them. Once again, I ſay return, that is all that I can ſay to you,

Albinhamat.

He had beſides in this Paper a Poſt-ſcript, which ſpake after this manner:

I Thought not to have given the Letter, of which I now ſend you an anſwer, judging that you were ignorant of that which I know, when you wrote it. Nevertheleſs, I have preferr'd your Orders to my judgement; becauſe I believ'd that the anſwer that is made you, would be evident news of that which I would diſcover to you. Divine this Enigma, *or ſtay till I explain it to you.*

Judge, my Lord, of the ſurpriſe, and the perplexity of this Illuſtrious *Granadine*, after the reading of theſe two Letters; he look'd ſometimes upon one, ſometimes upon the other; he examined this of *Doniques*, and conſider'd that of *Albinhamat*'s, he weigh'd all their words and all their ſylables; he knew not what to judge of his Miſtreſs, nor of his Friend; and after a moſt exact ſearch, after ſo hidden a Truth, he knew not what to reſolve of; he knew not what he ought to believe, and his afflicted mind remained even as doubtful as it was before. "What! (*ſaid*
"*he to himſelf, as he hath recounted ſince*) can
"*Donique* prove perfidious? But, *ſaid he*
"*preſently again*, can *Albinhamat* be an Im-
"poſtor? Could ſhe love vanquiſh'd *Aladin*?
"ſhe who could not love him before I con-
"quer'd him? But, *added he*, what intereſt
"ſhould make my Friend to invent ſuch a
"thing? And if he ſhould be able to hide it,
"it could not be but that my return ſhould
"find out the cheat, and that he ſhould loſe
"my Amity, without gaining any advantage
"from that loſs. On the other ſide, *continued*
"*he ſighing*, art thou ignorant of what ab-
"ſence can do? Doſt not thou know what the
"diligence of a Rival can do? and do you
"forget that the moſt fair Sex is light, and
"how much inconſtancy is ordinary among
"Ladies? But, *ſaid he again*, if *Donique*
"be inconſtant, inſtead of wiſhing that I
"had never gone from *Ceuta*, ſhe ſhould
"much rather have deſired, that I ſhould
"never return: Inſtead of my departure, af-
"flicting her as ſhe ſaid, it ſhould be that my
"return ſhould afflict her, and that which I
"doubt hath no appearance. I fear however,
"*ſaid again this unquiet Lover*, and my fear
"ſeems not to me ill grounded: for in-
"deed, *Donique* is a Woman, *Abindarrays* is
"unfortunate, and *Aladin* is not without me-
"rit. But, *added he*, *anſwering himſelf*, if
"ſhe has been falſe to me, would ſhe conjure
"me to live, rather than deſire to ſee me
"dead? But preſently, *continued he*, does the
"Mouth and the Heart always ſpeak the
"ſame thing? do not they ever diſguiſe their
"true thoughts? and is her Sex incapable of
"lying and diſſimulation? Ah! no, no, *ſaid*
"*he again*, it is cry'd out upon all over the
"world, all ages have accus'd it, and a thou-
"ſand Examples have let us ſee that they had
"reaſon to accuſe it. It is true, *continued he*,
"it is true: but how can ſhe imagin that I
"ſhould revenge it, if ſhe has offended me?
"and how ſhould I take a part in her Inte-
"reſts, if ſhe thruſts me into my Tomb? and
"how ſhall I be ſo very faithful to revenge
"her, if ſhe be ſo very perfidious, as to be-
"tray me? Is it that ſhe thought me to be
"without Courage? is it that ſhe thought me
"without Honour? and does ſhe judge me
"fit to puniſh her inconſtant Lovers, to cor-
"rect them by puniſhing them, and to re-
"turn them to her faithful, after ſhe had loſt

"them

"them by inconſtancy? Ah! no, no, that "can never be, that is a thing ſhe can never "believe. But yet, (*ſaid he again, and ſigh-ing anew*) the Letter of *Albinhamat* is ſo preſ-"ſing, it perſwades my return with ſo much "force, and thoſe things which cannot be "written, ſeem to me ſo important, that as "obſcure as they are, I may eaſily unfold "them. It is not however very eaſie to com-"prehend, *ſaid he again*, that any other man "but a Lover ſhould have the audaciouſneſs "to wrong a perſon of the Sex, of the Qua-"lity, and of the Merit of *Donique*. I con-"feſs it, *added he*, but ſince he hath out-rag'd "her, it is not well with her, and that is e-"nough for my repoſe. But mad man, *cry'd* "*he out*, who hath told you that ſhe is not "ſtill ſatisfied with it? who hath told you "that the Hate of *Donique* is not a mark of her "Love, that her Anger is not a proof of her "Paſſion, that her Vengeance alſo be not the "greateſt Teſtimony, that her Averſion can "give? Ah! let us not doubt it any more, "*added he*, let us not doubt it, the Poſt-"ſcript is the Commentary of the Letter; and "when that cruel Letter propoſed the Rid-"dle, it did unfold it in propoſing it. And "why, *added he all in deſpair*, ſhould not *Al-"binhamat* have given my Letter, if *Donique* "were faithful to me? and why muſt I be "ignorant, if that there was not hapned "ſomething new in her heart? Ah! unhap-"py *Abindarrays*, *concluded he*, doubt not "any more of her change, nor of thy miſ-"fortune; hold thy ſelf aſſured of both, and "do not deceive thy ſelf, as that ingrateful "one has deceived thee. *To the contrary*, "*check'd he himſelf haſtily*, Doubt it as long "as though ſhalt be able, both of her incon-"ſtancy, and thy unhappineſs, of her change "and of thy loſs, go and know all; go and "live happy, or die deſperate. Such was the agitation of *Abindarrays*, after the read-ing of theſe two Letters, and ſuch was his reſolution which he took to return, as ſud-denly as he could to *Ceuta*. But as thoſe who love eaſily flatter themſelves, he ima-gined that his return to the Army ſhould haſte that of *Caraman*'s to that City, and that the general Affairs would accommodate themſelves to his particular intereſt. He re-turned thither then, although he was not yet cur'd: and carrying his hurt Arm in that magnifick Scarf, which *Donique* had given him, he went to expoſe himſelf to new trou-bles and dangers. But, my Lord, without rendring you an exact accompt of that which paſs'd in the reſt of the Campaign; ſince that this diſcourſe of War hinders our Narration of Love, which I do not care it ſhould, be-cauſe of the great diverſity of things I have yet to recount to you; I ſhall content my ſelf to tell you in groſs, and not by retail, that by the counſels of *Caraman*, the whole was gain'd by the Emperour of *Morocco*; that he ſaw himſelf Maſter of the Field all the reſt of that Summer, and good part of the Autumn: That his Brother was not in a con-dition to oppoſe his progreſs, and that he took very many conſiderable Towns, and reduc'd almoſt all the Province of *Hee*, and that he ended that Campaign with as much Glory as he had begun it. But, my Lord, when theſe Troops were gone to their Winter-Quarters, to reſt themſelves after their toil, and that they might be again recruited againſt Spring, that they might be in a condition to conquer, as they had done in the Autum; *Caraman* ſolicited by *Abindarrays*, asked leave of the *Cherif* to return to *Ceuta*: And having ob-tained it of that Prince, they went thither by great Journeys, nevertheleſs too ſlowly for the amorous impatience of our generous *Gra-nadine*. They arriv'd there at night; ſo that how great ſoever his deſire was of ſeeing *Donique*, he was forc'd to ſtay till next day to have that ſatisfaction, it being too unſea-ſonable an hour to do it then. In the mean time, as his ſtrong curioſity to know what had been his Deſtiny, during his abſence, gave him no repoſe, and that the great mind he had to know the explication of the Riddle from *Al-binhamat*, gave him as little tranquillity; he went immediately to his houſe, to draw him-ſelf out of this ſo cruel incertitude, but he found that he was not there, and that he was gone three days before to one of his Houſes in the Country, about five or ſix Leagues from *Ceuta*; and that he would not return till the next Morning: So that there was no help for it, but that he muſt endure this ſtay, as hard, and as inſupportable as it was to him: But the violence of his Paſſion, would not permit him to let *Donique* be ignorant any long time of his return; for taking a Gittarr with him, following the Cuſtoms of thoſe gallant *Moors*, he plac'd himſelf under the Window of that fair Perſon, and having a-waken'd her with a flouriſh, he began to ſing to his Inſtrument, and to let her hear theſe words, which he had compos'd as ſoon as he was arrived; ſo much facility had he in making Verſe.

See at laſt I do return,
O fair one, and for you ſtill burn:
Sleep on, and your reſt take,
Whilſt I awake.

After all my ſuffering pains,
See, Nymph, I carry ſtill my chains:
Sleep you, and be ſecure,
Whilſt I endure.

Fate alas! can have no bliſs,
For a ſad heart that jealous is:
Judge if I you reſemble,
You ſleep, I tremble.

My Rivals good, I fear ſtill,
Far more than I do my own ill:
Ah! cruel ſtill, you ſleep,
Whilſt here I weep.

O God! I ſee words are vain,
I then muſt die to eaſe my pain:
You reſt whilſt here I ſigh,
You ſleep, I die.

But, my Lord, the voice of *Abindarrays* had no ſooner awaked *Donique*, but ſhe knew it; ſo that touching at once her Ears and her Heart; the knowledge of her fault fill'd her Soul with fear and confuſion, and made her bluſh in the obſcurity of the night, as if it had been broad day: So that in this ſo great ſurpriſe, although the ordinary gallantry of the *Moors* did permit the moſt prudent, and the moſt reſerv'd Lady to be ſeen at the Balcony, after a ſerenade to pay the Muſick, and the Poetry of the Gallant, with ſome kind words from her ſelf, ſhe had not the power to do it, and the knowledge of her fault, made her do this unuſual thing. The unhappy *Abindarrays* was thus conſtrained to retire, very ill recompens'd for his Muſick, and more ill ſatisfied with his Miſtreſs; after he had ſtaid a long time to no purpoſe, that ſhe ſhould not do him a favour, that the moſt reſerved Ladies would not have refuſed on ſuch an occaſion to Gallants that were leſs favour'd. He paſs'd then the night with a vexation, as great as his inquietude: and without ſleeping at all, he ſaw the day born, without ſeeing his trouble die, and without ſo much as aſſwaging the grief, which had kept him ſo cruelly awake. But if *Abindarrays* was not in repoſe, *Donique* was not at eaſe: and if the misfortune of the one troubled his ſleep, the crime of the other did not let her be at peace. But the day did no ſooner break upon *Centa*, than that the Illuſtrious *Granadine*, not being able to leave the perplexities of his mind, left his bed and his houſe, to go to his friend, that he might endeavour to do it by his converſation; and although he knew well enough that *Albinhamat* could not be come back in leſs than three hours, yet he thought it would in ſome ſort haſten his return, if that he went to ſtay for him at his Houſe, ſo chimerical was the Paſſion that poſſeſt him. He went thither preſently; but at laſt, my Lord, after he had counted all the minutes of thoſe tedious hours, with as much impatience as trouble, he ſaw him come whom he waited for; and he was ſenſible that his fear increaſed, ſeeing himſelf ſo near loſing his hopes. Nevertheleſs, after the reciprocal Complements, which ſuch people uſe to have, on ſuch occaſions, judging the incertitude of his evil, to be worſe than the evil it ſelf; he drew his Friend aſide, and being ſat down in an open room, where they might diſcourſe by themſelves: "My dear, "*Albinhamat*, (*ſaid he with a melancholineſs* "*in his face, which made known his grief*) al- "though it be eaſie for me to fore-ſee, that "that which you have to tell me, will not "pleaſe me, tell it me however, I conjure "you: and though you ſhould give me my "deaths wound in giving me the knowledge "of that, which I am ignorant of, and of "which alſo I fear to know, yet ceaſe not to "explicate a Riddle, whoſe obſcurity has per- "plex'd me, and whoſe elucidation may per- "haps kill me. Since there is nothing more "hard, (*anſwer'd* Albinhamat) than to afflict "thoſe we love; I could almoſt be mute on "this occaſion, that I might not afflict you: "and Heaven is my witneſs, that when I "wrote to you, I thought an hundred times "not to write, that you might not have that "ſhare of grief which I judg'd well you would "receive. But as I ought to prefer your "Honour to my Repoſe, and that alſo my Re- "poſe is found in the conſervation of your "Honour, I judg'd that I muſt needs make "you ſee your evil, that you might remedy "it, and take away your hope, that you might "regain your Liberty. So long as you inter- "pret one Riddle with another, *reply'd the* "*ſad* Abindarrays, it will not be eaſie for me "to underſtand you: therefore I beſeech you "that you ſhew me all my misfortune, ſince "that which you hide from me, appears to "me greater whilſt I know it not, than if "you let me ſee it altogether. Know then, "*ſaid* Albinhamat, that after you were gone, "*Donique* ſeem'd to me at firſt to be very "melancholick, and I perceiv'd in her very "much joy, when ſhe receiv'd your firſt Let- "ter, from the hands of the Slave, which "you ſent expreſly at the beginning of your "Voyage. And ſeeing her after this manner "to carry it ſo well, and to make ſo good "uſe of Abſence, of which others made ſo "ill, I concluded that you had as much Diſ- "cretion as Love, that your choice had been "alſo as judicious as it was fair, and that your "chains were as glorious as they were heavy. "But *Donique* in changing her proceedings, "made me ſoon change my opinion, and I "found to my regret that the end did not al- "ways anſwer to the beginning; and that "the Conſtancy of a Maid, is not always "ſure; and that the Object that one ſees not, "cannot hold out againſt that which one "does ſee, nor that Beauty will lie idle. In "truth *Aladin* was no ſooner cured of his "wound, but making uſe of your abſence, he "viſited her now with more aſſiduity than "before, and amuſed her with her praiſes, "which fail'd not alſo to be mixed with his "own. At firſt this Torrent of ill-choſen "words, did trouble her more than divert "her; and the falſe eloquence of this ill "Orator did not perſwade her at all. But as "one accuſtoms ones ſelf to all things, and "that the worſt Incenſe, is always the In- "cenſe for thoſe ſorts of Divinities, who re- "fuſe no Offerings, inſenſibly ſhe ſuffer'd that "which ſhe had not been able to endure; *A-* "*ladin* took the Poſt that *Abindarrays* had "quitted, although he was unworthy of ſo "great Honour. Since that there was no- "thing but Balls and Serenades, there was nothing

" nothing but Verſes of *Aladin*'s, and Letters " of *Donique*'s; In fine, ſhe wrot ſo much, " till ſhe wrot too much, as by the ſequel of " this adventure you will perceive. In the " mean time that theſe things laſted, being " two or three moneths at this hight, be- " tween this Inconſtant one, and this great " Talker; it hapned unhappily for *Donique*, " and happily to revenge you of her infideli- " ty, that *Oſmar*, whom you know, became " deſperately in love with her. He began to ſee " her often, and to trouble *Aladin*: who after " he had defeated one Rival, ſaw another re- " viv'd, who did incommode him but little " leſs. In truth, theſe two men, who hated " one another, became almoſt inſeparable; " although they had a mind both of them to " be ever ſeparated; and at no time leaving " *Donique*, they were, as it were, always to- " gether, though ſhe wiſhed it might not be " ſo: This was a reciprocal perſecution to " them; and on the other ſide, an inſupport- " able puniſhment. But as *Oſmar* had the " diſadvantage of coming laſt, ſhe had yet " for him the favour of a new comer, and " his good qualities drawing much luſtre from " the evil ones of *Aladin*, by the oppoſition " of contraries, which highten one another; " it was not very difficult for him to inſinuate " into a heart, which had not been inacceſſible; " and to ſtir up the lightneſs of *Donique*, to " act againſt his Rival, as ſhe had done a- " gainſt you, with much more injuſtice. Ne- " vertheleſs, as *Aladin* did continually be- " ſiege that inconſtant perſon, it fell out that " *Oſmar* wrot to her, what he could not tell " her; and that he did that by a particular " commerce, which he could not do in a pub- " lick converſation. But as ſecreſie and my- " ſtery are great charms of Love, and that the " addreſs, and jugling that they make uſe of, " is not the leaſt of the pleaſures, which that " paſſion gives to the minds of thoſe who " poſſeſs it; by little and little *Donique* and " *Oſmar*, through a like couſenage came to " that of Amity; and their private Amour " was born among their private Joy, with a " pleaſure that the publick could not give. " So that there was nothing then but Notes " between theſe two, from him to her, and " from her to him; and though a correſpon- " dence as ſweet as inviſible, they taſted all " the ſatisfaction that a ſecret Amity could " give. Nevertheleſs, as there is nothing ſo " clear ſighted as Jealouſie, the eyes of *Aladin* " underſtood ſoon that which they ſpake by " theirs; and theſe firſt ſuſpicions being fallen " into his mind, he took ſo much care to " diſcover the truth, that at laſt one paper of " *Donique*'s fell into his hands, through the " infidelity of a Slave, whom he had cor- " rupted by his preſents, and who made " them believe, that he had loſt it, to exempt " him from the chaſtiſement that his perfidy " deſerv'd: *Aladin* aſſuring them alſo that " he had found it, that he might ſave him. " In the mean time this Jealous Lover had no " ſooner got the Billet, but he opened it, with " as much impatience as fear; and he found " it writ in ſuch terms, that it left no place " to doubt, that there had been a very ſtrict " intelligence between his Miſtreſs and his " Rival; and he conceived alſo ſo horrible " a jealouſie, which paſſing in a moment from " Love to Hate, and from Reſpect to Diſdain, " he reſolved to revenge himſelf after the " baſeſt manner, that an evil heart could be " capable of. And ſurely it was not very " difficult for him to do it, for having in his " power many Letters of *Donique*'s own hand- " writing, full of things which through her " imprudence ſhe had writ, and which would " hazard her Reputation, or loſe it, ſhould they " come to the view of any other but him: The " Glory of this indiſcreet and unhappy per- " ſon depending upon what he had got, re- " ceiv'd then a blot, which all her Tears " were never able to efface. For truly, this " vile man ſhew'd all her Letters to the " whole Town; he alſo let *Oſmar* ſee them, " and that by prodigious facility which he hath " of talking, he added ſo many lies to the truth, " and ſo many railleries to the wrong, that " the infortunate *Donique* became the laugh- " ing-ſtock of every body, the ſhame of her " Sex, and the diſhonour of her Houſe. As " for *Oſmar*, as he is an honeſter man than " *Aladin*, he did not uſe her altogether after " that manner: he did not carry himſelf like " him, he did not break forth into injuries " and reproaches like his Rival, he did not " ſhow her Letters, although they were not " more diſcreet than the others, and of which " he had no ſmall number: But although he " would not be the Cryer of his Rival and " his Miſtreſs, and that he ſpake more mo- " deſtly of *Donique*, it was however with a " ſmile ſo malicious, and with certain words " ſo ambiguous, that that dangerous mo- " deſty did her more wrong, than all the bu- " ſtle of the other, and made her be thought " more ill of, than all that his Rival had ſaid. " In the mean time, this ill report came to " *Donique's* Fathers Ears, he ſaid a thouſand " injurious things to her, he uſed her ill, and " forbid her to come out of her Chamber, " where ever ſince this troubleſome adven- " ture, that unfortunate perſon has bewail'd " the loſs of her three Lovers, and of her Re- " putation: For ſhe doubted not, knowing " your Courage, but that ſhe ſhould loſe you " as well as the others, when you ſhould " know her weakneſſes, and the follies that " ſhe had committed. She had reaſon to be- " lieve it, (*ſaid then* Abindarrays, *interrupting* " *him with a great ſigh*) for having lov'd her " virtuouſly, I ought to hate her, being " without Virtue. It is enough to deſpite " her, *return'd* Albinhamat, but that I may " fully inſtruct you of every thing; I ſhall " tell you, that this accident hath begot two " or three Factions in *Ceuta*: and ſince that, " all the Friends of *Donique's* Father, thoſe of " *Aladin*, and thoſe of *Oſmar*, have had

" almoſt

"almoſt every day their Arms in their hands, "one againſt another; and twenty times "have been upon the point of cutting one "anothers Throats, and if the Governour, "and the Magiſtrates of the Town had not "had a great care to divert this evil, it would "have been before now in blood, as we have "ſometimes ſeen it happen. But, my dear "*Abindarrays*, it was in the firſt heat of this "Tumult, that I receiv'd your Packquet: "and I having taken the ſide of *Donique's* "Father, who had been an ancient Friend of "mine; and going very often to his houſe, "during this troubleſome broil, I brought it "about by means of a ſhe-Slave, who ſerv'd "*Donique* in her priſon, and who only was "permitted to ſee her, to convey your Let-"ter to her ſight, and to obtain an anſwer, "which I ſent you, and which I ſuppoſe you "have receiv'd, ſince you are returned, as I "deſired you to do. But for once you muſt "not think any longer of a perſon, who is "not worthy of that honour, ſince that ſhe "has none her ſelf: and I would not have "you remember what ſhe hath amiable, but "what ſhe hath, that is not. Ah! I ſhall "follow your Counſel (*anſwer'd this illuſtri-*"*ous* Granadine *ſighing again*) though it "ſhould coſt me my life to follow it: for in "loſing my Liberty, I have not loſt my Ho-"nour: and *Donique*, how dear ſoever ſhe "hath been to me, never was yet ſo much as "my Glory, and ſhall not be ſo much my "Reputation. The blood of the *Abencer-*"*rages* is too Noble, and that of the *Otho-*"*mans* too Illuſtrious, to ſuffer me to do an "Action that ſhall render me unworthy to be "ſprung from them: and if my heart were "capable of it, I would tare it up by the roots, "rather then ſuffer it to overcome me. No, "no, I am born with too high inclinations, "and with too ſcrupulous, too delicate a "Virtue, to continue to love a perſon, who "hath had ſo little: and ſince Love and Diſ-"dain can never be together, moſt aſſuredly "I ſhall diſdain *Donique*, but I ſhall never "love her. I am very joyful, *reply'd* Albin-"*hamat*, to ſee you have ſo juſt a Sentiment, "and ſo equitable a Reſolution: I did in this "expect your Courage, and I look for the "continuation of your Wiſdom, which will "not belie it ſelf. After that the generous *Abin-*darrays gave a thouſand thanks to his Friend for his good offices, his advice, and his counſels; ſwearing to him that he would acknowledge the firſt, that he ſhould profit by the ſecond, and that he would reſolutely follow the laſt, how difficult ſoever it ſhould be to follow it. After theſe proteſtations he took leave of *Albinhamat*, and return'd home with his heart full of anger; his Soul overwhelm'd with grief, and his mind ſurrounded with the blackeſt vapours that melancholy could raiſe up. As he arriv'd there, he found a Slave of *Donique's*, who waited for him, and who gave him in private a Letter, from his Miſtreſs, which *Abindarrays* thought to have refus'd: but ſome remains of Love hinder'd it, and made him believe, as criminal as ſhe was, he ought not to condemn her without hearing her. He open'd then this Letter, trembling with anger and affliction, and having opened it he found this:

The Culpable *Donique* to the Generous *Abindarrays.*

I Have fail'd, and they have fail'd me; I have betray'd you, and they have betray'd me; they have ſhew'd cunning, and I have ſhew'd weakneſs: But I am puniſh'd for it, and the other criminals are not puniſh'd: So that I demand of you two things, my pardon, and their chaſtiſement.

Donique.

This Letter, as you have heard, was very ſhort, nevertheleſs the ſad *Abindarrays* found an invention to make it long, in reading it over divers times: His old Fire, rather rak'd up than extinguiſh'd, began to enkindle again by this reading; and Pity coming to the ſuccour of Love, it wanted but little to be more ſtrong than Reaſon, than Diſdain, and than Anger. Nevertheleſs, this invincible *Granadine*, triumphing over Love, over Pity, and over Himſelf, held himſelf unſhaken in this encounter; and vanquiſh'd, how great a mind ſoever he had to be vanquiſhed. But admire, my Lord, the reſolution that he took in this conjuncture: And ſee whither bravery carries a great heart when it is animated by that noble Paſſion, which makes men valiant and miſerable. After he had read the Letter, he turn'd himſelf towards the Slave of *Donique* without ſeeming mov'd: and looking on him with eyes ſomewhat indifferent: "Stay for "me here, *ſaid he to him*, and go not away till "I return; for I will quickly bring you my "Anſwer. This Captive follow'd his Orders: And *Abindarrays* going up into his Cloſet, wrote there two Letters, which he put into his pocket. He then went into a very unfrequented place, yet very near to the Town; and giving one of theſe Letters to one of his Slaves who follow'd him, he commanded him to carry it to *Aladin*, and to ſhew him the way to that place, if that he had a mind to come. This Slave did not fail readily to obey his Maſter; and having found him he look'd for, at the entrance into his Houſe, without any company: after he had ſaluted him, my Lord, ſaid he very low, "The Va-"liant *Abindarrays*, to whom I have the ho-

"nour to belong, commanded me to give you "this Letter, and to conduct you to the "place where he is, if you think good that "he may see you there. *Aladin* answer'd nothing to the Slave, only taking the paper which he presented to him, he opened it, and found these words.

To the Indiscreet *Aladin*.

YOu have so ill used the life, which I have given you, that I am resolved to take it from you. Come then and learn from me the respect that ought to be given to Ladies, and receive the chastisement that your indiscretion deserves. My Slave will conduct you the to place where I stay for you: Bring one also with you, that they may be witness of your Shame, and my Glory; of my Valour, and your Defeat; of the confession of the Crime, and your Chastisement,

Abindarrays.

This Letter of defiance did not astonish *Aladin*, although the evil success which he had in his first Combat, made him fear that of the second: but yet looking fiercely on the Messenger of *Abindarrays*: "Thy Master, *said he*, "judged of this adventure by what has pass'd; "but I hope to let him see, that the Vanquish'd "will be able to be the Vanquisher. At these words he called one of his Slaves; and ordering him to follow him, he himself follow'd the Captive of the invincible *Granadine*, who conducted him where his Master staid for him, with as much impatience as anger. As soon as ever they saw one another, they both at the same time put their hands to their Swords; and advancing one towards the other with an equal fierceness; "*Aladin* must die, *cry'd the Valiant* Abin- "darrys *to him.* Or rather vanquish, *an-* "*swer'd his Rival.* And at that instant the invincible *Granadine*, discharged so horrible a blow with his Alfange, that *Aladin* trying to break its force with his Cimeter, it fell from his hand in two pieces, although it was made of the finest Steel of *Damascus*: and his right Arm was so stupified, that he could not have been able to have made a Combat, if he had had any thing to have defended himself withal. "It is by this blow that you must die (*cry'd the fierce* Abindarrays, *me-* "*nacing him with his sword*) and if you do not "promise me to burn all the Letters, that "the unfaithful *Donique* has wrote to you, "and to affirm that all that which you have "spoken against her is false, though I believe "it true, I shall take from you your head, to "punish you for a proceeding so unworthy "of an honest Man. It is the part of the "Conquerour to give the Law, *answer'd* "*sadly* Aladin, and of the Vanquish'd to ob- "serve it. Go then and perform thy pro- "mise, *reply'd* Abindarrays *fiercely*, and do "that which you ought, since that you are "not the Conquerour: For I swear by *Alla*, "if that I see you the third time with Arms "in your hand against me, after that you "have broke your word, I will never give "you quarter, but treat you as your perfidi- "ousness deserves. At these words he made a sign to him to retire; and the unhappy *Aladin* obey'd, and went away with his Slave, not failing to execute that afflictive order he had receiv'd, though it was as shameful for him as insupportable. He was no sooner gone, but *Abindarrays* drawing out of his pocket the other Letter, which he had writ, he gave it to his Captive, and commanded him to carry it to *Osmar*, and to bring him to him to that place, if he would come at his request. This Slave readily and quickly obey'd his Master: and having found him, as he was walking without one of the Gates of *Ceuta*, which they call'd the Gate of *Morocco*, because it lay upon that side, he presented to him the Letter of *Abindarrays*, which that Courageous *African* opened, and which he found indited in these terms.

To the Ingrateful *Osmar*.

THe Lady who hath favoured you, hath made no very good choice, since you have publish'd her Favours, and your good Fortune. But although I ought to be the last man upon Earth that should defend her, yet however I shall be the first that shall do it; come then and repair the Honour of Donique, *and satisfie.*

Abindarrays.

"Let us go (*said* Osmar *then to the Slave* "*of that illustrious* Granadine) and let us see "if this brave Fellow can do what he has un- "dertaken, for I confess that I doubt it. In this manner he went with one Captive, led to the place by *Abindarrays*'s Slave, and seeing him come towards him with his Sword in his hand, he quickly put his Cimeter into his, and meeting him half way: "Cour- "teous Cavalier, *said he to him with a deriding* "*smile*, who undertakes so highly to pro- "tect persecuted Ladies, I do not think you "will be able to atchieve this Adventure "with so much Glory as you think you shall. "But you indiscreet Cavalier, *reply'd* Abin- "darrays,

"darrays, I do not think that the juſtice of "your cauſe will make you overcome; and "if you be as ill a Soldier, as a Lover, I "ſhall not have much trouble, nor but little "Glory to ſurmount you. But yet both of them had enough, for the Skill and Valour of *Oſmar* diſputed with him a long time the advantage of the Combat, and it was not without difficulty, that he carried away the Palm. But at laſt he diſcharg'd on the *Turban* of *Oſmar* ſo great a blow with his Cimeter, that he tumbled him on his knees with a deep wound on his head: and leaping upon him without giving him time to help himſelf, or to put himſelf upon his Guard, he overthrew himſelf, and wreſting from him his Hanger, he clap'd his Foot upon his Throat, and lifting up fiercely his Cimeter: "*Oſmar*, "*ſaid he*, promiſe me to repair the Honour "of *Donique*, if you will live: remember that "a man of thy Valour ought to be modeſt, "and that *Oſmar* is too honeſt a man to do "like *Aladin*. He ſaid all that his Vanquiſher would have him; and knowing well that he had done wrong, he did not refuſe to repair his fault: and truly when *Abindarrays* had given him back his Sword, he went to publiſh the true glory, and the falſe innocencie of *Donique*. In the mean time, our illuſtrious *Granadine*, after he had obtained theſe Victories, return'd to *Caraman*'s Houſe, and calling for Pen, Ink and Paper, he wrot a Letter, which he immediately gave to one of *Doniques* Slaves, who had ſtaid for him in his Chamber, according to his Order: and ordering him to give it to his Miſtreſs, he diſmiſs'd him, that he might no longer ſee any thing that belong'd to her, becauſe he would baniſh her from his heart, and from his memory, as unworthy of either, and more yet of his Love. This Captive did not fail to acquit himſelf of his Commiſſion; and that unfortunate perſon trembling, and burſting into Tears, broke open the Letter of her wronged Lover, which was thus:

To the Inconſtant *Donique*.

OF thoſe two things which you demanded of me, I have been able to grant but one, becauſe my honour obliges me abſolutely to refuſe the other. I have puniſh'd Aladin *and* Oſmar, *but I cannot pardon* Donique.

Abindarrays.

It is eaſie to be imagined, that the grief in the Soul of this inconſtant perſon, was redoubled after the painful reading of this cruel Letter; and the deſpair for the loſs of her three Lovers, and of that of her Liberty, and of her Reputation. She accuſed her ſelf for her misfortunes, ſhe call'd her ſelf the only cauſe of them; this coſt her a thouſand tears, and a thouſand ſighs, and as many inquietudes and regrets, as ſighs and tears. But as all theſe did but augment her diſpleaſures, inſtead of diminiſhing them, returning to her firſt paſſion, by means of theſe laſt gallantries, there was nothing that ſhe did not eſſay, to call back *Abindarrays*, and to give him his chains again: but it was in vain, and that Slave being eſcaped, would never take again his Irons. She wrote to him divers times, and ſhe made him be ſpoken to by one of her Friends, who was alſo his; and carrying the thing very far beyond the comlineſs of her Sex, ſhe forgot nothing which ſhe believ'd might bring back that illuſtrious Captive, whom ſhe had loſt by her own default, and with her honour. But all that was in vain, as well as her firſt endeavours: and though in the condition, that this generous *Granadine* was in, it would have been advantageous for him to have eſpouſed *Donique*, his great and glorious Soul had not the leaſt temptation to do it, and his extinguiſh'd Flame, was never to be lighted again. In the mean time, Fortune having conducted to *Ceuta* a man of Quality, of a Province far remote, who was extreme rich; he there became deſperately in Love with *Donique*, after that ſhe had permiſſion to go again abroad, and that the anger of her Father was pacified: and this ſtranger not having heard any thing of the evil adventure of that fair perſon; he ask'd her in Marriage, he obtain'd her, and after he had eſpouſed her, he carried her into his Country, where, though ſhe was not there by the choice of her inclination, ſhe liv'd contented, and with as much Modeſty and Wiſdom, as ſhe had Imprudence. But Fortune having not yet left perſecuting her, let her Husband at laſt underſtand all that had hapned to her: ſo that this man being very ſenſible of thoſe things which reſpected his Honour, did nothing but deſpiſe her, and from thenceforth us'd her very ill: She ſuffer'd her diſgrace with a patience, which ought to have effaced the remembrance of her errours, and to have obtained his pardon for them: it did not however, and that infortunate perſon at laſt dy'd through a long ſufferance, and through the exceſs of his diſpleaſure.

But, my Lord, the *Ideas* of theſe misfortunes have carried me away, and made me make a digreſſion, which perhaps has not been very pleaſing; but not to continue it longer, if I have failed; and to cut ſhort the thred of my Narration, I ſhall tell you that the noiſe of theſe two Combats which *Abindarrays* had made in one morning, was quickly ſpread through all the Town; and the Glory of the Conquerour was not leſs than the Fame. But *Caraman* having heard of it among the reſt, he made haſte home, and ſending for his Son

alone into his Chamber: "*Abindarrays (ſaid* "*he, with a ſevere and imperious tone*) in "making you fight a Duel ſo young, as I "have ſometimes done; and for that end "my ſelf putting Arms into your hands, "might, methinks, make you ſee, that I did "not conſider your life, when your Honour "was in queſtion. But as I approved that "which you then did, I condemn that which "you now have done; and am ſo far from "praiſing you, that I blame you for it, and "I blame you for it alſo extremely. For in-"deed juſt Duels are only honourable, and "if you have overcome, you have not de-"ſerved to overcome, and Fortune hath not "not been more equitable than you. In a "word, I know no good that ſhall betide "you in becoming the Hector for tatling "Goſſips of *Ceuta*, and in being made the "doughty Cavalier of a perſon whoſe car-"riage has been evil, and who hath not obliged "you to ſo unreaſonable a bravery. My Lord, "*anſwer'd* Abindarrays, the culpable unhap-"py ones are worthy of compaſſion, as well "as all other infortunate ones, and that which "I have done for *Donique*, I ſhould have done "for an Enemy, if I had ſeen him miſerable. "You will oblige me nevertheleſs, *return'd* "Caraman, not to make your ſelf a Knight "Errant, in an age when Knights Errant are "out of uſe: and if you muſt fight Duels, "let it be, if you pleaſe, for prudent Ladies, "and not for ſuch Shittlecocks, whoſe Repu-"tation is not enough to protect them. My "Lord, *Anſwer'd* Abindarrays *ſmiling*, I pro-"miſe you at leaſt that I will be no more a "Champion for *Donique*: neither will I ever "ſtuff my Hiſtory with the Combats, that "I ſhall make, either for her Honeſty, or for "her Beauty. That is not yet enough, *ſaid* "Caraman *again*, and I would have you to "entertain *Aladin* and *Oſmar*, as if what has "paſs'd had never been. The end of the "Amour, will be the end of the War, *re-*"*ply'd that generous* Granadine: but to be "juſt to both ſides, as you cenſure my bra-"very, do not approve their indiſcretion. In the end, my Lord, *Caraman* ſo managed the accommodation between his Son, *Aladin* and *Oſmar*, that his Son quickly found him-ſelf without Quarrels, as well as without Love; and without Enemies, as well as with-out a Miſtreſs. It is true, that he was not long ſo; for the ſtrong natural inclination that he had always to Love, quickly put on him again chains, and took from him his Li-berty. But that which appear'd wonderful in this change of his Irons was, that his ima-gination was taken with a Beauty quite diffe-rent from the former: and that he now thought that fair, which he had before thought ugly, and that ugly which he had thought fair. And indeed *Donique* was not ſo fat, but *Meladine* was as lean (for ſo his new Miſtreſs was called) and never two things were more directly oppoſite, and ſo little reſembling one another. So that when he made his firſt De-claration of Love to this fair Skeleton, to this amiable Anotomy, ſhe fell a laughing with all her force, and looking on him with an air infinitely pleaſant: "For my part, *Abin-*"*bindarrays*, *ſaid ſhe very handſomely*, if I "had heard you without ſeeing you, I ſhould "have believ'd infallibly that you had look'd "on me through one of thoſe Glaſſes which "magnifie Objects, and which make them "appear quite another thing than what they "are: being the way after you have loved "*Donique*, to be able to love *Meladine*; and "that the leanneſs of this laſt, may make you "forget the plumpneſs of the other, which "you have found ſo charming. Ah! fair and "cruel perſon, do not make me bluſh for the "errour of my eyes, and for the blindneſs "of my mind: I have lov'd an hydropick "Angel, I confeſs it: but after I have been "an Heretick in matter of Beauty; I abjure "my Hereſie between your hands, and I re-"pent me of it, as of a great fault. Ah! (*return'd ſhe, laughing again more heartily, and* "*hiding her hands under her Vail*) I will not "ſhow you theſe ill-favour'd hands of which "you ſpeak; for if I ſhould let you ſee them, "you would repent your ſelf, that you had "repented, you would make an abjuration "of your abjuration, and the ſcraggy hands "of *Meladine* would quickly ſend back your "heart to the fleſhy hands of *Donique*. That "indeed would be difficult, *reply'd he*, that there "ſhould be any compariſon between an un-"form'd Maſs of white and red, and a make "ſo elegant, ſo noble, and ſo complete, and "that I ſhould not have ſo juſt a diſcernment, "as to give the preference to this which it "merits. However, I have heard it ſaid, "*reply'd* Meladine, that one cannot more "neatly call a Lady ugly, than to name her "lean. That opinion, *anſwer'd he*, is one of "thoſe popular errours, which have not any "reaſonable foundation, which one ſays with-"out examining, and that one publiſhes "without believing. It ſeems to me how-"ever, *added ſhe*, that it had been more gal-"lant for you to have ly'd a little, and boldly "to have told me that I am fat, than that "you ſhould yield to a truth, which is not "to my advantage: and in which the con-"teſt had been better eſteem'd, than compla-"cency, and flattery than ſincerity. For as "one eaſily flatters ones ſelf, it had been "more eaſie for you to have perſwaded me "to an agreeable lie, than it will be for you "to agree to a truth, which is not ſo. In all "things, *return'd* Abindarrays, it is nothing "but the exceſs that is blameable, and you "have none of that. Ah! *reply'd* Meladine, "you would repair your fault: but as there is "no Lady more fat than *Donique*, ſo there is "no Lady more lean than I, and by conſe-"quence your refuge fails you, and you are "every way puzl'd. Moreover, *continued ſhe*, "you know that Love comes by reſemblance, "and that you ſhould reſemble me, you muſt "be lean, and to make you ſo, I do not know

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"any better invention, than to treat you ill, "to cauſe your inquietude, and to give you "jealouſie, to the end that *Abindarrays* re- "ſembling *Meladine*, in having no longer ſo "much plumpneſs, there may more eaſily be "eſtabliſh'd between us correſpondence, "coming from equality and agreeableneſs. "Ah! Madam, *reply'd he*, if it is true, as "you tell me, that to be fair it behooveth "one to be fat, it will every way be better "that you ſhould come to be like me, than "that I ſhould be made lean like you: ſo "that it ſeems to me more fitly, that I make "you that through pleaſure, than that you "ſhould make me this through grief. Every "one, according to his opinion, *returned* Me- "ladine; and ſince you will not quit yours "for mine, it is not juſt that I ſhould quit "mine for yours, and that I ſhould reproach "you any more than you reproach me. This my Lord, was the firſt converſation between *Meladine* and *Abindarrays*, which was quick- ly after follow'd by ſome Verſes which I ſhall recite to you.

Groſs Beauties now your ſelves conceal,
From penetrating Hearts and Eyes:
One Object doth your duſt reveal,
and makes me diſabus'd, more wiſe.

You are of too much matter made,
The Soul ſtoops low that thinks you fair:
The Night and Day, the Light and Shade,
The Fair and Foul? who can compare.

Reaſon hath made me change my flame,
And my eſteem turn'd to diſdain:
O bleſſed change! I bluſh for ſhame,
To think that in my Heart could reign.
A Body without a Soul I lov'd before,
But now more nobly I a Soul adore.

Ah! too true *Abindarrays* (*ſaid* Meladine *to him laughing, after ſhe had read theſe Verſes*) "I never knew any thing repreſented thus, "but the Nymph *Eccho*: but methinks "ſpeaking more than ſhe, your compariſon "holds not very right, and I have cauſe to "doubt whether your Sonnet be an Elogium "or a Satyr. You have then forgot, *reply'd* "*he*, that it is ſo, that they figure the Angels "who are the nobleſt of all Creatures. The "contrary, *anſwer'd ſhe again*, our Grand "Prophet in his *Alcboran*, hath given them "luminous Bodies, and has not attributed to "them an inviſibly Beauty, as you have "imagin'd mine. I confeſs it, *reply'd* Abin- "darrays, but there are other Religions be- "ſides ours that imagin them, as I ſay. For "ought, as I ſee, *return'd* Meladine, you are "as bad a *Mahumetan*, as you are a Gallant: "ſince that, after having told me of my lean- "neſs, you cite to me Authors, whom all "our Prieſt condemn. But once again, I "muſt remember you, that is to ſay, to "a Lady that ſhe is lean, is to ſay finely that "ſhe is ugly: and that ſince they who love, "never ſay ſo to a perſon beloved, it muſt "neceſſarily be concluded that you love not. "Your concluſion at this time, *reply'd* Abin- "darrays, is certainly very ill drawn, becauſe "it is without diſtinguiſhing things: for it is "that exceſſive leanneſs is not pleaſant, but "yet one of ſlender make is more handſom "than thoſe Coloſſuſes of Fleſh, which one "may compair to thoſe white Bears in *Swe- "den*, of which one can diſcern hardly the "form, or to ſay better, that they have none, "ſo much does this exceſs confound the divers "parts of their Bodies, and jumbles them "all into one Maſs. Add yet to this, *conti- "nued he*, that this lump of Fleſh, this maſs "of Blood, and Humours is ordinarily fol- "low'd with a certain fault, which cannot be "remedied without Musk and Amber: ſo that "if one muſt be in Love with any thing there, "it muſt be rather with the Perfumes than "with the Miſtreſs, with the good ſmell, than "with that which has it, and with that which "corrects, than with that which is corrected. "You are reproachful, *reply'd* Meladine: and "as I have a fine Imagination, you have "laid me open to my ſelf, in thinking to "pleaſe me, and I have need of my *Spaniſh* "Gloves, as well againſt your fantaſie, as a- "gainſt this true fault. But to conclude, "*added ſhe ſmiling*, I am very aſſured, that "in thoſe Verſes you made for me, you never "made any diſcription, either of my Arms "or my Hands, or my Neck. You are your "ſelf reproachful, *anſwer'd* Abindarrays, and "I ſhall accuſe your Calumny of falſhood. "And I, *reply'd ſhe*, what you ſay of too much "flattery; for when one deviates from likeli- "hood, one is no more believ'd, and thoſe "praiſes of that, which is not praiſe-worthy, "are rather injurious than praiſes, and out- "rages than favours. Such, my Lord, were the agreeable converſations of theſe two per- ſons, in the beginning of their acquain- tance, and in that of their Amity: but as there is no woman that does not think her ſelf amiable, ſo likewiſe there is none but thinks ſhe may be belov'd; and *Meladine* having ſpoken what ſhe did, rather out of gal- lantry, than out of any true opinion, was per- ſwaded of the Love of *Abindarrays*, and that he would engage himſelf through acquain- tance, ſeeing him engaged by inclination. They lived thus ſome time one with another in perfect correſpondence, and in the ſweet- eſt union that ever was between two hearts: but as wandering Stars, never come to be fixed Stars, the changeable humour of this Illuſtrious *Granadine*, and the fickleneſs of that *Meladine*, quickly parted what Love had joyned together: and ſee after what manner it happened. As there is nothing more ſweet to be found, than to have one in whom one may put an intire confidence, and to whom one may empart all one ſecrets, from whom one would hide nothing, no not the leaſt of

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ones thoughts, *Abindarrays* thought to make choice of *Albinhamat*, whoſe fidelity he had already approved in other affairs, that he might make uſe of him in his counſels, and in the conduct of his Amour. But yet calling to mind that in his firſt Love, he had more properly found him to be his Cenſor than his confident, he would not diſcover any thing of the ſecond to him: and caſting his eyes upon another of his friends, who was called *Acomat*, whoſe age and humour was nearer approaching to his humour and age, and who was himſelf in Love with a fair Maid, called *Zelindaxe*, he let him underſtand the love he had for *Meladine*: and introduced him into the acquaintance of that fair perſon, that he might prevail by his aſſiſtance, and his friendſhip, in occaſions in which he might be needful. On the other ſide, his Miſtreſs having the ſame thoughts, took alſo the ſame deſign; and chuſing among all her Friends, her whom ſhe believ'd the moſt diſcreet, and the moſt bound to her intereſts, (and this was even *Zelindaxe*) ſhe let her ſee the bottom of her Soul, and the tenderneſs that it had there; conjuring her not to refuſe her, her ſuccour, if ſo be it ſhould be needful. This Virgin promis'd more to the other than ſhe had required; ſo that never being from her almoſt, *Abindarrays*, *Meladine*, *Acomat*, and *Zelindaxe* became, as it were, inſeparable: Friendſhip no leſs tying them together than Love. They lived thus for ſome time in an equal ſatisfaction: Theſe endeavouring to ſerve, and they being pleas'd to be ſerv'd, and all to ſee they were lov'd. But as Love is a capricious Paſſion, from whence comes all perplexed Evenements, it happened that in ſo continual and long frequentation, that *Abindarrays* came to be no leſs pleas'd with *Zelindaxe*, than with *Meladine*, that *Zelindaxe* had more care to pleaſe the Illuſtrious *Abindarrays*, than to ſerve *Meladine*, or to be conſtant to *Acomat*: that *Meladine* was as much pleas'd at leſt with *Acomat*, as with *Abindarrays*, and that *Acomat* had not lov'd *Zelindaxe*, nor *Abindarrays* ſo much, but that he lov'd *Meladine* yet more. This dangerous confident, was a perſon of the moſt Grandeur, the moſt Rich, and of the faireſt Stature of all others; and as there were but few of that ſort in *Africa*, ſhe was its miracle, and principal Ornament: As for *Acomat*, he was not ſo well made as *Abindarrays*: but as novelty is a *fucus*, which makes one look better than ſublimate, or Oyl of Talk, if he had not merit enough to be happy, it made him be happy without it, and render'd *Meladine* unfaithful, as well as *Abindarrays* inconſtant. At firſt every one endeavour'd to hide his deſign, with all the skill poſſible: not only from her, and from him, to whom this new Paſſion might cauſe an offence, but alſo from him, and from her who caus'd it. But after a while their eyes began to be a little leſs diſcreet than their mouths: They made themſelves be underſtood, and did underſtand, and boldneſs increaſing with Love, under the pretext of confidence, *Abindarrays* ſpake more to *Zelindaxe*, than to *Meladine*: and *Meladine* much more to the happy *Acomat*, than to the infortunate *Abindarrays*. Nevertheleſs, none of them had yet the condence to confeſs his Crime, in confeſſing his new Paſſion: and the Illuſtrious *Granadine* was the firſt who diſcover'd either by ſome Verſes, which he gave ſecretly to *Zelindaxe*; which I will recite to you, if I can remember them.

Such Panthaſilia *was, when before* Troy,
She did with hands and eyes her Foes deſtroy:
Amidſt the Woods, ſo did Diana *ſhow,*
When armed with her Quiver and her Bow.
So Pallas *look'd at once ſo fierce, and fair,*
When arm'd with Spear and Shield ſhe went to War.
The Queen of Gods appear'd to humane ſight.
Thus, all with Gold and Diamonds ſhining bright,
As that fair Nymph to whom I daily bow,
Doth unto me, and all that ſee her, ſhow.
She like the Sun, on th' Univerſe doth ſhine;
Nothing like her's ſo Charming and Divine:
Nothing like to her Majeſty is ſeen,
That all the world woud ſwear ſhe is a Queen.
And ſhe deſerves that Empire to obtain,
And o'er the world, as o'er my heart to riegn.

But, my Lord, ſhe anſwer'd theſe Verſes in Proſe, and *Abindarrays* receiv'd a paper from *Zelindaxe*, in which was wrote theſe words,

SHe who hath ſurpaſs'd Panthaſilia, Diana, Pallas, Juno, *and* Meladine, *is not to be eaſily vanquiſh'd, and you have attempted a thing in which you ought not to ſucceed. But beſides, I know not how to be a good Lover, without being a bad Friend: and your infidelity, will not excuſe mine neither to* Meladine, *nor to* Acomat. *However, the merit of* Abindarrays, *can excuſe all; and that he may not repent him of his Crime, I think that I ſhall become criminal: and that I ſhall not be a better Friend than he ſeems to me, to have been, nor a more faithful Lover, than he has let us ſee he has been.*

But, my Lord, the very ſame day that theſe Verſes, and this Paper paſs'd, *Acomat* wrote another to *Meladine*, which ſpake after this manner:

THey are not to be condemned, but who commit voluntary faults, and this which I commit is not ſo. Do not condemn me, too amiable Meladine, *ſince I fail not of my fidelity, for* Abindarrays, *and for* Zelindaxe, *but to be*

be faithful to you: and ſince I do that which I cannot hinder my ſelf from doing, you ought to ſuffer my temerity, the Friend I deceive ought to pardon me, and the Miſtreſs I forſake to do ſo alſo.

This evil Confident receiv'd this Anſwer.

YOu excuſe your ſelf ſo well, that I need not excuſe you at all: but I would be belov'd volantarily, and you love me not but by force. However, the thing will be very acceptable from ſo honeſt a man, of what ſort ſoever it be, and if you cannot repent you of your Crime, it will be difficult for me to conſerve my Innocency.

Thus then was the deſign laid between theſe four perſons to deceive, and to love at one and the ſame time, and yet they did neither as I am going to tell you. One day then as they were together converſing in *Meladines* Chamber: it happened by a ſtrange chance, that this Lady, drawing her Handkerchief out of her Pocket, let fall the Paper ſhe had receiv'd from *Acomat*: and as *Abindarrays* took it civilly up to give it her ſhe flung forth her hand with ſo much precipitation, that this Illuſtrious *Granadine* drew back his; the extreme redneſs, which he ſaw mount into her face, giving him as much curioſity as it had given her confuſion. "Give me back that Paper (*ſaid ſhe angerly, "ſeiſing his arm*) for I will have it back. "That ſhall not be, if you pleaſe, till I have "read it, (*anſwer'd* Abindarrays, *ſtepping a little "back*) for I muſt confeſs that your eagerneſs, "redoubles my curioſity. And your curioſity "will redouble my choler (*reply'd* Meladine "*following him*) if you do not give me back "that which you ought not to ſee, ſince I "do not think it good. Indeed (*ſaid* Acomat, "*who doubted well what it was*) the reſpect "that one owes to Ladies, will not permit "you to do ſo: and if you will believe me, "you ſhould uſe them more diſcreetly. I "ſhall not do that for you, which I will not "do for her, *return'd* Abindarrays, and I "ſhould yet do her a greater out-rage, if I "ſhould obey your counſels, after I have diſ-"obey'd her commands. I grant you pardon "for that; *reply'd* Meladine. I had rather "ask it for another fault, *reply'd this Illuſtri-"ous* Granadine. Conſent both of you that "I may ſee it, *ſaid* Zelindaxe, that I may "either hide it, or ſhow it, according as I "ſhall judge fit, for both your ſatisfactions. "With all my heart (*ſaid* Abindarrays, *who doubted of the paſſion of* Acomat, *and who would have been glad that* Zelindaxe *ſhould "have known it.*) But I will not, *ſaid* Meladine *again haſtily, putting both her hands upon the paper, which ſhe endeavour'd to get away, and* Abindarrays *to keep.* But as they were diſputing it thus, this fair perſon perceived another paper, which hung half out of the Pocket of this illuſtrious *Granadine*, and ſnatching it with an extreme diligence: Since "we are in War, *ſaid ſhe*, repriſals are lawful, "and that which I have done is authoriſed "by that which you have done. Ah! Ma-"dam, (*cry'd out* Abindarrays, *taking her a-bout the Arm, after he had ſeen that paper*) "I will rather render you your Letter, than "that you ſhall ſee mine. And I had rather "that you ſhould ſee mine, *reply'd* Meladine, "than that I would miſs of ſeeing yours, for "Women are more curious than Men, Ra-"ther juſtifie your Sex from that Calumny (*ſaid* Zelindaxe, *who was ready to die for fear, leſt ſhe ſhould ſee that writing, becauſe ſhe "knew it was her own*) and accepting of that "which he offers, keep your own ſecret, and "ſearch not into that of *Abindarrays*. That "would be two much diſcretion for a Maid "in wrath, and curious, *return'd* Meladine, and "and that tryes to inſtruct him, and revenge "her ſelf. You have reaſon, *ſaid* Acomat, *who would have had ſomething to have reproach'd* Zelindaxe *with, when ſhe ſhould ſee his*) "and if you will be rul'd by me, you ſhall "read it, and let yours be read, that you may "be both ſatisfied. I am reſolv'd of it, (*ſaid* Meladine *again, letting go* Abindarrays's "*Arm.*) And I alſo (*anſwer'd he, letting hers "go.*) Then both of them began to read thoſe Papers they had gotten; during which *Zelindaxe* and *Acomat* waited with a ſtrange inquietude, which the reading of theſe Papers produc'd in their minds. When they had done reading them, *Meladine* looking upon *Abindarrays*, with eyes all ſhining with and full of deſpite and fierceneſs: "In truth, "*ſaid ſhe*, you are the moſt conſtant of all "men, and the moſt worthy to be belov'd. "And in truth, *anſwer'd he*, you are likewiſe "the moſt conſtant of all women, and the "moſt worthy to belov'd. The Letter that "you have wrote, *return'd* Meladine, proves "all that which I have ſaid. That which "you have receiv'd, *anſwer'd* Abindarrays, "lets us ſee all that which you have not ſaid. "Ah! without doubt (*added ſhe, turning her "ſelf towards* Zelindaxe) you are the moſt "faithful Friend that is in *Africa*. And you "the moſt faithful Friend in all *Mauritania*, "*reply'd* Abindarrays, *ſpeaking to the unjuſt* "Acomat. I am not however more culpa-"ble than you, *ſaid* Zelindaxe *to* Meladine. "Nor I more criminal than *Abindarrays, added "preſently* Acomat, *looking on him.* But that "we may be all upon even terms, *ſaid* Mela-"dine, as the Letter which *Acomat* wrote to "me, and that which *Zelindaxe* wrote to *A-"bindarrays*, have been ſeen; I think it but "juſt that we ſee alſo that which *Abindarrays* "wrote to *Zelindaxe*. Provided, *reply'd he*, "that you will let us ſee at the ſame time, "that which the faithful *Acomat* receiv'd "from you. I'll give you my hand to it,

I am

"I am not in the mind to oppoſe it, *anſwer'd* "Meladine. Nor will I, *ſaid* Acomat, ſince "that you are not againſt it. And in ſaying this, he gave the Letter to the Illuſtrious *Abindarrays*, that he might read it; and *Zelindaxe* gave alſo the Verſes of *Abindarrays* to *Acomat*, that he might read them. When *Abindarrays* had done reading: "Ah! Ma- "dam, *ſaid he to* Meladine, for one ſo high- "minded, you have ſaid too much in that "Billet: and ſince the crime of another has "made you a ſinner, as it is often found among "Criminals, your Innocency will be but lit- "tle aſſur'd. Be it ſo, *anſwer'd ſhe again*, "let us however, hear a little your fine words; "and the laſt production of your Love and "your Muſe. *Acomat* then began to read out aloud, and when he had done: "Ah! with- "out doubt, *ſaid* Meladine *laughing*, *Zelin- "daxe* knows nothing of the Fable, and you "had a mind to teach her a Leſſon in your "fine Verſes: For, for my part I confeſs my "ignorance, and ingenuouſly avow that I "know not half of thoſe Poetical Ladies, "whom I have heard nam'd. You exerciſe "a revengeful Juſtice, *anſwer'd he laughing*, "and you endeavour to revenge your ſelf by "your Proſe, of that which pleas'd you not "in my Verſes. But however though it be "not difficult to return your raillery, and "to defend my Fables, which are the "faireſt Ornaments of Poeſie, I had rather "leave them to your Satyr, than ſtay from "reproaching the unfaithful *Acomat*, for the "out-rage that he has done me. As great as you "imagin it, *anſwer'd he*, I am perſwaded, that "it will not be hard for me to defend it, nor "to juſtifie that which I have done. It will "not be the ſame thing with *Zelindaxe* then, "*ſaid* Meladine, for having abuſed my confi- "dence, and betray'd our Amity; ſhe has "committed a crime ſhe cannot excuſe, and "which ought to make her bluſh with con- "fuſion and ſhame. But this bluſhing, it may "be, will make her appear the more fair, *re- "ply'd* Zelindaxe: ſo that her repentance "might be as dangerous to you as her crime, "and her ſhame as contrary to you as her "glory. Notwithſtanding as there was a very great agreement between this pretended crime, and that of which they accuſed *A- comat*, and that *Acomat* had infinitely more wit than *Zelindaxe*, ſhe was of the opinion not to meddle with it; but leave the care to him of making her Apologie with his own. "To ſpeak the Truth, *reply'd* Abindarrays, "I think it will be no eaſie matter to ſay "which of us four is moſt blame-worthy, or "the moſt worthy to be excuſed: For indeed to "begin with my ſelf, I cannot deny but that "there hath been a little inconſtancy in my "proceeding: but *Meladine* ought alſo to "confeſs that her judgement hath tranſgreſs'd "in the choice of her Confident; for that "ſhe hath been more the cauſe of my fault "than I, and in putting me ſo often into the "hands of ſo dangerous an Enemy, ſhe hath "expoſed me to be overcome, and hath been "the cauſe of my overthrow. As to what "concerns her, a thouſand ſervices which I "have render'd her, ſhould have hinder'd "her from becoming unfaithful to me: but "the merit of *Acomat* ſpeaks in her favour, "and lets us ſee clearly how ill my conduct "hath been, in making choice of a Confident "ſo fit to become my Rival. It is not but "that my Rival ought to have remember'd "that he was my Friend, and that to him I "had intruſted my Secret, and my Fortune: "but the Beauty of *Meladine* depoſes for him: "and to anſwer that, wherefore ſhould I ex- "poſe him to a peril, which I have not been "able to avoid my ſelf? wherefore have I "fooliſhly imagined, that he would have a "greater care of my Intereſt, than I have had "of it by making me a confident ſo redoubta- "ble? and why ſhould I believe him more "ſtrong, than I have been? As for *Zelin- "daxe*, *Meladine* might be able truly to accuſe "her of ſome perfidy towards her: but "not being able to find her excuſe in my me- "rit; ſhe muſt find it in my happineſs. And "if that *Acomat* complains, that ſhe hath "quitted him for *Abindarrays*, *Zelindaxe* "at the ſame time complains that *Acomat* "hath quitted her for *Meladine*. So that if "one ſhould ask which are the moſt culpable, "whether thoſe who deceive, or thoſe who "permit themſelves to be deceived: thoſe "perfidious Lovers, or thoſe unfaithful Con- "fidents; thoſe changeable Miſtreſſes, or thoſe "inconſtant Servants; thoſe evil Lovers, or "thoſe evil Friends; I ſhould anſwer that "they are all alike: and that the equality "of Crime, ought to produce between them, "an equality of pardon. So that I conclude "of a General Amneſty, and a reciprocal "Oblivion of all that has paſs'd, and I or- "dain (if I may be Judge and Party) that e- "very one return to his firſt Poſt, and that "every one aſſume his firſt Irons, and that "there be not a word more ſpoken of all "this. And I, *reply'd* Meladine, pronounce "more equitably; and that it not being poſ- "ſible after all theſe things paſſed to re- "eſtabliſh any confidence between us, it may "be permitted to every one to take the party "whom they like beſt; without having from "this time forward, any tye between us four "as to what concerns Love. We do not "appeal from this ſentence (*cry'd out the three others at once.*) And indeed they remain'd Friends without being Lovers: and without having ever after any commerce of that Na- ture. For *Meladine*, nor *Zelindaxe* could have but little aſſurance of the Love of *A- bindarrays*, nor of *Acomat*, ſeeing them ſo changeable: *Acomat* and *Abindarrays*, could not have any repoſe in their minds, after that which they had done to *Zelindaxe* and *Mela- dine*: This laſt took no more heed of, or put any more truſt in, the Amity of the other, after ſhe was found guilty of infidelity. The other had no more in hers, knowing after what

what manner she had offended, and what cause she had given her self. *Abindarrays* neither had any more respect for a long time, for his Confident, but look'd on him as a man who had deceiv'd him, and who of his Friend had become his Rival. *Acomat* had also too much offended *Abindarrays*, for to be in a condition to have any confidence in him, not to be punish'd for his perfidy: So that all these four were very well oder'd, after this manner. But, my Lord, as our Illustrious *Granadine* had a Fire, which was not to go out any more than that of the Vestals, and of which he only chang'd the matter which fed it, he soon rekindl'd his extinguish'd Flames; and this agreeable *Camelion*, who takes all colours, pass'd very soon from the love of a big person, to that of very small one. She was called *Halime*; and though her stature was not very advantageous, she had, however so fine a make for her bigness, that her fault seem'd to be her perfection. So that the illustrious *Abindarrays* had for her a Passion as great, as she was little, and as great a love for her, at least, as he had for *Meladine*. But, my Lord, as these three different Loves, which he already had, had begun to give him a very ill Reputation in matter of fidelity and constancy, he found *Halime* upon her guard: So much that when he made her the Declaration of it, and that he would perswade her, that he came to take her Chains: No, no, *said she to him laughing*, "O too incredible *Abindarrays*, that which "you tell me cannot be; and that which you "would have me believe, cannot be believ'd. "For indeed these who love Gyants, cannot be "in love with Dwarfs: those who see a Beau- "ty in Colossusses, cannot find it in so small a "Figure, after having an Object so vast, and "so high, he could not stoop his Imaginati- "on to an Object so small and so low. In "a word, after having look'd on a Cedar, he "could not behold a small Herb; and as one "could not pass from one extreme to ano- "ther, without passing the middle, he ought "at least, after having loved *Meladine*, to have "lov'd some other person, of a middle Sta- "ture, before he should descend so low as "her: and before she should be able to be- "lieve a thing so incredible. Ah! cruel and "jeering person that you are, *reply'd he*, you "know not then, that all extremes know "touch one another: and that it is also ne- "cessary, that after having serv'd a Lady of "that height, I should adore one as little as "the other was great, and as amiable as the "other had little of it. Without lying, "(*said* Halime *laughing out-right*) you would "have a terrible fall: and I know not why "you should not tremble at so high a fall. It "is, *answer'd he very gallantly*, because I see "something at the bottom of this Precipice, "too fair to let me fear. Indeed Madam, "*continued he*, the Mountains for their exces- "sive height, are not the finest places of the "Earth; Colossusses and Gyants give more "astonishment than admiration; and they are "not but the Monsters of Art, and of Nature. "O too changeable *Abindarrays*, *answer'd she*, "it is not three days since that you would "have said as much of Pigmies; and that you "would have sworn, that Ostriges were more "fair than Parroquetois, and that the Pyra- "mids of *Egypt*, were the only Miracles of the "World, and the only things one ought to "admire. I know not, *reply'd he*, if I should "have sworn it at that time; but I know very "well that I shall not swear it now. And in "truth, *continued he*, these Colossusses of "Flesh, which you mention, these living "Masses of which I speak, they never have "almost any Grace, nor any agreement in "their Air, nor in their Port, nor in their "Actions: They are tyred with their own "weight, they go ill, they dance ill, and all "they do is awkward. They have for the "most part the voice of *Jupiter* the Thun- "derer, which gives more of fear than of "love: and if by a Prodigie it should happen "that it should be more sweet, it being dis- "proportioned to the enormity of their Sta- "ture, by consequence it would be but still "evil. In a word, such a tall Gyantess "would be supportable at the head of an Ar- "my of *Amazons*, with a Pike in her Hand; "but she would not become a Fan, nor "would she be so fit for Love, as for War. "Besides it is oftentimes with these great Bo- "dies, as with great uninhabited Palaces, "where one shall find no body: There is no- "thing of Wit within, nothing that will "please one in so great a Machine: On the "other side little persons are all life, all mirth, "and altogether pleasing: They have the "less of the Earth, and more of Fire; they "have more Soul, and less Body; they have "more Wit, and less Matter: and by conse- "quence, being more amiable, it is more "just, they should be the more beloved. How- "ever, *reply'd* Halime, you have been a great "Heretick, or you are one now. I confess "the first, *answer'd* Abindarrays. And you "will soon confess the second, *reply'd she*, for "you are not long in the same opinion. Af- ter this manner, my Lord, began the love of this illustrious *Granadine*, with this jovial *African*, who did not find *Abindarrays* more jolly, than he found her: and the wit of the Lover appear'd not less great to the Lady, than the body of the Lady appear'd small to the eyes of the Lover. Nevertheless, since what had pass'd made her to fear what was to come, she did not render her self at first, she resisted a long time: and every time that this illustrious *Granadine* entertain'd her with his love, she told him laughing, That she was no Gyantess, and that it was not possible for him to love Dwarfs. But as perseverance o- vercomes the strongest incredulity, it over- came her at last: and there was establish'd between them, a reciprocal good liking, as great as *Halime* was small, and as *Abindarrays* was gallant. But to pass from Love to *Mars*,

and from his Paſſion to his Bravery: I muſt in this place recite to you a new Combat which he had at *Ceuta*, becauſe it was in the purſuit of his Love, which is the principal ſubject of my Narration. I will tell you then, my Lord, that there was then in that Town a man called *Imirſe*, who of a baſe Birth, came to be rais'd to a very high Fortune: having acquired by his Courage, and good Fortune, as much Riches as Glory, and as much of Reputation as of Riches. But as there is no felicity, but what is follow'd with ſome diſgrace; he had that of becoming amorous in the ſame place with *Alamut*, who was then Governour of *Ceuta*; and ſo much above him by his Quality, and by his Offices. He of whom I ſpeak being naturally fierce and proud, could not endure a Rival of this nature, and made him to be told by one of his Friends who knew him, that he ſhould not engage himſelf any farther in that reſearch, and that withdrawing himſelf, he ſhould render to him that reſpect, which he ought to his Condition, and to his Employ. But as *Imirſe* was amorous and brave, he anſwer'd fiercely that inclinations were free; and that it was by Merit, and not by Authority, that he ought to gain his Miſtreſs: and as for him, not being a man to do any thing for fear, he would live the time to come, as he had even till then. As *Alamut* was of a very violent Temper, and the more being already deſpoſed to it by diſpite and jealouſie, an anſwer ſo ſtout made him take fire, ſo that encountering *Imirſe* about an hour after in the Walk, he pretended that he had not ſaluted him: and in the conteſtation, which was made with too much bitterneſs on either ſide, he was carried ſo far as to give him ſome blows with his Cane. The other who had ſpirit enough, put his hand to his Sword to have return'd this out-rage, but *Alamut*'s Guards inviron'd him, and without giving him any time, they gave him a hundred blows with the handles of their Halbards, and uſed him very ill. It follow'd, as *Imirſe* was but a ſimple Soldier of Fortune, whom the War had enrich'd, *Alamut* made it be publiſh'd every where, that he not being a man of his Quality, if any one whatſoever ſhould have the boldneſs to bring him a Challenge on the part of ſuch a kind of man, he would cauſe him to be flung forth of the Windows, without excepting any Body. But you may judge well, my Lord, that the unhappy ever having but few Friends, the poor *Imirſe* could not find many in this troubleſom rencounter: for being born in a Family, who had not made a profeſſion of Arms, he could not find among them ſuch as ſhould ſerve him on this occaſion: and although his Merit, his Eſtate, and his Liberality, had acquired him ſome others, they were all cowardly in this buſineſs, and not one offer'd himſelf to him. But he ſtaid not there, he apply'd himſelf to all one after another, he demanded of all the aſſiſtance which they did not offer him, and all refuſed him cowardly; for as they well knew the violent ſpirit of *Alamut*, they did not doubt but that he would execute what he had ſaid, and that he ſhould take but an ill ſide, that ſhould undertake ſo nice a commiſſion, and ſo perilous an employment. In the mean time, *Imirſe* not being able to reſolve to live with infamy, would die deſperate, not being able to imagine the ways to repair his honour: for beſides that to revenge himſelf by an aſſaſſinate were no fair revenge, it was not poſſible for him to bring it about, having to do with an Enemy lodg'd in a Cittadel, encompaſs'd always with his Guards, and always follow'd with a great number of Friends, which his Rank had ty'd to his perſon, and to his Fortune. But as neceſſity is ingenious, chiefly in the wit of a man, who having his Heart greater than the affliction, would not be confounded: the deſolate *Imirſe* found at laſt among thoſe whom he had not known, that which he had to no purpoſe ſought among thoſe whom he had known. In truth, when he knew no more what to do, nor what would become of it, as he had heard ſpoken very advantageouſly of the valour of *Abindarrays*, it came happily into his mind, that, although he was not known to him, he would not refuſe him his protection, if he demanded it of him. He went immediately to ſeek him, and having found him at the Port, where he was walking alone. "My Lord, (*ſaid he very ſofily approaching him, after he had ſaluted him with much reſpect*) your great Reputation cauſes "my boldneſs: and I believe that your Va- "lour not being leſs than your Quality, you "will not refuſe your aſſiſtance to an abuſed "Soldier, who will die, or have ſatisfaction "for that abuſe; and who knows that you "are too brave not to grant him a favour, "which in granting him, will accompliſh, or "at leaſt repair his Honour. If it be, as you "ſay, *anſwer'd this illuſtrious* Granadine, how "great ſoever your Enemy be, I promiſe to "ſerve you, and not to give you cauſe to re- "pent you of your choice. Therefore with- "out loſing time in unprofitable ſpeeches, tell "me his name, who hath offended you, that I "may cauſe him to give ſatisfaction. It is *A-* "*lamut*, (*anſwer'd the valiant diſconſolate.*) "Are you then *Imirſe*? *reply'd* Abindarrays. "Yes, my Lord, I am the unfortunate *Imirſe*, "*anſwer'd he again*, who not being able to "live without Glory, conjure you to help him "to recover it. Since you are a Soldier I will "hold you noble, *return'd the courageous Son of* "Caraman, and as much Governour of *Ceuta* "as *Alamut* is, he ſhall give you ſatisfaction, "or I will loſe my Reputation in the eyes of "all *Africa*. It is not that I am ignorant of "that which he menaces, to thoſe who ſhall "ſpeak to him for you; but ſuch a Heart as "mine will not boggle at ſo ſmall a thing: "and I ſhall let him know that every man "who offends a Soldier ought to content "him, were he of the moſt Noble Blood of the

" the Earth. Ah! my Lord, *ſaid* Imirſe, if I " were in a place, that would permit it, I " would fling my ſelf at your feet for to " thank you: but inſtead of it I proteſt to you, " that if the Sword of *Alamut* leaves me " Blood and Life, I will employ them both " in your ſervice, with a joy without com- " pare: and I will ſeek occaſions with ſo " much diligence, that it ſhall be difficult, " but I will find them. Let us not retard " your ſatisfaction by complements, *reply'd* " Abindarrays, I do not but what I ought: " and oppreſſed Virtue is not a thing that one " ought to let ſuffer under oppreſſion. At theſe words he order'd him to go and ſtay in the Field of *Tombs*, which was about five hundred paces from the Town: and as ſoon as he was gone, he went towards the Citadel, reſolving to acquit himſelf of his promiſe, what peril ſoever he ſhould run. As ſoon as he came at the firſt Sentinel, he was ſtopp'd, but having told them who he was, and that he came to give a viſit to the Governour: at the name of *Abindarrays* the Bridges were let down, and the Gates were opened; and at the laſt he found *Alamut* ready to receive him. " I am much obliged to " you for the pains you have taken, *ſaid he to* " *this illuſtrious* Granadine. As generous as " you are, (*anſwer'd* Abindarrays *ſpeaking low, that he might not be heard by the Soldiers of the* " *Guard*) you will be more ſo, when you ſhall " know the true cauſe of my viſit; ſince by " it you may acquire new Honour. Pray let " me know it quickly, *return'd* Alamut, for " I will not loſe the leaſt occaſion, if I may be " ſo happy to find it. I do aſſure you that " you ſhall by my advice, *reply'd the valiant* " *Son of* Caraman, when I ſhall tell you that " *Imirſe*, whom you have offended, deſires " to ſee you with your Sword in your hand, " that he may have ſatisfaction for ſo great " an out-rage: and as I believe you ſo brave, to " refuſe ſatisfaction to one you ought to give " it; I have no more to ſay to you, but to let " you ſee that he is not far from hence: and " to take from you all ſcruple by my Exam- " ple, I ask from you one ſimple Soldier of " your Garriſon, provided he be a ſtout fel- " low; for in the buſineſs of fighting to " wrangle about Quality, is a thing that re- " liſhes not with me, and I believe it doth " not no more with you. At the name of *Imirſe*, *Alamut* grew red, anger appear'd in his Eyes; and one might well perceive that he did deliberate with himſelf, if he ſhould treat *Abindarrays*, as he had boaſted he would treat any one who ſhould ſpeak to him for *Imirſe*. But conſidering the Nobleneſs of the *Abencerrages*, the high Rank which *Caraman* held in the World, and alſo which he had in the eſteem of the true Emperour of *Morocco*, for whom *Alamut* had declar'd as well as he, he was conſtrain'd to change his thoughts, and to uſe him with more moderation, than he was engaged to by his threats. So that taking a middle courſe between that which he had ſaid he would do, and that which he could not do: " *Imirſe* is no leſs cunning than " inſolent, *anſwer'd he to* Abindarrays, in ſend- " ing to me by you a Meſſage of this Nature: " for if it had been done by a man of leſs " worth, I ſhould have taught the Meſſenger " what it was to loſe the reſpect he ſhould owe " to me in this place. But the conſideration " I have for *Caraman*, and for your Quality, " has freed you from an adventure, from " which no other ſhould have eſcap'd: al- " though you have given me a great abuſe in " making me a propoſition to fight with an " Enemy ſo much below me. Notwith- " ſtanding, *continued he*, to let you ſee that I " do not refuſe *Imirſe*, but becauſe that he " is too unworthy ſo great an Honour, I will " do that with you, which you would have " me do with him: and as for him, to do " him more honour than he merits, an Officer " of my Garriſon ſhall take care to puniſh his " Temerity. We will not diſpute about that, " *reply'd* Abindarrays, take only a ſecond, for " when we ſhall be upon the place, we will " agree well enough upon that Article, the " difficulty of which will not let us return " without fighting. With this condition, " *return'd* Alamut, I am ready to follow you " any where, and to go any where upon " your word. Be aſſur'd of it, *anſwer'd the* " *illuſtrious* Granadine, and you ſhall have on- " ly one Cemiter to oppoſe you: But it is of " *Damask* ſteel, *added he laughing*, and moſt " aſſuredly its cuts very well. Mine is of no " leſs good temper, *reply'd* Alamut, and I " am much deceiv'd if you will not grant it. After this they convers'd aloud of indifferent things, that none might doubt of their intentions: After which *Alamut* having given his command to one of the braveſt of his Officers to follow him, (which Officer was his Brother) they three went together out of the Citadel, and took the way to the Field of *Tombs* where *Imirſe* ſtaid, without any one of the Garriſon perceiving any thing of the Quarrel. As ſoon as they come there, the abuſed Soldier came forth from among thoſe magnificent Sepulchers; and advancing fiercely towards *Alamut*, with his Cemiter in his hand: " My Lord, *ſaid he*, I will let you " ſee that I am worthy to be better treated, " and that my Courage ought to make me be " eſteem'd noble. *Alamut* drawing, turn'd himſelf a little towards *Abindarrays*, though he put himſelf upon his guard againſt *Imirſe*, and looking both ways at once, that he might not be ſtruck at by one, whilſt he was ſpeaking to the other: *Abindarrays*, *ſaid he*, *with* " *a very fierce tone*, according to our condi- " tions, it is with you that I have to do, and if " you break them, I ſhall make you do me " Reaſon for breaking your word, and we " ſhall do that another time, which we do " not now. We will do then all that you " pleaſe (*anſwer'd the valiant* Granadine, *taking* " *alſo his Sword into his hand*) but for the pre- " ſent ſatisfie my friend, whilſt I paſs my

" time with yours. In saying this, he turn'd himself toward's *Alamut*'s Second, who also soon drawing his Cemiter, he receiv'd him like a man of courage. In the mean time the Governour of *Ceuta*, not being able to hinder it, saw himself forc'd to defend himself against *Imirse*, who set upon him, with a bravery altogether great. This Combat was not long: for *Imirse* at the very first gave a cut with his Cemiter upon the right Shoulder of his Enemy, which made the blood to run down upon the Earth: and putting by that which *Alamut* would have discharg'd upon his head, they came to handigripes: at which the Governour being the weaker, in spite of all his resistance, was overthrown in the dust, and flung under *Imirse*, who endeavour'd to shorten his Sword, that he might thrust it into his body: when that *Alamut* letting his fall upon the Grass, seis'd his Arm with both his Hands, that he might force from him his, or at least hinder him from using it. But, my Lord, whilst this pass'd between these two brave men, *Abindarrays* press'd so roughly upon him, whom he had to do with, that not being able to hold out against him, he made him retreat far back, and put him absolutely into disorder. In the sequel the Brother of *Alamut* going to give a blow with his Cemiter to the illustrious *Granadine*, he warded it with his, and passing at the same instant upon him, he seis'd the Guard of his Sword with his left hand; and bearing the point of his own against his Belly: " If you do not let " go your Sword *(said he in a menacing tone)* " I will thrust mine into your body up to the " Hilts. The other would have done the same thing with the hand he had yet at liberty; but at the same instant *Abindarrays* thrusting forward with much force, struck up his Heels so skilfully, that he fell at his Feet, his Arms remaining to the Conquerour. Then this Illustrious *Granadine* holding both the Cemiters in his Hand, ran diligently towards *Imirse* and *Alamut*; and finding them in the condition I told you, the first having all the odds of the Combat, and the other undermost and wounded, he address'd his words to the Governour, and speaking very civilly to him: " Brave *Alamut*, *said he*, you see that " Fortune and Justice have abandoned your " Valour; therefore render your Sword to " *Imirse*, who is too generous to use it ill; " and who being most unjustly treated as it " seem'd to him, he will oblige you without " doubt by his proceeding, to repent you of " that violence, and also to you give him " the honour of your Friendship, of which " you may see he is very worthy. I confess it " *(answer'd he in letting go his Cemiter)* and I " give it him wholly, if he be in the humour " to receive it. It is too glorious for me to " refuse it *(reply'd* Imirse, *letting him rise)* and " as my passion is not so great, as one may " believe it; now that I may yield to you " without shame, I shall not dispute with " you any more. At these words, these four brave men embraced one another: And *Abindarrays* and *Imirse* having rendred their Cemiters to *Alamut*, and to his Brother, all four returned to the Town, where *Alamut* had his wound dress'd, which was more great than dangerous, and of which he was soon healed. In the mean time, *Imirse* having accompanied *Abindarrays* to his House, forgot nothing of all that, which might let him see his acknowledments; and speaking to him with all the civility possible. " Ah! my " Lord, *said he, being about to leave him*, since " that I owe you for my Honour, I owe you " for more than my life: and if I am ever " wanting in gratitude, after so strict an Ob- " ligation, hold me for the worst of all men, " and for the most unworthy to live a day. " That is a thing which I do not fear, *an-* " *swer'd* Abindarrays; and you are too brave " to be ingrate. Time however manifested that the Illustrious *Granadine* might have fear'd it, and all the Virtues are not always together in the same Heart. But at last, after a thousand other Complements they separated, and the noise of this Combat being spread through all the Town, after that *Alamut* had generously recounted it, *Caraman* knew it as well as others: so that returning home, where he found his Son alone: " *A-* " *bindarrays, said he with an obliging air*, as " the oppression of the weak is shameful, " their Protection is full of Glory: and there " is as much Honour got in defending them, " as there is Dishonour in attacking them. The same Father then, who had cut off the Head of his Son, had he been a King, for having fought without Order, now praises him for having preferr'd Reason to Might, and Reputation to Danger. " My Lord, *an-* " *swer'd the generous* Abindarrays, your Illu- " strious Life has given me too great Exam- " ples of Virtue, not to follow them; and " to do simply but ones duty, is not a thing " that merits the praise of such a person as " you. Their conversation would have been long and tender: but *Caraman* made it short, because he believ'd he was obliged to render a visit to the Governour of *Ceuta*, under whose Authority he liv'd in his exile. He went thither presently; and *Alamut* had no sooner seen him, but streatching out his Arms within his Couch. " O invincible *Caraman*, " *said he to him*, you have a Son worthy to " be yours, since he gives Victory to whom " he pleases. I have a Son, whom I shall dis- " own for such, *reply'd this illustrious Exile*, " if he merits not by his services, the praises " which you give him: and if he do not make " you amends for doing an action you may " not have approv'd. That has been too fair " to be condemn'd, *answer'd* Alamut *again*, " and having made me a Friend of a Rival, " and a Friend which I esteem much more than " I had despis'd him, before that he was so; I " owe him more of thanks, than of reproaches; " and more of tenderness, than I had of in- " justice, in not esteeming a Man whom all the

"the world ought to eſteem, though he be "not of a high Birth. That which you ſay "is ſo fair, ſo generous, and ſo great, *reply'd the* "*illuſtrious* Caraman, that it places the Van- "quiſh'd above the Conquerour; and the "Glory of the firſt more high than that of "the other. Such was ſome part of the con- verſation between *Caraman* and *Alamut*: to whom the hopes ſoon to eſpouſe his Miſtreſs reſtor'd his health within a very little time. And indeed he ſaw, by his marriage with her, himſelf the poſſeſſor; and by a favourable Adventure, from his Defeat came his Tri- umph, and from his Misfortune his Happineſs: For *Imirſe* was no more an obſtacle; and the deſpite of inconſtancy, made the fair offend- ed one to conſent to it, to puniſh him, and to revenge her ſelf. But to return to the il- luſtrious *Albindarrays*, he fail'd not, no more than others to give a viſit to *Alamut*, he car- ried thither alſo the valiant *Imirſe*, who was receiv'd by the Governour and his Brother with all the civility that was due to his cou- rage, if not with what was due to his con- dition; and as if there had nothing paſs'd between them, which had cauſed any anger one towards another. But now that ſo fine Combat made with the Chief man of the Town, made *Imirſe* be very highly eſteem'd by all people ſo much, that he bearing this advantage not like one of a mean Spirit, and acting after as hardy a manner, as if he were noble, there was not a perſon in *Ceuta*, who did not treat him as his equal: which redoubled in his Soul his acknowledgements for *Abindarrays*, knowing well that it was to him only, that he ow'd all this Glory: and that without him only, he had never been able to have drawn himſelf from the ſhame, with which his low quality, and the violence of *Alamut* had cover'd him. On the other ſide the illuſtrious *Granadine* going to viſit *Halime*, was receiv'd as a Conque- rour: and the beauty of his Action equalling that of his Miſtreſs, he did not find her either fierce, nor cruel at this time: and that fair perſon render'd then to his merit, all that ſhe juſtly ought. But he was not however but little the more happy: For knowing that the Campaign approach'd, that he ſhould be baniſh'd from *Ceuta*, and ſhould be led to War; the certain privation of his good, caus'd his evil, and render'd him unhappy before hand. "The Deſtiny of people of my "Profeſſion is ſtrange when they love, *ſaid he* "*to the amiable* Halime; for indeed how "much ſoever they may be favoured, they "are ſeen at one time of the year unfortunate, "or to ſay better, they are always ſo: for the "infallible certitude of one diſgrace, troubles "all the joys of a Lover, empoyſons all his "pleaſures, and lets him not reliſh thoſe even "in his tranquility. In truth, be he preſent, "be he abſent, he is ſtill a ſufferer, and when "that Love himſelf hath crown'd him, the "moſt fair of his Roſes, are not without "Thorns. There is then, *reply'd* Halime, "a queſtion to be made about it, which in "my opinion will not be eaſily reſolved: I "would fain know, which a Lover ought "to chuſe, whether to be belov'd, and never "to ſee his Miſtreſs, or not to be belov'd, "and always to ſee her? Ah! Madam (*an- ſwer'd* Abindarrays *ſighing*) it appears well, "by the queſtion you have ask'd, or that "you have never lov'd, or that you never "were abſent from that which you lov'd: "for nothing comes near to that cruel puniſh- "ment, which this cruel abſence makes "thoſe who love to endure, when they are "deprived of the Object of their Love. "They have not any more any ſatisfaction, "they have a thouſand inquietudes: and the "thought alone of never ſeeing that one "loves, ought to kill the heart, though it "knows it is much belov'd. Jealouſie is "always preſent with the abſent Lover, puts "him continually into Hell: and the ſole "*Idea* of the felicity of his Rivals, redoubles "infinitely his miſery. Indeed, never to ſee "that one would ever ſee, and to ſee that ever "which one would never ſee, to love where "one is not, and not to love to be where "one is, to hope nothing, and to fear every "thing, is ſo miſerable an Eſtate, that none "but abſent Lovers and the Damned ſuffer "it, or can be able to ſuffer it. How cruel "ſoever the perſon may be that one adores, "how inexorable ſoever one may find her, "he who is ſo ill treated hath ſome happy "moments when he ſees her: In ſpite, I ſay, "either of Fortune, or of her: and the ſight "of that, which is dear to one, hath certain "infallible charms, which fail not to operate. "But in that terrible ſeparation from the "thing belov'd, that pleaſant ſuſpenſion of "grief is not found, and the very remem- "bring a felicity which is no more, becomes "the torture of the abſent Lover, and the "moſt inſupportable of his pains. So that I "conclude, and as I think with Reaſon, that "it is better, not to be lov'd, and always to "ſee ones Miſtreſs, than to be lov'd and never "to ſee her. For my part, *return'd* Halime, "I am of another opinion, and the grief of "abſence appears not to me, but as a dream "in compariſon, I ſay, not only with the "ſcorn of the perſon that ſhould love; but, "I ſay, even with its ſimple indifference. This "is a torment which renews it ſelf every mo- "ment: one cannot hear a word, one ſees not "the leaſt motion of the Eyes, in which one "is not out-rag'd at the heart, which is not "a puniſhment to the Soul; and the more "one loves, the more importune it is; and the "trouble of the ſufferer, becomes an evil to "them who cauſe the ſuffering. It makes her "not to ſpeak, or if ſhe ſpeaks, it is in anger, or "which is yet worſe than either, ſhe ſpeaks with "diſdain, and ſuppoſing that the heart is no- "ble and ſenſible, it endures that which none "can tell, and that which no one is able to "imagine. But, *continued ſhe*, I am more- "over perſwaded that all this is nothing in com-

" compariſon of that dreadful grief that one " hath to ſee a Rival favour'd before him, " and to ſee himſelf ſcorn'd before him. As " your Misfortune becomes his Glory, his Glo- " ry becomes alſo your Misfortune: he hath " not more of Satisfaction, than you have of " Deſpite; and the meaſure of your Rival's " Glory is that of your Grief. Beſides, I do " not believe that it is true in this occaſion, " that the preſence of the Object belov'd, " does ſweeten the bitterneſs of him who " loves; for in theſe cruel inſtants he loves " no more, he hates his Miſtreſs as much as " his Rival, he would have them both to " periſh; and whilſt this terrible agitation " laſts, he is rather an Enemy than a Lover. " What ſhall I ſay more? I think it is to " compare the ſhadow to the body, and a " dream to truth, to oppoſe the jealouſie of " an abſent perſon, to the jealouſie of an un- " happy one, who ſees his unhappineſs. How " lively, and how ingenious ſoever the imagi- " nation may be, it cannot come near to that " which falls under the ſenſes: and as theſe " Phantaſms have no Bodies, that which " touches only the Fancy, is not like that " which ſtrikes the Eyes; and the inviſible " Image of an Evil, cannot equal the Evil it " ſelf, however delicate and unſpotted the " ſenſe be where it is figur'd. But if theſe " light Images have any conſiderable force, it " is when for his conſolation, the abſent Lo- " ver repreſents to himſelf that he is beloved " without being ſeen, as well as he loves " without ſeeing: that ſhe whom he loves " dreams of him, as he dreams of her; that his " Miſtreſs thinks him there where he is not, " as he thinks her there where ſhe is not: that " he is preſent to her memory, as ſhe is pre- " ſent to his mind; that ſhe forgets him no " more than he forgets her; and that by a " reciprocal imagination, they are joyned by " Love whom Fortune ſeparates; or rather " that Fortune can never ſeparate that which " Love hath ſo well joyn'd. So that with all " theſe Reaſons I conclude, contrary to your " opinion, that a Lover inſtead of chuſing not " to be belov'd, and always to ſee his Miſtreſs, " ought rather to chuſe never to ſee her, and " to be belov'd. Ah Madam! *anſwer'd* A- " bindarrays, all your Eloquence cannot per- " ſwade at this time an unhappy one, who al- " ready ſees himſelf ſo near leaving you: " for judging of that which he ſhall feel, by " that which he doth feel; and of the real " evil, by the ſimple apprehenſion that he " hath of it, it is eaſie for him to conceive " that he is going to be the moſt unfortunate " of all men, and the moſt worthy of com- " paſſion. At leaſt, *reply'd ſhe*, there will be " no fear that your Rivals will render you " ſuch; and ſince that you have not any, you " will at leaſt be exempt always from the " moſt cruel of all the torments of Love, ac- " cording to the Maximes which you your " ſelf have eſtabliſh'd. O Madam, *reply'd* A- " bindarrays, that which is not yet may be: " you have alſo too much of Beauty, that it " ſhould not be; and the pleaſing ſolitude " in which I have ſeen you is an happy *inter-* " *regnum*, which will not laſt long. How- " ever, *return'd* Halime, if you find that I " have Slaves at your return, I do aſſure you " that they ſhall not think well of their Irons; " and that there are none in all the Coaſt of " *Barbery*, who will find ſlavery ſo rude, and " ſo hard to be born. Would to Heaven, " *reply'd he ſighing*, that their chains may be " as heavy as you ſay they ſhall be: but if my " ſecond Voyage to *Morocco* be not more hap- " py to me than the firſt, your Captives will " not be ſo miſerable, and I ſhall be much " more than they. Methinks, *anſwer'd ſhe* " *ſmiling*, that *Zelindaxe* is too big, and *Ha-* " *lime* too little to reſemble one another: that " the compariſon is not very juſt; and that " what ſhe did is not ſo alſo. He will be " very glad at leaſt that it be not ſo, *reply'd* " *he*, and he ſo much loves your Glory, as " to wiſh in this buſineſs, that he ſhould be " rather culpable than you. See, my Lord, what the converſation of theſe two Illuſtri- ſtrious perſons was, who were but little more together: For the *Cherif* having ſent his Orders to *Caraman*, he muſt depart, and reſolve of a ſeparation: The only fear of which had given ſo ſenſible a grief to the generous *Abindarrays*. But it was not never- theleſs without taking leave of *Halime*; with- out making a thouſand proteſtations of an inviolable fidelity, and without receiving from her as many of an Amity that nothing ſhould be able to violate. But one of theſe two was not ſincere: Nevertheleſs, that we may leave things in a pleaſant ſuſpenſion, I will not tell you yet which of them was firſt perjur'd, that you may have ſome impati- ence to know it. *Imirſe* did not fail to take his leave of the generous *Abindarrays*; and to renew to him the marks of his acknow- ledgement, as well as the promiſes of his ſer- vice: And moreover to aſſure him, that he would very often viſit *Halime* during his abſence, that he might make her remember him: but you ſhall ſee that he faithfully kept his word, and did not fail to viſit her often. After this he accompanied *Caraman* and *Abin- darrays*, to the Citadel, when they went to take leave of the Governour, from whence *Abindarrays* went to take leave of his faith- ful friend *Albinhamat*; after which the ge- nerous Father, and the illuſtrious Son took their way to the Army, and joyned with their Troops, which they found ready for a march. The Emperour of *Morocco* receiv'd them both with all the marks of eſteem, which he ow'd to their Quality, to their me- rit, and to the ſervices which they had al- ready render'd him: aſſuring them that he no more doubted of Victory, ſince he was aided by their Troops. In the mean time the Army decamp'd, and turned head to- wards the Province of *Morocco*, which hath given its name to the Realm: leaving upon

the left hand, on the West Coast the Mountain of *Nefiſe*, which extends it ſelf towards the East, even to that of *Hadimie*; and which deſcends towards the North, even to the River of *Tenſifit*, which diſembogues it ſelf into that of *Aſiſinuad:* So that both of them ſeparating that Province, and that of *Hee*, they made it in the form of a Triangle. But, my Lord, at the joyning of the two Rivers, is built the City of *Tenezze :* a place whoſe Fortifications not being very regular, would not permit it to hold out againſt a Royal Army, without an extreme temerity. Nevertheleſs, lying in the *Cherif*'s way, and not being willing to leave it behind him, without aſſuring himſelf of it, and without ſummoning it, he made it immediately be ſummon'd; and menaced the Governour with all the rigor that the Laws of the War would permit to be exerciſed, againſt thoſe who ſhould dare to impede a King before ſo ill a place. But the Commander not hearing any thing, he let *Caraman* know it, and judging by the ſituation of it, that it might be taken by ſurpriſe, the attack was reſolv'd on after this manner: The Battery was rais'd croſs the River of *Tenſifit*; and the Troops that were to go upon the aſſault were commanded out, and all ready for a march: The reſt of the Army were drawn into Battalia, in view of the City, both to affright it, and inveſt it; and alſo to hinder ſuccours, if the Enemy ſhould attempt it. As the Troops of *Caraman* were not of that number, the young *Abindarrays* trying to divert himſelf, ſtaid in the Battery to ſee the play of the Cannon, and the breach in a little time being judged reaſonable, that illuſtrious *Granadine* ſaw to file off on the other ſide of the water, thoſe Soldiers who were going to the aſſault in very good order, with much reſolution. At this ſight, a noble emulation excited in his noble Heart an Heroick Fury: ſo that knowing the Bridge of Boats, that they had made for the communication of their Quarters, was too far from the Battery, for him to be at the aſſault, by a way ſo far about, carried by a motion of bravery, which all his prudence could not hold in, and without remembring himſelf, that he could not ſwim, he flung himſelf with a great leap into the River, to the aſtoniſhment of all thoſe who ſaw him: and by a happy chance, he did that which he knew not how to do, that which he had never done, and that which he was never able to do ſince; he ſwam, he croſs'd the River, and all moil'd as he was, he put himſelf into the firſt Rank of thoſe Soldiers commanded forth, and went to the aſſault with them. I ſhall not ſtay to deſcribe it to you, my Lord, for you are much more skilful than I in theſe things: it is enough for me therefore to let you underſtand, that after a vigorous and wilful reſiſtance the place was carried, that the Governour was kill'd upon the breach, that almoſt all the Soldiers and Inhabitants periſh'd, and that this unhappy City was abandoned to fire and pillage, to teach weak places by its Example, not to hold out to ſo ill purpoſe. But, my Lord, in the midſt of this great diſorder, *Abindarrays* beheld an old Officer of a very good preſence, and very well clad, whom five or ſix brutiſh Soldiers were going to kill, becauſe he would not ſurrender himſelf: but that illuſtrious *Granadine*, who is no leſs pitiful than valiant, touch'd with compaſſion for a man ſo well made, advancing towards them with his Cimeter in his hand; and ſpeaking to them in a commanding tone, although he knew them not, "My companions, *ſaid* "*he to them*, do not ſhame your Victory, by "an action that will render you unworthy of "Conqueſt; and give me that Officer, and I "will pay you his Ranſom. *Abindarrays* hath ſomething extremely great in his carraiage, and in his face, which forc'd a reſpect from theſe Soldiers, although they did not know him: ſo that they obey'd without reſiſtance, and this generous *Granadine* gave them liberally all the Silver that he had in his Pockets; after which they retir'd to ſeek after other Booty. *Abindarrays* then turning himſelf to this Officer: "valiant Unknown, *ſaid he* "*very civilly*, be you my Priſoner, if it pleaſe "you, for fear you become one to a more "rude Conquerour, and render your ſelf to "me, that I may have the means to ſave you. "O! too generous Enemy, *anſwer'd he*, I am "more overcome by your courteſie, than by "your Arms, and I ſurrender my ſelf, that "I may have the Glory to be yours, rather "than to ſave my life. In ſaying this he preſented him his Cimeter kiſſing it: but the obliging *Abindarrays* would not receive it, and contented himſelf with his word. In the mean time, when they had done plundering, and that the Soldiers had ſatiated themſelves with blood, and with prey, the whole Army were drawn up together; through which the Emperour commanded all Officers, and all Soldiers, to bring before him all the Priſoners that they had taken, under pain of an exemplary puniſhment: and adding a precaution to this Order, to hinder them, that they ſhould not ſecretly let go any that they had taken for a Ranſom, giving a command at the ſame time, that the whole Army ſhould ſtand to their Arms, and to paſs before the *Cherif*; his intention being to ſeize on them, as he ſhould ſee them among the Troops. At this Proclamation, the illuſtrious *Granadine*'s priſoner appear'd very ſad; and being ask'd by him the reaſon of it, "My Lord, "*anſwer'd he*, if the Emperour ſees me, I am "undone: for having quitted his ſervice for "ſome Reaſons, too long to tell you, and "taking pay in the Army of the Prince his "Brother, nothing can ſave me if I am known. "You ſhall not be known then, *reply'd* A-"bindarrays, very obligingly: and what pe-"ril ſoever there may be not to obey his Or-"ders, I will ſave you, though I expoſe my "ſelf to the danger. Ah! my Lord, *reply'd*

the

" *the other*, I would not receive a Liberty, that " ſhould coſt me my Glory; for if I expoſe " you, I merit my diſgrace, and I had ra- " ther endure it, than deſerve it. No, no, " *ſaid again the generous* Granadine, let us not " diſpute of a thing already reſolv'd on: and " let us only think of executing it, whilſt it " is yet in our power. At theſe words with- out ſtaying his anſwer, he brought him care- fully where the Troops of *Caraman* were; and preſently making Arms be given to him, he put him among the Ranks of his Fathers Soldiers, after he had commanded that they ſhould ſay nothing of it; and after this man- ner he paſs'd before the Emperour, without his perceiving this generous cheat. After- wards when night came, he led him without the Camp, and having refus'd a magnificent Ranſom, which this priſoner offer'd to ſend for, before he was deliver'd, he put him at Li- berty, and left him to go whither he pleas'd. But *Abindarrays* prov'd ſince that, that a be- nefit is not loſt; and that ſooner or later Vir- tue doth not fail of its recompenſe: for having met him during his Travels in *Africa*; after that the peace was made in the Town of *Azaſſi*, of which he was then Governour, he receiv'd from him a thouſand good Offices, which if he had us'd him otherwiſe, had been loſt: ſo true it is, that it is to purpoſe to oblige when one can, to do good when one may, and never to do ill, that the like may not be repaid to us. But yet, my Lord, I ought not to forget in this place, the re- proaches, that *Caraman* gave to his Son, for his head-ſtrong valour, in that not knowing how to ſwim, he ſhould expoſe himſelf to periſh in the River. Nevertheleſs, another action, as noble and as dangerous, as the other was hardy, hinders me to ſpeak any more of it; and asks to be told in this place of my re- cital. *Abindarrays* going one day alone from *Caraman*'s Quarters to the *Cherif*'s, ſaw ſix Cavaliers, who, upon ſome difference, which they had had about Quarters with a man of Quality, call'd *Sibaſat*, had a mind to mur- ther him: and although he had defended himſelf very valiantly, his death had how- ever been indoubtedly, if that Fortune, who had reſolv'd to ſave him, had not brought the illuſtrious *Granadine* into that place, who ſeeing the inequality of the number, the cow- ardlineſs of theſe Cavaliers, and the bravery of him who reſiſted, he ſided with the juſt- eſt and weakeſt party; and taking his Cimeter into his Hand, and joyning himſelf to *Sibaſat*, although he knew him not; ſo great a ſuc- cour, and coming ſo opportunely, quickly chang'd the face of things; for theſe two brave Fellows ſo laid about them, that the Aſſaſſines cover'd with their blood, and their wounds, not being any longer able to reſiſt them, were conſtrain'd to take their flight, and to add a ſecond cowardlineſs to the firſt. Then *Sibaſat* beholding his Deliverer: " Who- " ever you are, *ſaid he*, O generous Un- " known, to whom I owe the conſervation " of my Life, deſpoſe of it, if you pleaſe, " from henceforwards, as of a thing which is " yours by ſo juſt a Title: and further to " oblige the happy *Sibaſat*, let him know to " whom he is reduable for ſo noble a favour. " That which I have done, *modeſtly reply'd* " *the illuſtrious* Granadine, is ſo little conſi- " derable, that it is not without ſome kind " of confuſion, that I am obliged to tell you, " I am called *Abindarrays*. Although I am " of the Army, *reply'd* Sibaſat, I know much " better the name of *Abindarrays*, than the " Perſon; and the high reputation of his Wit, " and of his Courage, is too well known " through all *Africa*, not to be ſo to me. It " is much rather, *return'd the illuſtrious* Gra- " nadine, of that of *Sibaſat*'s, that all *Africk* " is full: and if he will now grant me his " friendſhip, I ſhall gain more than the *Cherif* " will after all his Conqueſts. I know not " how to give you, *anſwer'd he*, that which " you have bought ſo dear: but I will con- " ſerve it for you ſo carefully, that if it can " do you any good, it ſhall never be expos'd " to be loſt. In truth, ſince that day, there was between them a very particular friend- ſhip; and ſurely with a great deal of reaſon: for if *Abindarrays* had Valour, Wit and Learning, *Sibaſat* had all that even to a Pro- digie: and none ever ſaw ſo much know- ledge among the *Moors*, nor among the *Ara- bians*; without excepting the great *Almanſor*, the famous *Averroës*, the knowing *Albu- mazar*, the Learned *Avicenne*, the illuſtrious *Rhaſis*, the profound *Albohaſie*, nor all thoſe other great men, who were the Glory of their Age, and the Ornaments of *Africk*: So that he was ſirnamed *Sibaſat* the Wit, to diſtin- guiſh him from an Elder Brother that he had, who was call'd as he was, although he was not wanting of it, having ſhown as much conduct as ſtoutneſs, in thoſe general com- mands, to which his merit had rais'd him. But to return to our warlike affairs, I muſt tell you, my Lord, that the *Cherif* being willing to improve his Conqueſts, put him- ſelf upon his march by great journies, to go to beſiege the Town of *Imiſmiſi*; rendering himſelf Maſter by the by of *Elgumuba*. The firſt place is ſituate upon one of the Rocks of Mount *Atlas*; it is ſomewhat big, and very near to a ſtrait paſſage, which lies cloſe be- tween theſe Mountains, which they call *Buris*, through which he muſt of neceſſity paſs, to go into the Province of *Guzule*: it was that which render'd it very conſiderable, and of great benefit to him who could keep it. Alſo the Emperour of *Morocco* had had an intention to have had it at the beginning of the Campaign. But this Prince had been ſo ill advertiſed of the Forces of his Enemy, and likewiſe of their march, that when he leaſt expected it, his Couriers whom he had ſent abroad for News, let him know at their return, that the Prince his Brother was fall- ing down upon them with an Army of three- ſcore thouſand men: So that his own being not

not above thirty; this great inequality perplex'd him very much: and he fore-saw very well the difficulty of making a fair retreat, before so numerous an Army. Happily for him in his misfortune, he was then encamp'd upon a rising, which commanded all the Plain, which advantageous situation made it most difficult to assault him: So that from this high place, the day being very clear and serene, they might see the black dust to be rais'd up at the other end of the plain; a little after they might perceive the glittering of their Arms, through that obscurity, and by and by they might begin to distinguish the Squadrons of the Cavalry, the Battalions of the Foot, the Cannon, and the Baggage, and to hear the thundering noise of the Trumpets, and the Drums, the Kettle-Drums, the Cornets, the Flutes, and several other *Mooriſh* Instruments, which these *African* people make use of in War. The great Body advanc'd after this manner, with all their Ensigns display'd, in the finest order of the World: and enlarging his Troops in the Plain, as soon as they enter'd into it, they took it all up, their first Ranks coming forward, even to the Foot of this rising Eminence, on which the legitimate Emperour of *Morocco* was posted. After they had made an halt for some time, the young *Cherif* sent out to know the countenance of his Enemy, and the place which he possess'd: and although those whom he had sent forth, brought him back word, they stood unmov'd, and that to assault them would be very dangerous; this valiant Usurper however resolv'd it. He pick'd out immediately six thousand choice men, out of all his Troops, and to assist them, six thousand others, whom he believ'd to be not less valiant. But the fore-sight of *Caraman*, having made him possess all these heights, and to shelter himself with a pretty large River, which slid along at the feet of these Mountains, these Assailants found they had a game to play. The Fight was stout and obstinate on both sides: and as it was made in the presence of both the Emperours, every one endeavour'd to signalize himself in this fair occasion; and to merit by his actions the praises of his Soveraign. But although the Army of the lawful Emperour was less by half, than that of this unjust Brother, and that this last made continually fresh Troops to succeed the others, as they were wearied with fighting; *Caraman* who commanded in that place, met his Enemies with so much valour, and so much order, and was so valiantly seconded by the young *Abindarrays*, that the night separated the Combatants, without giving back a foot, or losing an inch of ground. Then the Army of the Rebels encamp'd themselves, they lighted their Fires in the Plain, and set their Guards: that of the *Cherif* doing the like upon the Hill, where they were posted, and along the Valley, which they possess'd on the other side. But as this Post was not a place, where he could be any long time, in the presence of so puissant an Enemy, as well for the difficulty of getting provisions, as for the continual Alarms that they should have, and must sustain, because of the unequal force of the Revolters, the *Cherif* presently caused to be call'd a Council of War, to try by what ways he might withdraw himself from this evil Pass. Their opinions were found different in this business; for there were some of them of opinion, and who concluded to give Battel the next day in the morning; opposing to their unequal number, and to the present condition of their Affairs, the advantages of the past Campaign, perswading themselves by a flattering imagination, that the thoughts of their Glory would fight for them, and facilitate their defeat of their Enemies. Others, thinking more wisely, represented that they being to descend from the Mountain, and to pass that large Brook to go to the Enemy, that could not be done without disranking themselves; and that to enterprise to pass in disorder before an Army, and that more strong by half than themselves, was to enterprise a thing absolutely impossible, and to expose themselves to an inevitable loss, and to a shame much greater; which they might be able to shun, in following a better counsel, and taking a more wise resolution. Some others fortifying this opinion with theirs, added to it, that when through good Fortune, though little likely, they should descend to Battel, from that rising without being discharg'd, and pass that dangerous Brook without disorder; they should but miss of one peril to fall into a greater: since being to fight in a plain Field, against an Enemy incomparably more strong than they, they should be encompassed on all sides, and most assuredly cut in pieces. So that for all these Reasons they ought not to fight, but resolve to retreat. To these others answer'd, that they not being able to find any safe way of retreat, but under the Cannon of *Morocco*, a retreat of seventeen Leagues; it was too long, and too difficult for them to do that, without being defeated, before so mighty an Army: and that their retreat seeming no better than flight, it would puff up the hearts of their Enemies, and take away the courage of their own Soldiers: so that they should shew an unprofitable cowardlineſs, and change only the place, without changing their Fortune. But being posted very advantageously, they were better to stay where they were, and to intrench themselves there; that the Enemies Army being very great, they could not subsist long in that place, because of the difficulty of getting Provision and Forrage: that on the contrary theirs being much less, might more easily get subsistance; and that the Rebels being forced to raise their Camp first, it would clothe them with shame, and themselves with glory, considering the disproportion of their number, and the ill success of their design. But these Reasons were overthrown by another, which represented that

their pretended Proviſions and Forrage, being to be brought to them ſo far, it would be impoſſible for their Convoys to bring them ſafe: for that their Enemies being very ſtrong, they would ſend forth parties to ſeize them, and that they might alſo take them as ſoon as they were out of *Morocco*. That if they ſhould weaken the Camp, to ſtrengthen the Convoy, they might attack them during that dangerous interval, and that in all likelihood they ſhould be forced; or, that at leaſt, during the abſence of their beſt Troops, they ſhould environ all the Mountain, ſo that the Convoy not being able to re-enter the Camp, nor the Proviſion, it would fall out that their whole Army would have the ſhame to render themſelves at diſcretion, with halters about their necks; and that the Emperour himſelf falling into the power of his Brother, that is to ſay, his moſt mortal Enemy, who fights not but for the Crown, would not loſe ſo favourable an occaſion, in taking it from him, and with it alſo his Life. Beſides, that they know not well the Mapps, and falſly imagine that the Enemies Army, though very great, ſhould be forc'd to decamp for want of Proviſions: ſeeing that they having behind them the Province of *Guzule*, abounding in all things, they might from thence have their ſubſiſtance, without any difficulty: that they being beſieged, not being in a condition to ſend out to cut off their Convoys, as they can, they would ſee themſelves taken as in a Net. That where they imagined ſo much ſhame, they would have the more honour, that a fair retreat was the chief buſineſs of a great Captain; and that he would have more glory to do that without loſs, than to gain a Battel: ſince the laſt was oftentime the work of Fortune, and the other that of Prudence, which is held in the higher Rank, in the eſteem of all men. That in truth this retreat was difficile; but that the high reputation it brought, was not to be had without it: that eaſie things gave none, and that indeed in the choice of evils, it was wiſdom to take the leaſt, and to defend ones ſelf from the greateſt. This opinion became at laſt general, and the Council of War concluded that they ought to retire. But out of this difficulty there aroſe another, which did no leſs puzzle them, and which alſo divided their opinions: and that was, my Lord, whether this dangerous retreat, ſhould be made by day or by night. One part of theſe general Officers, ſaid that it ought to be done by night, for divers Reaſons very conſiderable; one was, that, leaving all their Fires of their Courts of Guard lighted through their Camp, as if they were ſtill there, they ſhould take the ſame way as their Enemies had done before when they decamp'd, and that it be done without noiſe, ſo that this advance would very much facilitate their retreat; and that during the obſcurity, the Revolters durſt not march but on a ſlow trot, for fear of falling into ſome Ambuſcade. Another was that although they ſhould march in Battel array, it was impoſſible, and having a Country, very Mountainous to paſs through, they would be forc'd to unrank themſelves often; which the night would hide from their Enemies, and which the day letting them perceive, they would not fail to charge them, and to defeat them among thoſe troubleſome paſſages. Some others of theſe high Officers ſpake againſt this opinion, That unleſs they ſhould leave all their Cannon, and all their Baggage; it was impoſſible to hide their departure, or their march from the Rebels: but if they had a mind to ſave the perſon of the Emperour, without which all would be loſt, they concluded to this loſs, which would not be without recovery, as the other. Then *Caraman* taking his turn, ſpake contrary to all thoſe opinions, that for his part he was of a contrary opinion: that the Glory of the Emperour, ought not to be leſs dear to them than his Life: that to make their retreat by night, would be accounted always as a flight: but to leave behind the Cannon and the Baggage, was to loſe the Battel without fighting, and to put themſelves into a condition to ſee no more the Body of an Army all the reſt of that Campaign, and to leave the Enemy abſolute Maſter of the Field. He added, That the two Armies being ſo near, and that of the Enemy having ſo many Scouts, there was no appearance that they ſhould be able to conceal their decampment; ſo that all that cowardly precaution would ſerve for nothing, but to puff up their courage, by the knowledge that ſhould be given them of the *Cherif*'s weakneſs, and of the affright of his Troops. That the obſcurity hiding the more eaſie paſſages, howſoever good Guides they ſhould have, all their great Artillery would be cumber'd in the moſt troubleſome, and they ſhould leave them to the Enemy without being able to defend them. That darkneſs among Armies is the ſource of pannick fears, and that they would fight more in open day, becauſe they ſaw, who would flee by night, becauſe they could not ſee. That the ways on each hand being covert, they would hide the Regiments of the Emperour altogether, and give theſe amazed deſerters occaſion to flee, and to let him arrive at *Morocco* without Train, and without Troops: if yet there might be any hopes that he could arrive there after that manner. This great Warriour added farther, That truly this ſhameful manner of ſtealing from the Enemy, might have ſome appearance to ſucceſs, if that they had not above three or four hours march; but they having at the leaſt four great days journies to make, this ſhameful departure would ſignifie nothing, ſince they ſhould have the Enemy at their heels three days and three nights, the advantage of a few moments, not being ſufficient to hinder them. And ſo that for all theſe conſiderations, it was his advice, to do things that were moſt glorious, moſt brave, and likewiſe

likewiſe moſt ſecure, and not to jog away by night; but as ſoon as day appear'd to depart with Drums beating, and Enſigns diſplay'd, with the beſt order that they could. To Encamp every night early, to avoid confuſion, and to poſſeſs all the high Grounds, and all advantageous Poſts, that might ſecure their Lodgement, and render the coming to them difficile. "But becauſe, *continued he*, that I "fore-ſee the Arrere-Guard will be attack'd "during this March, not being will to pro- "poſe to others, what I will not execute my "ſelf; I beſeech your Majeſty, *ſaid he to the* "Cherif, that paſſing to morrow with my "Troops, from the Avant-Guard where I "am, to the Arrere-Guard which I ſpeak of, "you will think good that I may make the "retreat good of the whole Army, during "thoſe four days; for I dare anſwer to you "with my Head, for the event of that which "I propoſe, how dangerous ſoever it appears, "and how hard ſoever it may be. The Emperour accepted the offer, that the invincible *Caraman* had made him; and all the reſt of the night was employ'd in preparing themſelves to depart, with very little noiſe after they had taken this reſolution. The Sun, the next morning had ſcarce illuminated the tops of the neighbouring Mountains, when the whole Camp of the *Cherif* rung with the Drums and the Trumpets, and all the neighbouring Valleys reſounded with the Eccho thereof, from the hollow Rocks. At this noiſe the Army of the Revolters ran to their Arms, and began to put themſelves in Battel array: the young *Cherif* believing that his Brother would give Battel. But he having no ſuch thought, ſent away firſt out of his Retrenchments, his Baggage, and his Cannon with a ſtrong Convoy; and made them take the way to *Morocco*. The Avant-Guard follow'd them ſomewhat near in very good order: the Battail marched next; and the Rere-Guard commanded by *Caraman*, leaving a great ſpace between them, march'd laſt after the two other Bodies, and departed the Camp. Then he who commanded them, drawing out ſix hundred of the braveſt men, and the moſt warlike among them; he turned himſelf towards his Son who follow'd him, and ſpeaking to him; "*Abindarrays*, "*ſaid he*, as I make good the retreat of the "Army, I would have you make good mine, "and with theſe valiant men which I leave "you, let us ſee that you are of the Blood "of the *Abencerrages*; and that you are not "unworthy of the honour which I do you. "My Lord, *anſwer'd this illuſtrious* Grana- "dine, you ſhall ſee that I know how to obey, "as you know how to command: And then turning towards thoſe who were to follow him: "My Companions, *ſaid he to them*, do "only what I ſhall do, I ask no advantage "of you. At theſe words the Arrere-Guard march'd: *Caraman* making them to file off, and marching after them himſelf the laſt of all. A little time after, having made for ſometime an halt, the Body which *Abindarrays* commanded march'd alſo with ſlow pace: That Generous Captain by himſelf in the Rere, with an half Pike in his hand, keeping them in cloſe rank: all the Army having Orders to turn a little towards the right, every time that the Enemy ſhould approach the Rere-Guard, by giving the word from Rank to Rank, and from Body to Body. In the mean time, as the heights which the *Cherif* had poſſeſſ'd, did hide his march: the Prince his Brother was ſometime without knowing what the Enemy were doing: but having ſent out to know, and underſtanding their decampment, and the way they had taken, he put himſelf in the Head of his Army, and ſending before him, a great Body of the forlorn Hope; they began to mount up thoſe Hills, with a precipitation which made them quite out of breath, and almoſt out of a condition to be able to fight, when they were come there. *Abindarrays*, who was aware of their defailure, drew an advantage from it; and making his Soldiers face about, he march'd fiercely againſt the Enemies, very cloſe, and in very good order. By chance the *Cherif* was come upon a ſmall Gallop at the Head of ſome Volunteers from the Battail, which he commanded to the Rere-Guard, to ſee how things were: and *Abindarrays* ſaluting him with his half Pike, with an admirable Grace, which ſo much pleas'd the *Cherif*, that twenty times ſince in this War he ſtopp'd to ſee him exerciſe his Troops, only to have the ſame pleaſure. "Sir (*ſaid* "*this illuſtrious* Granadine *ſmiling*) I am go- "ing to command thoſe who follow us, in "your Majeſties Name, that they come no "farther. And at theſe words, without ſtaying for his anſwer, he advanc'd towards the Forlorn, whom he charg'd ſo furiouſly, and ſo conveniently, that he put them all into diſorder, and beating them back with ſo much vigour, he overthrew them even upon the revolted Prince, putting even his firſt Troops into confuſion, on the other ſide of the Hill. Then the *Cherif*'s Army which had made an half turn to the right, return'd as they were, and began to march: and the Valiant *Abindarrays*, doing alſo the like with his Soldiers, all fierce and glorious with the firſt ſucceſs of his Arms, of which the Emperour had been a witneſs; which alſo made him ſo well eſteemed by that Prince, that no body of all his Court was better than he; and if he would have ſtaid in *Africa*, there is no doubt, but he might there have made a very conſiderable Fortune. But to return to this fine retreat, the *Cherif* Uſurper having at laſt mounted the Hill, ſent out again to skirmiſh with them; and *Abindarrays* again, whom *Caraman* had left to receive them very conveniently, repuls'd them, with a bravery not to be equall'd. Twenty times this Rebel Prince made this generous *Granadine* to be charged, and twenty times his Troops were repuls'd, with as much loſs as confuſion.

Nevetherleſs, he did it with ſo much order, and with ſo much conſideration, as not to engage the Army into a general Combat, whoſe ſucceſs apparently could not have been favourable, conſidering the inequality of the number, and the little proportion that was between the Revolters and them. Every time that they were forced to unrank themſelves to paſs, *Abindarrays* made an halt; and poſſeſſing the higher grounds, either covering himſelf with ſome ſhelter, or getting ſome Brook between the Enemy and him, he kept them off: and then when the Army had freed it ſelf from that troubleſome paſſage, he follow'd them upon the ſpur; and having paſs'd himſelf, he renew'd the fight as fiercely as before. In the mean time the Army having continnally advanc'd, and ſometimes making an halt, and facing about, and ſometimes marching in good order, it arriv'd at laſt to their firſt Lodgement, where they had reſolv'd to be. Then *Caraman* lodg'd it in all the advantageous Poſts, which he found there in that place, by the perfect knowledge which he had in the Mapps, and in the Country; and intrench'd himſelf ſo ſoon, and ſo well, that although the Enemies had attack'd the Camp divers times, and in divers places, during the night; they were always ſo well receiv'd, that all their attemps were in vain. After this manner they march'd the next day, and the next day after, with the ſame ſucceſs; and the fourth day the revolted Prince let them decamp without following them any farther, judging well that he ſhould get nothing but blows by engaging him. Thus they atchiev'd without hindrance this glorious retreat, which all *Africa* has ſo much talk'd of; and the *Cherif*'s Army having ſhelter'd it ſelf under the Cannon of *Morocco*, as *Caraman* had promis'd to do, his Fame, and that of *Abindarrays* his Son, was in the mouth of every one, with praiſes as great as their Action. Two days after the Enemies let them know of their march, by two and twenty Villages, which they ſaw all on flame, along the Mountains which lies in ſight of *Morocco*: For thoſe *Barbarians*, fired all places where they came, in ſome manner, to revenge themſelves for the affront they had receiv'd. And the more to brave the *Cherif*, he advanc'd ſome Troops, and two Field-pieces, even to a ſmall Moſque, very near to this Prince's Camp; from whence he ſent Vollies with his Cannon, which made ſome diſorder among *Caraman*'s Troops. At which the young and valiant *Abindarrays* looking on his Father: My Lord, *ſaid he fiercely*, me- "thinks that thoſe two Pieces of Artillery "would be better here than there; and if "you will permit me, I will go fetch them; "for I confeſs that this Muſick does not pleaſe "me there, although I am not afraid of what "it can do. Go my Son, *ſaid* Carman, *em- "bracing him*, I love Glory too much to re- "fuſe thee, and I ſwear to thee I prefer it "to my own. *Abindarrays* had no ſooner receiv'd this permiſſion, but leaving the Camp with the ſame Troops, which had ſerv'd him in the retreat from *Elgumuba*, he went deſperately to attack the Poſt, which the Enemies had poſſeſſed. They ſaluted him at firſt with a Volley from thoſe two Pieces; but having his Soldiers open to the right and to the left, they did him no hurt. The Revolters, who had ſhelter'd their Muſqueteers with a low Wall, which encompaſs'd the Moſque, they fir'd from thence very ſtoutly, but the courageous *Granadine*, after they had diſcharg'd, commanded his men to fling their Muſquets on the ground, and all of them taking their Cimeters in their hands, they went againſt the Enemies with ſo much reſolution, that they aſtoniſh'd them, and made them to retreat, leaving behind them their Cannon. Then the Soldiers of *Abindarrays* taking again their Arms, chac'd their Horſe to the ſide of the Village, from whence they had brought theſe two Pieces. The Enemy made a Body advance to take them again, but *Caraman* oppos'd them with another more ſtrong who hinder'd them from it, ſo that the Rebel Prince not daring to venture at a greater Combat under the Cannon of *Morocco*, was canſtrain'd to go his way, with the ſhame of this loſs, leaving *Abindarrays* cover'd with the Glory of this fine Action which he had done. The *Cherif* having held a Council of War, about the way they ſaw the Enemy to take, they judg'd infallibly that he was going to beſiege *Tumeglaſt*, which is a place ſituate upon a Hill, near to the River of *Tenſifit*, over againſt the Town of *Teraſte*, which is ſeparated only by its courſe. So that not doubting at all, but that this was his deſign, they reſolv'd to march at the ſame time, even with them, the River lying only betwixt: that they might encamp themſelves at *Teraſte*, and there to make a Bridge of Boats for the communication with the place beſieged; to the end that they might from time to time recruit the Garriſon, according as they ſhould have need. The buſineſs was then executed, as they had reſolved: The two Armies march'd on both ſides the Water, and whilſt that of the Revolters inveſted *Tumeglaſt*, that of the *Cherif*'s lodg'd it ſelf at *Teraſte*: where having made a Bridge, they put *Abindarrays* into the place with two thouſand men, to defend it from without. He found them in ſo ill a condition, that he muſt go to them with Fagots in the ſight of his Enemies, that he might lodge himſelf there: Nevertheleſs he acted with ſo much Valour, and labour'd with ſo much diligence, that having made a blind in four and twenty hours, he found himſelf in a poſture to defend them there, and to acquire much Honour. I ſhall not ſtay, my Lord, to relate all the particulars of this ſiege, which laſted three months: although it was one of the moſt memorable of our Age: and ſpeaking only of that, which regards this Illuſtrious *Granadine*, I ſhall content my ſelf to tell you,

that

that in place where he hardly had any ſhelter, he ſuſtain'd ſo many aſſaults, he repuls'd ſo many times the Enemies, he made ſo many Sallies, he ſo often nail'd up their Cannon, he ſo often clear'd the Trenches, that the Emperour of *Morocco*, undoubtedly ow'd to him more than to any other the conſervation of the place. It is true that Fortune did not give him this Fame, but that ſhe made him buy it very dear; for he receiv'd a Muſquet ſhot in his left thigh, a thruſt with a Pike in one of his legs, and was blown up by the ſpringing of a Mine, which the Enemies cauſed to play, which broke divers bones, and which they thought would have coſt him his life. But the Rebel Prince altogether deſparate to ſee himſelf ſtaid ſo long time before a paultry Town, redoubled all his ſtrength to take it, before the approach of Winter, which was drawing on; and battering it all to pieces, he left not one houſe ſtanding in all the Town, becauſe it was commanded by two Eminences, on which he had cauſed his Cannon to be plac'd. But the beſieged lodging themſelves in the Cellars: and more reſolute to defend themſelves, than they were to attack them, they reſolved to bury themſelves every one under the ruines of the place before they would Capitulate. It is true, that the Enemy never being able to hinder the communication between the Army of the *Cherif* and the Town, in ruining the Bridge of Boats which he had made; they took from them all their wounded and ſick men, and ſent them from time to time freſh Soldiers, and *Teraſte* furniſh'd them with Proviſion, and Munitions of War in abundance, when ever they had need. In fine, the ill Seaſon coming on, and the Ruines, the Cold, and ſickneſs with it; the young *Cherif* was conſtrain'd to raiſe his ſiege, and to reſolve with himſelf to retire ſhametully, with the ſad remains of a tatter'd Army, and weaken'd more than by two parts. But he did not ſo quit his Camp; for at the firſt noiſe of their retreat, the Emperours Army croſs'd the River by the Bridge, and falling upon their backs, he forced them to forſake all their Cannon, and all their Baggage, and all their wounded and ſick men; and almoſt all their Rere-Guard were cut off, their Valour not being able to hinder it. So that what by the counſel of *Caraman*, and by the courage of *Abindarrays*, the *Cherif* returned to *Morocco* in triumph; and his Lieutenant Generals ſent his Army to its Winter Quarters. But, my Lord, it is not juſt that the War ſhould make me ſo long forgetful of Love: It is therefore here, that in my ſtory, I ſhall make known that *Abindarrays* parted from *Tumeglaſt* in a Litter, to be carried to *Morocco*, where he was quickly cur'd of his wounds; I ſhall now ſpeak of him, and you ſhall underſtand his moſt remarkable adventures. So long as that Campaign laſted, he held always a correſpondence with *Halime*, he wrote to her divers times, and receiv'd from her divers anſwers, in all which he could not perceive any thing that might give him any cauſe of ſuſpicion of the mutability of her ſoul. *Imirſe* alſo wrot to him a Letter very civil, and very obliging: and ſo long as *Abindarrays* was in the Army, he had cauſe to believe, that he was as happy in his Love, as he was in War; and that his Miſtreſs was as faithful, as he was conſtant. But the *Cherif* having ended the Campaign, with all the Fame I have already deſcribed to you; and the Illuſtrious *Granadine* being perfectly cured, *Caraman* and he took their way back for *Ceuta*, where they arrived in the night: It was then the time of the *Bacchanals*, which the *Moors* celebrate as well as we, and *Abindarrays* was no ſooner alighted, but that he was inform'd there was to be a Ball that night in the Town: and having learn'd that they danc'd at *Halimes* Houſe, he Mask'd himſelf, being cover'd all o'er with Gold, and glittering with precious Stones: and over this magnifick habit, he put on a Mariner's Gown which cover'd him all over, and kept him from being known. In this manner he went into the aſſembly; where looking about for the amiable *Halime*, he had no ſooner ſeen her, but that he ſat down behind her without ſpeaking to her, for fear ſhe ſhould know his voice; being very glad to ſee a little after what faſhion ſhe behav'd her ſelf in his abſence, and if his being away made her melancholy. But he was not very well ſatisfied, as to her affliction; for he ſaw her gay, jocund and merry, extraordinary fine, and without having any thing negligent about her. This gave him at firſt ſome trouble: nevertheleſs, as one eaſily flatters ones ſelf in Love, he would ſearch for the cauſe of this good humour, in the deſign that *Halime* might have to hide her Paſſion, and in the ordinary humour of Perſons of her Age and Sex, who will not do the leaſt thing that may ſully their Beauty, as ſadneſs or negligence of their dreſs doth. He reſolv'd then to clear his doubts, by more certain proofs; and to ſee a little more narrowly into theſe things, before he would believe any thing of her, and before he would diſcover himſelf. But as it is one of the gallantries among the *Moors* in theſe Masks, to ſay an hundred trifles to Ladies, which they call joking, there came one who diſguiſing his voice, that he might not be known, addreſs'd himſelf to *Halime*, and told her that if the unhappy *Abindarrays* ſhould ſee her ſo frolick, he would be much troubled. "That "is a thing which ſhall but little trouble me, "*reply'd ſhe ſomewhat ſcornfully*, ſince that he "who would have me ſad, ſhall not be "reckon'd among my Friends. This gird made the heart of the Amorous *Granadine* throb, and both his ears to tingle: but the Masker being contented with the ſhot of the Piſtol, and not wilfully to proſecute the Combat; but on the contrary he chang'd place, and ſaid no more to *Halime*: This did not yet ſuffice to clear the doubts of the illuſtrious

illuſtrious Son of *Caraman*, and did but redouble his inquietudes. A moment after, a ſecond Masker took the place of the former, and ſpeaking in his turn to that fair perſon, "I came from *Morocco*, *ſaid he to her*, where "I left the valiant *Abindarrays*, as amorous as "he was at *Ceuta*. And what intereſt have I in "that, *reply'd ſhe angerly*, to underſtand news "that is ſo indifferent to me? Surely, *conti-* "*nued ſhe*, for a man who comes from the "Army, you have but little to relate, ſince "you amuſe your ſelf with theſe trifles, "and without doubt you were not at that "fine retreat ſo much ſpoken of, nor at the "famous ſiege of *Tumeglaſt*, of which there "is ſo much noiſe through all *Africa*: or if "you were there, it was undoubtedly among "the Baggage, ſince you apppear ſo ill in-"ſtructed. The poor Masker ſeeing her offended, went away without replying, only lifting up his Shoulders, and quitted his poſt to another. In the mean time the illuſtrious *Granadine* paſs'd his time very ill, after he had heard this laſt diſcourſe more ſharp than the former: But yet ſince modeſty is a quality well becoming to Ladies, he flatter'd himſelf with the opinion, that it was that which made *Halime* anſwer ſo, and made her to diſguiſe her true thoughts. But he had hardly given this favourable interpretation to the words of this fair perſon, when a third Masker came and ſpoil'd all: For ſtopping before *Halime*: "Alas! Madam *(ſaid he to her,* "*in a pitiful tone)* the unfortunate *Abindar-* "*rays* is dead of grief, when he heard you "were to be married. The Illuſtrious *Gra-* *nadine* thought he ſhould have dy'd indeed, hearing him ſpeak to her in this manner; a cold ſweat ſlid all over his face under his Mask, and there wanted but little that this Fable ſhould become a true Hiſtory, and that he had done that at *Ceuta*, which he had ſaid he did at *Morocco*. But in the mean time the ſcornful *Halime* anſwering him thus: "Since "that he is dead, *ſaid ſhe ſmiling*, I have no-"thing more to do for him, but to pray to the "holy *Alla*, that he will treat his Corps "gently, by the Angels of the Sepulcher. The Masker laugh'd at her raillery, and left her; but the poor *Abindarrays* did not laugh with them: Spite and choler in his ſoul ſucceeding fear and grief. But they did not give him any leiſure to make any long reflection on what he had heard of this pretended Marriage: For another Masker came and ſaid briskly, as he paſs'd by *Halime*, without ſtaying for her anſwer, that ſhe had puniſh'd her ſelf for her offence, and that the unworthy choice that ſhe had made, reveng'd *Abindarrays* for her forgetfulneſs, and was a chaſtiſement for her inconſtancy. She bluſh'd at this diſcourſe, caſting down her eyes, and the Illuſtrious *Granadine* grew pale: but as they are paſſions more violent than durable, that which he had heard, had almoſt wrought his cure at the firſt; and the ſhame of having lov'd a perſon, that was accuſed to have lov'd baſely, made him as if he had never lov'd. But yet, whether 'twas the choler that troubled his imagination, or whether it was the marriage of *Halime* that was ſo diſproportionate to be divin'd, he could not divine at all, and he imagin'd in vain, who this unworthy Rival ſhould be, whom ſhe had entertain'd in her heart: But as he was thus thinking, he ſaw *Imirſe* enter into the Aſſembly, extraordinary fine, who came and kneel'd at the feet of the amiable *Halime*. At this ſight, ſo little look'd for, his heart told him that, which his imagination could not, and making a quick agreement betwixt the condition of *Imirſe*, and the laſt reproach which he had heard given to *Halime*, he did not doubt any more at all but that this was the unworthy Rival of which the Masker ſpake. But nevertheleſs, that he might not give himſelf over too much to appearances which often deceive, he began to hearken to the diſcourſe of *Halime* and *Imirſe*; and he heard this: "If your neatneſs did not make "your excuſe, *(ſaid that inconſtant perſon to* "*her happy Lover)* I would puniſh you for "your finery: for during your abſence, all "theſe troubleſome Maskers, have ſaid to me "ſo many impertinences in the behalf of *A-* "*bindarrays*, whom I ſhall never favour, "that if I did not pardon them, for the "ſake of this ſilent Masker, who hath not "ſpoken one word to me *(ſaid ſhe, ſhowing* *him the illuſtrious* Granadine, *who was ſome-* "*what near her)* I think that I ſhould wiſh, "that all the Maskers in *Ceuta*, were Slaves "in *Sivil*, they have ſo importun'd me in "ſpeaking of *Abindarrays*. Judge, my Lord, how pleaſant this diſcourſe was to the generous Son of *Caraman*; and after what manner he held himſelf obliged to her who made it. So that having known all, he never ſtaid to hear *Imirſe*'s anſwer: and riſing from the place where he was, he went to dance, and to puniſh *Halime*, he took out a Maid in the company, whoſe name was *Ameſabeg*; and when he was at the other end of the Hall, he let fall that great Gown which had hidden his ſo noble make, and beginning to dance the *Saraband*, which no body dances ſo well as he; he was known at the firſt ſteps he made, and all the people cry'd out it is *Abindarrays*, it is *Abindarrays*. Judge, my Lord, the ſurpriſe of *Imirſe*, and of *Halime*, at this ſight, and at this cry: and how much of confuſion the ingratitude of the one, and the inconſtancy of the other gave them: for it was true, that it was *Imirſe* who was to eſpouſe *Halime*, as *Abindarrays* had doubted. In the mean time *Ameſabeg* addreſſing her ſelf to that Illuſtrious *Granadine*, and ſmiling a little with a good Grace. "In "truth, *ſaid ſhe*, you are the moſt diſcreet "Lover in the World, ſince that taking me "out to dance, before you take *Halime*, you "would by me take away all cauſe of Jea-"louſie from *Imirſe*, before that he ſhould "be her Husband, that he may have none

"when

" when he ſhould be ſo. But you know not " whether I will be your pretext: and if I " ſhall be complaiſant enough to endure it ſo " conveniently, that you ſhall ſacrifice me to " the repoſe of *Imirſe*, and to your ſatiſ- " faction. Ah! Madam, (*reply'd the anger'd* " Abindarrays) the ſacrifice would be too " great, for ſo ſmall divinities; and you " deſerve rather to be the Goddeſs than the " victim. After this ſo gallant anſwer the Illuſtrious *Granadine* made an end of dancing the *Saraband*, which never was better done; and he appear'd neither in anger, nor with choler in his Eyes, after he had unmask'd himſelf; ſo abſolute a maſter was he of his paſſions, in ſo much order had he them, and knew ſo well how not to betray by his face what he had a mind to hide in his breaſt; if that his heart had yet any remains of his old paſſion; for not long after he gave cauſe to doubt. When he had taken off his Mask, every one preſs'd to ſalute him, or rather to ſee with what countenance he endur'd this adventure. There were ſome of them, the leſs complaiſant and judicious, who very bluntly blurted out the marriage before his face; others touch'd it only ſlightly, and did not ſpeak directly, but he entertain'd both the one and the other ſo dexterouſly, that he gave not any the leaſt ſuſpicion, of that which he afterwards did. He receiv'd the ſaint complement, which *Imirſe* gave him, with a free air, and advancing towards *Halime*, with a viſage pleaſant and gay, who was confounded with ſhame and confuſion: " Madam (*ſaid he laughing with the beſt grace* " *in the world*) I have brough you back your " chains, ſince it is permitted me no longer " to wear them. This perſon quite con- founded, anſwer'd him ſo low, that ſhe could not be heard at all; and *Abindarrays* leaving her, went to *Ameſabeg*, from whom he never parted ſo long as the Ball laſted. When it was done, he quickly ſlipt away from them all, and went to *Albinhamat*'s Houſe, the moſt intimate of his friends, and conjur'd him, after their firſt complements, that he would let him know the bottom of this intreague between *Imirſe* and *Halime*, which he had heard but confuſedly: and to let him underſtand how they had concluded on a Marriage ſo diſpro- portionate to their condition. " All that I " am able to tell you, *anſwer'd* Albinhamat, " is that as ſoon as you were departed, *Imirſe* " viſited *Halime* very often, and as he ſaid by " your orders: which in the beginning of " theſe viſits appear'd to be no other than " meer civility; but by little and little, both " of them becoming more pleas'd with one " another, it was chang'd into a reciprocal " Love; and this Love into an equal deſire of " never being ſeparated. And truly the de- " ſparity of their Qualities, was at firſt a " great obſtacle to their coming together: " but what with the Reputation of the Com- " bat that *Imirſe* had made, and his Riches, " it was at laſt vanquiſh'd: and the Father " of *Halime*, more ſenſible of Intereſt than of " Glory, did conſent to their Marriage, which " is to be within a few days. But my, dear " *Abindarrays*, *continued he*, I would counſel " you not to take any violent reſolution: " *Halime* is unworthy, and *Imirſe* much more, " ſo that your diſdain will revenge you bet- " ter than your Arms: and the knowledge " that they have of their ingratitude, will " puniſh them better than you. The Illuſtri- ous *Granadine* ſeem'd as if he would take the counſel of his Friend; and after having paſs'd from this ſubject to divers others, they end- ed their converſation, he bid him good night and returned home. But it was hardly day the next morning, when that he went forth with one Slave only; and being come into a Valley near to *Ceuta*, he gave a Note to this Captive, and commanded him to carry it to *Imirſe*, and to conduct him to the place where he was. This Slave obey'd his Maſter ex- actly, and having found *Imirſe* ready, (for he had not ſlept that night very ſoundly, no more than his Rival) he gave to him the paper from *Abindarrays*, where he found theſe words:

The Challenge.

YOu have told me, that you would be held to be the baſeſt of all men, if you ſhould be ungrateful; I then do believe you to be ſo. And after I have reveng'd your cudgelling, I will puniſh you with a Cimeter, and after I have given you back your Honour, I will take away your Life. Therefore come were ſtays for you

Abindarrays.

Imirſe grew pale at the reading of this, and his heart told him in ſecret that he was in the wrong, and that his Enemy had Rea- ſon. He repreſented to himſelf, but too late, the ſtrict obligation which he had to this ge- nerous *Granadine*: the ill condition from which his Valour had drawn him, and the dangerous Commiſſion he had undertaken to do it, and the puiſſant Enemy he had drawn upon himſelf, in ſerving him againſt the Go- vernour of *Ceuta*, and indeed the Glory he had got him, and which he could never have recover'd without him. Then coming to compare the good turn with the ingrati- tude, the protection with the outrage, his nobleneſs with his baſeneſs, he bluſh'd, he al- moſt dy'd with confuſion: and he wanted but little to repent him in his Soul, that Love had had ſo much power in his Heart. But this

this tyrannical Paſſion taking its turn, and ſpeaking in the Heart of a Soldier, it would not permit him to hear any more; and repreſenting to him, that he who calls himſelf a man ought to fight, he reſolv'd it, and follow'd the Slave to his Rival. As ſoon as he perceiv'd *Abindarrays* with his Sword in his hand, he drew his alſo: and notwithſtanding the ſtings of his conſcience did withhold his courage, how great ſoever it was, he cry'd out; "Ah! my Lord, I am not in-"grate, but becauſe I am a Lover. Say ra-"ther, *reply'd the generous Son of* Caraman, "that thou art unworthy to be a Lover, "ſince that thou art ingrate. At theſe words they fell one upon the other, with an equal fierceneſs, but how Valiant ſoever *Imirſe* was, he was much inferiour to *Abindarrays*, who with the ſecond blow of his Cimeter gave him a great wound which tumbled him at his feet. Then lifting up his Sword, with his arm ſtretch'd out; *Imirſe* muſt die (*ſaid* "*he with a threatning voice*) or promiſe never "to Eſpouſe *Halime*: and thy life or thy death "depends on thy choice. Being overcome, "I am unworthy to Eſpouſe her, *reply'd* I-"mirſe, but being ingrate, I yet leſs deſerve "to live, I ask rather therefore that I may "die. You ſhall live however (*anſwer'd* A-"bindarrays *ſtepping back*) and already owe-"ing to me your Honour, I will have you "alſo beholden to me for your Life. In ſaying this, he put up his Sword into its Scabbard; and giving his hand to *Imirſe*, becauſe he could not riſe up himſelf, he held him up till they came to the next Houſes, where he left him to conſider of it; and returning home, he wrote from thence a Letter to his amiable infidel, which I think was in theſe words.

The end of the Firſt Book *of the Second* Part.

ALMAHIDE,

ALMAHIDE:

OR, THE

Captive Queen.

BOOK II.

To the Inconſtant *Halime*.

I Have fought a Combat, wherein I had leſs reſpect to yours than my own Honour; and had more care of my ſelf than you. I always thought Imirſe *to be too noble to love a faithleſs Woman; and if he keeps his word with me, you will loſe as well the Victor, as the Vanquiſh'd. This is all you ſhall ever hear from*

Abindarrays.

The poor *Halime* receiv'd this Letter with a ſtrange conſternation, and ſtill her ſorrows encreas'd: for, whatever ſhe could ſay or do, ſo ſoon as *Imirſe* was cur'd of his wound, the ſhame of his defeat, the remembrance of thoſe obligations, which he had receiv'd from *Abindarrays*, of his ingratitude, and the condition, upon which he had given him his Life; caus'd him to depart from *Ceuta*, and take an employment in the *African* Wars, where he had better Fortune than in woing. As for *Halime*, in regard it was as eaſie for her to be twice as once inconſtant, ſhe ſeeks again to *Abindarrays*, and again intic'd his Love; but all to no purpoſe: for as a Slave that has made an eſcape, will not return willingly to his Chains, ſhe never beheld him again in her Fetters. Nevertheleſs, his heart being naturally paſſionate, the Image of *Halime* was no ſooner out of his mind, but *Ameſabeg*'s return'd to his memory. She was the Daughter of a famous *Engliſh* Pyrate, formerly Earl of *Arundel*, who having loſt his Eſtate by ſiding with the weakeſt, in the factions between the two Houſes of *York* and *Lancaſter*: He turn'd firſt Pyrate, and afterwards *Mahumetan*: So that having gotten more Wealth than Religion, he married in *Ceuta*, with a *Moor* of very great Quality. And in that Wedlock *Ameſabeg* was born: Who retaining much of the Nation, from whence ſhe had her extraction, is ſo very white, that there is nothing more clear in *Europe*, than her complexion in *Africa*. The Illuſtrious *Granadine*, not being accuſtom'd to reſiſt his inclinations, gave himſelf wholly up to her: being eaſily dazled by that whiteneſs, that ſhone with a brighter ſplendour among the Univerſal blackneſs of the *Africans*: and his grief not being wont to be ſilent, no ſooner did he ſuffer, but he made his complaint, on purpoſe to ſeek eaſe. But that *Engliſh* Beauty, retaining much of her Native Ice, in that ſcorching Climate, was not ſo quick as he; but ſent him back to *Halime*, with a coy indifferency, that had almoſt made him deſpair. But as men receive not repulſes ſo eaſily, as they fall in Love; he preſerv'd both his Love and his Hope: and returning an anſwer to the inſenſible Virgin: "Ah! Madam, *ſaid* "*he*, never ſend me where I am unwilling "to go, but let me alone where I am ſo de- "ſirous to ſtay. *Halime* is but the Portrai- "ture of a fair Woman, if that may be call'd "fair, which is only neat and buxom. No,

"no *Abindarrays*, *answer'd she*, that which "will take at *London*, will not please at *Centa*; "that which would be a Miracle there, would "be but a Monster here; and eyes accustom'd "to black, see not these charms in white and "yellow, how bright soever they be. Ah! "Divine *Amesabeg*, *reply'd the Illustrious* Gra- "nadine, do you not see that your shadow, is as "fair as any the greatest beauties in *Mauritania*? "That it is always night in their faces; that "they are apparitions, that rather infuse fear "than love; that the glittering of Ebony, "comes not near the luster of Gold; that "the most accomplish'd *African* is but a fair "Statue smoak'd, an obscure Apparition of "Beauty; the Lineaments whereof are hard "to be discern'd, how perfect soever they "are. In short, I know none but Moles and "Owls, that prefer night before day, and "light before darkness. But he had as good have said nothing; all that he said not being at all believ'd: For the Northern Beauty briskly withstood the Devil of the South; for so we may call Love, that scorches no less, than *Africa* it self. At length *Abindarrays* sent her certain Verses, which had better success than his Prose; the Northern Ice beginning to melt by degrees; and *Amesabeg* thinking her self belov'd, could not hate him that lov'd her. True it is, this was not the first time she had been liberal of her affection; for formerly she had been a long time in League with one *Jacup*, a person of Quality, who had left her service a while ago, upon some private falling out between them, the reason whereof I could never understand; yet while they kept a correspondency together, he had obtain'd leave to have her Picture drawn; which in regard it was drawn in *Amesabegs* House, and that they fell out before she had given it to him, the Portraiture remain'd in her hands. So that the Illustrious *Granadine* beholding it one day in a most costly Box, begg'd it of her with so much earnestness, that at length, though not without great reluctancy, she bestow'd it upon him: For which he presented her with these following Lines, which I must repeat in regard of what ensu'd.

Why so fond thy sight to please,
With a brace of Mistresses?
For this fatal hour, alas!
Shews thee thy death through this same glass.
While thy heart in several places,
Faithful still, loves several faces.
Thus thy hate seems far more kind,
Than thy love, when unconfin'd:
For where double Objects reign,
There must needs be double pain.

These Lines pleasing *Amesabegs* Fancy, she never suppress'd them. On the contrary, deeming it an Honour to be courted by *Abindarrays*, she shewed them about in all companies, and gave out Copies abroad. The Poetry thus passing from hand to hand, came at length to be seen by *Jacup*, who believing that *Amesabeg* had given *Abindarrays* the Picture, which he had caus'd to be made, and had paid for; Jealousie awaking Love in his Heart, where it had rather lain asleep than dead, would not suffer him to endure the affront of such an accident. Thereupon immediately he went to *Abindarrays*, whom he found alone; and beholding him with the eyes of a Rival: "I understand, "*said he to him*, that you have a Picture in "your custody, that belongs to me; and "therefore either restore it, or meet me in "the Field. One of these two things is "much more easie, than the other to do (*reply'd the generous Son of* Caraman *with a* "*scornful smile*) nor can I tell why you "should propose me two things, when you "knew I would never grant but one, which "you may easily divine what it is. That "must be done then, *briskly reply'd* Jacup. "With all my heart, *fiercely answer'd* Abin- "darrays, for since I was not beholding to "you for the Picture, I am deceiv'd if you "can oblige me to restore it. We shall know "that by and by, *added the other*. Or else "never, *answer'd the Illustrious* Granadine. "Come away then, *cry'd* Jacup. I am ready, "*said* Abindarrays, and never was person of- "fended so soon satisfi'd as you are likely to "be. Upon these words away they went, and getting upon the Rampart of the City; they drew their Cimeters, and fell to work; but by chance one of *Abindarrays*'s particular friends, call'd *Tantriz*, being there walking alone, drew his Sword and parted them, notwithstanding their fury, casting himself in the midst between them both: whereupon the jealous *Jacup*, turning towards him: "Either let us, *said he*, make an end of our "quarrel, or suffer me to fetch a friend that "may hold you in play. I accept the lat- "ter proposition, *reply'd* Tantriz; and *Abin-* "*darrays* and I will stay here till your return. "I shall not be long absent, *answer'd* Jacup, "putting up his Cimeter. Be a man of your "word, *reply'd* Abindarrays, for it is tedi- "ous staying here, when a man has nothing "to do. *Jacup* gave him no answer, that he might make more haste. Fortune however otherwise order'd it; for he going to seek for one of his friends, call'd *Doviur*, they told him he was gone to the Citadel to give the Governour a visit; thither went he upon the same pretence, and having found his friend, he whisper'd him in the ear what the courtesie was, which he entreated at his hands: But whether it were the fury that appear'd in his eyes, or surprise in *Doviur*'s, *Alamut* suspected the truth; so that whatever they could say to the contrary, he put a guard upon them both, and made them at length confess that *Abindarrays* and *Tantriz* expected them upon the Rampart, there the Governour sent and seis'd them both; and order'd them

them to be brought to his own Houſe; he made up the buſineſs, as I ſhall tell you. He found that *Jacup* would never endure, that his Rival ſhould keep a Picture, that he had caus'd to be made, and which was worſe, being given him by his Miſtreſs. But it appear'd to be a caſe altogether as hard, that *Abindarrays* ſhould be oblig'd to reſtore the Picture to his Enemy; and therefore taking the middle way between theſe two extremes; he order'd the Illuſtrious *Granadine* to give him the Picture, taking upon him to give it *Ameſabeg* himſelf. The thing was ſo concluded, and *Alamut* cauſing the four Duellers to ſhake hands, he return'd the Picture into her hands that had given it away. But whether the dangerous proof of Love which *Jacup* had given her, had rekindled in her heart that ancient Flame, which new Amours had extinguiſh'd; or whether his Gallantry had chang'd her Eſteem into Affection, or whether it were that ſhe thought *Abindarrays* would not reſtore the Picture, though the Governour had commanded him: Certain it is, that from that day forward, it was worſe with him, and much better with *Jacup*. But more true it is, that the grief of that diſgrace did not long perplex *Abindarrays*, no more than the paſſion that caus'd it; and that ſoon after he made a mends to himſelf, as well for the loſs of the Picture, as of his Miſtreſs, falling in Love with another. And what was more wonderful, had it not been common with him, that notwithſtanding the Maximes of Philoſophy, that deny the immediate paſſing from one extreme to another, he forſook a Woman ſurpaſſingly fair and white, for the love of a Woman ſooty black, both in her hair and complexion. 'Tis true indeed, that the defect of Colours was in ſome meaſure recompenc'd by the Symmetry of her Features; not all the Art that has been us'd to ſet forth the *Lybian Sybil*, by the moſt curious Artiſts, having been able to out-do the proportion of her Lineaments. Her name was *Emine*: But theſe cuſtomary changes in *Abindarrays*'s, fancy were ſo remarkable and ſudden, that he met with as many incredulous perſons, as he courted Miſtreſſes: So that when he came to make the firſt proteſtation of his Love, it was no wonder that the fair *Emine* ſent him back to *Ameſabeg*, as *Ameſabeg* had diſmiſs'd him to *Halime*, and *Halime* to *Zelindaxe*, *Zelindaxe* to *Meladine*, and *Meladine* to *Donique*. However, in regard it was a common thing for him to abjure his Errours, as he call'd them, he could never be ſurpris'd; he was always prepar'd, and his recautions coſt him little. So that when *Emine* began to doubt, he fail'd not to raiſe all his batteries againſt her doubts, and to rob one Deity of the Incenſe, which he intended to offer to another. "Ah! Sacrilegious Temple-Robber, *cry'd* Emine *ſmiling*, "is it lawfull to throw down the Altar, where "we have ſo often offer'd our Sacrifices? Yes, "*ſaid he*, when it hath been polluted with "Idolatrie, eſpecially when we intend to "raiſe one more ſanctifi'd upon its ruines. After that rate, *ſaid ſhe laughing out right*, by "raiſing Altar upon Altar; you will raiſe "your ſelf to Heaven, and no longer be "oblig'd to adore any thing upon Earth. "Not ſo, *anſwer'd he*, for that which I am "now raiſing upon ſuch magnificent Ruines "is built upon ſo ſolid a foundation, that "nothing can ſhake it. You have ſaid as "much to ſeveral Goddeſſes, *ſaid ſhe*, whoſe "Altars are now down, and whoſe Sacrifices "are aboliſh'd, as mine muſt be. I acknowledge as much, *ſaid the illuſtrious* Granadine, "but now having found that which I ſought "for, I have nothing more to ſeek; nor can "I change without ruine to my ſelf. Alas! "*purſued he*, what compariſon can there be, "between a fading yellow, or a dead white, "with hair of jet, as brightly ſhining, as they "are black, and a complexion as amiable as "brown? It cannot be deny'd, to the diſgrace of all white complexions, and my "own ſhame that have lov'd them; that as "thoſe Northern Beauties participate of the "whiteneſs of their Snow, ſo they ſhare in the "coldneſs of that Meteor. They are Statues "of Alablaſter, that have neither life nor motion. They are Bodies without Souls; "their Faces are dumb, and their Eyes ſpeak "nothing at all. They have nothing that is "piquant, nothing that wakens, nothing that "revives: There you ſee Yellow and White, "Gold and Plaiſtering, and that's all. A "Hill of Snow, would be as acceptable "as one of theſe inſipid Whites, in whoſe "Breaſts drowſie Love lyes ſleeping, and "becomes oft-times congeal'd. But ſo it "is not with brown complexions, *purſu'd* "*he*, there's all life; every thing ſpeaks, "every thing acts: The Graces that never "come near the other, never forſake them; "the Fire that ſparkles in their Eyes, glitters "like lightning, yet is chearful to the ſight. "The ſame looks that rob you of your Heart, "afford you Hope. And as Smoke always accompanies Flame, the Brown Complexions "dart forth too much Fire, for any man to "think they have the leſs for that: So that "the ſame Temper that makes them amiable, "makes them alſo capable of being in Love. "In ſhort, there are lovely Nights, as well as "fair Days; nor does *Africa* give way to "*Europe*. But yet did you love in *Europe*, "*reply'd* Emine *laughing*, you would then "ſpeak as much againſt *Africa*: And I am "aſſur'd, you will prove an eternal Traveller in theſe two parts of the World, and "that you will be continually paſſing from "one to the other, without making any long "ſtay any where. Ah! Madam, *reply'd he*, "have a better opinion of one; for though "I am an *European* born, yet I am reſolv'd "to die in *Africa*. And preſently after riſe "up an *European*, *ſaid ſhe*, to die again in *Mauritania*, that you may revive at *Granada*. This, Sir, was the ſixth time of *Abindarrays*'s

being in Love, and the beginning of his Paſſion. Afterwards to his firſt Homages he added double diligence, reſpect, obſequiouſneſs, and all thoſe other duties that Love teaches the inamour'd, wherein the Illuſtrious *Granadine* was already ſo knowing, that the Scholar ſeem'd to have excel'd his Maſter. So that he made a very great progreſs in the heart of that amiable Lady, and had it not been for a perſon intereſted in her Eſtate, he had gone a great way farther, if he had not quite compleated his buſineſs. In ſhort, he had no Rivals that were worth a ruſh; for he was ſtill preferr'd before the moſt happy of them all; he was ſelected from the crowd, and favour'd ſtill to their prejudice; and their company was willingly left, if it were but to enjoy his. But a condition ſo happy laſted not long; his felicity was ſoon thwarted, and his good fortune ſoon over-whelm'd; and thus it fell out: There was a near Kinſman of his called *Libril*, who had married a Siſter of *Emines*, called *Danyjoure*, who was a coheireſs with her to all her Fathers Eſtate. He was a perſon of a good Wit, but deceitful and wicked, a bold Lyar, and a great forger of Tales. Who ſeeing that *Abindarrays*'s Love would deprive him of half his hopes, and the moiety of the Inheritance, ſhould he once come to eſpouſe *Emine*, he reſolv'd to oppoſe the match, and to break off the correſpondence, though never ſo well fix'd. One day as he was walking alone with the Illuſtrious *Granadine*, he cunningly let fall ſome words, concerning thoſe teſtimonies of affection, which he had already receiv'd from *Emine*; and then with a malicious ſmile, to make him ſuſpect more than he intended to ſay, or was really true: "Oh my dear *Abin-*"*darrays*, *cry'd he*, how ſhort do you come "of thoſe favours which *Varican* has re-"ceiv'd! We have obſerv'd him much more "before you in this noble courier; and when "you took his part againſt *Telmar*, though "he were your kinſman, and the beſt qua-"lifi'd of all your kinſmen; then ſtood he "ſo fair in *Emines* good liking, that your "condition was but bad, if you compar'd "his happineſs with yours. You know, "*ſaid he*, that he is valiant, that he is witty, "and has written many fine things; yet all "this hinder'd not, but that ſhe ſeem'd to "leave him for your ſake, as in a ſhort time "ſhe will leave you for another. In a word, "I know the Lady better than you, and in re-"gard you were my kinſman before I was al-"ly'd to her, I will venture her ill will to do "you a kindneſs. Then adding Fable to Hiſtory, and to one truth joyning a hundred particulars that were as falſe, he left poor *Abindarrays* brimful of jealouſie and diſtruſt. And from him going to *Emine*, after he had made her ſwear a thouſand times over, that ſhe would never tell again what he ſhould ſay to her; with a very ſerious countenance he made her believe that *Abindarrays*, underſtanding what had paſs'd between her and *Varican*, was become jealous, and that he had wrote a Satyr againſt her, very witty indeed, but very ſevere and nipping in every Line; that he had ſhewn it to him, and that many others had ſeen it; and therefore in regard theſe Satyrical Poets were the moſt dangerous perſons in the World, he advis'd her, as a friend, to break off any future correſpondency with the *Granadine*; not making any noiſe, but by little and little; for fear of increaſing that ſcurrilous report, that began to be rais'd already in *Ceuta*. This Lye did one part of *Libril*'s buſineſs, for it put the fair *Emine* into a great rage; but yet it did more than he intended; for it bred in her an eager deſire to ſee thoſe Verſes, which it was ſaid that the Son of *Caraman* had made againſt her: So that the firſt time he came to ſee her, after ſhe had very coldly entertain'd him, ſhe told him with a ſcornful and ironical utterance, that ſhe was much oblig'd to him for his Panegyrick in verſe, but much more, for his ſhewing it about the Town: however ſhe deſir'd to ſee it, that ſhe might ſee how well he had us'd her. *Abindarrays* ſurpris'd at a diſcourſe, whereof he underſtood not one word, ſwore to her that he knew not what ſhe meant; that he never had made any Verſes, but in praiſe of her; and that he would rather die than do any thing to diſpleaſe her. "No, on, *ſaid ſhe*, your "crime is too well prov'd for you to deny "it, it does but augment it to defend your "ſelf, nor is there any thing but the con-"feſſion of your fault, that can obtain your "pardon. Who I? Madam, *reply'd the illu-*"*ſtrious* Granadine, have I made Verſes a-"gainſt you? Yes, you have made them, *re-*"*ply'd ſhe*, you have ſhew'd them about, and "one that ſaw them gave me notice of it; "and therefore let me ſee them without any "more to do. Ah! Madam, *cry'd he again*, "do but name that Impoſtor, that reports a "thing ſo falſe, that I may confound him in "your preſence, and that I may make him "acknowledge in your own hearing the lye "that he has told. I ſhall do nothing of "all that, *reply'd ſhe*, but if you ſhew me not "the Verſes which you have made, once "more I command ye, never to ſee my face "more; I ſay 'tis my command, and I will "be obey'd. With that he ſwore to her a thouſand oaths more, to which ſhe gave no credit at all: but flinging out of the room into her cloſet, ſhe lock'd her ſelf in, refuſing to open the door any more that night. Upon that away he went, mad at the affront, not being able to divine who ſhould have done him the miſchief: However, he forbore not to return again the next day to *Emine*, as alſo for the next three or four days after, but he found her as peeviſh as a Waſp, and ſtill more wilful to have a ſight of theſe Verſes, which had never been made. So that the unfortunate *Abindarrays* utterly deſpairing to proſper in his ſuit, nor knowing what to do, or what would become of him,

nor

nor who to complain to, at length opened his heart to the crafty *Libril*, though wrong addreſſing his confidenee, for the eaſe of his mind. "I am the moſt unfortunate among "men, *ſaid he*, for ſome private Enemy of "mine has inform'd *Emine* that I have made "Verſes againſt her, and has ſo deeply fix'd "it in her fancy, that ſhe has almoſt per-"ſwaded me to believe it to be true; and "and whatever I can ſay to convince her of "folly, ſhe ſwears ſhe will never ſee me more, "unleſs I ſhew her thoſe curſed Verſes, which "I know not how to ſhew her, ſince there "was never any ſuch thing in Nature. In the "mean time ſhe flies me, ſhe will not hear me "ſpeak, ſhe will not ſo much as ſee me; and "by reaſon of this fantaſtical accident, I am "in the moſt deſperate condition of any Lo-"ver living; if it may not be rather ac-"counted a death, than to live in this man-"ner. Alas! *cry'd the deceitful* Libril, me-"thinks the cure for ſuch a miſchief as this "ſhould be eaſie. I know not how to find "it out, *reply'd* Abindarrys, ſo that if you "can give me the receit, I ſhall take you for "a very great *Eſculapius*. I know not what "you mean by a receit, *reply'd* Libril, for I "never ſtudied under the famous Runnagate "as you did; and yet without his aſſiſtance "I will cure you very eaſily: for if you have "not made any Verſes, you muſt make ſome, "and ſhew them to her, as old ones, only to "ſatisfie her humour. But (*ſaid the afflicted* "*Son of* Caraman) how can you imagine that "I ſhould rail againſt, that which I have ſo "much reaſon to commend? There is no-"thing difficult to thoſe that love, *reply'd* Li-"bril: and your Muſes that have beſtow'd ſo "many Roſes upon her, may well preſume to "ſport a Thorn into her Breaſt, and wake "her drowſie Love with a Prickle. That "will never be poſſible for me do, *reply'd the* "*illuſtrious* Granadine. Why then endure "you torment patiently, *anſwer'd the other*, "for I know no other way to cure you. I "muſt tell you farther, knowing *Emine* bet-"ter than you do, that if the Phyſick be not "ſtrong, 'twill never work. *Abindarrays* did not immediately follow this bad advice: But ſeeing *Emines* invincible obſtinacy, and her continual cruelty toward him, not knowing what courſe to take, he did as *Libril* adviſ'd him; yet with all the moderation, that a man could do to a perſon, that he was reſolv'd not to affront. When he had made his Verſes he ſhew'd them to *Libryl*, who was ſo far from approving them, that they were by him diſcommended altogether; telling *Abindarrays* they were too mild to do him any kindneſs. But notwithſtanding all his perſwaſions, *Abindarrays* thought he had written more than enough, and would not alter a word: So that the crafty *Libril* thought himſelf oblig'd to rommage his malice for another miſchievous invention, which he was not long finding out. In the mean while this Illuſtrious *Granadine* went to *Emine*, but in that ſtupifi'd and trembling condition, as if he had committed ſome heinous crime, which he had been conſtrain'd to confeſs. So ſoon as ſhe perceiv'd him: "Well *Abindarrays*, *proudly ſhe cry'd out*, is "your ſtomack yet come down to deſerve "pardon for your offences, by confeſſing your "fault. I am reſolv'd to die at your feet, "Madam, *ſaid he*, *throwing himſelf upon his* "*knees*, unleſs I can obtain your pardon for "a fault, which it may be, is not ſo great as you "imagin it; and which I had not committed, "had I not been conſtrain'd ſo to do. But, "*ſaid he*, if I have any part in your affection, "look not upon the only thing that renders "me unworthy of it, but content your ſelf "with my repentance, without laying any "farther puniſhment upon me. *Emine*, who underſtood not what he meant by a fault that was leſs than ſhe imagin'd, and which he had not committed but by conſtraint; thought that his grief had made him rave: So that not being able to contain her laughter: "No, no, "*anſwer'd ſhe*, you are gone too far to re-"treat; and therefore ſince there is no need "of any farther examination, ſince you con-"feſs the crime, and that we are now only "to award puniſhment, as the offence de-"ſerves; there is a neceſſity for me to ſee "your Verſes, that I may neither be too ſe-"vere, or too remiſs. So ſaying, ſhe ſnatch'd a paper out of his hand, and began to read it: but he pull'd away her hand, begging of her to ſpare her curioſity, that his miſery might be the leſs. But the more earneſt *Abindarrays* was, the more curious was *Emine*, inſomuch, that do what he could, ſhe read the Verſes out. But, Sir, in regard that *Libril*'s aggravation, and *Abindarrays*'s fear had wrought her imagination to a height, ſo that ſhe thought to have ſeen a moſt dreadful Satyr; when ſhe ſaw her ſelf ſo delightfully deceiv'd by a ſmooth and moderate Copy of Verſes; beholding him then with eyes as full of ſweetneſs, as before they were of anger: "Jealouſie, *ſaid ſhe*, being a mark of Love, "can never be taken for a crime, provided "it be not extravagant, and therefore I par-"don you ſo innocent a crime as this, and "all your puniſhment ſhall be, that I will not "commend your workmanſhip ſo much as it "deſerves; nor ſo much as I would have "prais'd it, had it been upon another ſubject. "Ah! Madam, *cry'd he*, *tranſported with joy* "*to hear her ſay ſo*, *and imbracing her knees*, "you are too merciful to an offender: But "ſince you will not puniſh him for his crime, "he will make you amends for it; and in-"ſtead of ſo many bad Verſes, he will make "twice as many good ones in honour of your "Virtue. With that ſhe rais'd him up (for he had been all this while upon his knees) and ſeating him down by her, ſhe clear'd his mind of all ſuſpicion, that ſhe lov'd *Varican*; and this was the moſt pleaſing diſcourſe to both that ever they had in their lives. But no ſooner was *Abindarrays* gone out of *Emines*

Chamber

Chamber, but the crafty *Libril* enter'd, when ſhe having the Noble Son of *Caraman*'s Verſes in her hand: "Ah! treacherous deceiver, "*ſaid ſhe*, that you ſhould preſume to ſport "with my credulity, and vex me for your own "recreation! For there is nothing ſo terrible "in the Verſes which *Abindarrays* made, but "that I was very well ſatisfi'd, when I had "ſeen them. Upon thoſe words *Libril* made as if he had read thoſe Lines, which he had ſeen oftner than ſhe had done; and then ſhugging up his ſhoulders, and laughing aloud; "Meer fool! *cry'd he*, I pity your ſimplicity, and indeed you may be aſhamed of "it your ſelf. What do you mean? *reply'd "ſhe.* As you ſhould mean, *anſwer'd he*; For "in ſhort, the Sonnet which you have ſhewn "me, is but a cunning trick of *Abindarrays*'s; "for theſe are not the Verſes that are diſperſed "about the Town: He made theſe only to "fool you, and the other to ſcandalize you. "Theſe are but a trifle, but thoſe that I ſaw are "nothing but ignominy it ſelf to that, if e"ver you come to be a Queen, as *Mahomet* "was call'd the Proud, *Oſmar* the Cruel, *Ba"jazet* the Merry, you ſhall be call'd *Emine* "the Simple, ſo eaſie a thing it is to cheat "you. But have you theſe pretended "Verſes? *reply'd ſhe.* Yes, I can ſay them by "heart, or at leaſt, I can remember the ſence "of them: For I have ſuch a care of your "Reputation, that when I read a thing that "ſo much concern'd your Honour, I could "not chuſe but fix it in my memory. Then rubbing his forehead to quicken his remembrance: "The firſt Stanza, *ſaid he*, concludes "with a burleſque Rhyme that follows this "Verſe:

Prudent in ſhew, indeed a ſliperous Minx.

Another ſpeaking of the triumph of one of your Lovers ends thus:

——*The Victors are*
All vanquiſh'd by the fortunate Varicar.

The third Stanza, ſpeaking of you, and other Ladies in *Ceuta*, has this expreſſion in the fifth Verſe;

Leſs is her Vertue, but more ſecret ſhe.

The fourth Stanza purſuing the ſame fancy, makes this addition.

——*In publick ſhe denies,*
What ſhe in private never will refuſe.

The fifth Stanza contains to this effect:

——*And thinks all's well,*
That by her ſilence ſhe can well conceal.

The ſixth Stanza and laſt has this concluſion.

And when you think the worſt, ſo credit me,
She's worſe than you can think her yet to be.

"As for the reſt, *added the Impoſter, who obſerv'd by the motions of* Emines *Eyes, that "his treachery took effect*, if you have a deſire "to ſee the piece entire, I will ſatisfie your "curioſity. I have ſeen too much already, "*reply'd ſhe ſighing*, I deſire to ſee no more. "That's as you pleaſe, *ſeriouſly reply'd that "great Maſter in the art of Diſſimulation*, but "if you will be rul'd by me, I would have "you break off with him, and never ſtand "to put him to confeſſion, or to argue with "his indiſcretion, which will but make a "great noiſe in the world, and heap one "miſchief upon another. I would break off "with him, *continued he*, without ſo much as "hearing him ſpeak, without ſo much as ſee"ing him, or ſuffering him to come into my "company. For in ſhort, *added he*, if once "your Father or Mother comes to know "what all the City underſtands, you will cer"tainly undergo a moſt troubleſome perſe"cution: And I have conceal'd the buſineſs "from your Siſter, for fear ſhe ſhould blab "it out, thinking to do you a kindneſs. In "ſhort, I wiſh you as well as my own ſelf, *(and the cunning crack-rope ſpoke true enough, "for 'twas his own benefit he minded)* and "therefore follow my advice, which you will "not find in the concluſion to be bad. She follow'd it indeed to the purpoſe; for *Abindarrays* having been twenty times to ſee her, twenty times he was anſwer'd at the door, that ſhe was either not within, or elſe that ſhe would not ſpeak with him: He met her ſometimes where ſhe went a viſiting; but as ſoon as he came in, ſhe took her leave; he wrote ſeveral Letters to her, but ſhe would receive none: So that when he knew not what more in the world to do, he went to the Impoſtor *Libril*, and conjur'd him by the kindred, and near relation between them, to declare the whole truth as it lay to *Emine*, if upon ſecond thoughts ſhe had condemn'd thoſe Verſes, which ſhe ſeem'd to approve before. He conjur'd him to tell her that he only made them, to ſatisfie her curioſity; that till then he never had any ſuch thought: that he had rather have dy'd than have incurr'd her diſpleaſure. The crafty *Moor* promis'd to do all that and more, but perform'd nothing: but on on the contrary he exaſperated *Emines* fury; aud reported back to the Noble *Granadine*, that his evil was without a remedy; for ſhe was reſolv'd eternally to hate him, without giving any reaſon for her hatred. This, Sir, was the end of *Abindarrays* ſuit to the lovely *Moor*: For ſcorn and contempt having begun his cure, is was

per-

perfected by the ſight of another Object, only to caſt him into a higher diſtemper. But he ſaw himſelf cruelly reveng'd of *Emines* injuſtice; for whether it were through grief, or ſickneſs, ſhe became as deformed as ſhe was fair before; inſomuch, that *Abindarrays* though he happen'd to ſit by her, at a place where he met her, did not know her again: For his part, he knowing that Idleneſs was the mother of Vice, ſoon found himſelf more work: while a new Amour blotted out the remembrance of his former paſſion. But in regard his laſt adventure had made him melancholy, in this new choice he met with whatever could contribute to his conſolation: She was a jolly, merry, briſk humour'd Virgin, ſhe talk'd much, lov'd noiſe, viſits, and hurry, was every where good company, and ran into all ſorts of ſocieties, and therefore could not chuſe but be a notable tattler. Her name was *Zelinda*: and whether it were only an effect of her good humour, or whether ſhe ſaw her ſelf look'd upon by *Abindarrays* in any ſuch manner, that might make her conjecture what would follow: "Come hither "poor unfortunate creature, *ſaid ſhe, when ſhe "ſaw him enter her chamber*, come hither "and let me comfort thee for thy loſſes: "for if I cannot put an end to thy ſorrows, "they muſt be very deep indeed; and there is "no other cure for your diſtemper but poy- "ſon, daggers, ropes, or rocks. Ah! *Ze- "linda, anſwer'd he*, you are more likely to "make me ſick than cure me. If the worſt "come to the worſt then, *reply'd ſhe*, I ſhall "but be like thoſe Serpents, that cauſe them "that they ſting to die dancing: For they "that court me muſt talk of nothing but Balls "and Revels, Muſicks and Banquets, Masks "and Feſtivals. In ſober ſadneſs, *reply'd the "illuſtrious* Granadine *ſmiling*, you are the "faireſt Tarantula in Nature: For, if you "ſhould ſting me, I ſhould never deſire any "cure. That's done already, *anſwer'd ſhe*, "*very pleaſantly*, but never trouble your ſelf, "for if I make you dance, it ſhall only be "*Sarabands*; and you are excellent at that "ſport. In truth, *reply'd he*, I begin to feel "the poyſon already. Then you will dance "preſently, *ſaid ſhe laughing*, and therefore "pull off your long Gown, and your Cime- "ter. O Heavens, *cry'd he, altogether tranſport- "ed*, there is no life ſo ſweet and pleaſing as "ſuch a death as this; nor no humour was "ever ſo charming as yours. For my part, "*added he*, I cannot apprehend what theſe "miſerable Lovers can do, whoſe malignant "Stars have croſs'd them with penſive and "melancholy Miſtreſſes. They muſt out of "complaiſance be penſive and melancholy "too: they muſt ſigh when they ſigh: be "ſilent when they are mute; be muddily dull, "when they are melancholy; and ſit like i- "dols, becauſe their Miſtreſſes are Statues: "You would ſwear, if you ſaw them, that "they were ſitting at one of their Neigh- "bours Funerals. Theſe is not ſuch a pro- "found ſilence in the Cloyſters of our *Dervis*, "as among thoſe black melancholy Lovers. "Oh what ſtrange Ladies, are theſe Ladies "of few words! They flee company, and "company avoids them: People of breeding "are a trouble to them, as they are a trouble "to people of breeding. They care neither "for Balls nor Comedies: They can endure "no Muſick, but what is very grave and paſ- "ſionate: no ſort of Verſes but Elegies find "favour in their Eyes: Nay, they are ſuch "profeſt Enemies to all ſorts of pleaſure, that "I had rather be condemn'd to perpetual "impriſonment with an Image in my dun- "geon, than be bound to lead my life with "one of thoſe cloyſter'd Ladies; whoſe ex- "ceſſive melancholy degenerates into ſtupi- "dity. But, *reply'd* Zelinda, *interrupting him*, "it can never be poſſible for us to a agree to- "gether: For your Jovial Ladies like me "love to be talking; and if you talk always, "as you have done hitherto, you will de- "prive me of one of my greateſt pleaſures "in this life. That inconvenience is ſoon "remov'd, *anſwer'd* Abindarrays, for rather "than diſpleaſe you, I will hold my Tongue, "and give you leave to talk all. But, *reply'd* "Zelinda, if you be ſilent too long, you will "appear to me to be melancholy, and I hate "thoſe that are ſo. Then let us talk both "at a time, *reply'd the Son of* Caraman, as if "we were ſinging in two parts. Then we "ſhall never underſtand one another, *reply'd "ſhe.* No, *ſaid he*, if my eyes be dumb, and "yours deaf, as I do not believe they are. "In good ſooth, *reply'd ſhe, laughing aloud*, "if you can but ſee with your Ears, as you "hear with your Eyes, you would be the "ſtrangeſt Monſter in all *Africa*; and you "might be ſhown over all *Europe* and *Aſia*. "I deſire to ſhew my ſelf to no other perſon "but you, *reply'd he*; nay, I will ſhew you "the very bottom of my heart. You are a "Monſter all over, *anſwer'd ſhe*, that can talk "with your heart, whereas others talk with "their tongues. I will be what you will "have me to be, *cry'd* Abindarrays, provided "you will believe that of all men in the "the World, I am the only perſon that loves "you beſt. You change your note, *reply'd "ſhe, riſing from her chair*; for you are going "from mirth to ſeriouſneſs, which I never "underſtood, nor ever will. With that ſhe fell into a loud laughter; and making him a ſign with her Fan to be gone, ſhe retir'd into her Cloſet. But as ſhe went away, ſhe caſt ſuch favourable glances upon him, that from that time forward he began to be very full of hope, and the next morning he ſent her the following Lines:

Well may you glory in thoſe eyes,
And extol their killing power,
For they murther every hour:
But the Lover Swan-like dies.

If

If thoſe Beams ſhe lets him ſee;
'Tis the chief of his deſires:
Streight for joy he then expires:
And what death more ſweet can be?

For deceivers like to her,
Neither deal in ſigh nor tear:
They that court her ne'er deſpair;
Still ſhe carries all ſo fair.

On her lips you find the Traces
Of young Love, and all the Graces:
With her charms, and with her ſmiles,
Every heart ſhe ſtill beguils.

For Zelinda *ſcorns the pride*
Of thoſe Beauties, that deride.
And what's ſtranger to be told;
Light her Fetters are, though Gold.

He's unwiſe then, that diſdains
To embrace thoſe happy chains;
That make jealous Kings admire,
Slaves ſo rich in their attire.

Theſe were the firſt Verſes, that the Inamour'd *Granadine* ſent *Zelinda*: Nor did the frolick Lady omit to return him thanks after a very pleaſant manner. For as ſoon as ſhe had told him, that they pleas'd her exceedingly well, ſhe added withal, that for all that, they had grounded ſuch a fear in her, as very much abated the pleaſure which ſhe took to read them. "What reaſon can you "have to fear me, Madam, *anſwer'd he*? or "how can a perſon, ſo ſubmiſſive as my ſelf, "ſeem terrible? I fear, *ſaid ſhe*, that being "ſo good a Poet, you will make but a bad "Courtier: For we have a ſort of Blades "here at *Ceuta*, as you have at *Granada*, "whoſe converſation is no way anſwerable "to their writings: They are tranſported "with that which we call *Enthuſiaſm*: They "ſit muſing in Company, as if they were in "their Studies: And while you think them "to be where they are, they are never where "you think them to be; for inſtead of being "at *Ceuta*, they are at *Athens*, or at *Rome*, "whither the ſubject of their Fables tranſports "them, without the help of Magick charms, "or Enchantments: You ſhall ſee them ſometimes talking to themſelves, inſtead of talking to others; as if they were praying in "private to the Holy *Alla*, his Prophet. "Sometimes you ſhall deſcry joy and ſorrow in their countenances; ſometimes you "ſhall ſee them laugh, ſometimes weep, accordingas the paſſion requires, which they "are ſtudying to expreſs. Sometimes a half "Verſe pronounc'd aloud eſcapes their lips, "with ſome violent action of the hand, to "try whether the feet and cadence pleaſe the "ear or no. And all the while this fine "Extaſie continues, the Lady has nothing to "do but to pick ſtraws, and to manage her "looks and her ſmiles; which is as much "as if ſhe did nothing, or that ſhe were talking to a Rock, as the Poets do: and indeed "theſe Poetical Lovers love none but the "Muſes, neither ought they to be belov'd "of any other. Ah! Madam, *anſwer'd* Abindarrays, I am ill rewarded for my pains; "for you have unjuſtly put into your Satyr, "all thoſe illuſtrious perſons that you have "wrong'd without a cauſe. Why my dear "friend, do you not believe me? *cry'd ſhe*, "let us write leſs and ſpeak more: let us be "better company, and leſs apt to ſtudy: or "if you dream of nothing elſe but of immortality, ſeek your reward in future Ages, "and never ask it of me: For I am one of "the preſent Age, and one of the blitheſt "Laſſes that you have ſeen. Since 'tis your "deſire, *replyed he*, we will write no more, "but talk altogether; for I find it no trouble "to obey your commands. Ah! no, no, "*replyed* Zelinda, you ſhall never deceive me: "you are courteous, you are civil, you are "complaiſant; but you are melancholy with-"all: And all the Rules of Phyſiognomy are "falſe, if I am deceived in my opinion. "Truly, Madam, *replyed he*, you are not de-"ceived, I am melancholy, I acknowledge it, "as well by Accident, as by Nature: though "I do not believe I do any thing againſt my "ſelf in confeſſing it. Ah! look to your "ſelf *Abindarrays*, *replyed* Zelinda; for you "know I am very merry, and you will prove "but an ill Courtier to ſpeak againſt me, in "pleading for your ſelf. I confeſs it, Ma-"dam, *replyed the noble* Granadine: and "therefore, though it be certain, that melan-"choly is ingenious, and that it be the tem-"per of great men; I will never applaud it, "but be contented only to maintain, that me-"lancholy perſons love more ſincerely, than "thoſe that are merry. Nay, *replyed another perſon, whoſe name was* Squaider, *and had "heard all their diſcourſe*, I will averr that "merry men love more really, than the me-"lancholy. Since the diſpute is undertaken, *ſaid* Zelinda *to the generous Son of* Caraman, "I will hold my tongue, and only ſit as "judge of the Field, for two to one is odds. "I am contented, Madam, *cry'd he*, though "you are both Judge and Party, in regard of "your lively wit, and jolly humour. Then turning to *Squaidar*: "I know not, *ſaid he*, "where you can find arguments ſound "enough to prove ſo bad a cauſe; for I con-"feſs, were you in my place, and I in yours, I "ſhould be at a loſs my ſelf. And therefore to "look back from the beginning, and to conſi-"der the temperament which that humour, "that is the ſubject of my Argument begets, is "it not a thing which all the world has grant-"ed, that the Melancholy Temperament, parti-"cipating more of its Original, as more earthy "and heavy than the Temperature of Mirth, "which is more of the Nature of Fire? now "if it be more earthy and heavy, by conſe-"quence it happens to be more ſolid, and be-

gets

"gets a more ſolid Love. On the other "ſide, they who are born with more dull and "muddy ſpirits, having a far ſtronger imagi- "nation, and the Objects make a deeper im- "preſſion, where they fix: and as thoſe Cha- "racters which are more deeply ingrav'd, "are with more difficulty defac'd, than thoſe "which are meerly ſuperficial; it follows then "of neceſſity, that melancholy perſons love "longer, and which is a proof ſufficient, that "they love more cordially: ſince the per- "fection of Love proceeds from Conſtancy, "which is the crowning, the accompliſhment, "and the laſt degree of Love. To all this "we may add, that while melancholy per- "ſons, continually apply themſelves to one "ſingle Object, they fix upon it all the fa- "culties of the Soul, and admit no other "Object to ſhare thoſe Functions, no more "than they will admit a double ſhare in their "hearts. Preſent or abſent they always "ſee the ſame thing: Their ſhadows are not "more inſeparable from them, than the Object "that delights their fancy: But it is not ſo "with your merry people, their Flames are "like thoſe falſe Fires that we ſee in the dark; "they ſhine, and flaſh, and flye from place to "place, but are preſently ſpent: And as no- "thing violent endures, ſo we may certainly "aver, that the Merry cannot love ſo ſolidly "as the Melancholy. Would you have yet a "more convincing Argument? Suppoſe a "Melancholy Lover far abſented from his "Miſtreſs, and in the midſt of all delights, "carry him to Tilting, to Balls, to Comdies: "ſhew him Palaces or Gardens; let him "hear the murmurs of Springs, the warbling "notes of Nightingales, and all the chirpings "of a thouſand ſeveral Birds; bring him to "Feaſts and Banquets, and charm his Ears "with all that is Divine in Harmony; ſhew "him all the rarities in Painting, and hide "him in a cloud of all the *Arabian* per- "fumes; ſurrounded with all theſe felicities, "you ſhall ſtill behold him miſerable. For "in regard the ſenſes never operate where "the Soul is abſent; he is inſenſible of all "theſe pleaſures, becauſe his Soul is where "his Miſtreſſes is. But thoſe frolick va- "pourers that you ſpeak of, carry their own "happineſs along with them; where ever "they go; they find divertiſements every "where, and while the abſent fair one be- "lieves, he ſighs for her, he is heartily "laughing at the ſame time, ſo little he "dreams of her: he pleaſes others, by diver- "tiſing himſelf. He has no need of his Mi- "ſtreſs to make him happy, for being con- "tent without her, he can never be unhap- "py where-ever he is: So that upon the "ſtrength of this convincing Argument, "there is no farther queſtion to be made, "but that the melancholy Lover far exceeds "the jolly wooer. To go a little farther yet, "as we have conſider'd both in their plea- "ſures, let us conſider them in their ſuffer- "ings; and there you ſhall find that the "penſive Lover has ſtill the advantage. For "if by misfortune he meet with a Miſtreſs "humourſome or inconſtant, he brooks her "croſſneſs, or her infidelity, with a patience "as great as his love: Inſtead of forſaking "her, he will endeavour to regain her affecti- "on; and let her be either coy or jealous, in "the coldneſs of his Temperature he will "find an Antidote againſt her anger. But "as for the Jeſter whom you defend, he being "all Brimſtone and Salt-peter, will be ſure "to make a greater noiſe, his Choler and "Fire will produce nothing but Lightning "and Thunder: and having a fair pretence "to follow his own Natural humour, that en- "clines him to change, he will never loſe "the opportunity. Thus, Madam, for theſe "reaſons and conſiderations, you muſt be- "lieve as I do, that the melancholy Lover "is the more ſolid Lover, and far to be pre- "ferr'd before the jolly Extravagant. Ah! "*Quaidar*, cry'd Zelinda; I begin to be afraid "of our cauſe; for *Abindarrays* has rang'd "ſo many Troops in Battalia againſt us, that "I know not where you will muſter up a "ſtrength ſufficient to oppoſe him. You de- "ſpair too ſoon, *anſwered he*, of the Fortune "of your Cauſe, and the Juſtice of your "Arms: For I believe you will not find me "ſo weak as you think for. In ſhort, *pur- "ſued he*, *turning toward* Abindarrays, who "may not eaſily ſee that you have wounded "your ſelf with your own weapons; that "you diſputed againſt your ſelf, while you "argu'd againſt me? For while you confeſs "that the Melancholy Temperature is more "Terreſtrial, and heavy than the merry, of "neceſſity it muſt be leſs ſenſible of paſſions, "than that which is more immaterial; "and by conſequence leſs ſenſible of Love, "which is the nobleſt of all paſſions. If then "it be ſo eaſie to beat off your firſt aſſault, "your ſecond attack will prove no more ſuc- "ceſsful. You ſay that the imagination of "Melancholy perſons, being much ſtronger, "is the reaſon that their Love is more durable: "but I ſay in oppoſition to that opinion, "that in regard the effects always participate "of their Cauſe, the coldneſs of the tempe- "rament not giving heat to the fancy, is the "reaſon that the Images that are there im- "printed, are nothing ſo lively, and conſe- "quently ſooner defac'd; ſo that the Love of "the Melancholy perſon, is ſo far from "being more durable, than the affection of "the Jovial Courtier, that their Love is much "ſooner quenched: for their ſluggiſh and "drowſie humour ſuffers their feeble paſſion "by degrees to fall aſleep in their hearts, "where nothing can wake it, but becoming "lethargical it dies; and there is an end of "their Love. But it fares not ſo with the "Merry complexion: For the vivacity of their "ſanguine Temperament preſerves the Fi- "gures of things alive: and becauſe all O- "piates are cold, there is no danger of that "perillous Lethargy, that caſts the fancy into

"a dead sleeep: For their Blood being all "Fire, rather keeps awake than stupifies their "Love: and for that reason they love more "truly, since according to the maxims esta-"blish'd, the perfections of Love proceeds "from Constancy, and to use your own "words, is the crowning, the accomplish-"ment, and the utmost degree of Love. Then "you would perswade us, that melancholy "persons are continually pondering upon one "Object, whether present or not: but that "the Jovial Inamorate, has a thousand vari-"rous *Idea's* fluttering in his fancy: and that "therefore the former love longest, especi-"ally according to the Maxim, that nothing "violent long endures. But for all this do "not triumph before you have got the Vi-"ctory; for your Argument is so far from "being prov'd, that on the contrary, those "pensive creatures, suffering their fancies "to be wrap'd up in clouds of melancho-"ly vapours, that rise from their spleen "to their brain, think upon nothing at "all, when you believe them to be pon-"dering upon their Mistresses; and that "profound retirement within themselves, is "rather an Effect of stupidy than love, how "ingenious soever those melancholicks may "vaunt themselves to be. But it is not so "with Jovial the humour: For in regard their "Meditations never sleep; and that so long as "a man is awake, 'tis natural to be active in "pleasures, especially for the merry Souls "that breath nothing else but delight, while "those grave Gentlemen are thinking upon "nothing, by reason of their too profound me-"ditations; they that are more gay and cheer-"ful, are always thinking upon their Mistresses, "and not only love more really, but much "longer by reason they have not those drowsie "intervals, wherein they neither love nor "nor hate, and may be hardly said to live. "And if you desire, that in answer to what "you have said, concerning *false fires*, I "should destroy your Maxim, of *Nothing vi-"olent lasting*; I have nothing to do, but to "put you in mind, that though Fire be the "most active of all the Elements, and that "it destroys it self in being serviceable to the "rest: Yet you have seen it never to be ex-"tinguish'd in the Urns and Tombs of those "people, that first kindled it, and that it is "the same with the Elementary Fire; if you "will believe that learned Stranger, to whom "you are so much beholding for your know-"ledge. And therefore let us conclude from "Reason, that the Fire of the Merry Temper "begets a far more durable Love, than the "Cinders and Ashes of the drowsie Melan-"cholicks. As for your Argument that the "Melancholy person is not sensible of any "pleasure, but that the merry Lover tastes "of all sorts; without doubt, 'tis the most "weakest and most inconsiderable of all, and "your inferences absurd. For the Melan-"choly Temper is so far from tasting absent "pleasures, that he is not sensible of those "that are present: His stupifi'd Soul commu-"nicates its insensibility to the Body, and that "infects all the Senses, and renders them inca-"pable of discerning the Beauty of Objects, "the sweetness of Perfumes, or the taste of "exquisite Dishes. Certainly the Soul of a "merry man is nothing so stupid; for he "hears and sees, perceives and tastes the Beau-"ty, Harmony, Sweetness and Delicacy of "Objects, absent for what he loves, as well "as in her presence: So that we may well "conclude, that their senses being more pu-"rifi'd, and their thoughts more exquisite, "than those of melancholy persons, they "surpass them in Love, as well as in all "other things. In short, the joy of a merry "Absent, proceeds from the good opinion he "has from his Mistress, from his intire confi-"dence in her promises. On the other side "the perpetual anguish of melancholy persons "proceeds from hence, that Melancholy and "Mistrust are always inseparable, and that all "melancholy persons are jealous. Now be-"cause Jealousie and Esteem can never go to-"gether, but Esteem and Confiding assu-"rance never forsake one another, it necessa-"rily follows from thence, that the merry "person is the best lover, since no man can "love that which he esteems not, but on the "contrary men love that in an extraordinary "manner, which they once esteem. Now, Sir, "as for your Rere-guard and reserve, you have "maintain'd that the melancholy Lovers are "more patient than the Jovial, and therefore "love better. To which I answer, That Pati-"ence being only the Virtue of the Miserable, "the Merry have nothing to do with it. For "the charms of their humour rendring them "always amiable, cause them to be always in "Love. In short, that which gives diversion al-"ways pleases, and that which always pleases, "never tires you. But it fairs not at the same "rate with our lowring, scowling Lovers: "On the contrary, 'tis only their peevish, irk-"some, tedious humours that makes the La-"dy inconstant, if a change upon such an "accompt may be call'd infidelity: Nor do "the Ladies withdraw their affections, till the "others have render'd themselves unworthy "of being belov'd. And therefore a man "made up of pleasure and pastime, is so far "from being a less cordial Lover, than one "of those Knights of the Pensive Order, that "apparently they love much better, by rea-"son they are continually taking care to please "the Object beloved, either in discourse or "habit, or by any other means that they can "procure; instead of loading it with sighs "and groans, as those sad pieces of severity "do, who are contented with nothing, but "complain of all things. If he make any "Verses for his Mistress, they are only short "jocund Epigrams, or at least some Song as "merry as himself: Not tedious, sad and "tiresome Elegies, which the melancholy "compose, more fit to make men sleep or "weep, than to divertise those that read "them,

"them, if there be any one ſo patient. Let "us then conclude with more reaſon than *A-*"*bindarrays*, that the Merry lover is better than "the Melancholy: and let us add this to both, "that they deſerve better to be belov'd. To "what purpoſe would it be to diſſemble? "*cry'd* Zelinda *laughing*, I think I muſt change "my opinion, and after I have held with *A-*"*bindarrays*, I muſt be of *Squaidar*'s ſide; "for his Arguments being more ſuitable to "my humour than the others; I perceive it "will be a difficult thing for me to declare "for him, ſince we generally love that, with "which we have the greateſt ſimpathy. I "expected no leſs from your jollity, *reply'd* "*the noble* Granadine, grumbling at her ſen-"tence. Nor I from her juſtice, *anſwer'd* "Squaidar; but to her renown I find her as "juſt as ſhe is beautiful. Thoſe two things "however have but little correſpondence one "with another, *reply'd the generous Son of* Ca-"raman. All perſons that loſe their Cauſes "murmur againſt their Judges, *reply'd* Ze-"linda; yet thoſe Magiſtrates being as mer-"ciful as juſt, generally allow them twenty "four hours to make their complaints, how "unjuſt ſoever they be. I fear me, *cry'd* A-"bindarrays, I muſt be forc'd to take a lon-"ger time to complain of your unjuſt ſen-"tence. Have a care then, *reply'd* Zelinda, "that you do not fall into the ſeverity of the "Law, having made ſo bad a uſe of their "clemency. This was the diſpute which thoſe three perſons had upon a ſubject, which has equally divided all the voices in the World, as all the World is divided into thoſe two different humours. But, Sir, though *Abindarrays* had ſpoken to *Zelinda*, in favour of the jolly Ladies, before the diſpute, he ſoon found by his own experience, that it was not for a melancholy perſon to ſerve a mer-ry Miſtreſs, if he intends to proſper. In a word, when he deſir'd to be quiet, ſhe de-ſir'd he ſhould talk: when he was ſad, ſhe would be merry; when he ſigh'd, ſhe ſung; when he wept, ſhe laugh'd; when he com-plain'd of his misfortunes, ſhe ſcoff'd at his diſgraces; when he call'd her inſenſible, ſhe call'd him melancholick; when he thought her too airy, ſhe thought her ſelf too exact and circumſpect; and never two humours were more different, and by conſequence more incompatible, than that of *Abindarrays* and *Zelinda*. He car'd not that ſhe ſhould ſee any body but him, and ſhe would keep company with all the World: He ſought to find her alone at her own Houſe, and ſtill he met all the Town there. He never ſaw her, but when ſhe was in haſte; and never ſpoke to her, but when ſhe was in a hurry: ſhe was continually poſting from Balls to Comedies, from Tiltings to Collations, from Collations to Banquets; and ſo continually from one meeting to another. To day ſhe made a hunder'd viſits, to morrow ſhe receiv'd two hunder'd. He was compell'd to go ten times to wait upon her, before he could meet her once; and that one time was never without the diſturbance of his Rivals. To day ſhe was at play; next day ſhe was not to be ſpo-ken with, becauſe her Picture was drawing: the next day being to go to a Ball in the evening, was ſhort enough to dreſs her ſelf: if he put it off till next morning; when the next morning came, ſhe was gone abroad with two or three of his Rivals, and three or four of her ſhe friends into the Country. If he met her by accident, he was never a jot the better; ſhe laugh'd with one, ſhe ſmil'd with another, ſhe whiſper'd to another; ſhe call'd to one, and before he came, ſhe had forgot what ſhe had to ſay, and fell into diſcourſe with another. In ſhort, Sir, *Abindarrays* was ſo tyr'd with following this whirlygigg, and ſo plagu'd to ſee her laugh ſo much, and to be forc'd himſelf to laugh ſo much out of complaiſance, when there was no occaſion: So that one time not finding his Miſtreſs within, he found that his love was gone a-gadding as well as ſhe, and from thence forth he even left her to laugh by her ſelf. As for her part, ſhe had only a general Love for all people; the abſence of one particular ſervant ne-ver troubled her: and as brave a perſon as *Abin-darrays* was, ſhe hardly miſs'd a ſingle Lover, ſo little did ſhe mind any thing but her own pleaſures and divertiſements. However the noble *Granadine* was not long a ſervant to be let; but becauſe the torment which he had ſuffer'd in loving ſuch a frolick dame, made him fearful how he fell under the power of another Miſtreſs of her humour: He was re-ſolv'd for the Antipodes; that is to ſay, to find out a Lady as ſerious, as the other was extravagant. At that time, Sir, there was a Virgin of very great Quality at *Ceuta*, call'd *Zelebina*, the moſt reſerv'd, the moſt melancholy, the moſt retir'd perſon in the world, and that never went abroad, or ever took her pleaſure: She ſaw no body at home, ſadneſs and ſeverity were painted in her face: And her Modeſty as frigid as it was ſevere, in-ſpir'd rather fear, than deſire; rather reſpect, than love. But that you may better under-ſtand the ſevere retirement of that perſon, I need only tell you, that *Abindarrays* himſelf had never ſeen her, he that with ſo much curioſity had endeavour'd to ſee all that was worth ſeeing: So that the Grace of Novelty added thoſe Graces to her Countenance, which aſſuredly ſhe never really had: and as immoveable as her eyes were fix'd, they fail'd not however to operate upon the heart of *Ca-raman*'s generous Son. He met her by ac-cident in the Houſe of one of her Female ac-quaintance, whither ſome important buſineſs had conſtrain'd her to go. And for that his heart was of a compoſition as combuſtible as Brimſtone, her Ice inflam'd him, and her Froſt kindled a Fire in his heart. True it is that his natural diſpoſition inclining to me-lancholy, it was no wonder, that he lov'd *Zelebina*, ſhe being ſo much of the ſame tem-per; eſpecially, if ſimpathy proceeds from re-

ſemblance, as then it did. Thus the courtly *Granadine*, who chang'd his Colours like the Camelion, having laid his deſign to woe *Zelebina*, made it his buſineſs to wait upon her, as cold, ſerious, and reſerv'd as ſhe was: and though man has by ſome Authors been defin'd to be a riſible Creature, he avoided all occaſions of mirth; inſomuch, that there was never any King ſo grave upon his Throne, as he always appear'd to be. After he had ſaluted her with a profound obeyſance, he ſat down very demurely by her; and without ſpeaking any more to her, than ſhe to him, he fix'd his eyes upon the ground, never looking upon her, but by ſtealth, as ſhe ſometimes look'd upon him: At length he ſigh'd, as ſhe ſigh'd; he rear'd up his Eyes to Heaven, and then fix'd them again upon the Ground, juſt as he ſaw her do: and both obſerving an exact ſilence, you would have ſworn they had been two Statues for the Ornament of a Tomb. But after they had continu'd a good while in that poſture, *Abindarrays* firſt undertook to open his mouth, but he ſpoke very ſoftly, as they do in the Chamber of ſick people, that are not to be diſturb'd with the leaſt noiſe. "Fair "*Zelebina*, *ſaid he at laſt*, I fear me I rather "give you a trouble than a diverſion; and "that I diſturb your content, while I inter- "rupt your Contemplations. Alas, *anſwer'd ſhe, with a mournful voice, as if ſhe had been* "*ſome Ghoſt in a Tragedy*, the unhappy Age "wherein we live, is ſo full of troubleſome "accidents, that 'tis a difficult thing to ſay "which are not ſo: So that you are ſo far "from depriving me of any pleaſing enter- "tainment of my own thoughts, that you "have recover'd me out of a diſconſolate "Meditation, and have done me a kindneſs "while you thought to have done me a diſ- "courteſie. In truth, *reply'd he, in the ſame tone, and fetching a deep ſigh, as obliging as it* "*was ſad*, 'tis a thing ſo horrible, and ſo con- "trary to Nature, to ſee two Brothers with "their Swords in their hands always drawn "one againſt the others life, as it is the *Cherifs* "Fate, that I cannot but with my tears "deplore that which has coſt all *Africa* ſo "much blood. I confeſs it, *reply'd ſhe, be-* "*wailing their misfortune*, but in regard you "are every Summer in the Field, how ſweet "ſoever your natural diſpoſition may be, you "are leſs ſenſible of theſe Objects of horrour, "which you are accuſtom'd to behold, with- "out any great trouble. So, *purſu'd ſhe*, "when they told me you were always inſepa- "rable from *Zelinda*, who is always merry, I "did not wonder much at that, but that "which I am aſtoniſh'd at is, that you ſhould "forſake her company to ſit with a penſive "Virgin, that does nothing elſe almoſt but "weep. In regard that tears are ſo like pearls, "*reply'd the courtly* Granadine, there are ſome "that are greater Ornaments, than ſigns of "affliction; and are infinitely more delightful "than that immoderate laughter which you "ſpeak of: For indeed there is a vaſt diffe- "rence between that tickliſh cuſtom of laugh- "ing always, and that ſerious demeanour, "that never laughs at any thing, or elſe very "rarely. The firſt renders perſons ridicu- "lous, the other imprints reſpect and pity "in the hearts of all that hear them ſigh to "purpoſe. Melancholy is modeſt, and Mo- "deſty is the principal Ornament of a Wo- "man. The frothy humour of tattling goſ- "ſips make them commit a hunder'd enor- "mities, misbecoming the civility of their "Sex. But the ſolid humour of ſad and pen- "ſive Virgins, regulates their Actions like "their Souls, and renders their Virtue con- "formable to their Manners. They that "ſpeak much oft-times, ſpeak impertinently; "but they that ſpeak little, ſpeak always to "the purpoſe: Leſs diſcourſe, and more "ſence is a harmony that charms the ear; "whereas a tempeſt of words does but diz- "zie the brains. In a word, I can meet with "nothing comparable to the Majeſtick Sul- "lenneſs of Melancholy; and I prefer it far "before the high flown fancies and quirks of "Joviality. Your expreſſions are more "courtly than ſincere, *reply'd* Zelebina; and "though this were at preſent your belief, "yet you can quickly change your opinion. "For you are not acquainted with all the ri- "gour of Melancholy perſons; nor with the "ſeverity of thoſe Laws which they impoſe "upon them, that are ſo unfortunate as to "be their ſervants. In regard they love ſi- "lence, they forbid all complaints, the very "rattling of their Slaves Fetters is a capital "crime. As they love retirement, they are "to be viſited but very ſeldom. But during "their retirement, you muſt be ſhut up, as "they are lock'd in; you muſt be alone, as "they are alone; you muſt abandon all plea- "ſures which they forſake; renounce the "world, ſince they are willing to quit it: "you muſt be content with ſelf-ſatisfaction, "and with the only thought of being belov'd "by a perſon, who lives as if ſhe loved not at "all. Judge then, *Abindarrays*, what 'tis to "ſerve a Melancholy perſon, and whether "the Fetters of a Jolly Lady be not much "more light. But, *reply'd he*, if they be "lighter, yet they are not ſo honourable. "'Tis difficulty begets Honour; and Honour "is that which cauſes the trueſt pleaſure. "When we cannot ſee that which we love, "we eaſily reſolve to ſee nothing at all: So "that what you propoſe to me, as a puniſh- "ment, ſeems to be rather a conſolation: "For when we cannot ſee that which pleaſes "our ſight, when we cannot ſee the perſon "we love, better is it to ſee nothing at all. "Let it be as it will, *reply'd ſhe, as ſhe was a-* "*bout to depart the room*, I have told you the "truth of things; and if your conceit there- "of fall not out to be right; 'tis your own "fault. And having ſo ſaid, ſhe left his company.

But, Sir, my diſcourſe has been ſo tedious that now I think it time to break off, and to refer

refer the remainder of my ſtory till another opportunity, for fear of being both troubleſome and impertinent.

"You can never run that hazard, *reply'd* "Roderick de Narva, for the paſſages which "you relate are ſo pleaſant, and the ſtories ſo "well told, that the longer they are, the more "delectable are they to them that are capa- "pable to diſcern their Elegancy. For my "part, *purſu'd he*, I obſerv'd no ſuch pro- "lixity, as you ſpeak of: on the contrary, "methinks you are but beginning your Re- "lation, the hours have ſlipp'd away ſo plea- "ſingly. However if your ſtory have been "long, I am ſure, it has not been tedious; "nor can you defer the reſt, without delay- "ing my particular ſatisfaction. Neverthe- leſs, *Don Fernand de Solis* took his leave of the Illuſtrious *Roderick de Narva* for that night; but the Noble General impatiently longing for the reſt; the next day ſent again for the diſcreet Slave; who then proceeded where he left off.

Sir, ſaid he, no ſooner had *Zelebina* left left *Abindarrays*, as I have already related; but the Inamour'd *Granadine* went to ſee the Sea ſide, and made her a Copy of Verſes in praiſe of Melancholy; but then it was, that he underſtood what a difficult thing it was to have acceſs to thoſe melancholy perſons: For the Porter of *Zelebina's* Houſe told the Slave that carried the Verſes, that ſhe was not to be ſpoken withal that day; ſo that having order not to deliver the paper into any other hand, but her own, he brought it back. The next day he ſent later in the morning, thinking to have a more eaſie admiſſion: but as cautious as he was, it ſignifi'd nothing, for the Nun would ſee none of his Poetry: in the evening he ſent again, but the evening prov'd as unkind to him as the morning, and the poor Poem, compos'd under a bad Planet, return'd again to the Maſters hands. Nevertheleſs his obſtinacy at length prevail'd, and the Stanza's were preſented to that ſullen fair one, by the Slave who ſurpris'd her in her bed: But his ſatisfaction was never the more; for the Meſſenger brought him word, that ſhe receiv'd them very ſlightly; that ſhe fetch'd a deep ſigh when ſhe took them; and then laid them under her Boulſter, not vouchſafing to look upon them, or ſaying any more, but only bidding the Slave remember her to his Maſter. Judge you, Sir, how well ſuch uſage as this pleas'd our Illuſtrious Poet. However, for that Slaves were not to impoſe, but receive laws, he thought it behov'd him to ſuffer all this without murmuring. At length he went himſelf to wait upon *Zelebina*; but the Maſter was no better receiv'd than the Slave: Four times he ſuffer'd a repulſe at the Gate, finding it impenitrable. Nevertheleſs patience overcoming all things, he had better ſucceſs the fifth time, than he had had before; for at length he was let into a Houſe as difficult to be enter'd, as it was to get out of *Virgil's* Hell. He found the fair Statue in her *Alcove*, as it had been a *Niche*, moving nothing but her eyes, and thoſe very ſlowly, like high *German* Eyes looking through a Dyal. After he had paid her his obeyſance, and that ſhe had return'd his Complement with a gentle Nod, the Figure neither ſtirr'd nor ſpoke any more, than her Picture might have done. On the other ſide the reſpectful Knight ſtirr'd no more than ſhe; you would have ſworn they had been ſitting for their Pictures, ſo wilfully did they keep their Countenances, and their Poſtures, as if they had been ty'd to their Chairs. But at length after they had continu'd in that dumb ſilence, till you might have fetch'd a good napp, *Abindarrays* wak'd firſt, and began to be like himſelf, that is, to ſpeak like a man, that ſat like an Idol before: "Madam, *ſaid he*, I was "too well ſatisfi'd the laſt time with your ſo- "ciety, not to covet the ſame happineſs a- "gain more than once: and I thought that "ſince you were ſo courteous to afford me "your company in a ſtrangers Houſe, you "would have been as kind to have given me "leave to wait upon you in your own. Alas! "Sir, *anſwer'd ſhe*, in a Funeral tone, you will "quickly be weary of viſiting me; for my "melancholy being contagious, you will do "well to avoid a miſchief, that a man can- "not be rid of when he pleaſes, if once it get "poſſeſſion of his Soul. Such a gentle diſ- "temper, *reply'd he*, is to be preferr'd before "health it ſelf. Your cares are ſociable, and "your melancholy ſo full of diverſion, and "your cloudy humour ſo full of light, that I "ſhall always prefer the entertainment of ſo "lovely a Votareſs, before Jollety, the croud, "noiſe and hurliburly of the World; where- "in there is nothing of delight. Ah! moſt "obliging *Abindarrays*, *ſaid ſhe*, *fetching a "ſigh*, Deſarts no where afford a delightful "proſpect, but in Pictures. Were the ſo- "litudes of the *Dervis*, *reply'd the Son of* Ca- "raman, as charming as yours, I would for- "ſake the Cities, and forever abide in "Deſarts. You would find the days very "tedious there, *reply'd* Zelebina, and you "would ſoon be weary of ſuch an unactive "life, and a quiet ſo ſeldom interrupted. Here he made a cloſe, as they do in Muſick!, but far more tedious and tireſome. For *Zelebina* relapſing into her former ſilence, her words dy'd as ſoon as they were born in her mouth; ſhe pronounced her ſyllables by halves, and after that again, for a long while ſhe ſpoke not a word. In the mean time *Abindarrays* as ſilent altogether as ſhe, wonder'd ſhe ſpoke not a word to him of his Verſes: and as there is nothing that vexes a Poet more, than to contemn his works, he had much ado to endure that piece of forgetfulneſs. Yet he knew not how to quarrel with her, not daring to ſpeak firſt. But as there is no affection ſo tender as that, which ſuch kind of Parents have for ſuch kind of Children, his Poetical affection carried him beyond civility, and conſtrain'd him to ſpeak of

that which was never mentioned before; to that effect, renewing the former discourse, with a private purpose to speak of his Verses: "Retirement, *said he*, hath its particular allurements, as well as business and "tumult; and though we may seem to be "lasie and idle there, yet are we often very "diligently and painfully employ'd in those "places. Heavens! *cry'd* Zelebina, what "imployment can be there, where a man has "nothing to do? or what pleasure can there "be in such a sluggish and drowsie Life. The "pleasure of thinking upon what a man "loves: The pleasure of entertaining a man's "own thoughts without any controwl; and "of making Verses in her praise. At the word Verses, *Zelebina* started, as if she had been waken'd out of a deep sleep; and calling to mind, that in the midst of her melancholy Meditations, she had forgot to read those, which the Illustrious *Granadine* had sent her; she committed a second fault, greater than the first, and without considering before hand what she did, she ran to the Bed, and drew *Abindarrays*'s Verses from under the Boulster, where she had laid them, and set her self to reading softly by her self. You may well guess how the poor Poet was mortifi'd seeing himself so severely handled in his works: He that could hardly endure, but with great trouble, that any person should so much as turn his eys aside, or cough in reading his compositions. On the other hand, the sullen Fair One, who was not a little asham'd that she had so much forgot her self, durst not take her Eyes off the paper, for fear he should see her blush; so that she might almost as soon have read *Homer*'s Iliads, in the time she spent in looking over these few Stanza's. But at length after she had recover'd her self, she turn'd towards *Abindarrays*, and shewing him the shadow of a smile, that brake like lightning from her cloudy countenance: "Truly, *said she*, if any thing could afford me "that consolation which you speak of, it would "be such an excellent piece as this, that carries "in it self such a lovely Majesty, and such an "unexpressible character of grief that cannot "but revive the most melancholy in their "deepest thoughts of sadness. Ah! Madam, "*reply'd the Son of* Caraman, if you have dis-"cover'd there what you say, 'tis more than "ever you thought you should have found "there, since it was so long ere you would "vouchsafe to read so short a paper. I assure "you, *said she*, blushing more apparently, "you must not impute the cause of my neg-"ligence, to my want of esteem. 'Tis no "where to be found, but in my disturb'd "thoughts, that enforce me to forget my self, "so absolutely do they tyrannize over my "mind. Charming *Zelebina*, *reply'd the No-"ble* Granadine, forget my Stanza's as much "as you please, provided you will but re-"member me. In short, Sir, these two persons discours'd a good while, but yet their silence out-did their discourse; for their Conversation had as many void spaces, as an old Manuscript; and they that had counted the words and sighs of that fair Hypocondriacal, might have gone near to have reckon'd the number equal. But though the temperament of melancholy persons be cold; yet as two stones of the same temper by strinking together, afford those sparkles that kindle a greater Fire, the fair Dreamer shar'd something of the heat of her serious humour, as she shar'd his temper; and their Flames and their Isicles were equally predominant. Nevertheless her natural inclination prevail'd above her love; she lov'd *Abindarrays* well, but she would not see him often: In six times that he went to wait upon her, it was well if he saw her once: and the greatest of that visit was spent in silence, rather than in discourse; in sighs, and not in smiles; in sad relation of publick Calamities, and descriptions of Funerals, and lamentable recitals of some tragical accidents: Subjects that rise up into the brain with the black vapours of adust melancholy, and are the only phantastical delights with which they recreat their gloomly thoughts. But this was not the only inconvenience that the inamour'd *Abindarrays* experienc'd. For the pensiveness of his Mistress, rendering her Melancholy tyrannical; she requir'd from him, that at such times as she was not dispos'd to see him, he should visit no body else; that he should not stir out of his Lodging, but by her order; and that only to come to hers, when she gave him leave. At first he observ'd a most strict course of Life, with all submission, obedience and strictness. And that recluse Lover sought to comfort himself in his solitudes, by thinking continually upon *Zelebina*, in making Verses in praise of her, and sending her little Love Letters, to which she seldom return'd answer; such a sloth had his Melancholy humour infus'd into him. But in regard the Illustrious *Granadine*'s melancholy was more sociable than that of his Mistress, he soon grew weary of his Anchorites life; so that being assur'd he should never meet *Zelebina* abroad, he began sometimes to break the constitutions of her government; and by degrees to peep into the world, which she never look'd into. But as luck would have an Oar in ever Boat, *Zelebina* by chance discover'd the transgressions of her Lover, whom she had almost converted to be a Hermite. So that after she had chid him a a thousand times over, she constrain'd him to make a new vow of perpetual retirement; to which she added strange threats, if ever she discover'd but one single breach of her commands. In short, fear that most commonly attends upon Love, confin'd him again within no less than four Walls. And *Abindarrays* once more vanish'd, as he had been an Apparition. But humane frailty drew him into another temptation; so that he made an escape out to see a Lady of his acquaintance, which succeding very well the first time, he made

made a ſecond, and ſoon after that a third, being embolden'd by his good Fortune. But as Jealouſie and Melancholy are inſeparable; *Zelebina*, who did not give much credit to the promiſes of her Lover, after ſhe had been deceiv'd, would not truſt him upon the pledge of his own Faith, though the bird ſeem'd to be indifferently well cnur'd and reclaim'd, but ſet certain unknown Spies upon him, that were always at his heels; and who gave her a faithful accompt of his diſobedience, and the viſits he made. One day that he had leave to viſit her, after ſome indifferent diſcourſe, ſhe ask'd him without any the leaſt affectation, what he had been doing, ſince ſhe laſt ſaw him, and how he had lead his life? "Very "ſadly, very ſolitarily, heaven knows, *re-* "*ply'd* Abinderrays, and in ſuch a retirement, "that you would pity me, did you but know "how ſevere and cruel it has been to me. Ah! "perfidious diſſembler, *cry'd ſhe*, I am better "inform'd than you think for, how you have "ſlighted my commands, how little you "have minded to pleaſe or obey me, and how "unfaithful you have been to your word. *Abinderrays* who thought ſhe had ſpoke it only to ſurpriſe him, and to inform her ſelf out of his own mouth, of that which ſhe could not learn by others, ſtood it out with a moſt confident brazen face, and intermixing oaths and lyes together, he ſwore that he had never ſtirr'd out of his Chamber, and that all her intelligence was falſe. But then, notwithſtanding the coldneſs of *Zelebina's* melancholy, her choler became on fire, and beholding him with eyes that darted for lightning: "Treacherous Impoſtor, *cry'd ſhe*, the worſt of "Criminals never ly'd like thee. But ſince "thou prefers common and mean divertiſe- "ments before me, thou art unworthy of my "affection; thou never didſt merit it, and "never ſhall have it without deſerving it. Having ſo ſaid, ſhe flung to her Cabinet, and being got in, ſhe threw the door after her, as if ſhe would have broke it; manifeſting thereby both her anger and her ſpleen. Poor *Abinderrays* talk'd to her, above an hour a this ſide the door, as we ſpeak to moſt auſtere Nuns without the Grate, but could not ſee her, neither would ſhe afford him a ſyllable of anſwer, notwithſtanding all the fine language he could uſe. In ſhort, deſpairing of this adventure, and quite tyr'd with the formalities of ſuch a retir'd and tedious way of living, he grew into a paſſion, and chafing, and exclaiming againſt all the chaſte and melancholy women; he left *Zelebina* in a foam, and in the firſt tranſportations of his rage, he ran to ſee *Zelinda*, on purpoſe to find an Antidote in the midſt of Mirth and Jollity, to cure his melancholy. "I am come, *ſaid he*, "*moſt obligingly accoſting her*, to reſign my ſelf "up to my former Captivity; I have be- "queath'd it to another Slave, *anſwer'd ſhe*, "*laughing*, and indeed I have ſuch a number "of Slaves, that I have no chains to ſpare: "and therefore, if you are not pleas'd with "your Liberty, you may do well ſtill to "wear *Zelebina's* Fetters, the laſt that you "ſhook off. Ah! *cry'd he*, I had rather "wooe a Madge-owlet: nay, I had rather "be an Owl my ſelf, than any longer court a "Hypocondriacal Melancholy Virgin, that "hides her ſelf from the World, and day light: "that would have me live in a hollow Tree "as ſhe does, and renounce all converſation "and ſociety like her. This may inſtruct you, "*reply'd* Zelinda, that your firſt ſervitude "was more gentle than your ſecond. But I "have no need of a fugitive Slave; and "therefore I muſt refuſe the Preſent which he "offers me, not believing him to be a price "high enough for me to purchaſe. I have "deſerv'd the puniſhment which I receive, "*reply'd he*, and I ſubmit to it without mur- "muring: But fair *Zelinda*, if you will but "reſtore me my manacles and my chain, I "will be the trueſt Slave in all *Africa*. For "the change of my Miſtreſs having taught me "that all change ſignifies nothing, eſpecially "in Love, I will ſerve you ſo well, that I "make no queſtion but to be my Patroneſſes "favourite, never deſiring to be affranchiz'd "more. Ah! no, no, *cry'd ſhe*, I never recal "my favours, but having ſet you at liberty, I "will never permit you to be my Slave again. "For it is my Maxime, that when a ſervant "balks us, he is never to be admitted more. "And I hold the contrary, *reply'd* Abindar- "rays, that every Lover that penitently re- "turns, ought to be joyfully receiv'd: and "that reaſon permits no denial. For his re- "pentance, *added he*, takes away his crime: "and his return being an infallible proof of "the acknowledment of his fault, you have "all the reaſon in the world to believe, that "he will then be as faithful in his ſervice, as "he was before inconſtant. For his own ex- "perience having taught him, that his firſt "Maſters were the beſt, his inconſtancy will "make him conſtant: his fault will hinder "him from going aſtray, and learning good "out of evil, his fickleneſs will keep him "ſtedfaſt, and he will love the better becauſe "he lov'd ill before. The ſureſt way is the "beſt, *reply'd* Zelinda, and if experience will "not teach us wiſdom, we ſhall never be "wiſe: As much as to ſay, that a licentious "Slave, that once ſhakes off his chains, will "ſhake off a thouſand more: The firſt crime "is moſt difficult to commit; and the firſt "going unpuniſh'd, emboldens him to a ſe- "cond. Beſides it was but a misfortune to be "deceiv'd the firſt time, but it is imprudence "and folly to be cheated twice. And there- "fore go and weep with *Zelebina*, ſince you "ſcorn'd to laugh with *Zelinda*, who has no "need either of your ſervice, or of you. This Lover, thus deny'd, try'd ſtill a hunder'd ways to get into her favour; but all to no purpoſe, ſo that he was forc'd to march off extremely diſſatisfi'd, and curſing in his heart the Prattle-basket and the Modeſt, the Merry and the Melancholy; whoſe different humours

humours had ſo perplexed him. But it was not long ere he diſcover'd another, and a new ſubject for his paſſion, new in every reſpect: For whereas, before he had courted none but Virgins; he now fell in love with a married woman, and that deſperately too. Her name was *Leance*, a name originally *Egyptian*, and in that Country ſtill very common: Her Husband's name was *Herſecolis*, a man by nature jealous; and who knowing his Wife to be handſome, made no queſtion, but that others knew it as well as himſelf: So that he was always upon the watch, and the poor *Leance* liv'd a miſerable life, knowing no pleaſure or divertiſement. And as true it is, that the ſame deſire that depriv'd her of it, encreas'd her deſires of enjoyment. For to ſpeak according to common experience, women having an extravagant fancy, that whatever men would not have them to do, that they muſt give them their full ſwinge to act: being all born with thoſe inclinations, that ſpurr them to revolt from the Laws, to which they abhorr all ſubjection. But the noble Son of *Caraman* had one very great advantage, for *Herſecolis* was his peculiar friend. So that going often to his Houſe, he ſaw that ſometimes, which his Rivals could never ſee; and through that dangerous permiſſion he came to love *Leance*. Nevertheleſs, he had no other privilege to talk to her, but only with his eyes: For there was no talking alone, no private converſation. At firſt, as he was naturally vertuous, he oppos'd friendſhip againſt love; and the ſtrict league of amity between her Husband and himſelf, againſt the unlawful love which he was going to contract with his friend's Wife. But as people of his age, are ſeldom ſcrupulous in ſuch matters, being the moſt indulgent Divines to themſelves in the World, he quickly overcame all ſcruples of conſcience; and ſo well he remember'd he was in love, that he forgot he was a friend. The miſchief was, that *Herſecolis* as little forgot his jealouſie, or that his Wife was handſome: So that the liberty of going to ſee her, provok'd the paſſion of *Abindarrays*, but gave him no opportunity to obtain ſatisfaction, by a diſcovery thereof to her that caus'd it. He ſought ſeveral times to ſlide letters into her hands, ſo as not to be perceiv'd by her Husband: But he was a waking Dragon that ſpoil'd all his plots, as cunning as he was in his Art. He had ſome intentions to accompliſh his Deſign, by corrupting ſome of the Slaves that waited on *Leance*: But the chiefeſt of them were old Eunuches, that ſtood in terrible fear of *Herſecolis*, who was very haſty, and very cruel; and the reſt were ſo young, that he durſt not truſt ſo great a ſecret to their diſcretion. However, all theſe obſtacles rather encreaſing, than abating his Love; he expreſs'd that with his eyes, which he could not do either by his lips or hands: in their language he made *Leance* underſtand, notwithſtanding all the vigilance of *Herſecolis*, that he eſteem'd her beautiful, and that he ador'd her as a Lover. But if his looks could ſpeak, the fair Captives were not dumb; ſo that by a reciprocal intelligence they utter'd their thoughts one to another; and both underſtood that language which *Herſecolis* was not aware of: Now, Sir, after this private intimation equally given on both ſides, they both became more bold; and the Illuſtrious *Granadine* watching his opportunity, ſo well nick'd it one time, that he ſlipp'd a paper into her hand, which ſhe as ſoon put into her pocket. But as ſoon as ſhe came to be alone in her chamber, ſhe open'd it, and found it to be a Copy of Verſes repreſenting to her the greatneſs of Love, by the greatneſs of the danger which he ventur'd for her ſake.

The fair *Leance* was too well prepar'd in her mind, kindly to accept this firſt Homage of *Abindarrays*, to think amiſs of his Verſes; ſo that whatever danger ſhe ran, ſhe reſolv'd to return him an anſwer; and having writ a little Note in haſte, ſhe carried it privately about her, impatiently expecting an opportunity to give it the Illuſtrious *Granadine*: with which Fortune and her own wit ſoon furniſh'd her. For the Son of *Caraman* coming two or three days after, to *Herſecolis*'s Houſe, as ſhe was talking with him in the preſence of her Husband, ſhe made him a ſign with her eyes, and immediately let fall her Handkerchief, as it were by accident: which *Abindarrays* underſtanding, preſently with an extraordinary double diligence took it up, and civilly reſtoring it, he made ſuch a profound reverence, that while the interpoſition of his body depriv'd *Herſecolis* of the ſight of his Wives hand, ſhe ſlid a little Note between *Abindarrays*'s fingers from under the Handkerchief, without being perceiv'd in the leaſt by *Herſecolis*, as jealous as he was: For the cunning *Granadine* no ſooner felt the paper in his hand; but feigning to pull his own Handkerchief out of his Pocket, he left the Note behind; but ſo nimbly, that never a *Conſtantinopolitan* Juggler could have done it ſo cunningly, with his *high paſs and be gon*. You may well gueſs that having had ſuch ſucceſs, he ſtaid not long there: but ſhortning his viſit, he ſoon took his leave of *Herſecolis*; and retiring to his Cloſet, he read *Leances* Note, which was to this effect:

YOu are not only the beſt bred Gentleman in the world, but you are alſo the boldeſt. And yet it will be a difficult thing for you to be the moſt happy, if you are not very wary and cunning.

This little Note over-joy'd the *Granadine*: For he found by that, that there wanted nothing but contrivance to make him happy, and that his good Fortune depended upon his Wit. But *Herſecolis* took ſuch care of his treaſure, of which he was both ſo jealous and

and ſo covetous; and *Leance* led ſo private and retir'd a life; that he could not imagin which way to obtain her to himſelf: Nevertheleſs ingenious Love, who never fails to carry thoſe places which he attacks, put a trick into his head, whereby he once enjoy'd his Miſtreſs out of her Husbands company, and that with leiſure and freedom enough. 'Tis true, the way was extremely dangerous, for he hazarded his life, had he been diſcover'd; but the difficulty redoubling his heat, and the danger his courage; obſerve what courſe he took to accompliſh his ends, notwithſtanding the obſtacles that lay in his way. The uſe of publick Baths being a common thing in all the Cities of *Africa*, there are ſome for the men, and ſome for the women: and all the perſons of Quality never fail to go thither very often. Now *Abindarrays* having obſerv'd what days *Leance* went every week to the Bath, made himſelf a very handſome habit, ſuch as the Female Slaves wear in thoſe places: he alſo provided himſelf one of thoſe little Hampers of Vermilion guilded, wherein they carry the Linnen and Perfumes, which the women make uſe of in their Bathing: For being very beautiful, it was no difficult thing for him to paſs for a Maid: Beſides, that it was very eaſie for him to diſguiſe himſelf, by reaſon that all the Women go vail'd through all the Cities of *Africa*. He had taken notice alſo, that another perſon of Quality, went to bathe her ſelf the ſame day with *Leance*: So that when he was well aſſur'd of all things; when the day came that his Miſtreſs went to the Bath, he put on his Habit, and took his Hamper upon his head, which lay ready prepar'd at a poor man's houſe, that was his creature, and faithful to him: and in that equipage, with his Vail over his Eyes, going to the publick Bath, he demanded a Tub, for that perſon of Quality, whoſe Slave he ſaid he was; and when the Miſtreſs of Houſe had brought it, he ſet his Basket upon the Ground, and ſate down by the Tub, expecting with a great deal of impatience the iſſue of the fraud. When he ſaw *Leance* enter attended by two or three Slaves, he roſe up, and while they were making ready the Linnen and Perfumes for their Miſtreſſes uſe; the counterfeit Captive with a feigned voice told her, That her Patroneſs, who was coming, had commanded her to tell her a buſineſs, which ſhe her ſelf would tell her more of when ſhe came. *Leance*, who was beginning to undreſs her ſelf, retir'd ſome few paces from her Slaves; and in regard the perſon, whom *Abindarrays* nam'd to her, was one of her friends indeed, ſhe liſten'd very attentively to the feigned Captive, aſſuring her ſhe would be very glad to ſerve her Miſtreſs upon any occaſion. Thereupon the noble and hardy *Granadine*, in his own tone, but with a low voice, laying his lips to her ear: "Fair *Leance*, *ſaid he*, "my life or death are both at your diſpoſal, "and you are Miſtreſs of my fate as well as "my heart. That voice, which ſhe preſently knew, made her ſtart, ſhe was ſo much ſurpris'd; but in regard there were ſeveral women already come in, and for that the ruine or preſervation of *Abindarrays* was the thing in queſtion, ſhe ſuppreſs'd her aſtoniſhment and fear; and ſpeaking low as he had done, for fear of injuring a perſon, that ſhe lov'd ſo dear. "You venture your own Life, and "hazard my Honour ſo deſperately, *ſaid ſhe*, "that it is a hard matter to ſay whether you "love me, or whether you only love your ſelf. "I believe, Madam, *anſwer'd he*, you can "never queſtion the firſt. I confeſs it, *reply'd ſhe*, but as the latter is to me altogether "as conſiderable, I have as much reaſon to "look to my ſelf. For you are not ignorant "of the ſeverity of the Laws, againſt that "very fact which you commit; and therefore "get you gone as faſt as you can, and re"prieve me from this terrible fear by reſcuing "your ſelf out of ſo imminent a danger. "Madam, *anſwer'd the illuſtrious* Granadine, "I have not ventur'd ſo hard for ſo ſhort an "enjoyment of my happineſs: Nor ſhall my "eyes, *added he ſmiling*, ever reproach my "heart, to deprive them of the uttermoſt "felicity of their ſight which they can have "in this place. You are not wiſe, *reply'd ſhe*, "*ſmiling and bluſhing both together*, to prattle "theſe follies to me in a place where you "ought to ſay nothing at all, and where more "earneſt buſineſs than this ought not to ſtop "us a moment. There is no buſineſs of that "concernment to me, *reply'd* Abindarrays, "as to convince you, that I will never fear "any thing to enjoy what I now poſſeſs; "nor any thing ſo delightful, as that which "ſhews me what I love, and by conſequence "all that is pleaſing to me. But what bene"fit, *added ſhe*, do you expect to reap from "a love accompany'd with ſo much danger? "or what is it you can hope for? For "though my inclinations were more prevalent than Vertue, (which I ſhall labour to "prevent) the jealous humour of my Huſband, will that ſuffer you to admit the "leaſt beam of hope into your breaſt? and "without it, can you love? You know his "ſeverity, you know the auſtere retirement "where his jealouſie coops me up: You are "not ignorant alſo of the violence of that "paſſion; and to what deſperate reſolutions "it tranſports ſome men: Wherefore will "you then hazard all for nothing? Peril "and danger, *anſwer'd he*, have their allure"ments for ſuch hearts as mine; for there "is a certain ſecret pleaſure to do that which "the Laws forbid, and to deceive a Husband; "and in ſeeking inventions to ſatisfie our own "ſelves, and cheat them: And I prefer it far "before that unſavoury and inſipid pleaſure "of lawful Love; if ſuch a luke-warm Paſſion may be call'd Love. For indeed how can "a man ſhew any true courtſhip before the ſo "ancient and venerable Figures of Fathers "and Mothers, which will be always in their

"Daughters company? how can a man "give himself up to all these pleasing fol- "lies, which are the pleasures of Love, while "a whole Family stares upon him? What "sweetness is there to be tasted in a thing so "publick, in a thing so lawful? The best bred "person in the world would be a Novice, "and a changeling to be pester'd with all those "formalities. The easie access to enjoyment, "takes away the salt and poynancy of that "noble Passion. But he that courts a married "woman, must be always upon his guard, "as watchful as a Sentinel; he must steal all "his pleasures, and more cunningly deceive "the eyes of a jealous Husband, and more "cunningly by signs express himself to a Mi- "stress, and understand her at the same time. "He must have a hunder'd tricks to speak "with her, and write to her, notwithstanding "the vigilancy of the Husband, or of all his "Spies. In a word, Madam, judge by what "I do, at what I am able to do; and since "you see me in a place where never man yet "enter'd, never question, but that you may "see me in many more, notwithstanding all "the wariness of *Hersecolis*, provided my "pains are but acceptable to you, and that "you will but a little assist me. We will think "upon that, *reply'd she*, at leisure: in the mean "time let us break off our discourse, for fear "of being suspected by so many women; "and make you haste out of a place so dan- "gerous to your Sex. You shall go out of "the Bath, before I part hence, *merrily re-* "*ply'd the inamour'd* Granadine, for you know "that Slaves must attend their Mistresses. "Then will not I go in at all, *cry'd she*. You "will ruine me then, *answer'd he*. And having so said without expecting any farther answer, he went and sate him down again by his Basket, by the side of his Tub, which he had bespoke for a Lady, that was never to come, with his face turn'd towards that wherein *Leance* was to enter. After that, the Slaves of that amiable person began to undress her; and whether it were that she durst not make any disturbance, or that she were not against it, they pull'd all off, and in she went. Not but that she us'd all the care she could to hide what *Abindarrays* coveted to see; though he saw enough to convince him that he lov'd a most beautiful woman. While she was in the Bath, their eyes discours'd, what they durst not utter with their lips. And when she came out of the Bath, the Inamour'd *Abindarrays* rebeheld with transportment what he had seen before with pleasure, though she made a shew of hiding that lovely body, which the more she strove to hide, the more she discover'd. But when the Slaves had dress her again, and that she was ready to go; the Illustrious *Granadine* accosted her again, and whispering in her ear: "Ah! Madam, *said he*, I leave this "place more in love by far, than I was be- "fore: For what I have seen has increas'd "the passion that I felt. Peace, rash adven- "turer, *cry'd she*, and let all that be forgotten, "lest I forget not your boldness, and cause "you to be punish'd accordingly. After that she gave him an affectionate wink, wherein there appear'd but very little anger, and leaving him a smile, she return'd home. For his part, after he had staid behind, that he might not be suspected, by following too soon after her, he told the Mistress of the Bath, that certainly some unexpected business was fallen out, that his Lady did not come; and after he had paid the Mistress for her Tub, he put his rich Hamper upon his head, and went to throw off his disguise in the same place, where he had left it. The next day he fail'd not to go to *Hersecolis*'s House to rebehold *Leance*: But there befel him at that time an accident too remarkable to be for- gotten. You must know then, that that learned Christian, who turn'd *Mahometan*; and who is now at *Granada*, being then at *Ceuta*, had translated *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoses* into the *Arabick* Tongue: So that when *A- bindarrays* enter'd into *Leances* Chamber, he found *Hersecolis* sitting by her, and reading to himself in that Book. The fair *Leance* blush'd at the sight of the noble *Granadine*, calling to mind what had pass'd the day be- fore at the Bath, but she grew as pale soon after, by reason of what fell out in her Chamber, which put her into a terrible af- fright, and strangely disorder'd her. "I read "here a Fable, *said her husband, with a me-* "*lancholy tone*, which I take to be very in- "geniously invented, and very judiciously "carried on: For the Poet, after he has "made the rash *Acteon* so bold as to see "*Diana* naked in the Bath, feigns the chaste "Goddess as nobly angry and makes her pu- "nish the insolency of that curious impert- "nent. Upon these words *Leance* became pale as death, and *Abindarrays* fearing the business, had been discover'd, imperceptibly with his left hand felt whether his Cimeter were not too fast in the Scabbard, verily be- lieving there would be something to do. In mean time, *Hersecolis* pursuing his Text: "Is it any more than reason, *said he*, *very* "*eagerly to* Leance, that an honest woman "should hate an impudent fellow, that had "seen her in that posture? and if she did not "complain to those who were bound to in- "terest themselves in her Honour, would she "not merit the punishment which the of- "fender deserv'd? The poor *Leance* could not tell what answer to make to such a knot- ty question: For believing that she should pronounce the sentence of death upon her self, should she say, Yes; and that it would be a defect of Modesty, to say, No; she rather chose to say nothing at all; or rather to tell you the truth, she had not power to speak a word: But the generous *Abindarrays*, having less fear, and more courage, undertook to speak for her, and returning an answer to *Her- secolis*: "I do not find, *said he*, that *Diana* "did any ways consent to *Acteon*, or that she

was

"was any way a Copartner with him in his "crime, ſo that if ſhe had conceal'd either "out of diſcretion or modeſty, what had "befallen her; the Gods that were her Pa-"rents and Kindred, would have been ſtrange "Gods to have involv'd the Innocent with "the Guilty, and to puniſh a perſon that "never had offended. Then that impudent "perſon whom you ſpeak of, *reply'd* Herſe-"colis *in a heat*, by my conſent, ſhould bear "the puniſhment of the crime, which you "ſay only he committed. But, *boldly reply'd* "Abindarrays, that ſame Hunter is always "pictur'd with a Boar-Spear in his hand: "And I believe, that if I were in his place, I "ſhould go near to terrifie in ſome meaſure "thoſe that went about to take me at an "advantage. You are too prudent, *added* "Herſecolis, *throwing the book upon the Table*, "to expoſe your ſelf to ſo much diſhonour: And then changing the ſubject of the diſ-courſe, he began to talk of the *African* War, of the deſigns of both the *Cherifs*, and what would be the iſſue of the next Campaign. You may well gueſs how much *Leance* was reviv'd, after that diſmal fear wherein ſhe had been, by the alteration of her Husband's diſcourſe; whereby it appear'd, that what he had queſtion'd concerning *Acteon*, was only an effect of chance, and of his jealous hu-mour, not having any particular application to make of it. As for the Illuſtrious *Grana-dine*, as his fears were leſs, ſo his joy was more moderate: ſo that after he had contin-nu'd his viſit with as much frankneſs, as if nothing of miſchance had been threaten'd, he took his leave of *Herſecolis*, and by a ſcoffing ſmile, which he conceal'd from the Husband, he gave the Wife to underſtand, that he laugh'd at the folly of her Husband, and to think how ſhe had been ſcar'd. How-ever this accident was but a Prognoſtick, of what happen'd ſome few days after, and it appear'd by the event, that there was a mag-lignant Conſtellation that was reſolv'd to ſet the Lover, and the Husband together by the Ears. For one day that they were both at a Ball in the afternoon, two private Lovers of *Leance* happen'd to quarrel, in their diſcourſe of her; and to give one another bad lan-guage: But in regard there were ſeveral people that heard them, he that was moſt injur'd, was unwilling to let the buſineſs go any farther, ſeeing that people began to take notice: but parting from his Rival a little after, he approach'd the Illuſtrious Son of *Caraman*, and whiſpering him in the ear: "Brave *Abindarrays*, *ſaid he*, *Jonuſes* yonder "has affronted me, and becauſe I am un-"willing to take notice of it in company, "which I would not have to hear our diſ-"courſe, I beg you to tell him from me, that "I deſire to meet him in the Field: I know "your Valour, which makes me hope you "will not take it ill, to be employ'd in an "affair of this nature. Generous *Sinan*, re-"*ply'd the valiant* Granadine, the choice "which you have made of me, being a mark "of your eſteem, moſt ſenſibly obliges me: "But not to waſte time in unprofitable Com-"plements, go and ſtay in the Field of *Tombs*, "and I will bring your adverſary preſently as to you. *Sinan* giving him a thouſand thanks for ſo great a kindneſs, went to the place appointed: And *Abindarrays* inſenſibly ap-proaching *Jonuſes*: "*Sinan*, *ſaid he*, whom "you have affronted, deſires you to give him "ſatisfaction; and therefore get you a ſe-"cond, and go along with me. I do not ſee "any one perſon in all this company, *anſwer'd* "Jonuſes, whom I can ask to do me ſuch a "courteſie, and therefore give me but only "leiſure to pick out ſome body here, or elſe "to ſeek one ſome where elſe. For I'll aſſure "you, Sir, let me but know where your "friend is, and I will be with you both in a "very little time. 'Tis in the Field of *Tombs* "where he and I will expect your coming, "*reply'd* Abindarrays. Let *Sinan* make choice "of his grave there, while he ſtays for me, "*fiercely reply'd* Jonuſes. Or rather yours, "*anſwer'd* Abindarrays; for Juſtice and Vi-"ctory go very often together. Having ſo ſaid he left him, and return'd to *Sinan*. In the mean while *Jonuſes* endeavouring to find out a friend at the Ball, could pitch upon none, but only *Herſecolis*; ſo that although there were no ſworn friendſhip between them; and though he was not willing to intreague the Husband of the party he lov'd, in ſuch an odd quarrel. Yet the engagement of his Word and Honour, prevail'd above all other conſiderations, and oblig'd him, not-withſtanding his own reluctancy, to beg his aſſiſtance. *Herſecolis* willingly conſented, when he underſtood that it was *Sinan* that had given him the challenge; and without asking the name of the ſecond, they went to-gether to the Field of *Tombs*, where the Duel was to be fought. But when they came, *A-bindarrays* was ſtrangely ſurpris'd, to ſee that he was to have to do, not only with his friend, but his Miſtreſſes Husband: Judging well that if he kill'd her Husband, the Wife would never endure him, and that he ſhould at one time loſe both a Friend and a Miſtreſs. Ne-verthelefs, as he could not fore-ſee that *Jo-nuſes* would chuſe *Herſecolis*; but ſuppoſing on the contrary, that *Herſecolis* knew that *Sinan* had choſen him, and yet would under-take to be againſt him, his noble pride ſtreight intermix'd a ſhare of anger with his ſorrow: So that when they were come together, and had all four their Cimeters drawn in their hands, he told him, That he thought he had been ſo much his friend, that he would not have undertaken a quarrel againſt him; but ſince it was his ill luck to be deceiv'd, he muſt be forc'd to look upon him as a ſtranger: And having ſo ſaid, he advanc'd fiercely toward him, not giving him time to return any anſwer, while *Jonuſes* and *Sinan* did the ſame. And indeed thoſe four courage-ous Combatants were not wanting to let

drive at one another with equal courage. But *Herſecolis* being mov'd with what *Abindarrays* had ſaid to him, was ſomewhat troubled at what he had done; for that reaſon, after he had given ſeveral proofs of his Valour, addreſſing himſelf to the noble *Granadine*: "There is too much done already, "*ſaid he*, and therefore if you think fitting, "let us part our friends. I am contented, "*reply'd the noble Son of* Caraman, for we are "both too well known, that any one ſhould "think we did it out of cowardiſe. But as "you committed the firſt errour, for your pu-"niſhment, turn you the point of your Ci-"meter down firſt. 'Tis but juſt, *reply'd* "*the other, turning it down at the ſame time.* After that they went and parted *Jonuſes* and *Sinan*. *Sinan* was ſlightly wounded in the hand, which was like to have renew'd the Combat, through *Sinan*'s heat, and the niceneſs of *Abindarrays* in ſuch matters: But *Herſecolis* acted with ſo much prudence and care, that at length, he that was moſt cholerick was reſolv'd to be at peace. Yet had they a third time like to have gone together by the ears upon certain words that *Jonuſes* had blurted forth: For he addreſſing himſelf to his Enemy: "*Sinan, ſaid he*, this is the ſecond "time I have met thee in the Field; but be-"ware the third, for as it has coſt thee ſome "blood, it will coſt thee thy life. 'Tis a ve-"ry good time now, *cry'd he*, *putting himſelf upon his guard*; and the other being at the ſame poſture, it was as much as *Herſecolis* and *Abindarrays* could do for their lives, to part them the third time: Nevertheleſs, they brought it to paſs at length; and he that knew not, that their love to his Wife was the cauſe of their quarrel, ſo obligingly perſwaded them to embrace, that at the length they ſubmitted to his entreaties, and his reaſons, though when all was done, they were ſtill no better friends than two Rivals could be. After that, they return'd all four together to the City: and when *Sinan* had dreſs'd his wound, they went again to the Ball as good friends, and as much unconcern'd, as if they had come from taking a walk. Nevertheleſs, within an hour after, the thing was made publick over all the City. For ſome body that knew them, ſeeing them fight as he was coming to Town, reported it all about what he had ſeen, and cauſed their Valour to be highly commended, notwithſtanding their Modeſty. Some few days after this, the two Lovers underſtanding by a Spie, which they both had among the ſervants of *Herſecolis*, that their Maſter was gone forth that morning, and that he was gone for three days to one of his Country Houſes: they both laid a plot to ſing at night under their Miſtreſſes Window, according to the cuſtom of the Mooriſh Courtſhip; yet neither of them knew that the other had any ſuch deſign, though both flatter'd themſelves with the ſame imagination, that their Muſick would oblige *Leance* to ſhew her ſelf in the Balcony, and to favour them with a little diſcourſe in private. On the other ſide *Abindarrays* receiv'd a Note from his fair Miſtreſs, by a Slave that ſhe had corrupted, whereby ſhe gave him notice of her Husband's abſence; and that ſhe gave him leave to come in the night to her Window, there to enjoy the pleaſure of her company, upon a ſign which ſhe order'd him to make. Judge you, Sir, whether the inamour'd *Abindarrays* did not promiſe the Slave to be very exact, or whether he fail'd of his word. But the misfortune of theſe three Lovers was ſuch, that *Herſecolis* was no ſooner arrriv'd at his Country-Houſe, but whether it were that he call'd to mind ſome buſineſs of conſequence, that he had left undone at *Ceuta*, or whether it were that his jealouſie caus'd his return; he immediately took Horſe, and returning home juſt at the ſhutting in of the evening, he caus'd the doors to be ſhut up, before his face, and took the keys up to bed with him, where he laid them under his Bolſter: So that it was not in the power of *Jonuſes*'s or *Sinan*'s Spies to give intelligence of the unexpected return of *Herſecolis*, nor could the Illuſtrious *Granadine* be poſſibly advertis'd thereof by the fair *Leance*. So that when night was a little advanc'd, out ſlipp'd *Abindarrays* out of *Caraman*'s Houſe, with his Buckler and his Ciſmeter, and went to give his ſignal at *Leances* window; but he might give ſignals till his heart ak'd; for no *Leance* made anſwer, nor was ſhe in any haſte to make anſwer: but upon the firſt ſignal that her jealous Husband heard, up he got, arms himſelf and his whole Family, and locking his Wife up in her Chamber, down he goes with all his ſervants, opens the doors ſoftly, and lies perdue, expecting to hear the ſignal again, with an intention to murder him at leaſt that gave it, whoever he were. In the mean time *Abindarrays*, who had ſo often repeated the ſignal in vain, not knowing what to think of his Miſtreſſes ſilence, began to think of retreating; when by the glimmering of the night he ſaw a perſon that was going to tune a Gittarr; and oppoſite to that place, where this Nocturnal Muſician ſtood, by and by he ſpy'd another, who was twinkling upon his Gittarr, as if he had intended a *Serenade*. So that *Abindarrays* finding himſelf between two, was in a great perplexity what to do, and which to ſet upon firſt. But his two Rivals having perceiv'd him, and heard the preludiums to their ſymphonies, rightly conjectur'd that they ſhould have other work to do now than to ſing; and therefore laying their Gittars aſide, they fell to their Swords and Bucklers. But the harmony of Gittarrs, having put *Herſecolis* into an abſolute fury; he opens his doors, and iſſuing out at the head of his own ſervants, he anſwer'd their Muſick with a Chorus of Harquebuſſes, that put all the Neighbour-hood into an Alarm. Thereupon this laſt Enemy being the more formidable, the three others thought it

their

their beſt way to agree together, whether they knew one another or no: and to oppoſe the moſt eminent danger, they defended one another. And being all three ſtout and valant, they charg'd *Herſecolis* with ſo much courage, that they forc'd him to ſhut his doors in greater haſte, than he had open'd them: *Jonuſes*, *Sinan* and *Abindarrays* ſeeing the number beginning to come toward them with Torches and Lights, eſcap'd ſeveral ways, neither knowing one another, nor being in the leaſt diſcover'd by *Herſecolis*. Thereupon the people ſeeing the place clear diſpers'd again: but the jealous *Herſecolis* enrag'd at this adventure, returning to *Leances* Chamber, laid his Dagger to her Throat, to fright her out of the names of thoſe three Lovers. But whether in extremity of danger, the moſt fearful become the moſt hardy: or whether *Leance* thought that ſuch a confeſſion would rather haſten her deſtruction, than delay it; ſhe pleaded ignorance all along: Nor could all the threats of *Herſecolis* force her to name *Abindarrays*, who indeed was the only perſon that ſhe knew. In the mean while the unfortunate *Herſecolis* was ſtark ſtaring mad to underſtand that three men ſhould be in love with his Wife, and he not be able to prevent it, becauſe he knew not who they were: And therefore hearing himſelf to be the Town-talk, and not knowing what remedy to apply to his misfortune. He privately ſettled his Eſtate; and having hired a Veſſel, embarqu'd the fair *Leance* and himſelf, and ſetting ſail at the ſame time, after a long voyage, he landed at length at *Alexandria*, where he ſettled himſelf. I need not ask you, Sir, whether theſe three Lovers, of that unfortunate perſon, were ſenſible of her misfortune and her departure. But *Abindarrays* whoſe paſſions were more vigorous, was certainly the moſt deeply concern'd: yet in regard he always cur'd himſelf of one Amour by another, that infallible Receit did not fail him at this time: And becauſe he had taken but little delight in the laſt adventures, which had oblig'd him to change, that he might not relapſe into the ſame inconveniences, from whence he had got free, he had ſtill accuſtom'd himſelf to leap from one extreme to another; ſo to keep at as great a diſtance as he could from trouble and vexation: and therefore miſliking the paſſion which he had for a married Woman, he was reſolv'd to wooe a Widow; from whoſe free condition he might hope to meet with more freedom, and fewer croſſes; leſs trouble, and more quiet. There was one then at *Ceuta*, young, rich and handſome, who enjoy'd all the privileges of Widowhood; ſhe went abroad, ſhe admitted viſits, and refus'd no manner of divertiſement that was no blemiſh to her Honour: Her name was *Sarrazina*. But ſhe had nothing in her of the ſavage humour of thoſe people, whoſe name ſhe carried; for ſhe was as mild and gentle, as the *Sarazines* are cruel. For this lovely Lady then it was, that our Illuſtrious *Granadine* began to ſigh: and as he was not accuſtom'd to ſigh very ſoftly, he ſoon made himſelf known to the fair cauſe of his ſighs. But though there was no proof to be made of his adventure by night, and that there had been no talk of his Love: Yet the Melancholy that eclips'd the humour of *Abindarrays*, upon *Leances* departure, rais'd ſome ſuſpicion, and ſpread a report abroad. So that upon his very firſt colloguing ſpeeches that he made to *Sarrazina*, ſhe merrily took him up ſhort, and jeſting with him after a graceful manner: "I am not ſo amiable as *Leance*, *ſaid ſhe*, yet "here are no jealous Husbands to ſcare you; "and you may give me a *Serenade*, yet never "fear to have your Gittars broken about "your pates, or to have your harmony "diſturb'd by a noiſe not altogether ſo charming. Ah! Madam, *anſwer'd he*, your language is too ſevere: For as I was not concern'd in that adventure by night, I deſerve not to be made the ſport of your day-time raillery. You ſpeak with diſcretion, "*anſwer'd ſhe*, but you muſt not think that "the obſcurity of the night could hide the "lightning of your Valour: you muſt be leſs "valiant, if you intend to be leſs remarkable. "And therefore modeſtly confeſs, whether "the fury and fear of the multitude has not "driven you to ſeek for peace and quiet in "my company; you knowing very well that "a Calm is very welcome after a Tempeſt. "I confeſs it, Madam, *reply'd he*, and ſubmitting to your ſence in generals, without "making any particular application; I will "readily confeſs, though you never put me "to the rack, that it is incomparably leſs "trouble to court a Widow, than a Maid, "but infinitely beyond the courting of married Women, whoſe Thorns make me abominate their Roſes, while the pleaſures that "we ſtrive for, are not worth the purchaſe "of our pains. In ſhort, *purſu'd he*, there is "nothing approaches near the ſweet content "of wearing a Widows chains, and he that "complains of their weight, is not worthy "of ſuch a Captivity. For he that is a Slave "to a Virgin, is a Slave to two or three perſons at one time; he muſt pleaſe the Father, and almoſt make love to the Mother "as well as the Daughter; and lead a good "part of his life among thoſe old people, as "if he were curious of Antiquity. Now what "pleaſure can a man find in Love, before "thoſe ſevere Figures of Formality? A Virgin dares not love, unleſs ſhe be commanded "ſo to do. Her Parents will have her engage her ſelf to a paſſion, or forbear it, as "they have power to make her wear, this or "that ſort of Habit. A miſerable Wooer is "he, who is a Slave to a Captive, that cannot diſpoſe of her heart, though ſhe have never ſo great a deſire. But if he court a married Woman, his torment is much more "terrible: A jealous Husband obſerves him,

weighs

" weighs his words, counts his looks, examins all his actions, takes the alarm at a " figh; and dives into the very ſecrets of his " heart. On the other ſide, the woman " more afraid than he that loves her, dares " not look up, when her Tyrant is in company: ſhe imagins that he will find in her " eyes ſomething which ſhe is unwilling he " ſhould diſcover; and that he will perceive " in her Soul ſome ſlight inclination, not to " hate the merit of her Lover. But if ſhe " engage in any particular affection, and her " waking Dragon find it out, then he ſpits all " his fire and venome, talks of nothing but " poyſon and daggers, killing and ſlaying. " And how daring ſoever the perſon may be " that loves, if he forbear not his *Serenading*, " as you call it, he muſt be a man very ſtrongly addicted to Muſick: Beſides, if a Lover " have a curious fancy, he is as jealous of the " Husband, as the Husband of him: and the " ſenſe of that Liberty, which makes him " maſter of thoſe unconfin'd and boundleſs " pleaſures, cauſes him to hate the perſon that " taſtes thoſe infinite ſweets, and her that " permits him. But nothing of all this happens in the love of Widows: There is no " neceſſity of courting the young, and the " old both at a time: There are no Spies nor " Tyrants: They can diſpoſe of their looks, " as well as their hearts; of their ſighs, as " well as their affections; there's no frighting a *Serenade*, with the noiſe of the *Black Santus*; no Bells to be rung backward at " the ſound of a Gittarr; nor ſlaſhing mens " ſkulls till they groan, when they ſhould be " ſinging Love ſongs. And therefore, Madam, ſince there is no queſtion to be made, " but that Widows are to be admir'd, and " courted before Maids or married Woman, " wonder not that I throw my ſelf at the feet " of a Widow. No, no, *pleaſantly anſwer'd* " Sarrazina, there is no ſuch novelty in the " matter to ſurpriſe me: Nor are you the only charitable perſon that takes pity upon us " in our Widowhoods, and are willing to " comfort us in our Solitudes by theſe ſame " viſits that you makes us. Thus you ſee how far the courtly *Abindarrays* went with the courtly Widow: And as he forgot not the firſt part of his Amorous Converſation, he remember'd alſo that ſhe had given him leave to give her a *Serenade*. So that the very ſame evening he got under the fair *Sarrazina's* Balcony, and ſung the following Verſes to his Gittarr.

A Lover that meets with a jealous fool,
Is worſe than a boy that is tempted to School;
The fears of another force him to diſſemble;
And Love ſeems afraid, that makes the world tremble.

Love hates, when firſt he warms our deſires,
Whatever againſt our enjoyment conſpires.
And he that inflames us to worſhip the Saint,
Diſdains us, if ere we congeal with reſtraint

As high as another, I dare undertake,
However when Love onely keeps me awake:
'Tis a toyl where the trouble too fiercely oppoſes:
Fetters I'd have, but I'd have them of Roſes

Chains I would have, but ſuch would I have,
As that I might own the name of a Slave:
But ſtill to be plagu'd and tormented with Spies,
Is a plague that a prudent Lover defies.

But let me ſubmit to the Widows law;
'Tis a pleaſure, that keeps not my pleaſure in awe:
There happy we live, both the Widow and I,
From the Tyrant as free, as his Tyranny.

When he had done ſinging, *Sarrazina* making uſe of the Liberty of her Wodowhood, according to the Cuſtom of *Africa*, and more particularly in *Ceuta*, went to the Baliſters of the Balcony, and leaning over them: " You ſee *Abindarrays*, *ſaid ſhe*, that " the *Serenades* which you give to Widows, " are more peaceably heard, than thoſe that " you give to Ladies that have Husbands; " and that there are not thoſe terrible Sallies " made to diſturb your Harmony, and rout " the Muſician. As I was not concern'd in " thoſe nocturnal hurliburlies, *anſwer'd he*, " I can ſay nothing to that, out of my own " experience. But if I may judge by common ſence, I dare freely grant what you " ſay to be true: And if you heard me ſing, " Madam, the Song it ſelf would have told " you my very thoughts upon that ſubject. " In ſhort, what conſtraint can be like that of " unhappy Lovers, who never dare appear " but by night, like Hobgoblins? who love " what they never ſee, like the Blind, and " are always forc'd to keep at a diſtance, from " what they would never forſake; 'tis enough to make the moſt conſtant and reſolute perſon in the world deſpair: For when " the ſufferings of a Lover proceed only from " the thing which he loves, they are eaſily endur'd; but when they are caus'd by the " party which he hates, they are unſupportable: and all his patience is too weak to " withſtand ſo great a miſchief. Truly, *rereply'd* Sarrazina, I believe it to be a thing " not eaſily to be determin'd, whether for a " man to ſee his Miſtreſs, and not be in a " condition to ſpeak to her, or to diſcourſe " her, and not be permitted to ſee her, be " the moſt irkſome. 'Tis a queſtion I am " ſcarce able to reſolve, *anſwer'd* Abindarrays: For on the one ſide, 'tis ſome " pleaſure to a man to have an opportunity

to

"to open his heart to the perſon whom he "loves; while ſhe, by whom he is belov'd, "diſcovers her Soul to him again, to unfold "his moſt ſecret thoughts to her, while ſhe "reveals her moſt ſecret thoughts to him; "that ſhe might ſee the flame wherewith he "burns, while he beholds the fire which is "kindled in her breaſt. However, 'tis ſuch a "terrible a thing, to deſire to ſee but one Ob-"ject, and yet to be debarr'd from ſeeing that "one beloved Object, that I queſtion whe-"ther that reciprocal exchange of Heart, Soul "and Will, can ſweeten the bitterneſs of ſo "cruel a privation. But on the other ſide, "to behold all the beauties of the Perſon "that we love; to conceive a thouſand fan-"cies by ſeeing her; to have a thouſand "things to ſay to her, and not to dare to ſpeak "a word; to know that ſhe would ſpeak in "obliging language to him, durſt ſhe preſume "to expreſs her ſelf: to be compell'd to look "with eyes of indifferency upon the only "thing that pleaſes our ſight, and to be an-"ſwer'd with a regardleſs look, or none "at all; to be eternally forc'd to cut that "Line of Communication, that paſſes from "our Heart to our Eyes, from ours to the "Eyes of the perſon belov'd, and from her "Eyes to her Heart again, all this is ſo cruel "a puniſhment, that I very much doubt whe-"ther it be not a more terrible torment, for a "Lover to ſee his Miſtreſs, and not be able "to ſpeak to her, or to ſpeak to her where "he cannot ſee her: But however it be, I "conclude this in reference both to the one "and the other, that there is no pleaſure in "the world like wooing a Widow, where "thoſe two great miſchiefs are not to be "found. You deceive your ſelf, *ſaid* Sar-"razina, *laughing*, for at this very time, "and in this very place, you ſpeak to "me, and yet you ſee me not. And there-"fore that you may not endure the ſame tor-"ments in loving Widows, as you did, when "you lov'd married Women, get you to bed, "as I intend to do. And ſo ſaying, ſhe re-tir'd out of the Balcony, not tarrying for any anſwer. So that he went his ways, as well ſatisfi'd with the ſucceſs of this *Sera-nade*, as diſcontented with his loſt labour at *Leances* window. After that evening he be-gan to lead a life as ſweet and quiet, as it had been before toilſome and laborious. For he went every day to viſit *Sarrazina*, and was every day courteouſly receiv'd: Not but that he had Rivals, but he beheld them ſo ill treat-ed by her, that finding no reaſon to be jealous, they rather added to his repoſe, than diſturb'd him in the leaſt. Thus from the bottom of his heart, he bleſs'd the happy deſtiny that had diſingag'd him from the love of a married Woman to ſerve a Widow; and comparing his preſent with his paſt courſe of life, he then eſteem'd himſelf as happy, as he was before unfortunate. But as nothing violent con-tinues long, ſo neither his felicity, nor his paſſion laſted. And this great alteration happen'd by an accident, that was never dream'd of: For the rupture began from that, which firſt link'd their loves together. In ſhort, whether it were that the thing, call'd Husband, began to retickle the young Wi-dows fancy; or whether her particular fa-miliarity with *Abindarrays* began to be more publickly diſcours'd of, than was convenient for her reputation; ſhe cunningly hinted to him, that the continuance of their friendſhip depended upon Marriage, that ſhe deſir'd to change the title of Miſtreſs into that of Wife; and that he muſt eſpouſe her, if he in-tended ſhe ſhould continue kind to him. The Illuſtrious *Granadine*, being thus ſounded, was in a peck of troubles: For on the one hand, he thought it an ill piece of courtſhip, to be cruel, and deny a Lady: on the other hand his invincible averſion to Marriage, would not permit him to enter into an engagement ſo dangerous, and ſo often repented of. At firſt he counterfeited himſelf deaf; he under-ſtood nothing of the buſineſs, and fain he would have put the change of diſcourſe upon the cunning Widow; but finding that plot would not take, and that ſhe met with him at every turn. He took another more neat and courtly way, to compaſs his own ends, and yet not charge himſelf with a burthen, which ſo many perſons find ſo weighty; nor to ſubmit to a yoke, which ſeveral ſay, is not to be endur'd. "Ah! Madam, *merrily ſaid he, after ſhe had more fully explain'd him ſelf*, "what would you do? or what would you "have me do? or how has poor Love in-"jur'd you, that you ſhould thus cruelly go "about to murther him? Know you not "that the Taper which they give to the God "of Nuptials, is to him a Funeral Lamp? "that the Nuptial Bed is his Tomb; and "that *Hymen* of all the Poetical Gods, is the "leaſt a Courtier. In ſhort, *purſu'd he*, when "people are married, adieu Courtſhip, adieu "ſweet Love-letters, adieu pleaſant Conver-"ſation, adieu little Secrecies, ſtollen Meet-"ings, *Serenades*, and all the reſt of thoſe "myſterious Pains, which they that under-"go, are more delighted in, than they to "whom all thoſe devoirs are paid; and "which indeed are all the pleaſures of that "noble paſſion. Ah! fair *Sarrazina (added he with a vehement utterance, that would not "give her leave to interrupt him)* the eaſie ac-"ceſs to married pleaſures, renders enjoyment "luſcious. That which a man poſſeſſes, is "not that which he would enjoy: For it is "in Love, as at great Feaſts, abundance cloys. "Men become poor, by being too rich; "and there is nothing more to love, when "there is nothing more to be hop'd for. Be-"ſides, it is many times ſeen in Matrimony, "that an excellent Courtier becomes a very "bad Husband: They that have lov'd ſo "many, are too hard for one woman, and too "cunning to be deceiv'd: They fear to be "done by, as they have done to others; and "that fear makes them provident, even to

jealouſie

" jealouſie, and jealous even to fury. The " Example of *Leance* may be a ſufficent warn- " ing to you: For after people are married, " the Slaves become Maſters, and the Ma- " ſters become Tyrants. They carry their " Fetters by turns: They that obey'd com- " mand, and they that commanded obey. Let " me alone therefore with my voluntary " chains, and never hamper your ſelf in a " forc'd ſubjection. Enjoy you the freedom " of your Widowhood, and do not deprive " me of the ſweetneſs of my Servitude. In a " word, if you will take my advice, let us " love one another always, but let us never " marry; for fear we ſhould not love one " another, when we cannot be unmarried. " Your language is very courtly, and a novel- " ty, *reply'd* Sarrazina, from the lips of a Lo- " ver; but that which I have told you, is " more neceſſary. And therefore, not being " reſolv'd to loſe my Honour, you muſt re- " ſolve to loſe your Liberty, how precious " ſoever you eſteem it, or to reſtore me all " my own back again; that is to ſay, you " muſt either marry me, or elſe never ſee my " face more. The poor *Abindarrays* was ſtill more and more puzzl'd; but neceſſity whet- ing his ingenuity, attempted once again to draw himſelf out of the Briars; and re- ſuming his diſcourſe: " Did the thing de- " pend purely upon my will, *anſwer'd he*, as it " does purely upon yours, or that I had a " Father, no more than you have a Husband: " Or that I were Maſter of my own actions, " as you are of yours; I would let you ſee, " that I underſtand your Merrit, as you ought " to underſtand my Affection. But *Caraman* " is ſo imperious, that ſhould I preſume to " diſpoſe of my ſelf without his approbation, " there would be no favour to be expected " from an Authority ſo ſevere. Oh the moſt " obedient Child that ever liv'd, (*anſwer'd* " *ſhe, deriding his diſſimulation*) but the worſt " Lover in the World! Go and give reſpect " to your Father's Authority; ſince you con- " ſider ſo little the power of Love, and let " me have no more of your viſits: For I in- " tend to ſee you no more. Having ſo ſaid, ſhe not only left her chamber, but went a- broad, while the unfortunate *Abindarrays* remain'd like a perſon forlorn, with more grief in his mind, than malice in his heart. However, home he went very penſive upon this ſad accident, the concluſion whereof was ſtill to come. For as ſoon as he got to his Lodging, he found his Father taking large ſteps in his Gallery, full of contempla- tion and melancholy: who, as ſoon as he ſaw his Son, call'd him to him; and after he had taken two or three turns with him, caſt- ing down his eyes, and pauſing, and then of a ſudden looking up again: " *Abindarrays*, " *ſaid he*, you were ſo young when I left " *Granada*, that it may be, you have forgot " the precedency that I held in that place. " But that you may underſtand the high " Quality of your Anceſtors and mine; I will " tell you only this, that you muſt reſolve " either to periſh or reſtore by your Virtue, " that ancient Luſter and Glory to your Fa- " mily, which the cruelty of Fortune has ta- " ken from it. As you were not born in *A-* " *frica*, I would not have you think of dying " there: Not but that the Wars between the " *Cherifs*, might afford you opportunities e- " nough to advance your ſelf. But your Na- " tive Country is to be preferr'd before all the " World: and if a man can raiſe himſelf there, " it is a greater ſatisfaction than to do it in " any other place. The Court of *Granada* " has put on a new face of things, ſince my " exilement: They that were all in all then, " are now nothing. And now I underſtand " that the Government is in the hands of ſo " faithful a Miniſter, that perſons of Honour " promiſe to themſelves great things from his " prudent management of Affairs. For my " part, who am too near my end to think of " living again, and too old to court Fortune, " that is an enemy to grey Hairs: I have no- " thing to do but to build me a Tomb to cover " my bones: But you are young, you are hand- " ſome, you have courage and wit; I have added " a careful education to your own natural " endowmens: ſo that by the favour of For- " tune, and your own endeavours, you may " be almoſt aſſur'd to proſper: Not but " that the Court, as well as the Sea is full of " Rocks; and that as well in the one, as in the " other, you are expos'd to Storms and " Shipwrack, as long as the perillous Voyage " endures. But it muſt be the Pilots skill to " avoid thoſe dangers, and ſteer into Harbour, " maugre the fury of the Tempeſt, let it be " be never ſo boiſterous. Be bold therefore " in that place, yet not forgetting to be re- " ſpectful: be courteous, but flatter not; be " civil, without fawning; fierce, without " pride; valiant, without boaſting; neat, " without affection; liberal, without prodi- " gality; prudent, yet not deceitful; cunning " without knavery; ſecret, without diſſimu- " lation; complaiſant, yet not ſlaviſh; elo- " quent, yet not talkative; patient, yet gene- " rous; praiſe much, blame little; but never " commend your ſelf, leſt you be ſubject to " the accuſations of others. What ſhall I ſay " more? Have many friends at Court, but few " confidents: no enemies, if it be poſſible; " or if that cannot be avoided, hate them pub- " lickly; for ſecret enemies are moſt to be " fear'd, and their blows moſt dangerous. In " ſhort, an honeſt Courtier is the honeſteſt man " in the World; do you therefore labour to " be the firſt, that ſo you may come to be " the ſecond: For as Fortune and Virtue " ſeldom go together, it concerns a man to " let the world know, that if he be not hap- " py, yet he is worthy to be ſo. Go then " and once more ſee your Mother, your Si- " ſter, and your Native Country; ſtay not " long in *Almeria* where they are, but ha- " ſten to the Court, where you ought to be. " The wind ſerves; there is a Veſſel in Port

ready

"ready to ſet ſail for *Malaga*; all things need-
"full are ready prepar'd for the Voyage: And
"you have nothing to do, but only to em-
"bark. I perceive, *purſued he ſmiling*, by
"the melancholy that appears in your eyes,
"that this propoſition does not pleaſe you,
"and I eaſily conjecture, that *Sarrazina* is
"the cauſe. But, *added he*, I know your
"humour ſo well, that you may find em-
"ployment at *Granada*, as well as in *Ceuta*.
"Sir, *anſwer'd* Abindarrays, there is nothing
"in all *Africa* that I ſhall miſs, unleſs it be your
"ſelf; and if I am afflicted for any thing,
"'tis only to part from a Father. The great-
"eſt ſhare of the ſorrow will be mine, *re-*
"*ply'd* Caraman; but as I prefer your in-
"tereſt before my own comfort, I am willing
"to render my ſelf unhappy, that you may
"be otherwiſe. They were at this diſpute when a Meſſenger came to advertiſe *Caraman*, that the Veſſel was ready to ſet ſail, having weigh'd Anchor: So that as ſoon as the Father had written a Letter to his Wife, and given it to his Son, he went with him to the Water ſide, not permitting him to take leave of any perſon, not ſo much as of *Sarrazina*, how unwilling ſoever he were to part with her ſo, notwithſtanding the quarrel they had had. The invincible *Caraman*, and the generons *Abindarrays* embrac'd each other, at the Sea ſide, with an extraordinary tenderneſs: they burſt out into tears, and their reciprocal ſadneſs was a kind of ſecret Omen of their eternal ſeparation: For in truth they never ſaw one another more. In the mean will the Veſſel ſhap'd her courſe, and ſporning with all her Sails before the Sea, it was not long ere they reach'd their *European* Harbour, being only to croſs the ſtraits of *Gibralter*. But as narrow as the ſtraits were, *Abindarrays* was not the ſame at *Calpe*, as when he parted from *Abyla*: For his thoughts were more in the purſuit of a new Amour, than troubled for his paſt loſſes. When he came to *Malaga*, he bought Horſes, and away he rode for *Almeria*, where liv'd the prudent *Alboraya* his Mother, and the witty *Zagabide* his Siſter; but he found neither of them there; for they were both in the Country at his Mothers Brothers, whoſe name was *Cairadin*, a perſon of an extraordinary merit, and of the Noble Blood of the *Ottomans*, from whence he glory'd himſelf to be deſcended. The Illuſtrious *Granadine* riding thither the ſame day, found there what he look'd for: But meeting his Uncle at the Gates of his Caſtle, he firſt diſcover'd himſelf to him. Who thereupon, after all the careſſes and complements uſual upon the like occaſion, carried him in, and fancying to pleaſe himſelf in ſeeing a Mother not know her own Son, and a Siſters taking her Brother for a Stranger; he preſented *Abindarrays* to the virtuous *Alboraya*, and the incomparable *Zagabide*, telling the former, that he was a young *African* Gentleman, that brought Letters from her Husband. They receiv'd him both very courteouſly; but with that demure gravity, with which they always appear'd in the company of ſtrangers: And ſo falling into diſcourſe, *Cairadin* waggiſhly ask'd *Abindarrays*, whether his Nephew were ſtill ſprightly, and handſome as he had been; and whether he had ſtill the ſame comlineſs of preſence. The generous Son of *Caraman*, not being willing to praiſe himſelf, and not daring to ſpeak ill of a perſon before his own Mother, was not a little puzzled, what anſwer to make; however, having a ready wit, he look'd upon *Cairadin*, with an intelligent ſmile, and to make him an anſwer: "Sir, *ſaid he*, *very diſcreetly*, "you will ſee him here ſo ſuddenly, that I will "not prevent your thoughts, but give you "the liberty to be your own judge. Afterwards *Cairadin*, purſuing his jeſt, ask'd his Siſter, Whether ſhe ever remember'd that ſhe had ſeen the Gentlemans face? Whereupon *Alboraya* looking upon him very ſeriouſly, as ſeriouſly anſwer'd, That ſhe believ'd ſhe had never had the Honour. "Look you, Madam, *reply'd* Abindarrays, *preſenting* Caraman's *Let-*"*ter, and ſmiling with a comly grace*, here is "that will inform you who I am, and whe-"ther I have ever had the honour to be known "by you. Upon theſe words, *Alboraya* took the Letter, and opening it in great haſte, ſhe found there theſe words:

To my deareſt *Alboraya.*

I *Reſtore you a Son, though not ſuch a one as I took from you. But if all* Africa *flatter him not, and be not deceiv'd, you will never loſe by the change, or complain of him that made it. But as dear to me as he is, I envy him the pleaſure of your company; and if the Son were not almoſt the Father, I ſhould hardly have afforded him the happineſs. In the mean time ſince you have now* Abindarrays *and* Zagahide, *which is all that Fortune has left us; chear up a poor Exile in his ſolitude with your Letters, and take a little more care than formerly of the unfortunate*

Caraman.

When *Alboraya* had done reading, with a heart beating, and a tranſportation beyond her ſelf: ſhe beheld the dear ſtranger, that ſhe had ſo often deſired to ſee: And running toward him with unfolded Arms: "Oh my "dear Son, *ſaid ſhe*, *embracing him*, the a-"bundance of tears, which I have ſhed for "thee, ſince thy departure, has depriv'd me "of my ſight. But if my Eyes miſtook thee, "my heart does not miſtake; the commotion

"tell me, thou art mine, before thy lips "declare it. Then the young *Zagahide* embrac'd her Brother with an unſpeakable affection, and her Brother returning anſwerable ſigns of affection, there began a new friendſhip, wherein Virtue had as great a hand as Nature. And certainly the young *Zagahide* had reaſon for it, for *Abindarrays* having diſcover'd in her a depth of Wit, which was extraordinary, [illegible] ſo well manur'd, and gave her ſo much light into all the Noble Sciences, that ſhe is now the Ornament of her Age, and the Glory of her Sex; all *Europe* being fill'd with the loud report of her Fame. In the mean time *Alboraya*, loath that her Son ſhould leave her ſo ſoon, not having ſeen him in ſo long a time, oblig'd him to ſpend all that Summer in the Country, and the following Winter in *Almeria*, before he went to the Court; which he was conſtrained to conſent to, notwithſtanding his eager deſire to be at Court, whither his inclinations carried him. Thereupon he went with her to the ſecond City of *Granada*. There, Sir, at firſt, becauſe he had no acquaintance, he kept home, and pleas'd himſelf in the ſociety of his Siſter, whoſe inſtructer he was. But as change of Climate had not chang'd his inclinations, he found himſelf in *Almeria* the ſame he had been in *Ceuta*; wonderfully addicted to the noble paſſion Love. But his love having yet no ſubject to work upon, his wit and his heart were quite out of employment, ſo that he began to grow ſolitary and melancholy; *Zagahide*, who had a prodigious wit, ſoon conjectur'd the cauſe of his heavineſs: ſo that out of a deſire to chear up his heart: "Brother, *ſaid ſhe*, *one day that* "*they were alone*, ſurely the *African* Ladies "muſt be very beautiful, ſince you think "not ours ſo much as worthy of a viſit. But "notwithſtanding your contempt of our "*European* Beauties, *added ſhe*, I am reſolv'd "to carry you to one of my acquaintance; "who, if I am not miſtaken, will ſeverely "puniſh your ſcornful pride, and make you "confeſs that *Granadine Cupids* have Arrows "as well as your mighty *African* Deity: for "ſhe is the greateſt Beauty in the World, and "therefore the moſt proper to revenge our "quarrel and puniſh you. Ah! Siſter, *anſwer'd* "Abindarrays, therefore am I reſolv'd not "to ſee this dreadful Female Archer that you "talk of; ſo that unleſs her bow carries five "mile an end, ſhe ſhall never wound me, be-"cauſe I will never come within her reach. "That's a cautious piece of prudence not be-"longing to a Hero, *merrily reply'd* Zagahide, "ſince Honour is never won but in the midſt "of danger. 'Tis very true, *anſwer'd he*, "but Danger and Honour are not always "together. I confeſs it, *ſaid ſhe*, for their be "honourable defeats; ſome that are van-"quiſh'd, who are more glorious, than their "Victors; ſome Fetters to be preferr'd before "Crowns. Though they were of Gold or "Diamonds, *anſwer'd he*, I will not expoſe "my ſelf to the trouble of wearing them: "and whatever you tell me of your friends, "I am an unbeliever, in point of Miracles, "and therefore I will not ſtep one ſtep to "ſee her. Your incredulity ſhall be puniſhed, "*reply'd* Zegahide, for verily now you ſhall "ſee her. My wicked Siſter, *anſwer'd he*, "why would you have me to be a Slave, "when I can keep my ſelf a Free-man? "Becauſe, *reply'd* Zagahide, there is no Li-"berty in the world to be valu'd with theſe "chains, and in regard I am forc'd to ſtand "up for the Honour of my Country, it be-"hoves me to venture all; nay, your very "ſelf, for its preſervation. You are a good "Citizen, but an ill Siſter, *anſwer'd he*: But "I intend to have the more care my of ſelf. In ſhort, whether it were ſome ſecret prognoſtication of the future, that gave him notice what would befal him, for his own good, or whether it were ſome ſlight reſemblance of *Sarrazina*, that wander'd ſtill in his memory, he would never be won to viſit *Naſile*; for that was the name of that miraculous Beauty, which his Siſter ſo much extoll'd: and how fervent ſoever his inclinations were to love, yet he reſolv'd to deny himſelf that inchanting pleaſure, to the end he might eſcape a greater miſchief. But here are ſome misfortunes inevitable, and certain tyrannical Conſtellations, which humane power ſtrives in vain to reſiſt. However, he withſtood them, for ſome few days after: For *Zagahide* returning from viſiting her friend, told him, That unleſs he would make himſelf an *African* Monſter, he could not but viſit *Naſile*, in regard ſhe had ſpoken of him ſo kindly, and teſtifi'd ſuch a deſire to ſee him, that it would be the greateſt piece of incivility in the world not to wait upon ſo obliging a Lady. The "character of incivility never belong'd to me, "*anſwer'd* Abindarrays; for if I am prone to "any exceſs, it is to that which is quite op-"poſite to rudeneſs. And therefore they "that would report a diſobliging truth of "me, ſhould rather call me a Flatterer, than "uncivil. But I muſt needs acknowledge "that at this time I have ſomething upon "my heart, that oppoſes my inclinations; "that counſels and adviſes me, though I "ſhould be thought an *African* Monſter, not "to viſit a Miracle, that cannot be look'd "upon without danger. Ah! barbarious *A-*"*frican*, *merrily then cry'd Zagahide*, get you "gone back to *Ceuta*, ſince your curioſity is "ſo indifferent in *Almeria*, as not to covet "the ſight of the greateſt Rarities in all our "City. The gaudy wings of a Butter-flye, "are not within the compaſs of our imitation, "*anſwer'd he*, *as merrily*: Fire has a bright-"neſs, but yet it burns; it delights the eyes, "but yet does miſchief; and it were a piece "of imprudence, and not curioſity, to ap-"proach ſo near it is, as to be burnt. Yet "there is a ſort of Fuel, *reply'd* Zegahide, ſo "pleaſant, that a man would willingly periſh "in the Flames. Though it were the Phenix

Neſt

"neſt it ſelf, *reply'd he*, compos'd of Cina-
"mon, Nard, Cedar, and all the moſt Aro-
"matick gumms in the World, I ſhould
"not be very willing to die in the Flames,
"meerly to imitate a Bird. In ſhort, not-
"withſtanding the two great Pillars, that
"one of the Heroes ſet up to eternize his
"memory; I have no mind to be burnt to
"death, as he was. As far as I can ſee, re-
"*ply'd* Zagahide, all the ſtories that were
"told me of you, before your return, were
"but falſe relations; for they repreſented
"you to be one, that liv'd always in Flames,
"like a *Salamander*: but you flye them, as
"if you were made of Ice, and fear'd melt-
"ing. Rather, *anſwer'd he*, becauſe my heart
"is made of a cumbuſtible matter, that is too
"eaſily kindled. So that ſometimes it can
"hardly preſerve it ſelf from a falling ſpark,
"how can it otherwiſe, than by an abſolute
"flight, eſcape ſuch a devouring Flame, that
"would immediately conſume it? Therefore
"talk no more, dear Siſter, for I will not
"viſit your friend, how fair ſoever ſhe be.
In a word, he continu'd many days without ſeeing *Naſile*, and I believe would never have ſeen her, had not chance brought that to paſs, which all his Siſters perſwaſions could not accompliſh; and hurri'd on that fatal moment deſtin'd to the loſs of his liberty. Now, Sir, you ſhall ſee how it happen'd. One day by accident he paſs'd by *Naſiles* door, as *Zagahide* was juſt entring in: and knowing it was there that that incomparable Lady liv'd, of whom his Siſter had talk'd ſo much, he look'd another way, and mending his pace, pretending not to ſee her: But *Zagahide* being alighted out of her Charriot, and perceiving his deſign, ran after him, and catching hold of his Cimetar. "You are fallen into the
"Ambuſcade, *ſaid ſhe*, and you ſhall not get
"off before you ſee *Naſile*, ſay what you will
"to the contrary. I will not ſee her. (*anſwer'd he, vainly endeavouring to looſe her hands*)
"nay, if there by no other way to avoid your
"cruel deſign to take away my freedom from
"me, I will ſhut my eyes. Let me lead you
"then like a blind Fidler, *merrily anſwer'd ſhe*.
"You are not a guide to be truſted, *anſwer'd*
"*he, ſtill making reſiſtance*. Whatever I am, re-
"*ply'd ſhe*, you ſhall go. Let what will come
"on't, I will not go. *ſaid* Abindarrays. You are
"ſelf-will'd, *ſaid his Siſter*. You are more
"obſtinate than I, *reply'd her Brother*. You
"know not what I intend to do for you *ad-*
"*ded* Zagahide. Nor do I deſire to know,
"*purſu'd* Abindarrays, and therefore finiſh
"your viſit without me, ſince I was no way
"concern'd in the appointment. As they were thus conteſting, the fair *Naſile* appear'd, deſigning a walk to ſome of her next Neighbours Houſes. But ſhe appear'd with ſo much ſplendour, that the Illuſtrious *Granadine*'s eyes were ſoon dazzl'd. He ſaw her in the early prime of her Youth, with the faireſt and moſt proportionable Stature in the World: he ſaw her demeanour Haughty and Majeſtick; her Air, noble, free and courtly; with a modeſt ſmile upon her lips, and her eyes all full of charms: Her countenance the moſt regular Oval that ever Nature drew: Her Hair black and ſhining like jet, with two Eyebrows like bows of Ebony: Her Complexion white and carnation, ſplendidly radiant: Her black Eyes fair, amorous and languiſhing: Her Noſe and Mouth exact: Her Teeth ſurpaſſing Oriental Pearls: Her Arms and Hands beyond the white of Lillies, or of Snow. In ſhort, he ſaw the ſhape of a Deity from Head to Foot. At the ſight of this the greateſt Beauty in the World, he ſtood ſo ſurpris'd, that his utterance fail'd him: His Soul was in his Eyes in an inſtant: His ſenſes were ſo fix'd upon that miraculous Object, that he forgot to do reverence to the perſon he ador'd, ſo ſtrangely was his mind ſeparated from himſelf, and all his thoughts ſo buſily employ'd. And therefore *Zagahide*, who eaſily perceiv'd it, was the firſt that ſpoke, who after ſhe had beheld him with a ſmile, as it were to Jeer him, for being ſo ſurpris'd; addreſſing her ſelf to her Friend: "Fair
"*Naſile, ſaid ſhe*, behold here a haughty *A-*
"*frican*, who falſly believes all the Beauty in
"the World to be in *Mauritania*: And
"therefore for the Honour of *Europe*, and to
"puniſh the pride of *Africa*: do you make
"him underſtand himſelf; do you ſo fetter
"him, that he may never be able to break his
"chains. Ah! *Zagahide*, *anſwer'd* Abindar-
"rays, when you heard me praiſe the Ladies
"of *Barbary*, I had not ſeen the divine *Naſile*.
"But now I have had the Honour to behold
"her, I utterly renounce all the Coaſt of
"*Tingitania*; nay, I utterly renounce my ſelf:
"it being moſt certain, that not only all that
"part of the World, but all the World put
"together, has nothing to vye with ſuch a
"wonder as this. Brave *Abindarrays*, (*anſwer'd* Nafile *ſmiling*, *and leading him into a*
"*porch, where ſhe caus'd him to ſit down*) you
"are afraid of the Fetters that you here talk
"of, ſince you flatter ſo exceſſively the perſon
"that you are made believe muſt put them
"on. So far from fear, Madam, *ſad he*, that
"I ſigh till I am bound; and willingly pre-
"ſent my wriſts to be manacled; humbly
"ſubmitting to ſuch favours, which I deſire
"to preſerve as an ineſtimable treaſure. But,
"*reply'd* Nafile, they are more weighty, it
"may be, than you think for; and the Cap-
"tives that ſerve the Ladies of *Almeria*, are
"not ſo kindly us'd perhaps, as they that
"ſerve the Ladies in *Ceuta*. The chains that
"you ſpeak of, *reply'd he*, are too fair to be
"heavy, and the Angelical *Naſile* appears
"too mild to be cruel indeed: But were ſhe
"more cruel than Lyoneſſes or Female Ty-
"gers, I would freely ſuffer my ſelf to be de-
"vour'd without ever complaining, and
"would bleſs a death that ſhould be caus'd
"by thoſe fair eyes, how bloody ſoever it
"might be. For, *purſued he*, I cannot but
"admire at the vicious Palaces of thoſe

" persons, who engage themselves in love " with old and deformed persons, and I have " always look'd upon their extravagant pas- " sion, as a disease of the mind, and a wound " in their soul. For in truth, Beauty being " the Object of Love, where Beauty is want- " ing, how can there be any Love? and see- " ing that that which is aged cannot be fair, " how can the eyes and the heart be of the " same opinion? Most commonly esteem pro- " cedes that noble passion; but how can any " person esteem that which is not worthy of " respect? Besides, if a Slave be any thing " generous, what a private shame must it be " to him, to see that the age or deformitry of " his Patroness, obliges him to hide his Fetters, " for fear of being pointed at in the street? " Does he not mock himself, as others laugh " at him, when he tells a deformed women " she he is fair? or if he believes, as he says, " must he not of necessity be thought to have " drank Hellebore, or that his brains were " more wounded than his heart. What a " Chimera this is to vulgar eyes, and less dis- " cerning judgements! How easie a thing it " is to content them! How few Rivals they " meet with! How well does this idle pas- " sion deserve commendation, if a rarity " may merit praise! or rather how con- " temptable is it! But he that wears the " glorious chains of a Beauty so extraordinary " as yours, finds it otherwise: being certain, " that from extraordinary Beauty proceeds " extraordinary Love, and that the one is the " proper Object of the other: If then that " which most delights, be that which most we " love; it follows that we must love the " hight of Beauty best, since that is most de- " lightful. And if the Eyes and the Heart " cannot agree in the love of old deformed " Women; yet they perfectly accord in loving " a fair and amiable Person: The Heart re- " proaches not the Eyes, as the Eyes approve " the content of the Heart. Besides, if Esteem " beget Love, surpalling Beauty cannot but " be belov'd, seeing that it necessarily begets " Esteem: Nor is the Slave of such a Beauty " oblig'd to conceal his Fetters, nor blushes " to be pointed at, for the bond-man of such " a fair and lovely Lady. And if we sigh and " shed tears at the feet of the person we love, " we are so far from being ridiculous, that we " find others who do the same for the same " persons sake: so that if it be a consolation " of the unfortunate to have companions in " their misery, they that love an excelling " Beauty, can never want consolation, because " they never want Rivals. What shall I say " more? those Fortunate Lovers that serve a " a Beauty so transcendent as yours, are never " oblig'd to belye themselves in their Enco- " miums; for whatever they can say, comes " short of Truth. So far from being extra- " vagant, that they do but shew the curiosity " of a discerning eye, the truth of judgement, " and the justice of the choice, while they " love the only thing, that ought to be per- " fectly belov'd. In short, Madam, some love " the white, some the brown, some admire " the little, some the tall; others adore the " fat, and others the lean. But all agree in " this, that the choicest Beauty is the most " amiable; and if the Universally receiv'd " opinion be the best, 'tis yours alone that de- " serves the first degree of Love. Had the " conclusion of your discourse been as true, " *reply'd she*, as all the rest was full of Wit and " Eloquence, I should be without doubt the " fairest person in the World, and *Abindarrays* " perhaps the most inamour'd person in the " World. But the mischief is, he could not " make me fairer than I am, by extolling my " Beauty: and he has labour'd more for his " own Reputation than mine; seeing that " after all that he has said, we are both still " but what we were before; that is to say, " he a person more than extraordinary, and I " a very ordinary Beauty. Modest *Nafile*, " *merrily answer'd* Zagahide, that you should " so little believe your own words; and that " so much humility should conceal so much " pride. Have a better opinion of me, *reply'd* " *she*, and know your friend better than so. " Ah! Sister, *added the Illustrious* Granadine, " be more just in your expressions, for self- " knowledge is no part of pride. As to the " opinion which you have of her, *said* Zaga- " hide, *to her brother*, never perswade her too " much to that, which she believes but too " much already. For the fairer she believes " her self to be, the more unfortunate will " you be. And therefore, that you may not " be the occasion of your own misery, as of " your knowledge, I advise you to praise her " less. There is no more justice in your " advice, than in your discourse, *answer'd* A- " bindarrays, since we need not be afraid of " over praising that, which we never can suf- " ficiently extol: and how perillous soever " this Illustrious acquaintance may be to me, " I shall be oblig'd to you eternally for it, " whatever may be the issue. Now, *reply'd* " Nafile, I am not so dangerous as she would " make you believe; but let me be as dange- " rous as they represent me, you shall see me " without any peril, when ever you shall o- " blige me so far as to come to my Habitation. " But that's the thing which I so much doubt, " *pursued she*; for if I may judge of the future, " by what has past, seeing you have been in " *Almeria*, without seeing me; I have some " reason to believe, that you will never vouch- " safe to see me again. This rebuke is no less " unjust, than obliging, *answer'd* Abindarrays, " and the consequence you draw from the " time past, is as ill grounded as that, neither " is your opinion better to be maintain'd than " your consequence. For though I never " paid any attendance, when I knew you " not; now I know you, you shall have enough " of my company; since I cannot tell where " to feed my eyes with a fairer Object. I " fore-see, *said* Zagahide, that now you will " be as frequent in your visits, as you were

unwilling

"unwilling before, and that I ſhall be forc'd "to perſwade you to tarry away, that kept "ſuch a ſtir with you to perſwade you to "come. Ah! my back friend, what fault "have I cummitted, *added* Naſile, that you "ſhould go about deprive me of ſo great a "pleaſure? But what have I done to her my "ſelf, *reply'd* Abindarrays, to drprive me of ſo "great an Honour? You have done me no "injury, either of you, *reply'd* Zagahide, yet "I thought I might be a kind Siſter, and yet "not ceaſe to be a good friend. This converſation laſted till night, and *Zagahide* had more ado to get her Brother away, than ſhe had to bring him on. And indeed, ſhe was forc'd to hawl him away by main ſtrength, that wonderful Object ſo powerfully detain'd him: So that after he was got into the Coach, and had paus'd a while: Ah! *Zagahide*, *ſaid* "*he*, what have you done? or what have I "done to you, thus to deprive me of my "repoſe and liberty? Why, is it certain that "you have loſt both? *added ſhe*. Can you "think the contrary, ſince I have ſeen *Naſile*, "*anſwer'd he*. You went farther than I "thought for, *added the Illuſtrious Siſter*. You "could ne'er have imagin'd, that I could have "done leſs, *reply'd her noble Brother*. How-"ever, *merrily added ſhe*, if you die, you will "fall by the hands of a beautiful Lady: and "I know, an honourable death will pleaſe "ſuch a Hero as you are. Upon theſe words they both alighted, and went in a doors; and *Abindarrays* returning to his Chamber, betook himſelf to his Poetry, and made a Sonnet, which he ſent her full of Love Raptures, which was fairly recompenc'd by the praiſes of a pair of the moſt beautiful Lips in the world. In the mean time, this prudent perſon, this man of fore-ſight, that would by no means be perſawded ſo much as to look upon that incomparable Lady before; could hardly afterwards be kept from her. In ſhort, the next day after, he deſir'd his Siſter *Zagahide* to carry him thither again: but with ſuch an over earneſtneſs, as plainly convinc'd her, he was not indifferent whether he went or no. "Ah! Brother, *anſwer'd ſhe*, you will make "me too civil; for when I have once given "my Friend a viſit, it then belongs to her to "viſit me: Nor is it fitting for me to make "her two ſuch cloſe viſits one after the other, "till ſhe has been with me. Cuſtom denies it, "and my proud ſpirit forbids it, as well as "cuſtom. I have ſeen the Court of *Morocco*, "which is one of the greateſt Courts of the "world, *ſaid he*, and I aſſure you, there theſe "formalities of ceremonies are thought to be "meer Conntry-breeding; that the perſons of "greateſt Quality never count their viſits, "which they pay to their friends; but that the "oftner they come, the better friends they "are eſteem'd. I am apt to believe it, *re-*"*ply'd* Zagahide, but the cuſtoms of places "differ: that which is cuſtomary in *Morocco*, "is not uſual in *Almeria*; nor muſt I carry "my ſelf here, as if I were at *Morocco*. On "the contrary, *Anſwer'd* Abindarrays, it "would be your Honour to introduce a lau-"dable Cuſtom into our Country, and to a-"boliſh a bad one. I am not ſo good a Com-"monwealths Woman, *waggaſhly reply'd* Za-"gahide, to undertake to be a Reformer: And "though I were to have my Statue erected for "making frequent viſits, as a thing of gene-"ral concernment to the publick, I ſhould ra-"ther chuſe to follow a bad eſtabliſh'd Cu-"ſtom, than put my ſelf to the trouble. That "betrays but an idle negligence, *reply'd her* "*Illuſtrious Brother*, and prefers ſloth before "Heroick pains: But for my part, I wonder "you can think it a trouble to viſit one of the "moſt lovely perſons in the World. The "trouble of being clog'd with always the "ſame divertiſements, *reply'd ſhe*. However "ſince you cannot change, but you muſt loſe "by the Bargain, *ſaid he*, it would be a very "great piece of imprudence to change. Yes, if I "were in love with *Naſile*, as you are, *merrily re-*"*ply'd* Zagahide; but in regard there is nothing "of that, I ſhall not return ſo ſoon, unleſs it be "meerly to oblige you. Oblige me then, and go "along with me, *ſaid* Abindarrays; for it is one "of the deepeſt obligations you can lay upon me. "I am contented then, *ſaid ſhe*, ſince 'tis your "deſire; but I am afraid you do ill to deſire "it: For as *Naſile* is wondrous lovely, ſo ſhe "has an infinte company of Lovers; ſo that "you ſhall meet as many Rivals, as perfecti-"ons in her Beauty. That without doubt, "*reply'd he*, *after he had paus'd a while*, will "be very inconvenient: but neither Love "nor Fortune beſtow their benefits purely un-"mix'd; and this is too great a one to be "purchas'd without pains. Come then, let "us go to viſit *Naſile*, *ſaid* Zagahide, ſince "you will have it ſo: but whatever happen, "I will not be anſwerable for the event. With that away they went to viſit the Lady, that *Abindarrays* ſo paſſionately lov'd. But as *Zagahide* had foretold her Brother, there they met with a vaſt number of languiſhing Souls; ſuch a crowd, that there was hardly room to ſit down. But among all thoſe Lovers, there were three, that were more double diligent than all the reſt. *Dragutt*, one of the *Divan*, wealthy, witty, bold, and forward to undertake: *Pialy*, a try'd Soldier, that had fought more Duels than he was months old: And the third, who was call'd *Pertan*, eloquent and perſwaſive, and conſequently more formidable than any of the reſt. All theſe three were met together before *Abindarrays* and his Siſter came, and in regard they both knew as well of the viſit which he made the day before, and of the Sonnet he had ſent the next morning, they made no queſtion of his being a new Rival; ſo that they ſet themſelves to watch him, with all the inſpection of jealous Lovers. However when *Naſile* ſaw *Zagahide* and her Illuſtrious Brother, ſhe roſe from her ſeat, and going to meet them very courteouſly: "I am afraid, valiant *Abin-*"*darrays*, *ſaid ſhe*, that meer conſtraint has brought

" brought you hither, and that I am behold-
" ing to my friend, as well for this ſecond
" viſit, as for the former. But however it
" where, as ſhe had no ſhare in thoſe elegant
" Verſes, which you did me the honour to ſend
" me, ſhe ſhall have no ſhare in my thanks,
" which I beg you to receive intire to your
" ſelf. Madam, *anſwer'd he*, ſhe had no more
" ſhare in this ſecond viſit, than in the Verſes:
" So that if it be worthy your acceptance,
" you owe it only to my own inclinations. I
" acknowledge it *(cry'd* Zagahide, *when they*
" *were all ſate down again)* and I muſt needs
" add this farther, that he almoſt laid violent
" hands upon me, to bring me hither: For I
" had buſineſs that would hardly give me
" leave to come. You are a kind Siſter
" *(ſlyly reply'd* Dragutt*)* to tell a ſtory ſo lit-
" tle obliging to your friend, only to make her
" think her ſelf oblig'd to your Brother;
" ſurely it cannot but come near the fraternal
" friendſhip of the Hero's Age. Ours is ſo
" ſtrict a tye, *reply'd* Nafile, that it diſpenſes
" with all formalities, that are obſerv'd in
" common kindneſſes: So that the freedom
" us'd by the lovely *Zagahide*, which you
" reproach as an injury, I look upon as a fa-
" vour. Then you are very eaſily ſatisfi'd,
" *cry'd* Pialy. Or you very difficult to be
" pleas'd, *reply'd* Abindarrays. Many other
" people would be as hard to pleas'd as he,
" *purſued* Pertau. Then many other people
" would be as unreaſonable as he, *anſwer'd*
" Zagahide: But provided the Divine *Nafile*
" be not diſpleas'd, I take little thought of
" any body elſe. No, no, *added ſhe*, *Nafile* is
" not of their opinion. But I am apt to think
" it behoves her to be ſo, *reply'd* Dragutt.
" Your propoſal has as little modeſty in it,
" as my freedom, *anſwer'd* Zagahide: Nor
" can they approve in you, what they condemn
" in me. Let it be as it will, *added* Nafile,
" the incomparable *Zagahide* cannot chuſe
" but win honour by this diſpute, ſince that
" whatever opinion gets the upper hand, ſhe
" muſt be either a good Siſter, or a good
" Friend. She is both together, *reply'd ſhe*.
" If that were true, *added* Pertau, there are
" ſome that would have thoſe kind thoughts
" for *Nafile*, which all the Siſters in the world,
" nor all the Brothers in earth could never come
" near. We may eaſily divine by your ſence,
" *reply'd* Zagahide, that you mean Love: But
" I believe 'tis a hard diſpute whether Love
" be more powerful than Nature. For my
" part, *added* Nafile, I am of opinion that
" Nature is more powerful than Love. My
" judgement is the ſame, *reply'd* Zagahide.
" However, *purſued* Abindarrays, I cannot take
" your part, as you have taken mine; and you
" compel me to be ingrateful to you, for
" fear of being unjuſt to my ſelf. Truly,
" *added* Dragutt, you now reunite us again,
" after you have made a kind of difference
" between us: For common intereſt obliges
" us, to take the ſame Glove, quite contrary
" to what we deſign'd. Well then, *purſued*
" Nafile, we are ready for the Combat, with
" our weapons in our hands: and in regard
" you are but runagate Slaves, we ſhall ſoon
" reduce you to reaſon. For briefly, to begin
" from the orginal of the Queſtion; if there
" be any right or privilege in Antiquity,
" Nature will carry the day before Love:
" For ſhe infuſes into us the Love of our Pa-
" rents, before ever any perſon has the leaſt
" love for us, or before we know our ſelves
" fitting to be belov'd. 'Tis a duty inſpir'd
" into us from our Cradles, we ſuck it in with
" our Milk; and carry it with us to our
" Graves. I have already confounded that
" Antiquity, *cry'd* Abindarrays; ſo that if
" you have no other argument to prove your
" aſſertion, infallibly Love is more powerful
" than Nature: For it cannot be deny'd but
" that that which begets us, muſt be more
" ancient than we who are begot: That
" Children are younger than their Parents.
" Your Parents lov'd before you were thought
" of; and it is ingratude to contend againſt
" that power that gave being to that incom-
" parable Beauty which we admire in you.
" Peace, excellent Sophiſter, *ſaid* Zagahide,
" we are aſham'd of your Arguments; the
" advantage of Nature above Love is as vi-
" ſible as the Sun: for all men love their Pa-
" rents, but all men have not Miſtreſſes to
" love. Moſt ingenious Logician, *ſaid* Per-
" tau, you fall into the ſame errour, for which
" you have blam'd your Brother: For as
" Reaſon and Truth conſiſt not in multitude
" of Profeſſors, a thouſaud examples con-
" vince us, that there are more faithful Lovers,
" than kind Parents: and that the former
" undergo a thouſand dangers, which the
" latter dare not think of; and therefore the
" force of Love is beyond the power of Na-
" ture. But, *reply'd* Nafile, an Opinion au-
" thoris'd by the Laws, and by the Cuſtoms
" of all Ages and Nations, ought not that to
" be of greater prevalency, than a particular
" thought, that hides it ſelf at the bottom of
" the heart, and thereby betrays its own
" weakneſs? Ah! Madam, *reply'd* Pialy, that
" can never be weak, that ſprings from the
" Fountain of Strength, receiving a noble
" heat from the Heart; and Life from the
" very Spring of Life it ſelf: And the ſame
" Spirits that enliven us, foſter and make that
" endure. And were it true, that the Laws
" did forbid what they permit; that is to
" ſay, for a man to be in Love; it would ar-
" gue more of ſtrength, than imbecility to ſee
" him ſet himſelf above the Laws: ſo that
" by your own words, Love would be more
" powerful than Nature, that ſtill preaches
" obedience to the Law. You have made a
" ſpeech, *reply'd* Zagahide: But you ſhall
" never perſwade me that there is not the
" ſame force and ſtrength in things lawful,
" as in thoſe things which are forbidden, as if
" publick Friendſhip were not more powerful
" than ſecret Love. You know, *reply'd* A-
" bindarrays, that ſtifled Flames break forth

with

" with greater fury, when they once find a " vent, than those that burn a loft. By the " same argument, *added* Dragutt, you may " be convinc'd, that the more mysterious " Love is, the greater is its power; the more " it is kept secret, the more it increases; the " more you strive to conceal it, the more it " shews it self. However we find, *said* Na- " file, that they who see and converse one with " another every day, every hour, every mo- " ment, as kindred and friends that live in the " same house, Love far more affectionately " than they who see one another but seldom. " Oh! divine Lady, *answer'd* Pertau, things " that are most scarce, are most valu'd; those " things which are most out of sight, we most " desire: and it is desire that corroborates " Love: We less wonder at the Sun, the fair- " est thing in Nature, because we see it every " day, than we admire a pitiful Flower, be- " cause we only see it in the Spring time; " which is the reason that Husbands never " love with that ardency of affection, as the " inamour'd Batchelour. And therefore, " which way soever you turn the Byas of " the Argument, Love is still more powerful " than Nature. However, *reply'd* Zagahide, " they that continually live together, have so " many opportunities to be kinder to one a- " nother, than they who seldom see one ano- " ther, that 'tis impossible, but that the Sun " should be more deeply concern'd, and that " Natural Affection should be more powerful " than Love. Oh! Sister, *reply'd* Abindar- " rays, I must confess to my shame, that your " Argument can never hold: For notwith- " standing all your kindnesses, there is some- " thing still that I love better than you. Why " should I dissemble? the Soul lies asleep in " simple friendship, and is only waken'd by " Love: We serve relations with less diligence, " and what we do for them, the opportunities " are so frequent, that we hardly regard it our " selves, neither do they take much notice of " it; there being a reciprocal coldness, that " damps the merit of the action, and chills " acknowledgment. But toward our Mi- " stresses we act with our utmost Fervour and " and Zeal; and therefore Love is more power- " ful than Nature. Besides, *added* Dragutt, " they that do for me, no more than is their " duty, do very little, nor can the obligation " be so great: but in true Love, 'tis only the " will that acts purely of it self: For Rela- " tions are born with an obligation to serve " one another: but there is no such obligati- " on upon a Lover: and therefore in regard " that free will is the most determinate A- " ction of the Soul, it follows that Love is " more powerful than Nature. Add to this " *said* Pertau, that a Mistress is of our own " election, our Parents not; so that all men " being more in love with their own, than the " works of a stranger: no man without doubt " ever lov'd his Parents, so well as his Mistress. " In short, *concluded* Abindarrays, 'tis near- " ness in blood that begets friends in kindred; " but 'tis from Merit that the affection of " Lovers proceeds: For kindred's sake, we " Love where there is nothing of Beauty; " but we never love a Mistress that deserves " not to belov'd: Seeing then that love which " is kindled by Virtue, is the most perfect, " certainly Love must be more powerful than " Nature. Ah! *Zagahide*, *cry'd* Nafile, I " fear me, we shall lose the day. They will " win it however dishonourably, *reply'd* Za- " gahide, since they have the odds in number; " for they are three, and we are but two. " Which way soever the Victory be got, it " cannot but be honourable, *answer'd* Dragutt: " Nor was it fitting we should hazard a Victo- " ry of this importance, by disuniting our selves; " since you confess we obtain'd it by keeping " together. If I am not deceiv'd, *reply'd* A- " bindarrays *smiling*, our league offensive and " defensive will not last long; since the same " interest that caus'd us to make it, will en- " force us to break it. That's no great won- " der, *said* Pialy, should it come to pass, in " regard there is such a resemblance between " Love and War; and that in both it is a " common thing for friends to fall out. But " we by an expedient quite contrary, *added* " Nafile, always intend to win, because we " never intend to disunite. However, *said* " Pertau, there may accidents fall out in the " progress of the War, that may cause you " two, to be as great Enemies one to ano- " ther as we. I can never imagin it, *cry'd* " Zagahide. Neither will I give you any " hint how to find it out, *reply'd he:* For it " is not safe for me to furnish you with wea- " pons, which you may one day use against " my self. This was the dispute wherein those four illustrious persons spent the greatest part of that visit. But, Sir, that which *Abindarrays* had foretold, in a short time came to pass. For the next visit to this, *Dragutt*, by a strange and extraordinary Fortune finding *Nafile* alone, and happening to talk of *Abindarrays*, confidently demanded of her what she intended to do with an unfortunate Exile, that his Fathers misdeanour had banish'd into *Africa*, so many years since, and whose Family was quite ruin'd? " He is both wit- " ty and courageous, *added he*, but if Fame " report not amiss, he is very inconstant; so " that it is no prudence in you to trust him. On the other side, *Abindarrays*, who look'd upon *Dragutt* as the most formidable of his Rivals, as well for his wealth, as for his bold and daring courage, demanded of *Nafile*, what she intended to do with that great Do- ctor? whether she had a design to study the Law? or to learn how to split causes at the Bar? and what use she would make of such a curious kind of knowledge; since women never come to be *Cadi's*? In the mean time *Pialy*, who thought *Pertau*, to be his most dangerous Competitor, was nothing more favourable to him: So that he demanded of *Nafile*, whe- ther she had any suit of Law depending, that she admitted that Pleader at Bar to dizzie her brains

brains with his Eloquence? whether ſhe judg'd of the plenty of his Eſtate, by the copiouſneſs of his Expreſſions? *Pertan* on the other ſide did not bate his adverſary an inch, but ask'd *Naſile* whether ſhe had receiv'd any affront of late, or had any body to be cudgell'd, becauſe ſhe entertain'd ſuch a Hector? Whether it were any paſtime to hear him talk of his Duels? and what delight ſhe could take in ſuch a Fencing Maſter, who was always ſtanding upon his Guard, and dream'd of nothing but killing and ſlaying? But whether it were that *Abindarrays*'s merit were the cauſe of his good Fortune, or that the Lady were taken with novelty; he it was who was favour'd above all the reſt. You would have ſworn he had almoſt conquer'd an Army, by the quantity of his Rivals, over whom he triumphed. Nevertheleſs their number rather increaſing than diminiſhing, he hardly enjoy'd a quiet hour in a month, during all that tyranny of diſorder and confuſion. True it is, that his good Fortune, and his active Wit together, drew him out of this labyrinth. For *Naſile* being an only Daughter, who had loſt her Mother ſome years before: and her Father alſo dying before ſhe were of Age to live in the eye of the World by her ſelf; Love, that never fails you for a trick, inſpires the politick *Abindarrays* with a conceit, that render'd him the happieſt perſon in the World, and all his Rivals miſerable. Immediately he went to his Siſter *Zagahides* Chamber, and accoſting her with a very ſad countenance: "Alas! dear Siſter, "*ſaid he*, poor *Naſile* may well complain, con- "ſidering the loſs which ſhe has had: For "in regard ſhe has no Relations that are very "near, or very rich, ſhe is like to fall into the "hands of a poor Kindred, that will only ſeek "to prey upon her Eſtate, and keep her from "preferment, only to enjoy the benefit of her "wealth, if that be the worſt which I fear: "For Poverty without Virtue, what will it "not attempt? I aſſure you Brother, *reply'd* "Zagahide, I am extreamly ſorry for her: "and as I love her infinitely, there is nothing "which I would not do to ſerve her, could "I but tell which way. I will eaſily put you "into a way, *anſwer'd he*, and provided you "will but do as I direct between *Alboraya* "and *Naſile*, you ſhall do her the greateſt "piece of ſervice that was ever done a friend; "and me the greateſt kindneſs that ever I "receiv'd in my life. You are too much my "friends both, *anſwer'd ſhe*, for me to neglect "the leaſt circumſtance; and therefore if the "thing be poſſible, you need not queſtion the "ſucceſs. 'Tis not only poſſible, but eaſie, "*anſwer'd he*, and therefore to make good "the beginning of your promiſe, do you but "come along and vouch to be true, what I "ſhall tell my Mother. Thereupon they both went to *Alboraya*'s apartment, whom they found alone according to their deſire. And here you are to take notice of his contrivance; for though there were never any Relation between *Alboraya*'s Family, and *Naſile*'s, yet he made it out ſo readily by his skill in Heraldry and Pedigrees, that his Mother eaſily believ'd him; and having thus prepar'd the way: "Madam, *ſaid he to his Mother with a* "*flattering tone*, the noble generoſity which "you profeſs, and the reputation of your "Virtue, which is ſpread over all the King- "dom, make me apt to believe that you would "be forward to embrace any favourable op- "portunity to ſhew it, and thank me for my "information. Son, *anſwerd ſhe*, I ſhall en- "deavour to preſerve the good opinion which "the world has of me; and if I can do any "thing that may confirm it, I love Honour "too well to neglect it. You know then, Ma- "dam, *ſaid he*, that *Naſile* has loſt her Fa- "ther; and you know that ſhe is likely to "fall into the hands of poor Kindred, that "will give but a bad accompt of her fair E- "ſtate: And beſides, that ſhe will be ſpoil'd "in her Education, I cannot tell whether "her life may be ſafe. Now in regard ſhe is "a particular friend of my Siſters, you will "do an action worthy the repute, which you "have in the world, if you would take her into "your protection, till you have found out a "fit Match for her, which I make no queſtion "but you will find in a ſhort time: For in "ſhort, the wealth of her Family will repair "the ruines of ours. Beſides, Madam, it will "be ſuch an advantage for her to live with "you, conſidering who ſhe is, and who you "are, that ſhe will joyfully accept the propo- "ſition, and give her conſent without delay. "Then in making ſure of the perſon, you ſe- "cure the Eſtate, and you will advance my "Fortune by doing an act of Charity. But "*Abindarrays*, *anſwer'd* Aboraya, by what "pretence can I demand *Naſile*, who is no- "thing related to me, either in blood or by "alliance. Ah, Madam, *cry'd he*, you are "ill read in the Pedigree of your Family. For "*Naſile* is your Kinſwoman, ally'd to you "for above five or ſix deſcents. I muſt ac- "knowledge my ignorance, *replyed* Alboraya, "for I never knew ſo much. How, *anſwered* "*he*, did you never find by the Tree of your "Genealogie, that it is now above two "hundred years, ſince that the chief of your "Family married a Lady of the Family of "the *Maliques*, who was call'd by your name "*Alboraya*: She had a Siſter married into the "Family of the *Alagezes*, who was call'd "*Fatima*: This Siſter had many children, and "among the reſt, a Daughter call'd *Miriam*, "who being a great heireſs, married into the "Family of the *Gazulls*; ſhe had three Sons "and a Daughter named *Tilicouſſa*, who choſe "her a Husband among the *Benarages*, and "by him had a Daughter named *Donique*. "That ſame *Donique* eſpous'd a perſon of the "Race of the *Abenamares*; and among other "children had a Daughter named *Zaide*; "ſhe married into the Family of the *Zulemes*, "and had by her this Daughter *Naſile*. Thus "you ſee, Madam, that ſhe has the Honour

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"to be of your Kindred, though perhaps not "ſo nearly related, and that ſhe deſcends in "a right Line by the Mothers ſide, from the "ſame Anceſtors with yours. I could make "it out that ſhe is a kin to me, by the Fathers "ſide, were it not for being too tedious, and "could make it appear that the *Zulemes* have "been three or four times intermixed with "our Family, from *Miramamolin*, King of "*Morocco*, and the Illuſtrious *Caraman* my "Father, by ſeveral croſs Matches of their "Daughters to our Anceſtors, and our "Daughters to theirs. So that, Madam, 'tis "not only compaſſion that obliges you to "protect her, but natural affection to your "own and your Husbands kindred require "it. The nimble witted *Abindarrays* framed this formidable ſtory upon the very ſpot, with ſo much confidence, and made it appear ſo exact by the imaginary deſcent of the fair *Naſiles* Anceſtors, that *Alboraya*, though a woman of a diſcerning fancy, was clearly outwitted by him; and therefore it being her turn to ſpeak: "Son, *ſaid ſhe*, I never under- "ſtood that before *Naſile* was either your "kinſwoman or mine: But ſince it is other- "wiſe, it ſhall not be my fault that your de- "ſign do not take effect. And though with all "the good Qualities, you enjoy not all the "good Fortune of your Anceſtors; yet I do "not believe *Naſile* would refuſe me her con- "ſent, ſhould I propoſe you to her. The in- genious *Abindarrays*, who ſaw ſhe did not take the right courſe that he intended, wink'd upon *Zagahide* to ſecond him; who there- upon eaſily penetrated into his thoughts, and addreſſing her ſelf to her Mother: "Madam, "*ſaid ſhe*, it can never be thought that *Naſiles* "kindred will ever conſent to a Match, that "would but daſh all their expectations; and it "would make them mad to offer them any "ſuch propoſal: And therefore it were bet- "ter for you to ſecure *Naſiles* perſon, under "pretence of taking care of her Education: "for then you may diſpoſe of her as you "pleaſe, there being no obſtacle in the way. "That's my advice alſo, *haſtily replyed* Abin- "darrays. Beſides, *Naſile* is ſo much my "particular friend, that it will be a particu- "lar kindneſs done to me. And therefore I "make you the ſame requeſt with all earneſt- "neſs imaginable. *Alboraya*, who lov'd *Zagahide* moſt tenderly, and was not a little fond of *Abindarrays*, promiſed them to go the next morning, and demand *Naſile* out of the hands of her preſent Guardians. The young couple were very well pleaſed with their ſucceſs, and returning to *Zagahides* Cham- ber: "Brother, *ſaid ſhe*, I find two great ob- "ſtacles that will obſtruct the deſign: For "your imaginary Pedigree, not being known "by *Naſiles* real kindred, though *Alboraya* "abſolutely believe it to be true, you muſt de- "ceive them, as ſhe has been deceived, if you "ever hope to ſucceed in your buſineſs. I "could eaſily do it if I thought it neceſſary, "*ſaid he*: For they will be ſo glad to be a "kin to the Grand Siegnior, that they'l never "ſtand to examine the truth of the Matter. "So that if your ſecond difficulty be no more "conſiderable than the firſt, I am ſecure e- "nough: The ſecond you muſt conſider your "ſelf; that is to ſay, whether it be not bet- "ter for you to have *Naſiles* conſent, before "ſhe be demanded from her kindred. O, "Ignoramus in matters of Love, *anſwered* "Abindarrays, you would ſpoil all, while "thought to do well: For though *Naſile* had "the greateſt kindneſs in the world for me, "ſhould you ask her conſent to live in the "ſame Houſe where I am, ſhe would never "agree to it, though ſhe had never ſo ear- "neſt a deſire: But when ſhe does that out of "obedience, which ſhe durſt not do out of "her own inclinations; that removes all "difficulties, and opens the way that ſhe "will infallibly take. But, *ſaid* Zagahide "*ſmiling*, take heed of over flattering your "ſelf; for I perceive that you think more "than you ſay; ſince it cannot be, but you "muſt be more in *Naſiles* favour, if you are "but ſo much as you think you are; that the "ſucceſs of our deſign will teach us; and I "hope that the event will convince you of an "incredulity ill-grounded, and your bad opi- "nion of me. At length the hour being come wherein *Alboraya* had promis'd to viſit *Naſiles* kindred, away ſhe went with her Daughter, to the Houſe of one of the lovely Mourners Kinſmen, where ſhe had liv'd ever ſince her Fathers death. There by chance the Noble Wife of *Caraman* found the reſt of *Naſiles* Kindred met all together, which made the buſineſs much ſhorter, in regard they had not time ſo ſtrictly to examine the propoſal, nor to conſider the advantage or diſadvantage of the conſequences. After the firſt complements were paſs'd upon the death of *Naſiles* Father; ſhe added that ſeeing *Naſile* without a Mother, ſhe her ſelf would ſupply that loſs: For that fair Lady being allyed to her, as well as to *Caraman*, ſhe was come to deſire their conſent, that ſhe might go and live with her, till they could propound her a fit match; aſſuring them that ſhe would have the ſame care as of her own Daughter, without making any diſtinction between them, unleſs it were for her advantage. As for the reſt, I think you know *Caraman*'s Quality and mine well enough, to think that I deſire Penſion or Gratuity, for any thing that I do for *Naſile*. In ſhort, I think I have reputation ſufficient to oblige you, not to re- fuſe me a favour, which natural affection to my Kindred obliges me to demand. Now, Sir, though thoſe people never heard before of any ſuch alliance; and that they were no more of kin to *Caraman* or *Alboraya*, than to *Preſter John*, or the great *Mogul*; yet the high Quality of both, the Valour and Fame of the one, and the Virtue of the ſecond, made it ſo great an Honour to be of their Kindred, that there was no body ſo much as opened their mouths to diſpute the Caſe;

and intereſt alſo was no leſs eloquent than *Alboraya*, at that time; ſo that the propoſal of doing all things *Gratis*, was as perſwaſive an Argument, as either her Virtue or Nobility. Some there were ſuſpected *Abindarrays* might be in love: Others that he aim'd at Eſtate, as well as Beauty; but the plurality of voices carri'd it, and the preſent benefit prevail'd above future fears. And therefore after they had held a kind of petty Council among themſelves, the reſult of the deliberation was, that it was convenient for them to accept of ſuch an obliging offer, or to ſpeak clearly, to have the opportunity of gaining ſo conſiderably. In ſo much, that one of the chiefeſt, undertook to ſpeak for all the reſt; and after he had given *Alboraya* thanks in the name of all *Naſile*'s Relations, for the kindneſs which ſhe had expreſs'd toward their kinſwoman, they all accepted her propoſal: Then they called *Naſile*, and gave her to underſtand how highly ſhe was obliged to the virtuous *Alboraya*, and what they had all agreed upon. The news was ſo ſurpriſing, that it made her bluſh; for ſhe preſently imagined that *Abindarrays* had a hand in the generoſity of the Action, and that Love rather than Friendſhip had promoted the Deſign: So that the thoughts of going to live with a Suiter, begat in her a kind of reluctancy, though ſhe fore-ſaw the ſatisfaction and content ſhe ſhould receive thereby. But the witty *Zagabide* taking notice of her irreſolution, moſt affectionately embraced her, and careſs'd her with ſuch obliging and tender language, that ſhe finding a very fair pretence to hide her inclinations, and the real cauſe of her conſent, under thoſe marks of friendſhip; ſhe accepted *Alboraya's* offer, and gave her thanks proportionable to the promiſes ſhe had made: ſo that in a little while after *Alboraya* carried her home in her Chariot, very well ſatisfi'd with the ſucceſs of her deſign. You may well gueſs that *Abindarrays* was tranſported beyond expreſſion, and the thought of living always with *Naſile*, put him almoſt beſides himſelf, ſo that he was ready to die with joy: His Soul was ſo ſtrongly mov'd, and his heart was ſo deeply pierced: In ſo much, that though misfortune had made *Alboraya* thrifty, yet being Steward at that time, and appointed to order the entertainment that was to be given to *Naſile*; ſhe did it with ſo much magnificence, and ſo gentilely withal, as if Love had made the Feaſt, and that the Graces had been his gueſts. In the mean time the noiſe of *Naſiles* changing her aboad, being ſpread through all the City of *Almeria*, all the whole crowd of her Lovers were infinitely afflicted; the good fortune of *Abindarrays* having made all his Rivals miſerable. But among the reſt *Dragutt*, *Pialy* and *Pertau*, were like forlorn creatures quite out of hope: for the thoughts of that advantage which he had over them, redoubling their jealouſie, tranſported them even to rage, and loſs of their reaſon; *Dragutt* in all haſte ran to all *Naſiles* Kindred, and asked them, What was in their minds to loſe that Authority which Nature had given them? Wherefore they had truſted ſo much Treaſure with another, which they ought to have kept to themſelves? Whether they had ſo little wit as not to ſee, that *Alboraya's* generoſity, was only for her own intereſt, and the advancement of her Son, and not for *Naſiles* profit; that 'twas her Eſtate, and not her Perſon which ſhe minded: and ſtill urging them more and more home, he demanded of them whether the enjoyment of ſo great a benefit, were a thing of ſo much trouble to be parted withal without any conſideration in the world; and thought it could not have been prevented at length, yet ſhould they have been ſo wiſe as not to have given the power out of their hands, before they had made their conditions, which they could never do with *Abindarrays*, for he having *Naſile* in his poſſeſſion, had no more to ſay to them, in regard there would be nothing to ſpare from the recruit of his broken Fortune. But what do we talk of things paſt, unleſs we can mend them, and therefore I am come to offer you all my friends, all my credit, all my power: there being nothing which I will not venture in your ſervice, if you will but reſolve to reform your errour. As they were thus diſcourſing, in came *Pialy*, and offer'd to fight *Abindarrays*, or to take her away by force, if *Alboraya* refus'd it; to do the buſineſs, or periſh in the attempt. Then came *Pertau*, and uſed all his eloquence to perſwade them, that of neceſſity they were to take one of thoſe courſes, ſetting forth in all the Colours of Rhetorick, that it was no leſs for their Honour, than for their profit: But notwithſtanding all that they poſſibly could urge, the people were fearful, and would not meddle. That way failing, they attempted another; which was to ſend ſome of their Friends under pretence of a ſimple viſit, to repreſent to *Naſile* how much her reputation lay at ſtake, by living with *Alboraya*, that all the City of *Almeria* knew that *Abindarrays* was fallen in love with her; and that it would be thought that ſhe and he had acted by conſent, and had approv'd the cheat which he had put upon his Mother; that to live in the ſame Houſe with her Lover, was a thing which expos'd her Reputation to ſcandal, and to be the diſcourſe of the World; and that if ſhe thought to avoid them, by marrying the Son of *Caraman*, ſhe only thereby thought to mend one fault, by committing a greater, and expos'd her ſelf to miſery all her life, by marrying a Beggar: That great Merit was more neceſſary for a Courtier than a Husband, and that Marriages were made for intereſt, and not by inclination. That in thoſe ſort of Marriages Love vaniſhes, but Poverty ſtays. But notwithſtanding all their Harangues, the bait would not take; for they could not ſo much as ſtir *Naſile*. When they ſaw all that would not do, yet the deſpairing Lovers would not

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give over, and therefore they ſent others to the young Lady, who without ſpeaking to *Nafile*, addreſſed themſelves directly to *Alboraya*, and knowing that ſhe profeſs'd her ſelf very tender of her Honour, and nice of her Reputation, they told her that the Love of her Son would ruine her good Name: That the counterfeit part which he had caus'd her to act, was not honeſt: and that her pretended alliance with *Nafile*, being but a Chimera, was a thing which ſounded ill in the ears of the World, to let two young Lovers live together before they were married. That it would be a thing much below his Quality, to be refus'd by a perſon ſo much below him; and yet that there was no other likelihood, but that he would be deny'd, in regard all people knew the low condition of *Caraman*, and the ſmall Fortune which *Abindarrays* had: That although *Nafile* were rich, yet ſhe was not ſo as rich to reſtore the Houſe of the *Abencerrages* to their ancient ſplendour; that *Abindarrays* was too young to think of marrying: that it was by War and at Court where he was to ſeek his advantage; and not by an advantage ſo mean and diſproportionate to his Merit, as *Nafiles* Portion. But, Sir, this ſecond contrivance of theirs proſpered no better, than the former: For *Alboraya* ſenſible of her Honour, was offended at the liberty they took, to inſtruct her what ſhe had to do; and to let them know that ſhe had done nothing but what was juſt, ſhe reſolved not to change her mind. However the Rivals of *Abindarrays* would not leave off ſo, but knowing the power which *Zagahide* had over her Mother, ſet upon her, and told her, That ſhe went the way to loſe a friend, by gaining a Siſter-in-law: That it was a thing beyond example, to find that Siſters-in-law ever agreed: That ſhe would deprive her of a good part of *Alboraya's* love, but altogether of the Friendſhip of *Abindarrays*; and that ſhe knowing her ſelf to be rich, and her to be poor, would be always carrying her ſelf proudly and inſolently toward her: That ſhe would be never the richer for *Nafile's* wealth, in regard *Abindarrays* had hardly enough to ſerve his own deſigns, and lov'd Money too well to part with it. And that therefore it was for her intereſt to break off the match, and to employ all the credit ſhe had with *Alboraya* and *Abindarrays*, to hinder that which ſhe had ſo little reaſon to ſuffer. But that ſurpaſſing ingenuity eaſily diſcern'd their evil deſigns, and laughing at their impertinent cunning, gave them to underſtand, that ſhe was not ſo eaſily to be cheated. At length, Sir, thoſe diſconſolate Lovers having tryed the Miſtreſs, Mother and Siſter of *Abindarrays*, they reſolv'd to try him himſelf, and by a pretended friend of his they laid before him, That too much familiarity bred contempt, rather than love: That frequent converſation diſcover'd defects in the moſt accompliſh'd perſons; that it was to be fear'd that *Nafile* would eaſily perceive the lowneſs of *Alboraya's* Fortune, by the ſmallneſs of her expences; or if ſhe ſhould laſh out, it might prove an inconvenience to his Mother, and perhaps in vain. That *Caraman*, who thought him ſtill at Court, would be offended to hear of his ſpending his time ſo idly in the Country; the Court being the only place for a perſon of his humour and condition. So that if he would follow his advice, he ſhould return *Nafile* to her kindred, and recruit his Fortune in *Granada*. You may be ſure, that that ſame counſellor's advice wrought no effect upon *Abindarrays*, who well knowing from whence all thoſe charitable inſtructions proceeded, laugh'd them to ſcorn without any more to do. So that his Rival's being now at their wits end, were more miſerably afflicted, than he was overjoy'd; ſeeing themſelves for ever depriv'd of *Nafiles* company: Not but that, notwithſtanding their vaſt repugnancy, to go to their Rivals Houſe, their love prevail'd above their hatred, and that among the reſt, *Dragutt*, *Pialy* and *Pertau*, overcame that averſion, how powerful ſoever: but it was in vain that they reſolv'd to go thither; for the politick *Abindarrays*, who was Maſter of his Mothers Houſe, had given the Porter ſuch ſtrict order, that they tryed a hundred ways to no purpoſe. Sometimes he told them that *Alboraya* was ſick, that *Nafile* was with her, and could not be ſeen: Sometimes that *Nafile* her ſelf was ill: Sometimes that *Zagahide* was ill, and that *Nafile* pin'd for the ſickneſs of her friend: Sometimes they were all in the Country. And thus his Rivals were in lamentable torment, and he at his full hearts eaſe. But that which redoubled their deſpair was, that they could not have ſo much as the leaſt ſight of her; ſo that, as it were, vaniſhing in that manner, their jealouſie inſtructing them to argue right, and to draw bad conſequences; they concluded, and concluded well, that being always in her company, he had no mind to let her come abroad: For indeed he was always with her, nor was her ſhadow more inſeparable than her Lover. True it is, that I much doubt whether the exceſs of his felicity, were not the occaſion of his misfortune, by what happen'd afterwards. And whether a Lady, accuſtom'd to the hurry of viſits, and much company, did not grow weary of ſuch a ſolitude: For Beautys love to be ſeen by many; ſuch Suns as they not deſiring to ſhine only upon one ſingle perſon. However it were, *Dragutt*, *Piali* and *Pertau*, not knowing which way to turn themſelves, or what to do; at length had corrupted ſome one of *Alboraya's* Slave's, by whoſe means *Nafile* found ſeveral Notes at ſeveral times which were left upon her Table, and directed,

TO THE SLAVE *NAFILE.*

And in the Paper they aggravated the ſhame and contempt of her ſervitude, the wrong ſhe did her ſelf to ſuffer it, and ſcandalous reports that went about the Town; offering to give her her Liberty, when ever ſhe thought it convenient: But that trick would not take neither: For whatever they writ, *Naſile* never ſpoke a word, but their Rival return'd the anſwer always. At laſt deſpair tranſported them to revenge themſelves, every one according to his own way: *Pialy* challeng'd *Abindarrays*, *Pertau* ſcandalized him in all companies; and *Dragutt* ſought all means to be revenged of *Naſile*: But the Duel was prevented; the others looſe tongue chaſtis'd: Only the anger of the third made leſs noiſe, but did more miſchief. In ſhort, being very potent, and very cunning, he made a diſcovery of ſeveral bad actions, that *Naſiles* Father had been guilty of, and protecting thoſe that had conceal'd them for ſo long time, they recommenc'd their ſuits; ſo that the fair Lady was in danger of loſing all her Eſtate. But though *Abindarrays* had no skill in ſuch affairs, yet Love and common Reaſon taught him to act like a judicious perſon, and making uſe of all *Caraman's* and *Alboraya's* Friends, he got the credit of the day for *Naſile*, notwithſtanding the great Reputation of *Dragutt*, and all the ſolicitations of *Pialy* and *Pertau*. Certain it is, that his own care had like to have coſt him his life; for going to one of the Judges in the Country, he and his Horſe were carried away by the over-flowing of the River *Darro*, where he was in great jeopardy of being drown'd: Nor was this the worſt of his misfortunes, for the pains and trouble that he had taken, had ſo alter'd his good conſtitution, that he fell into a fit of ſickneſs, which made him keep his bed eight Months; and it was ſeveral times thought he could never have eſcap'd. However the violence of his diſtemper did not ſuſpend the violence of his Love. And though he lay, as it were, in the arms of death, he would ſtill deſire to ſee *Naſile*. And ſhe her ſelf at the beginning of his ſickneſs, was the moſt diligent perſon in the world about him, and took all the care and pains imaginable. But whether it were, that ſhe grew weary of a life ſo melancholy; or whether the ſecret perſwaſions of *Pialy*, *Pertau* and *Dragutt* carried her to that reſolution which ſhe took; ſhe feign'd her ſelf to be ſick; and order'd the Phyſicians that came to ſee her, to preſcribe her to take the Air in the Country. Inſomuch, that with *Alboraya's* conſent, thither ſhe went with one of her Kinſwomen. The unfortunate *Abindarrays* look'd upon her departure, as the only thing that would torment him beyond all the ſufferings of his ſickneſs, yet preferring her life before his own, he not only conſented to her going, but urg'd her by any means not to ſtay, ſince the Phyſicians thought it neceſſary for her health; conjuring her however to be ſo kind as to return, when the recovery of that health, which was ſo dear to him, would permit her to venture her ſelf: She ſolemnly promiſed him; and whether it were to comfort him, or to deceive him, ſhe gave him all the kind words, that love, tenderneſs, and paſſion could expreſs. However, the abſence of what he lov'd, cauſing him to hate life, made him often wiſh for death; ſo that the evils of the mind augmenting the diſtemper of the body, he was very often at death's door. Nevertheleſs, Nature at length over-coming his Diſeaſe, and the Letters which he receiv'd from *Naſile*, being more powerful than all the Preſcriptions of the Phyſicians, he began to mend, upon the hopes which ſhe gave him of her return. It was in this interval, while he was upon recovery, between ſick and well, that *Dragutt*, either to perplex him or kill him, had ſpread a report in *Almeria*, that *Naſile* was ſuddenly dead in the Country; and the news was diſpers'd with ſo many probable circumſtances, that it ſeem'd to be true, nor did any body queſtion the reality of it. You may well gueſs, Sir, how the diſconſolate *Abindarrays* was ſtobb'd to the heart, when he heard that ſad tidings: So great was the wound, that it caſt him into deſpair, and out of deſpair into a rage: So that tranſported with Love and Fury, he went out of the City, upon ſome tragical deſign to have caſt himſelf headlong from the top of a dreadful precipice, not far from the City of *Almeria*. But 'tis a wonderful thing to ſee how fortune ſav'd him: For as he drew near the Rock, whither he was going to ſeek for death, there by accident he met with that which he lov'd far better than his life. In ſhort, he ſpy'd *Naſile* her ſelf paſſing by in a Charet, together with *Amida*, one of his own friends ſitting by: She was chearful, merry and brisk, and very attentive to the diſcourſe of the perſon, who was with her. Upon a ſight ſo ſurpriſing, he call'd out aloud with joy and aſtoniſhment; and holding out his hand toward the Charet that drove very ſwift, he began to run with all the ſpeed that his ſtrength would permit: However, the Charet made no ſtop, and they having careleſly ſaluted him at a diſtance, were preſently out of ſight Charet and all. This diſobliging act ſtrangely ſurpris'd him, and made him reaſon with himſelf, to ſee her ſo merry. *Naſile's* extraordinary jocundry did no way pleaſe him; nor was he better ſatisfi'd to ſee her ſo familiar with another. However, becauſe he had never obſerv'd that *Amida* had been in love with *Naſile*, he took it rather to be ſome accident, than an effect of his love; or that *Naſile* might not well know him again, in regard his ſickneſs had alter'd him. And therefore verily believing ſhe was gone to *Alboraya's* Houſe, he return'd home again, as faſt as his weak leggs would permit him. But he was in a ſtrange amaze, when he found that ſhe had not been there; nay, much more, when both *Alboraya* and *Zagahide* inform'd him, that ſhe had ſent them a ſlight com-

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plement, and by the ſame perſon had deſir'd *Alboraya's* excuſe, telling her, that for fear of giving her any farther trouble, ſhe had reſolved to lye at her Kinſwomans. Her carriage wonderfully diſturb'd the unfortunate *Abindarrays*, and increas'd his ſlight ſuſpicions. Nevertheleſs, he would condemn *Naſile* before he had heard her, and therefore he went immediately to the Ladies Houſe where ſhe lodged. But *Naſile* foreſeeing the viſit, ſhe had ſo order'd it, that he did not meet with *Amida* there; but in lieu thereof, he found her cold, ſtarch'd and ſo diſturb'd in her countenance, that ſhe knew not what ſhe ſaid: When he blam'd her for not ſtopping her Charet; ſhe return'd him the ſame anſwer that he had made to himſelf, that ſhe did not well know him, in regard his face was ſo alter'd: when he reprov'd her for changing her lodging, ſhe gave him ſuch idle reaſons, as were nothing ſatisfactory. All this augmenting his jealouſies, he took an occaſion to name *Amida*; and then he obſerv'd that ſhe bluſh'd, and ſtrove to hide her face with her hand: However, he had not time to make any reflexion upon the matter; the crowd of Viſitants came in ſo thick upon notice of *Naſile's* return to *Almeria*. But as ſoon as he came home, away he went to his Siſters Chamber, where he had a long conſultation with her, upon all *Naſile's* proceedings, who had changed her abode, even then by what he had obſerved, when he met her in the Coach: upon the idle excuſes ſhe made, and upon the diſturbances of her countenance, when he went to viſit her. So that upon the whole they concluded, that ſomething had wrought upon her to change her affection. But how to find it out, both *Abindarrays* and *Zagabide*, for all their great wit and cunning, were at a loſs. Nevertheleſs, it ran in the thoughts of *Abindarrays*, that *Amida* was the perſon who had courted *Naſile*, during her abode in the Country: And that which confirm'd him in his belief was, that *Amida* had never been to ſee him ſince *Naſile's* departure. But for their better ſatisfaction, they reſolv'd that *Abindarrays* ſhould viſit *Naſile* every morning; and that he ſhould diligently obſerve both hers and *Amida's* looks; and their behaviour one toward the other: it being impoſſible, that all the policy in the World could ever conceal a ſecret of that Nature, from the eyes of a jealous Lover. To that purpoſe he began to be very frequent in *Naſile's* company; and indeed hardly to ſtir out of it, that is, to go in the morning, and never part till night: Yet was he not a whit the wiſer for this aſſiduity; for he never ſaw *Amida* there. And *Naſile* having had time to prepare her ſelf, ſhe ſeem'd to be leſs concern'd, and convers'd with him after a freer rate than ſhe had done before. Nevertheleſs, that which ſhould have given him eaſe, redoubled his diſquiet: For he began at length to ſuſpect that this extraordinary warineſs was a Myſtery, and that it was a ſly trick of thoſe ſort of people, that would fain be cunning and cannot, and diſcover themſelves by their reſervedneſs. Beſides that *Amida*, who was wont to viſit him often, now never came near him. So that *Abindarrays* not conceiving how a ſervant could be ſo long abſent from his Miſtreſs; it came into his mind that *Naſile* muſt of neceſſity meet him in ſome other place; and that he was fool'd both by his Miſtreſs and by his Rival: Thereupon he reſolv'd to be better ſatisfi'd, whatever it coſt him. And to that intent, after he had ſtudied a while what courſe to ſteer, he reſolv'd to diſguiſe himſelf like a Slave; and to watch about *Naſile's* Houſe from morning till night: by that ſtratagem, to diſcover whether ever *Amida* met her at any extraordinary hours, that others never dream'd of, or no. And now having put himſelf into diſguiſe, he lay upon the ſcout, juſt before *Naſiles* lodging, behind a blind Gate, which Love and Jealouſie had eaſily found out for his advantage. Five days together he lay thus perdue, without making any diſcovery, ſo that he began to repent him of his ſuſpicions, and to believe they were ill grounded: but the ſixth morning, juſt upon Sun-riſing, he ſaw the Door of *Naſile's* Houſe open; by and by out came her Slave, and look'd every way to ſee whether the coaſt were clear, which made him think there was ſomething more than ordinary, to ſee the Slave ſtirring ſo early, and ſo cautiouſly ſtaring about. To be brief, in a ſhort while after he ſaw the ſame Slave again, and with her another Slave: They had each of them a thick Vail, ſuch as the fair Slaves wear in the Eaſt, to keep them from the Sun; and after they had once more carefully look'd about them, they began their march. But, Sir, 'tis a difficult thing to deceive the eyes of a Lover, uſe all the art that may be: For *Naſile* had not gone four ſteps, but *Abindarrays* knew her: Her ſtately proportion, the majeſty of her gate, and the very air of her carriage eaſily convinc'd him it was ſhe, that he always thought ſo amiable. In the mean time ſurpriſe and grief had ſo maſter'd the faculties of his Soul, and the moving inſtruments of his Body, that he ſtood at firſt like a ſtatue being hardly able to ſtir out of the place. Nevertheleſs, jealouſie reſtoring him that ſtrength, which wonder and grief had depriv'd him of; at length he follow'd *Naſile* and her Captive, reſolv'd to ſee her hous'd. They croſs'd and doubled, like a Hare when the Doggs are at her heels; labouring to eſcape the eye of any perſon that might follow them; a thing which ſhe very much fear'd. But he that followed, ſtill kept in view: However, not teſtifying any eagerneſs, but ſtill keeping at a convenient diſtance, and for that people began to be ſtirring in the ſtreet, he kept himſelf from being ſuſpected. At length being come to a Widows Houſe, who was a Kinſwoman of *Amida's*, there they ſtopp'd; and gazing about again, to ſee

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if any perſon look'd after them, they ſhut themſelves in at the Gate, which ſtood ready open, and threw it after them, as ſoon as they were in. The unfortunate *Abindarrays*, not queſtioning his misfortune, hid himſelf in the corner of the next ſtreet, to ſee the iſſue: There he ſtaid about two hours, which to him appear'd to be two ages; his thoughts being all the while oppreſs'd with care, melancholy and grief: But at two hours end, the Gate opened again, and out came *Amida* in great haſte, hiding his face with the ſlieve of his Caſſock: Preſently after, he ſaw *Naſile's* Slave, who us'd the ſame wrye faces and poſtures, as when her Miſtreſs left her own Lodgings; and immediately after *Naſile* her ſelf appeared, and made her retreat after the ſame manner, and in as good order as ſhe had march'd thither. It was no wonder, thought he, that *Amida* could ſo eaſily diſpence with waiting upon her, when he enjoyed the kind convenience of her coming to him, and giving him the full liberty of her company: And now he found it was only to deceive him, that his Rival never appeared at *Naſile's* Kinſwomans, which was her habitation. In the mean while, the infidelity and ingratitude of that lovely Lady, kindling the deſpair of *Abindarrays* into fury; he loſt his reſpect as well as his reaſon: and therefore running after the faithleſs *Naſile*, and lifting up her Vail behind: "Fair Slave, *ſaid he*, "*with a ſcornful and haughty utterance*, your "Maſter goes too faſt, and puts you to too "much trouble to follow him. His voice, and the ſight of him, ſo ſtrangely ſurpriſed the poor *Naſile*, that ſhe was almoſt ready to ſwoon. But he not giving her time to return any anſwer (which nevertheleſs ſhe could not have done ſuch, was her grief and aſtoniſhment) *Abindarrays* began again, and addreſſing himſelf to her with as much anger as ſorrow: "Had I not more care of your "Honour, and your Reputation (*ſaid he very* "*diſdainfully*) than you have your ſelf, I "could take from you your good Name, as "you have robb'd me of my repoſe, and I "could puniſh your ingratitude thereby, "which cannot be ſufficiently puniſh'd. But "ſince it is a chaſtiſement ſevere enough in-"deed, to bereave you of a heart like mine: "Know ingrateful Maid, that I have recall'd "it home again, and now it is no longer "yours. Upon thoſe words, he left her, full of rage and malice; reſolved, as weak as he was, to challenge his unfaithful friend that had beguiled him. But the vehement agitation of his ſpirits diſordering his whole body, he relaps'd into a Fever that made him keep his bed a month longer. As for the poor *Naſile*, ſhe retir'd to her Kinſwomans Houſe; but ſo diſconſolate upon what had happen'd, that her repentance being born in the midſt of her tears, ſtifled her unjuſt love, and reviv'd her lawful paſſion: So that ſhe forſook and baniſh'd *Amida*, and would fain have regain'd *Abindarrays*. But whatever ſhe could ſay or do, it was impoſſible for her to bring it to paſs. For notwithſtanding all her Beauty, he had no longer either a heart or eyes that valued her charms. Thus you ſee him once more free; and in one of thoſe quiet intervals, that wont to ſucceed the powerful agitations of his mind, and ſeparate his Amours, like the time between the fits of an Argue. And in this condition he remain'd longer at that time, than at any other before: For the horrible trouble and vexation which he had undergone, for the ſake of *Naſiles* extraordinary Beauty, by reaſon of the tedious crowd of her Suitors, made him flee the company of all fair Ladies, though their Beauties were not ſo remarkable: and ſo not being ever accuſtomed to love deformed perſons, he rather choſe to love none at all. Nevertheleſs, as his melancholy was ſociable, and that he ſought rather company to divert it, than ſolitude to entertain it; he bethought himſelf of taking a middle way, wherein he expected to find both diverſiſement and ſafety from temptation, viſiting often a perſon of his acquaintance who was old, who had wit enough, but was much more deformed: For ſhe was low and ill ſhaped; her complexion Olive-colour, and ſpeckled like dreſs'd ſheeps leather; her eyes hollow and ſquinting; her mouth wide, and her noſe little; her forehead high, and her cheeks broad; her lips pale, and her teeth black; her hands broad and thick, and her arms ſmall. In ſhort, *Utibea* (for that was her name) was a kind of Antipodes to *Naſile*: For never were two things ſo directly oppoſite, or leſs reſembled each other; the one being Beauty it ſelf, and the other deformity it ſelf. However, he began to viſit this *Utibea* very often; and as the eyes by degrees grow inſenſibly familiar with objects not ſo delightful, by little and little he began to think her not ſo unhandſome; afterwards to fancy her amiable, though not ſo fair, and ſome while after abſolutely to fall in love with her. But he had more ado to make her believe his paſſion, than to cheriſh the growth of it; and his Miſtreſs ſeem'd more incredulous, than he appeared to be nice: For indeed there was ſo great a difference between *Naſile* and *Utibea*, that it was not an eaſie thing to conceive how two things ſo different, could produce the ſame effect: Or that a heart that had burn'd with ſo bright a flame, could ſuffer it ſelf to be conſumed with ſuch an obſcure and glimmering Fire. So that although all women are willing enough to flatter themſelves; yet in her there was ſuch a diſproportion from Beauty, ſuch an improbability of being thought ſo, that *Utibea* could not poſſibly believe him to be in earneſt. So that whatever he could ſay, *Utibea* ſent him back to *Naſile*; and verily believing that he did but make a May-game of her; ſhe would not be jeſted with, but gave him very courſe entertainment in earneſt: "Ah! Madam, *ſaid he*,

"I see you know not what it is, to love one "of these young persons, one of these extraordinary Beauties, whom you believe to "be so amiable, though they are not so indeed. For my part, who have bought my "experience at so dear a rate; I swear that "the least beautiful Ladies are most to be belov'd; and the most amiable to be less adored. For, *continued he*, imprudence is "inseparable from youth; pride inseparable "from extraordinary beauty: Haughtiness "and disdain are always its companions; and "it admires it self, more than it is admir'd by "others. Beautiful women would have all "places set with Looking-glasses, that they "might behold nothing but themselves, accompting nothing else worthy to be seen: "They believe all respect, all service to be "their due; and that they are no way obliged, "what ever you do for them. The most "superlative Encomiums seem to them below their merit; all that you can say, is "still not all that you ought to say. Esteem "and Love are too little, they require Adoration; when a man has given them his "heart, he must offer incense to their Deityships: 'Tis not enough to be their Adorer, "but he must be their Victim; and which "is worse, to see the sacrifices of himself "ill accepted, and his idolatrous Altar contemn'd by the proud and counterfeit Divinity. Nor is this all that is not to be endur'd in these Monsters of Beauty, which "Nature produces but seldom, lest they should "destroy her: For believing themselves to "be far brighter than the Sun, they would "give light to all the world: Their real "Lovers please them not; they only delight "in crouds and multitudes of servants. "Those tyrannical Beauties nothing pleases, "but a long train of fetter'd Slaves at their "heels: The best bred person in the world "is irksome to their company, when alone, "Their vanity would not be satisfi'd with the "heart of a Monarch, were he not attended with a thousand more. A man can never visit them, but in the company of his "Rivals, and every time he sees her, must of "necessity meet in the same place, both what "he hates, as well as what he loves: so that "the sight of the one, robbs him of the content which he expected from the sight of "the other. And what is all this beauty "that makes them so proud, and renders us "so miserable? A little white and carnation, "which chance has mix'd together; some "lines, and some lineaments, a little more "straight and regular than others. A flower, "a shadow, a chimera, which every one fancies variously; a pleasing apparition, that "vanishes with the least sickness, and which "age infallibly destroys. In a word, I conclude according to the perswasion of my "reason, that the faireſt Ladies are least amiable, and that they who are not so handsome, are most to be belov'd. O *Abindarrays*, *answer'd she*, you will not be long of "this opinion. Then shall I not have my "reason long about me, *answer'd he*, for so "certain it is, that common sense confirms "the truth of what I averr, that if I can but "keep my senses, I shall never change my "opinion, nor my Mistress. Your eyes however, will have much ado to obey your "lips, *answer'd she*, and my conjectures will "much deceive me, if your love endure long, "where there is neither youth nor beauty. "The art of divination is so fallacious, *reply'd the Son of* Caraman, that you ought not "to ground your belief upon it, unless you "intend to deceive your self. For besides, "that Love and the Graces do not always "meet together, no more than Love and "Beauty, in regard there is nothing fair to "them that think it not so; what a man "thinks fair, can never be deformed, since "there is nothing deformed when it pleases; "and that all Beauty consists in pleasing the "eye. This was the first Love discourse between *Utibea* and *Abindarrays*. And thus you see him engag'd to travel in unknown Countries, where he had no Mapp to guide him: For not having ever lov'd any thing but what was fair before, he was now at a loss, after what manner it became him to love that which was deformed: Insomuch, that he was quite out, and mistook continually one way for the other, and spoke extravagantly to age and deformity, all that in reason he could have spoken to Youth and Beauty: Nor did the sight of other objects disturb his fancy: For *Utibea's* house was like a meer Desert, and *Abindarrays* could see nothing there, but himself and his shadow; such a retirement it was from commerce with the world, though it were in the midst of a great City. In short, there was the same silence by day, as by night; nay, the very Cave where the Poets lay night her self a sleep, is not more quiet than this Mansion of Lazineſs and Repose. And truly, if it be a felicity for a Lover not to be troubled with Rivals, *Abindarrays* was the most happy person in the World, for he never saw so much as one: His Mistress had no favours to share: He had either all or no body had any. But if pleasure without intermission become troublesome, continual irksomness cannot chuse but be tedious: and if active variety procure delight, that drowsie opiate, call'd, *still the same*, causes sadness, sadness begets melancholy, melancholy makes men froward; touchiness begets dislike, and distast abhorrency; but abhorrency quite destroys Love. And thus notwithstanding the force of custom, the nice and curious eyes of the illustrious *Granadine*, not being us'd to the sight of deformity, began to seek out for a new Object of Beauty. However, following the general course of Nature, not to go from one extreme to another; he fix'd upon an indifferent beauty, neither too fair, nor too foul. Her name was *Eris*; and as she was the first pleasing object that his eyes had seen, since he had

had left his laſt uncomfortable piece of ſociety, they fix'd with that delight, that he could not eaſily take them off. This Lady being very acute, and of a merry humour, receiv'd the firſt applications of *Abindarrays* in jeſt, and intending a merry anſwer to his ſerious proteſtations: "Brave *Abindarrays* "*ſaid ſhe*, you miſtake your ſelf; I am nei- "ther *Naſile* nor *Utibea*; as I am not over "beautiful, ſo I neither fright folks: but "I am an indifferent piece, that can never "pleaſe a perſon, that has been ſo raviſhed "with the two extremities. Ah! lovely *E-* "*ris*, *cry'd he*, are there not every day Mira- "cles and Prodigies, Monſters and Wonders "to be ſeen? The firſt are the extravagancies, "the latter the defects of Nature. To act "according to reaſon, we may look upon "them as rarities, yet not think them worthy "to be belov'd, as not being really ſuch. In "ſhort, all exceſſes are defects, of what na- "ture ſoever they be: The Virtues themſelves "become Vices, when they tranſgreſs their "bounds. Valour degenerates into Raſhneſs, "Prudence into Treachery, Liberty into Pro- "digality, Temperance into Inſenſibility, "Force becomes Tyranny, and the ſeverity "of Juſtice proves Injuſtice. The ſame com- "pariſon holds between Beauty and Deformi- "ty, lovely *Eris*. In their exceſſes, they are "equally deſtructive to the pleaſure of well- "being. No man can love that which is de- "formed, and few men love that which is ſo "extremely fair; ſo that they render us both "equally miſerable. For as all Harmony "conſiſts in the proportional diſtance of tones, "there muſt be nothing too high nor too low "in Love. Good proportion begets ſweet- "neſs, as conſonancy of ſounds creates Mu- "ſick. Too much light dazzles; too much "darkneſs blinds the ſight. There are thoſe "curious people that are covetous to behold "the Pyramids of *Egypt*, which are ſaid to "be the Miracles of Art, and the wonders "of Architecture; but they are no rarities "to them that alway behold them; for the "ſight is cloyd with a continual view: So "there is too ſplendid a Beauty, and too "loathſome a deformity, which are both the "objects rather of curious eyes, than of a "true Lovers fancy; and fitter to be ſeen, "than to be belov'd. But, *reply'd* Eris, if "it be true, that there ought to be an a- "greement between the cauſe and the effect, "an indifferent beauty can never produce but "an indifferent affection: and I have heard "ſay, that to love indifferently, is not to love "at all. Quite contrary, lovely *Eris*, *anſwer'd* "Abindarrays, for ſeeing that nothing violent "is of long continuance, that paſſion which "an extraordinary Beauty inſpires, can never "long endure, much leſs that delight which "any perſon can take in the exceſs of defor- "mity. Theſe immoderate extravagancies "are like Earthquakes; the agitation is al- "ways violent, but never laſting; and thoſe "amours reſemble Inſects, that periſh as ſoon "as they are produc'd. But it is not ſo with "that love, which is inſpir'd by that Beauty, "which is call'd indifferent, and which I "take to be the true Beauty: For not being "ſo violent, it endures the longer; and he "that loves in that manner, undertaking no- "thing beyond his ability, fails not to ac- "compliſh that which others ſo little per- "form; and to love a long time after the "other have given over. Thus you find him inſeparable now from *Eris*, where he neither found that croud which doted upon *Naſile*, nor that ſolutitude, which was in *Utibea's* retirement: But a number of Lovers pro- portionable to that indifferent Beauty which I ſpeak of, and to that moderate paſſion which it inſpir'd. So that being rid of the trouble of the former, and the irk- ſomneſs of the latter, he led a life ſuffici- ently quiet, and began to taſte thoſe delights, which were not really ſo great as the former, but which in recompence were incomparably more ſtill and calm. As for Rivals he met with only two, the one was named *Oſman*, the other *Mirize*; and in regard they were infinitely beneath him in merit, they rather prov'd a foil, to ſet him off, than to give him any diſturbance. Uſually they were all three together in the company of *Eris*, who know- ing her ſelf not to be over handſome, gene- rally by way of prevention, was the firſt that began her diſcourſe of that, whereof they were unwillng to talk, I mean of the indifferency of her Lineaments and Graces. So that one day that *Abindarrays*, *Oſman* and *Mirize* were together in her Chamber, turn- ing her diſcourſe that way, ſhe told them, ſhe had a great mind to know, which was the moſt ancient, Love or Beauty? "To re- "ſolve this queſtion, *anſwer'd* Abindarrays, "*laughing*, it were neceſſary for a man to have "ſeen the firſt woman in the World, to know "whether ſhe were beautiful or no; and "whether he that firſt lov'd her, lov'd her "for her beauties ſake. For my part, *reply'd* "Oſman, I believe Beauty to be more ancient "than Love, in regard the one is the cauſe, "and the other but the effect. I am not "of that opinion, *reply'd* Mirize, for I believe "Love to be more ancient than Beauty, ſeeing "that all things, which are beautiful, owe "their beginning to Love. But, *reply'd* A- "bindarrays, you confound beautiful things "and beauty together, which are diſtinct in "themſelves: So that you do not thereby "prove that which you think you have "prov'd. It will be a harder thing for you "to make the diſtinction, *reply'd* Mirize, ſince "beauty and beautiful things are always to- "gether. Thoſe things which are always "together, are not always the ſame, *anſwer'd* "*the Son of* Caraman, which you will eaſily "grant, when you conſider that you and I "are always inſeparable, though we are dif- "ferent perſons, and our intereſts as different. "For my part, who cannot pretend to Beauty, "*ſaid* Eris, I ſuppoſe in favour of my ſelf, that

"that the first woman which you talk of "was not beautiful; and thence conclude "that Love is more ancient than Beauty, "because it is certain, that Love might be "without her. You are equally unjust as "well to Nature, as to your self, *reply'd* Os- "man, for in regard 'tis very improbable, "but that her first piece of workmanship "was beautiful, so is it as false that you are "deformed; which confirms it to us, that "Beauty was before Love. However, *said* "*she*, you find that there are those that will "maintain the argument against you, and "that all the World does not submit to your "opinion. And therefore, since as we are "all parties, without a Judge, and that our "cause must remain undetermin'd; I would "fain ask another question, which is the "most powerful, Love or Beauty? I find no "difficulty in the answer, *reply'd* Abindarrays: "For since the force of Love proceeds from "Beauty, it follows that Love is less power- "ful than Beauty; since he that bestows, is "always more wealthy than the receiver; and "that all power that proceeds from another "is dependent; and by consequence of lesser "force. I am quite against that false Maxim, "*reply'd* Osman, and shall assert another, "which is much more true, Beauty can do "nothing without Love, but Love can do all "things without Beauty: For if your self, "whose eyes are so dainty, have lov'd such "a piece of deformity, as we all know *Uti-* "*bea* to be, ought we not thence necessarily "to conclude, that Love is more powerful "than Beauty; seeing that she can do nothing "without him, but that he can do all things "without her? Do not maintain your Er- "rour by mine, *reply'd the illustrious* Abin- "darrays: For you have no more reason to "be litigious with me, than I had to love "*Utibea*. Let it be as it will, *added* Mirize: "As Love had never any power over my "heart, till I saw the lovely *Eris*, I am ob- "lig'd to conclude by my own experience, "that Beauty is more powerful than Love. "And for my part, who have neither Love "nor Beauty, *said* Eris, finding my self not "to be a person concern'd, and by conse- "quence capable of being a Judge, I declare "that both Love and Beauty are impotent a- "like, and that the power which is attributed "to them, is but imaginary. Most unjust "Lady, *reply'd* Abindarrays, that's the way to "unite to us all against you, for the defence "of an Authority equally settled. Indeed, "*reply'd* Osman, you compel us to joyn forces "to fight your opinion; or rather to van- "quish her argument, *pursu'd* Mirize; for "she can never maintain so bad a Cause, nor "defend so great an Errour. I yield then, "*reply'd* Eris; for it is not for a feeble Maid "to withstand three Hero's. She has over- "come them however, *reply'd* Abindarrays, "and I am assur'd that she knows her own "power, far better than the power of Love. "Whether she knew it, or whether she knew "it not, *said she*, I am resolv'd to ask one "more question, and that is, whether Beauty "be serviceable to Love, or Love to Beauty? "I believe, *reply'd the Son of* Caraman, that "the first is serviceable to the latter, for she "breeds him, she encreases him, she entertains "him, she lends him those weapons that "make him victorious, wherewith he tri- "umphs, and establishes his Empire over all "the World. For my part, *reply'd* Osman, "I believe the contrary, that Love is ser- "viceable to Beauty: For it advances it in "the fancy of the Lover: it hides its defects, "it searches out all its perfections: and if a "Lady be in Love, Love is absolutely more "serviceable to Beauty, than Beauty to Love: "For Love makes Beauty more diligent, more "fashionable and neatly dispos'd: Love holds "her the Looking-glass every time that she "consults it, and the design which it has to "delight, is oft-times the reason why it dis- "pleases. For my part, *added* Mirize, *taking* "*the middle way between these two opinions*, I "am perswaded that they are reciprocal in "their good Offices, and that as Love is "serviceable to Beauty, so Beauty is service- "able to Love. And that the advantages of "the one, are the advantages of the other; "if Beauty lend the weapons to Love, 'tis "Love that helps Beauty to her triumph. "That the Captives of the one, are fetter'd "by the former; and that the Victories of "the one are got by the other. So that con- "cluding more rationally than either of you "two have done; I hold that Love is service- "able to Beauty, and Beauty to Love. "And for my part, *said* Eris, I find all "your three opinions so questionable, that "I dare not presume to take any part, "for fear of proving unjust. That is as "much as to say, they are all equally sim- "ple, *reply'd* Abindarrays. Or all equally "learned, *retorted* Eris, since they all equally "please my fancy; and will not let my rea- "son make an absolute determination. Thus, Sir, you see what course the illustrious *Grana-* *dine* took with this indifferent Beauty. And for two or three months, those three Rivals attended on her, with all the diligent respect which they could have had for the greatest Beauty upon the Earth. But if the begin- ning of a passion were so surprising, the cause whereof proceeded from mediocrity, the con- clusion was much more wonderful: For one day, that they were all three Rivals toge- ther; *Eris* according to her custom, refusing their obligations of praise, began to act hu- mility after a strange rate, and would by no means grant, that she had the least mark of beauty, or any way deserv'd to be belov'd. "Ah, Madam, *said* Abindarrays, is it possible "for you to believe what you say; or that "you should be ignorant, of that which all "the World knows so well. I swear, *reply'd* "*she*, that I believe it to be as I say: And a "little more would make me angry to hear "you dispute so visible a truth against me;

"for that is to jeer me, and not to argue with "me. You would be very unjuſt to deal "with us in that manner, *reply'd* Oſman, and "you would very ill reward a truth, which is "too much our duty to let you know, for "you to be offended, if you take that for an "injury, which another would take for a "favour. Every one as he like, *reply'd* Eris, "for what I have ſaid, I ſtand to. But if "your taſte be not ſo good as ours, *added* "Mirize, you ought not to be ſo ſelf-con-"ceited, unleſs you are as much an Enemy "to reaſon, as to our opinion. Very true, "*ſaid ſhe*, but you not being my Judge, are "none of my party. Nor you ours, *cry'd* "Abindarrays, being a party againſt us. Then "let us every one keep his own opinion, "*purſu'd* Eris, and while you believe me to "be fair without a cauſe, ſuffer me to think "otherwiſe in reaſon, Humility is a Virtue; "but when it exceeds, it is rather to be ſuſpect-"ed for pride. For they that find moſt fault "with themſelves, *reply'd he ſmiling*, ge-"nerally deſire to be commended. 'Tis "malicious, *reply'd ſhe*, ſo to interpret the "thoughts of another perſon: For the "knowledge of ones ſelf, is too ſufficiently "recommended to the world by the wiſeſt of "men, to be a ſhame to them that profeſs it. "'Tis very true, *reply'd* Mirizes; but the con-"tempt of others is not a thing ſo commend-"able, for you to look upon the practice of it "ſo ſlightly. They that hear you, *reply'd* "Eris, would ſwear that you and I were all "one, and that in humbling my ſelf I debaſe "you. You do ſo in effect, *reply'd* Oſman, "and in a manner altogether inſupportable. "As how? *reply'd ſhe*. In condemning the "choice which we have made, *anſwer'd* A-"bindarrays; For if we love you that are no "way amiable, what becomes of our Judge-"ments? what becomes of our Reaſon; if "you want Beauty, muſt we be without "our Eyes? You muſt be blind then, *anſwer'd* "*ſhe very ſmartly*; for certain it is, I am not "fair. Wherefore then is it, if you have no-"thing of Beauty, that we are thus in love "with you? *reply'd* Mirize. For my good-"neſs, mildneſs, and humility, *anſwer'd* Eris, "for theſe are all qualities to be belov'd. You "make a confuſion between Eſteem and Love, "*reply'd* Abindarrays; between the qualities "of a religious Votary, and the endowments "of a Lady. And we might as well, *reply'd* "Oſman, fall in Love with one that had "been a Pilgrimeſs to *Mecca*; that are ſo good, "ſo mild, ſo humble; if that were ſufficient "to make a woman belov'd. Not with her "Perſon, but with her Virtue, *reply'd* Eris, "for whereſoever we meet Virtue, ſhe is a-"miable; and whoever loves her not, deſerves "to be hated. Hate me then, *added* Mirize; "for I ſhould never love a virtuous Soul, "unleſs it were in a fair body. Then never "look for a fair Body, where there is only a "fair Soul, *reply'd* Eris *very angerly*, and that "I may be at quiet, by providing for your "eaſe, know me as well as I know my ſelf, "which will be the greateſt kindneſs you "can ever do me. For my part, *cry'd* Abin-"darrays, *in a great heat*, I loudly declare, "I can no longer endure that eternally found "fault withal which I commend, or that "contemn'd which I eſteem; and therefore "ſpeak better of your ſelf, if you would not "have me love you the worſe. If you can "love worſe, *reply'd ſhe*, you love not at all, "and you have no more love than I have "beauty. Have a care of being ſo eloquent, "*anſwer'd* Abindarrays, leſt you perſwade us "to be convinc'd of a thing which we have "ſo long diſputed againſt. I had rather loſe "my Lovers, than my Reaſon, *reply'd ſhe, riſing* "*up from her ſeat*. And we a Miſtreſs that "believes her ſelf ugly, and takes us to be "fools, *added* Mirize. Upon theſe words ſhe flung into her Cloſet, and clapp'd the Door after her in a very froppiſh manner; and they departing out of her Houſe, never return'd any more. An indifferent Beauty, not being powerful enough to invite them, after ſo phantaſtical a ſeparation. Nor had the illuſtrious *Granadine* time to get him a new Miſtreſs in *Almeria*: For *Alboraya* and he had receiv'd Letters from *Albinhamar*, out of *Africa*, that the generous *Caraman* was dead, and that the condition of his Eſtate in *Ceuta*, neceſſarily requir'd the preſence of his Son, to take care of his affairs, unleſs he intended to compleat the ruine of his Family, ſo unluckily begun. Thereupon, after he had provided himſelf Mourning, and an Equipage proportionable to his Quality; he took leave of his virtuous Mother, and illuſtrious Siſter: And embarking in the Port of *Malaga*, he croſſed the Streights once more, and landed in *Ceuta*. So ſoon as he arrived, *Albinhamar* waited on him, and not long after, the Governour, and all the perſons of any Quality went to viſit him, and to offer him their ſervice. And thereupon being too well bred to fail in this acknowledgement of thoſe civilities, he went to repay thoſe viſits which had been made him, as well in point of good manners, as to ſeek divertiſement. Now, Sir, in all that great number of Houſes, to which he was obliged to go, there was one where he found himſelf more buſineſs, conſidering his age and humour, than in all the great affairs, that made him return into *Africa*: For coming to wait upon a perſon of Quality, whoſe name was *Aſſan*, he there ſaw a young Virgin that kept him from minding his Law buſineſs, or ſo much as thinking of his Fathers Inheritance. That Lady, who was call'd *Tamarate*, was exceeding beautiful, but what was much more, ſhe was affable, good natur'd, of an even temper, praiſing all things, and ſcarcely ever ſpeaking ill of any perſon. Judge you now, Sir, whether *Abindarrays*, conſidering his natural diſpoſition to Love, could refrain from falling in love with ſo many amiable Qualities. No, Sir, there was no remedy againſt it. And therefore

after

after he had seen her upon this first visit, he gave her a second, as soon as ever the hurry of his publick visits were over. But in regard the great experience which he has in all affairs of Love, and the great variety of Mistresses, which he had been in love with, had taught him to know the temper of those which he had a mind to court. This great Master presently perceiv'd the noble inclinations of *Tamarate*, and therefore the generous Chameleon, whose inclinations led him the same way, had less trouble than usual, to suit himself to her fancy. That very day luckily for him, a Lady of great Quality came to visit *Tamarate's* Mother; so that while she and the Lady were discoursing by themselves, about some business or other of concernment. *Abindarrays* extremely enamour'd already, (for he was always so) had as much leisure as he could desire to talk to the Daughter. And in regard that praises judiciously manag'd are the only means to insinuate a man's self insensibly into the heart, he fail'd not to make the best use of his commendations at that time; and highly to commend what he saw highly commendable in *Tamarate*. "Really, "Madam, *said he*, *with an obliging air*, *and a* "*flattering utterance*; how lovely soever "beauty may be when it is alone, it can never "be so charming, nor so powerful, as when "it is accompany'd with a thousand good "Qualities, the meanest whereof is fairer than "Beauty it self. In short, who is able to "resist that sweetness, which would tame the "wild rage of Tygers? 'Tis a quality that "well becomes men, but is absolutely neces-"sary for women. 'Tis the essential Cha-"racter of their Sex, that charms ours. 'Tis "the only Loadstone that attracts our Hearts; "and after it has attracted them, restrains "them to themselves. But this sweetness "that I speak of, is still but a bare phantasm, "that begets a charm in the eyes of a lovely "countenance, compar'd with goodness: "That is a quality which is altogether Cele-"stial; that advances her, that is Mistress of "it, above the degree of Humanity, and sets "up a visible Divinity, which all the World "is covetous to adore, or which all the World "indeed adores with as much veneration as "love. In a word, that beneficial Virtue, "which desires to oblige all the Earth, sub-"dues it sooner than the Sword of Conque-"rours. It makes Liberty less delightful, than "so pleasing a servitude, or those fetters, "which the same goodness that imposes them, "makes easie to carry; charitably sustaining "their weight. What shall I say more. Ma-"dam, to finish the draught of your picture? "your equal temper causes you to be belov'd "with the same moderation; like the Pacifick "Sea, where the rage of Storms, Tempests, "Shipwracks is never felt, but where we sail "securely: That equally pois'd humour is "the same to morrow, as it was to day: "we sleep without interruption in so pure a "calm. Our hopes are great, our fears none "at all: And there is no more an end of the "satisfaction of them that taste it, than of the "humour that produces their delight. Ma-"dam, *added he*, that complaisance that speaks "well of all, is as reciprocally by all people "commended: They repay their praises with "interest; and for Elogies, return Pane-"gyricks, as just as honourable. Ah! most "obliging *Abindarrays*, *answer'd she*, you have "drawn a fair Picture, but it is nothing like "me. I confess it, Madam, *answer'd he*, be-"cause it is not fair enough to be your re-"semblance. I am not so vain, as to think "so, *reply'd* Tamarate. Nor I so unskilful "to think otherwise, *answer'd* Abindarrays. "But were it so, *added she*, that Deity which "you extol, would not have all the worship "to her self: Her sweetness, her goodness, "her equal temper, her universal commenda-"tions, would never debar the proud from "having their share, nor the phantastical from "pleasing many; nor the beautiful revilers "from having their variety of admirers. That "may happen, *answer'd* Abindarrays, since all "the world is not govern'd by reason. But "they must be haughty like the proud, phan-"tastical like the conceited, and slanderous "like the reproachful, that esteem such evil "qualities, or love them that make it their "practice. Pride is rather an Ape, than a "Lady; a wild quality, proper only for a "Wilderness, and meerly becoming Lionesses. "They that use it, carry a kind of rudeness in "their countenances; & a kind of lofty disdain "in their eyes, that scares and daunts Love, "which is but a Child. But alas! he that "loves the Character of a Tyrant, must have "the heart of a Slave. As for the phanta-"stical humour, there is something in it, so "uncertain, so unequally pois'd, so ill agreeing, "that it seems to be next a kin to folly; "and they that admire it, are no wiser them-"selves: We know not where to have persons "of their humour, nor which way to steer "our course to please their giddy fancies: "what they like this minute, makes them "melancholy the next; what contents them "to day, angers them to morrow; they hate "what they lov'd, and love what they hated. "Such capricious women are meer moving "Sands, and Weather-Cocks that turn about "with every wind. And lastly, Madam, "Backbiters, are like the tongues of Vipers, "whose venome is so dangerous, that it were "well for publick Society, that they were "all confin'd to live in Deserts; where they "might do no mischief. It being most cer-"tain, that of all Serpents that sting, they "are the most dangerous; that it seises upon "our very Souls, and blasts our Reputations. "Thus, fair *Tamarate*, you may easily see, that "neither the proud, the conceited, nor the "backbiters are to compare with the mild, "the virtuous, and the even temper'd: the "difference being so vast, that there is not "the least resemblance between them. Whence "we must conclude, that if they be so little

" worthy to be belov'd, you are infinitely to " be ador'd, and by the rule of contraries, " there is as much juſtice to be in love with " you, as there is reaſon to hate them. By " telling me what I am not, you have taught " me what I ſhould be, *reply'd* Tamarate, and " in ſo well deſcribing thoſe Virtues, which " I cannot pretend to, you have inſtructed " me what I ought to learn: So that if you " are not a good Painter, you are at leaſt a " good Maſter; and your inſtructions merit " all the praiſes, that my Portraiture ought " to deſerve. I am neither a good Painter, " nor a good Maſter, *reply'd* Abindarrays, but " aſſuredly I am the perſon that reſpect you " more than all the perſons in the World, and " who love you the moſt affectionately. A " haughty Lady would be diſtaſted, it may be, " at what you ſay to me, *ſmilingly anſwer'd* " *ſhe*, a phantaſtical Lady would ſtart at your " expreſſions; and a Backbiter would pub- " liſh your raſhneſs to your diſgrace. But ſince " you eſteem me ſo mild, ſo good, ſo even " temper'd, I will do nothing to deſtroy that " good opinion, which you have of me; and " be contented only not to praiſe all that I ſee " in you, ſince your aſſurances are not ſo com- " mendable. Ah! Madam, *reply'd he*, never " loſe one good quality, ſince there is no per- " ſon can have too many: And ſeeing Nature " has made you ſo accompliſh'd, never marr " the work of Nature. They were at this diſpute, when the diſcourſe between *Tamarate's* Mother, and her acquaintance brake off, and put a concluſion to theirs. Thus *Abindarrays* eſteem'd himſelf the moſt happy perſon in the World, and would not have chang'd his fortune for the greateſt Principality upon Earth. But he was not long of this opinion, ſeeing that the ſame thing that caus'd his felicity, ſoon after became his torment: For the ſurpaſſing endowments of that fair Lady, not being deſcry'd by him alone, he was not the only perſon by whom they were admir'd; and as they had allured his heart, they drew a crowd of Suiters after *Tamarate*, ſo that he had not the leaſt liberty in the world to entertain her in private. Nor was that the greateſt of his trouble: for he ſoon perceiv'd at laſt, that her exceſſive mildneſs, her boundleſs goodneſs obliges all alike, without any diſtinction of merit or quality: or to ſpeak more truly, they oblig'd no body, in regard that favours beſtowed in common, leſſen the obligation to a low degree. Her even temper had no more heat for one, than indifference for another. And her affections continuing in that immoveable condition, caus'd her Lovers to languiſh between joy and grief; while they linger'd in a certain midling luke-warmneſs, being neither altogether happy, nor altogether miſerable. And as that goodneſs and mildneſs, was eaſily oblig'd, ſhe took no more notice of the moſt important ſervices, than ſhe did of the ſmalleſt kindneſs. Beſides all this, her inclination carrying her to ſpeak well of all; oft-times ſhe highly extoll'd that which was not worthy commendation: and that natural diſpoſition, not being manag'd with Judgement, nor curb'd by Reaſon; ſometimes ſhe would praiſe one of her ſervants, while ſhe diſcours'd with another: never conſidering that all Rivals are Enemies. Judge you then, Sir, whether *Abindarrays*, who was of a nice and delicate fancy, could brook the impertinencies of ſuch a croud, who knew not when to think himſelf more in favour, than one of all the reſt of the multitude. He ſeveral times blamed *Tamarate* for it, as being a very great piece of injuſtice, and ſeveral times ſhe qualifi'd him again, with the ſweeteſt language in the world; and with all the marks of a ſincerity, that had as little of ſowrneſs as it was beyond example. However, ſhe excuſed her ſelf without mending her fault; and not being able to alter her inclinations, ſhe could not change her behaviour. 'Tis true that *Abindarrays* was not the only perſon that had reaſon to complain. For as ſhe prais'd his Rivals to him, ſo ſhe extoll'd him to his Rivals; whereby both they and he became equally perplex'd, as well as equally ſatisfi'd. But as evenly as ſhe carried her ſelf among ſo many different intereſts, one of her Suitors, whoſe temper was violent, and humour jealous; believing *Abindarrays* to be more in favour than himſelf, began to ſpeak ill of her in all companies, and to mangle her reputation where ever he came. This was preſently related to her in the preſence of the illuſtrious *Granadine*: But was no more mov'd at it, than if thoſe injuries had been commendations of her goodneſs, her mildneſs, and her even temper. " What, Madam, *ſaid* " Abindarrays, can you brook ſuch injuries as " theſe, and take no notice of them? will " you not call to mind, that while I am your " friend, that 'tis an eaſie thing for you to " revenge your ſelf, and puniſh the inſolence " of ſuch a ſlanderer. They aggravate the " ſtories in repeating them, *anſwer'd ſhe*, and " he whom they accuſe, is a perſon of ſo much " worth, that it is not juſt to condemn him " before he be heard. Ah! *Tamarate*, *cry'd* " *he*, you do ill to commend him that re- " proaches your Reputation. This is rather " inſenſibility than virtue. You may name " it how you pleaſe, *anſwer'd ſhe*, but I ſhall " never trouble my head, either about what " he has reported, or with what you tell me: " I will put my ſelf then to a little trouble " for your ſake; and take more care of your " honour than you your ſelf. Ah! for hea- " ven's ſake, *cry'd ſhe*, never meddle with a " man, who is only reported to be guilty, " for fear leſt you aſſault a perſon altogether " innocent; and never venture the commit- " ting a crime, while you go about only to " puniſh a fault. I cannot obey you, unleſs I " diſhonour my ſelf, *purſued he*. Nor diſo- " bey me, without being doubly unjuſt, *re-* " *ply'd ſhe*: For perhaps this poor perſon that " is accuſed, has done no harm; and you know

"I have never offended you, ſo as to deſerve "an injury at your hands. They were at this diſpute, when the ſame jealous Suitor enter'd the Chamber; and ſeeing them in that private diſcourſe, of which he knew not the ſubject, his jealouſie ſwell'd to that pitch, that being tranſported by the violence of his deſpair, and his natural humour, he beheld both with eyes full of fury: and addreſſing himſelf to *Tamarate*; "I ſee, *ſaid he*, my "ſuſpicions are well grounded, and that I "have neither thought or ſaid any thing but "what is true. I believe it too, *anſwer'd ſhe*, "*without being mov'd in the leaſt*; for I be-"lieve you are too prudent, and too good "natur'd to believe or ſay any thing contrary "to reaſon. And you have friends, *added* "Abindarrays, that will make him keep his "tongue between his teeth, if he ſpeak more "than becomes him. I will make them "rule their tongues themſelves, *reply'd the* "*Lover*. Then it ſhall be their part to learn "you how to ſpeak, *purſued* Abindarrays, "and you muſt be very incorrigible, if the "leſſen they ſhall teach you, do not make "you mend your manners. Alas! you are "not acquainted with him, *ſaid* Tamarate, "he does but jeſt when he ſpeaks in that man-"ner; and you take that to be ſerious, which "he ſpeaks in raillery. If it be ſo, *ſaid* A-"bindarrays, he is one of the worſt jeſters that "I know: and truly you are very eaſily con-"tented, if ſuch a one as he can move your "laughter. I have no deſign to make her "laugh, that occaſions me to mourn, *reply'd* "*the jealous Lover*, but I have a deſign to let "you know when we are out of this place "that no man goes unpuniſh'd that affronts "me. You ſhall do neither the one nor the "other, *anſwer'd* Abindarrays, for I take you "to be as bad a Hector, as you are a Buffoon. "But let it be as it will, let us depart this "place, that we may not forfeit the reſpect "which we owe to this Lady. With that they would have been going in earneſt, but *Tamarate* ſtopping them both out of her wonted goodneſs; "For Heavens ſake, *ſaid* "*ſhe*, make not me the talk of the World, by "a quarrel which I have occaſion'd. You are "both generous, you are both my friends, "you have been both friends to one another; "and if you will oblige me, you ſhall be ſo "ſtill, and if you have any regard of me, "you will never deny me. Upon that con-"dition, that he never ſee you more, but in "my preſence, *ſaid the jealous Lover*. Rather "upon conditition that ſhe ſhall never ſee you "at all, *reply'd* Abindarrays. What you both "require is equally unjuſt, *reply'd the fair* Ta-"marate, and therefore to be juſt between "you both, I give you both leave to come "and viſit me, with all the honeſt liberty, "that civility will permit. The equality of "the favour renders it inſignificant, *cry'd the* "*jealous Lover*, going his ways. Once in "our lives we are like to be of one opinion, "*added the valiant* Abindarrays; for that "equality which you aſcribe to both, is to "me as diſhonourable, as it is unreaſonable: "and ſo inſupportable, that I ſhall not en-"dure it: Therefore, Madam, if you will not "make that difference between us, which "without vanity, Nature has put between "us, I ſhall leave the field free to him that "comes next: For I will never be the Ri-"val of an Extravagant, that rather pro-"vokes my ſcorn, than my anger; that in-"jures you more than offends me, and whoſe "affronts I cannot brook, as you do: There-"fore chuſe him or me, for we cannot ſerve "you both together. You are angry *Abin-*"*darrays, anſwer'd ſhe very mildly*; but though "you are ſo to day, I hope you will not be "ſo to morrow. I ſhall be ſo eternally, *re-*"*ply'd he*, if you take not the quarrel upon "your ſelf: and if I find not that very paſſion "in your eyes, there is another which you "ſhall never behold in mine. 'Tis too tur-"bulent for a perſon of my Humour, *reply'd* "*ſhe*. And you are too peaceable for a man "of my diſpoſition. So ſaying, he left the fair *Tamarate*: But with ſo much diſdain of her mildneſs, her goodneſs, her even temper, and her univerſal commendations, that he never return'd more: changing thus from love to anger, from choler to another Amour. However, as nothing ſeem'd more inſupportable to him, than thoſe defects which oblig'd him to change: His cuſtom was ſtill to fix upon a perſon of a quite contrary humour, to that which he had forſaken. So that having now abandon'd a mild, good and equal temper. He met with another haughty, phantaſtick, ſpiteful, a great backbiter of others; and one that never ſpoke good of any body. 'Tis very true, that theſe imperfections were conceal'd under very great perfections of Beauty, which made her to be as much belov'd at firſt, as ſhe was hated afterwards: And *Abindarrays* was not the firſt that had fallen into that ſnare cover'd with Flowers. This Lady was nam'd *Oſmane*; and her high Quality ſwell'd her Pride, and redoubled her natural Haughtineſs. Nevertheleſs, neither her Pride nor her Diſdain, could hinder *Abin-darrays* from falling in love with her, or from becoming profoundly inamour'd; for all his paſſions were unlimited. And therefore he was ſo violently tranſported with this new one, that without conſidering either the danger or the trouble which he ventur'd, ſhe was no ſooner in his heart, but he open'd his mouth, and diſcover'd to her that which it had been better by half he had conceal'd. But upon the very firſt words that he ſpoke to the fierce *Oſmane*, he ſaw her bluſh, he ſaw her knit her lofty brows; ſhe look'd upon him from top to toe with contempt, and returning him an anſwer with a ſurly and ſtately utterance: "You think it may be you are "talking ſtill to *Tamarate*; or you imagin at "leaſt that I will take what ſhe endured "at your hands: but do not fool your ſelf "*Abindarrays*. For we reſemble her leſs

in

"in humour, than in countenance. Thoſe "things for which perhaps ſhe might reward "you, we peradventure may puniſh you. In "a word, *purſu'd ſhe, with a ſcornful diſ-* "*dain*, ſhe is mild, and I am all fire; ſhe is "ſo good, that ſhe is too good; but I am "not ſo good; ſhe is of an even temper, "forſooth, but my humour is not altogether "ſo even: She ſpeaks well of all, and I of "nothing: See now what a change you meet "with, if you are ſo raſh to change your "Miſtreſs, and that I muſt be the perſon. "Ah, Madam, *anſwer'd he*, I know the diffe- "rence is great; but it is this difference that "cauſes my contempt of *Tamarate*, and my "reſpect for *Oſmane*. For what compariſon "is there between that drowſie ſweetneſs, "that has neither point nor edge, and that "noble ſcorn that ſparkles in your eyes? "What compariſon is there between her "gooſeacre goodneſs, and that delightful "malice, that ſometimes frets your paſſion? "What a difference between her irkſome, "evenneſs of temper, and that frolick phan- "taſtickneſs that appears, and vaniſhes in "your humour. For my part, I had rather live "in the dead-Sea, where there is ſuch an eternal "calm, that the Mariners wiſh for tempeſts and "ſhipwracks, than ſit by ſuch a congeal'd hu- "mour that nothing will thaw, that affronts & "injuries will not warm, nor ſervices melt. "*Tamarate*, 'tis true, ſpeaks well of all, and "therefore 'tis I blame her; 'tis a defect, and "not a perfection; rather her want of judge- "ment, than an effect of her goodneſs. But "that which we obſerve ſo oppoſite in you, "proceeds from the light of your knowledge, "and the delicacy of your judgement. You "praiſe little, becauſe there are few that are "worth your good word: You find fault, "becauſe there are many to be diſcommend- "ed. So that juſtice being no leſs equitable "in revenge, than in giving rewards; every "thing is blame-worthy in *Tamarate*, every "thing to be commended in *Oſmane*. The "Satyrs of the one are more to be valu'd than "the Panegyricks of the other. For to ſcold "wittily and neatly, to ſcoff in curious lan- "guage is the ſalt of the brain, and the "ſoul of converſation: It awakens and "quickens, whereas commendation does but "lull men aſleep: The firſt does but flatter "men into evil, the latter corrects, at the "ſame time that it diſcovers the fault. We "will ſee then, *haughtily reply'd* Oſmane, "whether you can find my humour as pleaſing "as you have deſcrib'd it, and whether you "can endure it, as well as you can commend "it. Incomparably better, Madam, *reply'd* "*he*, for whatever comes from you, ſhall be "admir'd by me, though it be your ſcorn it "ſelf. And truly, ſhe was not wanting to try his patience. For ſhe was ſo freakiſh, ſo phantaſtick, ſo whimſical, that ſhe had al- moſt put the unhappy *Abindarrays* beſides his wits. If he were diſcrete and reſerv'd, ſhe call'd him inſenſible, and accus'd him for want of Love: If he grew a little bold, then ſhe call'd him raſh, and ſcolded at his confi- dence: If he viſited her too often, then ſhe look'd upon him as importunate, and chid him ſhamefully out of the room: If he came but ſeldom, then ſhe complain'd of his for- getfulneſs, and upbraided him: If he talk'd too much, ſhe imperiouſly commanded him to hold his tongue: If he ſpoke but little, ſhe call'd him ſtupid: If he courted not another Lady, then ſhe call'd him fool: But if he did viſit any other Lady, then ſhe call'd him faithleſs and inconſtant: If he were jealous, ſhe call'd him inſupportable; if not, ſhe tax'd him for his indifferency; and becoming jea- lous her ſelf, ſhe made him mad. If he in- vited her to a Ball or a Collation, ſhe told him ſcornfully, ſuch things as thoſe were too mean to oblige her, and that it was an idle expence; if not, ſhe ſaid he was no Courtier, and un- fit to converſe with Ladies: When he was patient, ſhe ranted; when he was angry, ſhe was more mild. So that in midſt of theſe contrarieties, he liv'd the moſt miſerable life that ever poor man led. Then again, as ſhe ſpoke ill of every body, it behov'd him, out of complaiſance, to ſpeak ill of the ſame people too: but then would ſhe go and tell the perſons concern'd, and ſet him and them ir- reconcileably by the ears. In ſhort, there is no queſtion but ſhe had made him mad through her whinſical, froppiſh, malicious, and oppro- brious humour, had not fortune violently torn him from his Amours, and by abſence cur'd him of ſuch an impertinent paſſion. For the Emperour of *Morocco* underſtanding of his return into *Africa*, ſent to offer him the ſame employment which *Caraman* had had before; and *Abindarrays* having accept- ed it, to diſingage himſelf from *Oſmane*, went to the Wars, not deſiring to think of Love any longer. When he came to *Che- rif*, the Army decamp'd, and marched into the Province of *Teneſme*, along the River of *Oder*. But in regard that Country is full of thick Forreſts, and very Mountainous, the miſtake of the Guides had led the Army out of the way, and brought it into a deep Vally, environ'd on every ſide with high Mountains, and inacceſſible Rocks, whence there was no getting out, but the ſame way they got in; or by another paſſage of the ſame nature juſt oppoſite to it. The Emperour of *Mo- rocco* took the latter way: But when he be- gan to aſcend toward the brow of the Moun- tain, he found all the tops of the Hills, and all the paſſes poſſeſſed by the Enemy, who lay there very advantagiouſly entrench'd. Thereupon in a ſtrange amaze, the whole Army made a ſtand; and *Cherif* calling a Council of War, it was there reſolv'd, that conſidering the difficulty of attacking the Enemy as he lay; that the whole Army ſhould face about, and endeavour to get clear of that diſmal Valley, through the ſame paſs, by which they march'd in. The Rere- guard being thus become the Van-guard,

they

they began to march toward the foot of the Mountain, which they were to re-aſcend, at what time they obſerv'd that the Enemy was entrenching himſelf there alſo at the top of the Hill. Thereupon the Army made another halt, and lay all night in the Valley, to deliberate what was beſt to do. Various were the opinions at the Council of War: but *Abindarrays* concluded, that there was no other way, but by break of day to fall upon the Enemy, before they had compleated their entrenchments, and to cut their way through with their Cimeters: Otherwiſe that the whole Army, having ſpent their Proviſions, would be forc'd to ſubmit themſelves to the Enemy, victorious without fighting; and the *Cherif* at once to loſe both his Army, his Crown, and his Life. But another Superiour Officer was of opinion that it was impoſſible to force the Enemy from his entrenchments, where he lay altogether inacceſſible. That the Uſurpers Army being more numerous than the lawful Emperours, could not ſubſiſt long in a place, where there was ſcarcity of proviſions; that the *Cherif* having proviſions ſufficient, might ſecurely ſtay where he was, till the Enemy was forc'd to diſlodge, which would be in a few days; at what time the *Cherif* might march without loſs or trouble, out of a place whence all the Valour in the World could never redeem him. This, Sir, though it were the worſt opinion, was followed. So that the whole Army entrench'd themſelves in the Valley, and patiently expected the fruit of that Counſel, that had been ſo imprudently given. But they expected in vain: For the Prince Uſurper having all the Country round about at command, wanted for nothing; and was ſo far from forſaking his Poſts, that he fortifi'd ſtill more and more. Yet ſuch was the heat of the young *Cherif*, that he would have forc'd his way, but that ſtill the General Officers perſwaded him from it, ſtill urging the ſame reaſons as they did before. In the mean time their proviſions waſted in the Emperours Army; yet no Enemy ſtirr'd, as thoſe evil adviſers had idly conjectur'd. So that being driven to the laſt extremity, and the inevitable neceſſity of being conſtrain'd to render themſelves ignominiouſly, theſe inconſiderate Counſellors, then changing from imprudence into deſpair, and from faint heartedneſs to extremity of deſpair, would then have engag'd the *Cherif* to aſſail the Enemy in his Entrenchments, which was impoſſible. But the ſame *Abindarrays*, that had before adviſ'd him to fight, now counſell'd him to lye ſtill, making it out that it was an impoſſible thing to force the Enemy from thoſe Paſſes, where he lay ſo ſtrongly poſted. Therefore that it would be their better way to conceal their weakneſs; to go and continually alarm the Enemy in their holds, and to oblige them to ſend out ſome parties, which being beaten, and purſu'd to their trenches, would beget a high opinion of the Valour of our men among the revolted: and immeately upon that to propoſe a treaty; and feigning to grant that, out of favour, which you offer out of neceſſity, haughtily propoſe a Truce of five years to the Uſurper, and an addition of ſome Provinces, to ſave the reſt. To this, he added, that the Wars had continued ſo long, that all *Africa* ſigh'd after a peace; and certainly would be glad of ſuch a fair opportunity to obtain it. And as I think this to be the beſt way, concluded the Valiant *Abindarrays*, I do not propoſe it upon any other condition, than to undertake it my ſelf, it not being my humour, that another ſhould make an end of what I begin. There was not much conteſting for the honour of that employment. But there being ſuch a neceſſity to diſingage themſelves out of that ſad condition, wherein they were, the whole Army conſented to the propoſitions of *Abindarrays*; and gave him the honour to do what he thought good for the ſafety of all their lives. Thereupon he arm'd all his Troops, and having made his intentions known, and given them full inſtructions, he marched at the head of them toward the entrenchments of the Enemy: Where having fortunately obſerv'd that they ſent out ſeveral Troops to forrage, he ſent away a Forlorn Hope to drive them to the foot of the Mountain, which was done with an incomparable ſpeed. Thereupon the Enemies party, who had the guard of thoſe Troops, coming into the aſſiſtance of their fellows; *Abindarrays* with a freſh body clos'd them in on both ſides, and cut them to pieces. The Revolters ſeeing their Troops thus defeated and loſt, could not ſuffer ſuch an affront, but they muſt ſeek to be reveng'd; which made them advance out of their Trenches with two Battalions of Foot, with an intention to fight *Abindarrays*. The invincible *Granadine* would not ſtir a Foot, till he found they were got ſo far from their Trenches, that they could not ſo well return. But when they were advanc'd as far as he deſired, he gave them a briſk charge, being ſuſtain'd by the whole Army, that they were quite and clean routed, and were by him purſued to their very Trenches; few or none eſcaping that came out. Thus *Abindarrays* return'd laden with Honour; the Enemy being in that conſternation as is not to be expreſs'd. In the mean time, while they were in that terrour, a Trumpeter was ſent to ſound a Parley, which being agreed to, twelve of the moſt ancient and politick of the Emperours Army, were ſent to the Revolters, who boldly told the Uſurper Prince, that the *Cherif*, their Maſter and his, conſidering that in both Armies, there were none but his own Subjects, under the notion of Enemies, was mov'd to compaſſion, for thoſe which had already periſh'd in his laſt Victory; and therefore to ſave the lives of both parties, he offer'd with as much goodneſs, as he had received injuſtice by their rebellion againſt him, a Truce for five years; during which

time

time he would labour to compoſe all differences, that he might reſtore peace to *Africa*: And that in regard of his quality, as being his Brother, he would add during that interval, the Provinces of *Guzule*, and *Haſcore*, to thoſe which he held already; the one abounding in Cattel, the other in Oyl: to the end he might have ſome cauſe to thank him for his clemency, and be thereby induc'd to return to his Duty. But that if he loſt this opportunity, he was never to hope for pardon, taking the Holy *Alla*, and his great Prophet to witneſs, that all the innocent blood that ſhould hereafter be ſpilt upon his refuſal, lay at his door; for he would without delay aſſault him in his Trenches: and made no doubt, by the abſolute overthrow of his Army, to teach him the reſpect which he ow'd to his Sovereign. This ſpeech was pronounced with ſuch a Majeſty, that the Uſurper was appall'd at it: and his whole Army being put into a fear by his looks, all the Camp was in an Uproar, crying out, *Peace, peace.* Thereupon the Truce was concluded, notwithſtanding the ambition of the young *Cherif*: So that the Policy and Valour of *Abindarrays* reſtored Peace to *Africa*, and ſav'd the Crown and Life of the Emperour: For which reaſon he received honour and applauſe from his Prince, equal to the greatneſs of his ſervices: And would he have remain'd at Court, no queſtion, but that he might have had dignities proportionable. But being prepoſſeſſed with a noble deſire of travelling through *Africa*, *Aſia*, and the *Mahometan* Dominions in *Europe*; all the *Cherif*'s importunity could not urge him to tarry. So that after he had been preſented with moſt magnificent preſents, he took his leave of the Emperour, and embarked at the Port of *Abenna*, upon the *Atlantick* Ocean, together with a Friend of his, who was called *Ferrath*, engaged in the ſame curioſity of Travel. They viſited *Argier*, *Fez* and *Tunis*, and all the Coaſt of *Barbary*. From thence paſſing into *Egypt*, they ſaw *Alexandria*, which the *Turks* call *Dannata*: thence they viſited *Grand Cairo*, the wonderful Pyramids, and the Cataracts of *Nile*, no leſs amazing. From *Africa* they paſſed into *Aſia*, and ſaw *Siras* anciently *Perſepolis*, *Tauris* formerly *Ecbatana*, *Casbin*, *Hiſpaan*, *Euphrates* and *Tigris*. Thence returning into *Europe*, over the *Helleſpont*, they ſaw *Helleſpont*, and ſeveral of the Iſlands of the *Archipelago*. And all the way the Illuſtrious *Abindarrays*, carefully obſerv'd the Manners and Cuſtoms of all theſe ſeveral Countries through which he travell'd. Adding ſtill new acquir'd experience to his natural ingenuity, whereby he became one of the braveſt men in the World.

In their Travels they had a third Companion, who was called *Naſſuff*; an imperious, haughty and teſtie perſon, who having quarrelled with *Ferrath*, upon a ſlight occaſion ſtrook him, and gave him other affronts, which they that parted both, hindred *Ferrath* from revenging. They were then in the Iſland of *Chio*, where the Valiant *Abindarrays* being very ſenſible of his Honour, ſeeing his affronted friend was not over haſty to revenge himſelf, thought that the remiſneſs redounded upon him, ſeeing he was his friend, and fellow Traveller, that had been abuſed. And therefore one day, taking *Ferrath* aſide: "Had "we been in a place, *ſaid he*, where *Naſſuff* "could get a ſecond, I had offer'd my ſelf in "your quarrel before now. But he is a "ſtranger in *Chio*, as well as I, which makes it "impoſſible for him to find one; I adviſe you "therefore to challenge him your ſelf, and "without any farther delay to demand ſatiſ-"faction for the affront he has done you. *Ferrath* thanked him for his free offer, and aſſured him, that within two days he would be fully revenged. However, four were paſt, and nothing done: So that *Abindarrays* extremely nice in ſuch points, cunningly raiſed a ſlight difference between himſelf and *Naſſuff*; and to provoke him to revenge his quarrel upon him, paid him in the ſame coyn', as he had paid *Ferrath*; after which they were ſo parted, that they could not make uſe of their weapons. But *Naſſuff*, not being ſo patient as *Ferrath* was; beſides, that he lodged in the ſame Houſe with *Abindarrays*, gave him a wink, which the Illuſtrious *Granadine* underſtood very well, and anſwered with another, and ſo dropping inſenſibly out of the Hall where they were, into a Gallery hard by, *Naſſuff* told him ſoftly in his ear, That he believed him to be ſo brave a perſon that he would not deny him the ſatisfaction of meeting him in the Field. "You are no way "deceived in your belief, *reply'd* Abindarrays, "But in regard the night is too dark, let us "ſtay till day, and meet to morrow morning "upon the Sands. After that, they returned to their Company, as gravely and demurely, as if they had been the beſt friends in the World: That night the Illuſtrious *Granadine* lay with *Ferrath*, and ſlept as ſecurely, as if he had had nothing to do next morning. However, as ſoon as day broke, he ſtole out of the Bed from *Ferrath*, and with all the haſte he could, he went to ſtay for *Naſſuff* upon the Sands. But there was no ſuch neceſſity for much patience: For he was no ſooner arrived at the place, bnt his Enemy was at his heels: "You ſee, *ſaid* Abindarrays, that I am "a man of my word. You cunningly up-"braid me, *anſwered* Naſſuff: But I ſhall "endeavour to make amends for my fault, "by the quick diſpatch of your life. It may "be, *replyed the illuſtrious* Granadine, not ſo "ſoon as you think for. Upon thoſe words, in regard they were a little too near the City, they remov'd a little farther off; and finding a ſmall Moſque in their way that ſtood open, *Naſſuff* would needs go in to ſay his Prayers: But *Abindarrays* merrily told him, That according to the Maximes of their Religion, his deſtiny was already writ in his forehead, and that ſuch unſeaſonable prayers would never alter

alter it. However, he would not hinder the devout Hector from his ridiculous devotion. After which, removing a little farther behind the ruines of an old House: If you kill me, said *Naſſuff*, throw my body behind thoſe ruines, for I intend to do the ſame by you, if I kill you. Thereupon they both drew, and *Abindarrays* ſoon found that he had to do with a man of courage. Nevertheleſs, the Son of *Caraman* wounded him firſt ere he had received the leaſt hurt. But the ſecond blow he gave him, wherewith he tumbled, *Naſſuff* made a ſhift to reach him ſuch a thruſt into the body, that it prov'd to be a very dangerous wound; however, *Abindarrays* ſtood, and ſeeing his Enemy fallen, he generouſly help'd him up; and then friendly embracing each other, he aided him to the City: Where *Ferrath* was much aſhamed to ſee that his friend had done that which he ought to have done himſelf. In the mean time, the Victor was more dangerouſly wounded, than the perſon vanquiſhed; ſo that his life was never in greater jeopardy, than at that time. Yet his youth, and the ſtrength of his conſtitution overcame all; ſo that with good dreſſing he became perfectly well in a ſhort time.

About which time, *Ferrath* and *Naſſuff* being returned home, a Veſſel of *Granada* lay at Anchor in the Port of *Chio*, outward bound; whereupon *Abindarrays* laid hold of that favourable opportunity, to return to his Country, and after a happy voyage landed at *Malaga*: Afterwards he went to *Almeria*, where he was received by the Matronly *Alboraya*, and the witty *Zagahide*, with all the marks of tenderneſs and affection. In that place it was, that he met ſoon after with much joy and much ſorrow. For *Mandar*, the great Miniſter that ſo highly ſupported the Honour of *Granada* and his own, having heard of the famous exploits, that *Abindarrays* had performed in the Wars of *Africa*, no ſooner underſtood that he was in the Kingdom, but he reſolved to purchaſe him at any rate: Thereupon he ſent him thoſe marks of his eſteem, that no leſs denoted the Honour of the Doner, than they were advantagious to the receiver. But if the favour of the Grand Miniſter were a kindneſs; the death of his Mother, which happened ſhortly after, was no leſs an affliction to him. However, after he had paid her his laſt duties in her Funeral Rites, he bethought himſelf, that it became him then to go to Court, whither acknowledgement and Fortune called him. And in regard that friendſhip had more ſtrictly ally'd him to *Zagahide*, than Nature; he took that moſt excellent Lady along with him to *Granada*, where ſhe liv'd with him in the ſame Houſe. The Grand Miniſter received him with all the kindneſs imaginable, and after many civilities and complements, told him he was his humble ſervant: I had rather you were my Maſter, ſmartly reply'd *Abindarrays*. Moſt willingly, reply'd the great *Mandar*, embracing him: and I receive you, ſaid he, with a joy equal to your merit and my eſteem. And from that very hour the Illuſtrious *Granadine* wholly devoted himſelf to the intereſts of that great Perſonage. Thus you ſee the Illuſtrious *Abindarrays* at Court, and in a fair way of preferment. For his Condition, his noble Qualities, and *Mandar*'s favour ſoon made him known and beloved by all that were of any repute in *Granada*, both of the one, and the other Sex. In the mean time his Ambition hindred not Love from entring into his Heart; ſo that you are not to think him without a Miſtreſs, in a place where there were ſo many lovely Ladies: And in regard that reſemblance chiefly begets inclination, his aſpiring thoughts cauſed him to caſt his eyes upon a Lady, who paſſes for the wonder of the Age, and for the moſt ſublime Wit in the Kingdom: She is noble in Birth, tall, and a ſurpaſſing Beauty. But her Wit is admired above all things, and ſhe has written with that extraordinary fancy of Love, which nothing but Love it ſelf could inſpire. So that the correſpondence between *Saluza's* great knowledge, and the learning, and experience of *Abindarrays*, his inclination to Love, and her gift of diſcourſing ſo incomparably upon Love, made him yield ſo willingly, that he never made leſs defence than at that time. Ah, Madam, (ſaid he, the firſt time that he ſpoke to her of his affection) I have ſeen all *Africa* and *Aſia*, and moſt part of *Europe*, but never ſaw any thing fit to be compared with your Beauty; certainly you are the only wonder of our Age, and the only ſubject of our aſtoniſhment. You write by revelation, inviſible Love guides your hand; he dictates to your thoughts. For 'tis impoſſible to work Miracles naturally beyond the ordinary power of Nature. Though all that you ſay were true, ſaid ſhe, I queſtion whether I am the more amiable for that, or whether I am the more to be beloved: For I find ignorance to be ſo general a companion of my Sex, that it may be, it is not civility for a Lady to be otherwiſe. 'Tis impoſſible, replyed he, that a perſon of your underſtanding, ſhould ſo much as think of an errour that only raigns among the illiterate, and ſtupid ſort of people. There being no queſtion to be made, but that the more learned and witty a Lady is, the more amiable ſhe is; and that conſequently ſhe ought to be the better beloved. For what ſatisfaction is it to a well-breed perſon, to ſit by one of thoſe ſtupid fair ones, that underſtand nothing, either Courtly or Gentile, that is ſaid in his addreſſes; and can make no diſtinction between the moſt accompliſhed Poetry in the World, and the meaneſt Ballad that is ſung about the ſtreets, to pleaſe the offals of the people? A man had better offer Incenſe to a Statue, than to one of theſe lumpiſh Ladies. Put on clothes to pleaſe them, and they will tell you they are very rich, becauſe they ſee the trimming or the lace: But

ask them whether the colours, or the trimming, or the fashion be well fancied, they know no more than Geese: Give them a Collation, they mind only the taste and quantity, not the variety, order and neatness of setting forth: Give them a Serenade, they can tell you the Instruments made a noise, and that's all. But a witty Lady knows all things, discerns all things, and understanding all Arts and Sciences; she is a fit companion for a person of knowledge; she is acquainted with all the Beauties of Poetry, Musick and History, and discourses upon all subjects: Nay, her very eyes are eloquent, when it is necessary that her lips should be silent. Happy he then, that like me adores a divine person, that not only knows, but performs all things, and whose mind is no less beautiful than her body. No question but 'tis a very noble mixture, reply'd *Saluza* But you have so much wit your self, and know so well how to set out things to the best advantage, that we are not literally to understand what you enlarge upon with so much eloquence. However, I speak less than I think, said the noble *Abindarrays*, and much less than I ought to have said, since I can never say enough. But more to ingratiate himself, he sent her a long Copy of Verses, too long to be here recited, which he entitled, *Pallas to the Muses*, being a description of her rare Beauties, and incomparable Endowments.

She was too well skill'd in Verse to discommend *Abindarray*'s Poetry. And therefore the next time he went to give her a visit; she entertained their noble Author after a most obliging manner; and understanding how to praise, as well as she was worthy to be applauded; she was as liberal of her commendations, as he could be for his life. So that if *Abindarrays* had made an Elogie upon *Saluza* in Verses, *Saluza* made a Panegyrick upon *Abindarrays* in Prose. There happened also a dispute at that visit, wherein she very kindly took his part: For after they had been discoursing upon several subjects, a certain person in the company started a question, perhaps to puzzle *Saluza* and *Abindarrays*, which of the two ought to have the preheminence in a Ladies love, a valiant, or a learned man? For my part, said our noble *Granadine*, I think there is no riddle in the proposition. For Valour is a Virtue so much above all others, that in justice no other can be compared with it. For, *said he*, what comparison can there be between a lazie, sluggish Profession, that only dreams in the repose of a Study, or the silence of a Closet, and that other active quality, which we always meet with in the tumult of Armies and peril of Encounters: the one barely thinks, the other is for execution; and as action is to be preferred before single meditation, since the one finishes, what the other does but rough draw; it follows then that Courage is to be preferred before Learning. For if one lays the foundation, the other raises the superstructure. 'Tis this that builds the great Monarchies of the World, and upholds them. This it was that first made Kings, and makes them Conquerous with all: This fights, and this wins Victorious Battels: This protects us in our Estates, and stops the fury of Usurpation. This is the suppor of Thrones, and maintains, or overturns all the powers of the Earth. Besides, Learning is but the operation of the Wit, Valour of the Soul; now the force of the Soul is more noble than the Vivacity of the Wit; since the one produces great actions, and renowned exploits; the other only makes fine speeches and discourses. What shall I say more? obstacles and difficulties fame the attempt: and since it is absolutely necessary, to obtain the reputation of a valiant man, to seek out death, to contemn life, to scorn any danger that leads to Honour, while he that studies to acquire Learning, mues himself up in solitude and ease, and minds nothing but peace and quiet; it follows that Valour is above Learning and the Valiant man to be preferr'd before the Learned. If an insolent Hector abuse a Learned Gentleman's Mistress, he can only make Satyrs in her defence, and fence with his Pen, which is a weak manner of revenging himself. But the Valiant Lover goes a great deal farther, he sheds blood instead of ink: He revenges an injury without many words, and obtains a noble reparation for the injury done to his Lady. Besides, a Student being ty'd to his books, becomes more contemplative, and consequently more unfit for Love. When he is talking to his Mistress, he is often dreaming upon some Author, that he has lately read; but it is not so with a Valiant man; for the activity of his profession makes him always more lively, more open, and fuller of diversion: if then that which creates most divertisement, be most agreeable and pleasing, surely the valiant man is to be preferred before the learned. I am not of your opinion (answer'd a person of Quality, whose name was *Accomat*) for Valour is a thing common to Beasts, as well as to Men: A mischievous quality, which every common Soldier is endu'd with, as well as the greatest Captains; which proceeds from blood and temperament, rather than from reason; and if it be alone, never performs any great exploits, but by accident, nor merits any Honour. But the learned man never does any thing in a hurry, nothing without premeditation; he foresees the issue of an enterprise ere he undertake it. And having a memory stock'd with Examples of things past, he makes use of them as his guides in present difficulties. Besides, he never commits all to Fortune; he follows her, but never lets her drill him along: he is as quick-sighted, as she is blind: and when she goes a wandring, he reduces her again into the right path. But the greatest of your Errors is, to think that Valour ever laid the foundation of Empires,

or made Kings; or that valour only preſerves, and ſupports their dignity, or keeps their Thrones from overturning. It is a Virtue that has been made uſe of, and is ſtill ſerviceable; but 'tis only like Mariners in a Ship; that is to ſay, by being obedient to the Pilot, or rather by ſubmitting to Soveraign reaſon, which commands their ſtrength. Alas! if Conquerours were only valiant, they would not extend their Conqueſts very far, nor would their Dominion long endure. The indiſcreet power of thoſe Tyrants, is like the capricious humour of Fortune, or the folly of the people that rais'd them to that height. For the ſame extravagance that hurried them up, pulls them down as faſt; and their Authority vaniſhes like a Dream, and would leave no marks behind it, that ever it had been, were it not for the bloody foot-ſteps of their cruelty and barbariſm, the inſeparable companions of ignorant Monarchs. But learned Princes never act before they have conſulted Juſtice and Reaſon, who are the only true Counſellors of Conquerours and Kings. Inſteed of building their Palaces upon Sand, they lay a ſure and ſolid foundation that endures to Eternity: And reſtraining their power within its due bounds, they know what others are altogether ignorant of, and long preſerve what others loſe ſo ſoon. And as one Errour follows another, you unjuſtly give the precedency to Courage, before that other power that governs it. For all the faculties of the Soul being equally Noble, if there be any one to be preferred before another, it muſt be this Soveraign Quality, which governs all the reſt. But here again your Reaſon wanders, when you imagine that the Sciences are acquir'd without induſtry, or that we enjoy them without great labour. Nor can I comprehend, how a perſon, who is perfect in them, can forget after what manner he arriv'd at ſo much knowledge. Your valiant men oft-times ſleep in their Trenches, when the learned wake in their Studies; & as the Mind is more noble than the Body, there is no doubt, but the labours of the Mind are more intolerable, than the travels of the Body, and conſequently their Honour is greater: You will object that the valiant man has always his Cimeter in his hand to puniſh or revenge: But is it not more noble to avoid injuries by prudent Government of a mans ſelf, than to ſeek the revenge of thoſe affronts, which he has receiv'd by his own folly? The one obtains reparation for the fault, but the other will not ſuffer it to be committed: The one throws off a diſgrace, and the other ſecures it from happening. So that in what ſenſe ſoever you take it, the learned man is to be preferred before the valiant, and Reaſon before Valour. For my part, ſaid *Saluza*, my opinion is between both; for I hold that, to be perfectly a well bred perſon, and worthy to be beloved, there is a neceſſity of being both together; that is, that he ought to be like *Abindarrays*. O, Madam, cry'd he, your opinion of me is too favourable. Yet if you believe what you ſay to be true, I have done: For in this world I can expect no farther Honour, nor hope for greater Felicity. The Illuſtrious *Saluza*, reply'd *Accomat*, has too franckly diſclos'd her pretended thoughts, for you to believe them to be true; for I had rather ſhe had thought more and ſaid leſs. Let them complain that loſe, merrily reply'd *Abindarrays*, and I adviſe you not to interpret the firſt ſentence by a ſecond, leſt you add a ſecond injury to the firſt, which you committed. Well then, I will explain it my ſelf, ſaid *Saluza*, and I will tell you, that as beſtial valour is barbarous, Pedantick Learning is abominable: and that as a truly valiant man ought to be free from boaſting and cruelty; a perfect learned man muſt be clean bruſh'd from the duſt of the School. He muſt have a civilized knowledge, and a refin'd underſtanding that ſmells more of the Amber of the perfuming Pots, than of the Lamp-oyl. I underſtand you, Madam, very well, ſaid *Accomat*, and a man may eaſily know whoſe portraiture it is you have drawn, though you never ſet the Name of *Abindarrays* upon it. However, 'tis a flattering Picture, that rather ſhews the Art of the Painter, than the true lineaments of the Original. Thus the good Fortune of *Abindarrays*; which was ſoon after attended by ſuch an increaſe of Felicity, that there was almoſt nothing more left for him to deſire. For *Saluza* having a natural gift in Poetry, return'd him ſuch an Elegiack *Encomium*, in lieu of the Verſes which he had ſent, that he was almoſt overwhelmed with joy: And that favour ſo devoted him to her ſervice, that he became inſeparable from her. At firſt his ſatisfaction was beyond compare, like his Love and all the new productions of *Saluza's* great Wit, ſtill infuſed new joys into him, and redoubled his felicity. For he being no leſs curious to underſtand fine things, than ſhe was in her compoſition, he eſteem'd himſelf infinitely happy to ſerve ſo judicious a perſon: And ſhe meeting with the ſame endowments in him, received the ſame content; ſo that their ſatisfaction was reciprocal like their inclinations. But, Sir, this contentment laſted not long. For firſt of all, that Lady that ſpeaks ſo well of Love, has little or none her ſelf, unleſs it be for her own works. And at the ſame time, that her Verſes are full of Fire and Flame, her cold humour is full of Ice. On the other ſide, *Saluza's* extraordinary Wit, cauſes her to be extraordinary nice, and as extremely ſcornful; and you muſt ſometimes tear her words out of her mouth, ſhe is ſuch a great Lover of ſilence, though ſhe ſpeaks as well as ſhe writes, when ſhe pleaſes. She is alſo mightily addicted to profound Meditation; and though during that extaſie, her mind be either upon *Parnaſſus*, or among the Muſes, the unfortunate Lover that beholds her in that condition, imagins her to be among his Rivals;

that ſhe is pondering upon her Amours, and not her Poetry; and that ſhe is thinking upon ſome other perſon, while ſhe ſeems not to mind him: And then again, in regard ſhe writes much, ſhe is more in her Cloſet, than in her Chamber, ſhe is not to be ſeen every day; ſo that you may go a hundred times to the houſe, before you ſee her once. What ſhall I ſay more, Sir, as ſhe is moſt worthy commendations, ſo is ſhe crouded with thoſe that applaud her: So that *Abindarrays*, not enduring either trouble or multitude, as little lov'd the perſon that caus'd it; and found himſelf ſo tired with a great Wit, that he left her for a ſtupid fair one: And altering his Palate, as he had changed his Miſtreſs, he fell in love with *Caramante*, that had no wit at all. That Lady, though beautiful enough, yet had no diſcretion in the World; ſhe had no eyes for Verſes, no ears for Harmony: Good or bad, fair or fowl, dull or witty, was all one to her; and indeed ſhe had no apprehenſion of any thing. However, *Abindarrays* looking upon her ſtupidity, as a proper Antidote to cure the Infection of *Saluza's* great Wit, could not forbear to engage himſelf in this new Amour; notwithſtanding the ſtrange diſproportion between his Miſtreſſes ignorance and his knowledge; yet as ſimple, as *Caramante* was, ſhe had wit enough to think that a perſon of his merit could never love her, or prefer her before *Saluza.* So that there was a neceſſity of adding oaths to his promiſes, and perſwaſions to his proteſtations, to make her believe ſhe was lovely, or that the illuſtrious *Granadine* had any kindneſs for her. No, no, (anſwered ſhe, every time he ſpake to her concerning his paſſion) you miſtake me, for another perſon, I am not the learned *Saluza*: I do not make books as ſhe does; and if you expect to have any Verſes from me, you wrong your ſelf very much, for I hardly know what they are. Ah! *Caramante*, ſaid *Abindarrays*, Beauty in a Lady makes amends for all things; for the beauties of her body caſt a reflexion upon her mind. The Graces of her Countenance beautifie her Converſation, and the Charms of her Lips infinitely pleaſes, beyond all the eloquence which they can utter. Nature is beyond Art, and what is natural in you, ſurpaſſes all the ingenuity of skill. For my part, added he, I know nothing more unſupportable than thoſe Female Doctors, that preach when they ſhould diſcourſe, and inſtead of pleaſing the company, plague it with tedious Lectures; that talk in ſuch a tone, as if they were delivering Oracles: that take upon them a kind of Soveraignty in deciding controverſies; nay, and ſometimes in ſuch things, wherein they ſhew their ignorance; and who admire themſelves for the wonders of the World, where they are indeed very ridiculous. He that goes to ſee one of theſe learned Miſtreſſes, muſt prepare himſelf as he were going to do ſome exerciſe in the Schools. He muſt have his brains cut Faucet wiſe, like a Diamond, to ſparkle every way. I had rather be in love with a *Mufty*, or a *Cady*, or a *Dervis*, than with one of theſe impertinent great Wits; who know not how to act their own parts; and play the parts of others ſo ill, that they will ſooner make a man laugh than weep. Yet I am certain, ſaid *Caramante*, that you never ſpoke theſe words to *Zaluza*, which you have ſpoken to me: but on the contrary rather, you have praiſed her excellent Works, and offer'd Incenſe to her great Wit. I confeſs it, Madam, but I am come to abjure my errour before you, and to renounce all Wit and Learning, as the moſt impertinent moveable, that a well bred man can carry about him. True it is, he ſent her according to his cuſtom a copy of Verſes: but he was moſt pleaſantly rewarded: for the next time afterwards, that he went to viſit her, ſhe advanc'd toward him with ſuch an over-ſpreading joy in her countenance, and addreſſing her ſpeech to him: Truly, Sir, (quoth ſhe, though ſhe had never look'd upon the Verſes) you have ſent me the moſt curious Song in the World; and though my voice be not very good, yet I am ſorry I cannot underſtand the air, that I might be able to ſing it. Amiable *Caramante*, (anſwer'd he ſmiling) all Songs conſiſt of Stanza's, but all Stanza's are not Songs, and my Stanza's not being ſet, cannot be called a Song. For my part (reply'd ſhe, laughing out right) I know not the difference between your Songs and your Ballets, but I ſee they are generally all in Verſe: though I know not what that word Verſe means, nor care a pin, whether I do or no. Truly, (anſwer'd the illuſtrious *Granadine*) all the knowledge in the World ſerves only to hide ſome defects in the body; but a Beauty like yours has no need either of Proſe or Verſe. Your eyes ſpeak more fine fancies, than all the learned men in *Granada* can think. I cannot tell whether they can talk, or whether they be dumb, anſwer'd ſhe, but they would do well to ſpeak for me, for many times I know not what to ſay. In ſaying you have no with wit, reply'd he, you ſhew us that you have a great deal, and you ſpeak too much like a Courtier, to be accompted ignorant.

By chance, Sir, a particular friend of *Saluza's* was preſent, and heard all this diſcourſe: So that he being glad to meet with an occaſion to revenge his friends quarrel, reſolved to contradict him in all things. And thereupon, *Cidan*, (for that was the name of the perſon) undertaking to ſpeak; I would fain know, cry'd he, after a ſcornful manner, who is the moſt patient ſufferer in Love, a witty or a ſimple Lover. There is no riddle in the caſe, anſwer'd *Abindarrays*. For the more intelligent a Lover is, the more he will underſtand the merit of what he loves; and the more he underſtands that, the more ſhall he ſuffer, to keep himſelf in favour with his beloved Object. Beſides all this, patience being abſolutely neceſſary in Love; there is

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no queſtion, but that an intelligent perſon, who knows the importance of it, exerciſes it more diligently than one that knows not the weight of it. Again, the fooliſh Lover is led by the violence of his temper, and his particular reſentment of an injury. They never reflect upon the preſent condition of their humour, or the fear of what may happen; but abandoning themſelves entirely to their own tumultuous paſſions, their very love begets them hatred: For they love, as if they perfectly hated; they diſcontent where they think to pleaſe; inſtead of ſuffering, they do injury, and loſe that reſpect which ſhould uphold their good Fortune. But the intelligent Lover foreſees his misfortune, and ſhuns it; and knowing his duty, does it: and being able to diſtinguiſh the Miſtreſs from the Slave, he keeps himſelf within the limits of his condition. So that hence it follows, that a witty man ſuffers more patiently than a fool. For my part, I am not of that opinion, reply'd *Cidan*, ſeeing that much Wit, and much Patience are two things incompatible: For the fire which illuminates, adds violence to their tempers. The ſame light that makes them intelligent, makes them very nice and ſenſible withal; and the more we underſtand the malice of an injury, the more we reſent it; and the greater force the reſentment has, the greater is the violence of its motion. And as Pride is inſeparable from Wit; he that values himſelf at a high rate, cannot endure to be ſcorned: and as ſoon as he perceives what is done, he throws off his reſpect, and betakes himſelf to his choler, contemns as much as he is ſcorn'd, and hates what he lov'd before. But a ſottiſh Lover not underſtanding the depth of the injury which he receives, he is not ſo ſenſible of the wrong: the coldneſs of his temper moderates his diſcontent, and makes it more ſupportable: The one will not endure when he is ſenſible; the other is not ſenſible of what he ſuffers: The one murmurs, the other holds his peace: The one breaks out into a fury, the other diſſembles: The one breaks his chains for madneſs, the other wears them ſtill, as if they were both light and pleaſant: His ſtupidity continues his quiet, and his quiet continues his flame: And therefore I conclude with more reaſon than you, that a fool is much more patient in Love, than a perſon of underſtanding. I am of that opinion too, cry'd *Caramante*, after a clowniſh manner, and if I had any Lovers, the wittieſt ſhould never be the moſt happy. They would deſerve however to be ſo, reply'd the illuſtrious *Abindarrays*, and I believe, for your own Honour you would be more juſt, than you ſpeak for. I muſt change my opinion then, reply'd ſhe, for at preſent neither *Cidan* nor I, are of that mind. The advantage is too great for one to ſwerve from your judgement, reply'd the ſcornful friend of *Saluza*: and mine is too rational for me to ſuſpect that you will alter your opinion any more than I do mine. The malicious *Cidan*, not yet ſatisfi'd with what he had ſaid in deriſion of *Caramante*, and to diſgrace and ſpite the illuſtrious *Abindarrays*, brought Wit and Folly both once more into play; and ask'd the noble *Granadine*, which was the beſt in a woman, ſimplicity or cunning? Never were queſtions ſo eaſily anſwer'd as yours are, reply'd *Abindarrays*. For who is he that is not abſolutely blind, but may ſoon diſcern, that cunning is a very wicked quality of the mind, which more inclines to Vice than Virtue? It proceeds from an exceſs of reaſon and ſubtilty, that degenerates into malice. So that all exceſs being erroneous, the nobleneſs of its extraction, no way excuſes the ſhame of thoſe evil actions which it commits: it being the ſame with ordinary Miſcreants, as power in Tyrants. It renders men more apt to do miſchief, and furniſhes the wicked with weapons to execute their impious deſigns. 'Tis this refined Prudence, this ſurpaſſing Subtilty, that produces all theſe cheats, all that foul play, all thoſe treaſons that are committed in the World. But that amiable ſimplicity, which I defend, preſerves the purity of its Original; there appearing in it all the purity of the primitive World. So far from committing Enormity, that it only knows when it is not guilty; not only ignorant of the practice, but of the very names and titles of iniquity. This well-doing quality has no need of the light of Reaſon, to teach her the ſteps of Virtue; being prone of it ſelf to follow the traces of uprightneſs, and avoiding evil out of a natural averſion; it being as impoſſible for her to do amiſs, as for the wicked to do good. And therefore it is much better to meet with ſimplicity than cunning in a Miſtreſs. I am of the quite contrary opinion, reply'd *Cidan*: For the more intelligent a Lady is, the better ſhe will behave her ſelf, her judgement inſtructing her, what is moſt for her advantage. Thoſe occaſions wherein a Lady has need of her utmoſt cunning very rarely happen, but when they do, they are ſtill of moſt urgent importance: And if ſhe fail of ſo neceſſary an endowment, upon an accident of that Nature, it may be ſaid, ſhe wants all things. That pliant ſuppleneſs of Wit, which is vulgarly called Cunning, helps her out of many inconveniences, where ſimplicity miſtakes. No caſual accident ſurpriſes her; ſhe ſtill brings her ſelf ſafe off: She is always upon her guard; ſhe has all her excuſes at her tongues end: She avoids all the ſnares and traps that can be laid to catch her. And this is that obſerving power of the Soul, which is no where in diſeſteem, but among the vulgar: but in high reputation among the great men, makes our lives happy, and renowns our actions. What ſignifies merit to a fool, that knows not what it is? To what purpoſe is it to pay our ſervices to a lump of fleſh, that is inſenſible? What ſatisfaction can there be in adoring a Statue, or a Lady as ſenſeleſs as a piece of Braſs or Marble?

Marble? And therefore I hold, that it is better for a Lady to be cunning than ſimple: For we live not in the innocency of the Primitive World: And ſince we do not go naked, as our Fore-fathers did, the mind muſt be clad as well as the body; and not ſottiſhly diſplay its nakedneſs in an age of cunning and politeneſs. I aſſure you, ſaid *Caramante* (never minding who it was) in my opinion he that ſpoke laſt, has ſpoken the beſt reaſon. I am very ſorry, reply'd *Abindarrays*, I had not that advantage. But I did not believe it had been with arguments, as it is with our *Dervis*, in their proceſſions, that the moſt worthy go laſt. Since it is I, that have had the advantage you ſpeak of, added the malicious *Cidan*, I will carry it yet a little farther, and ask you one more queſtion, Who ſuffers moſt, an intelligent Lover courting a ſimple Lady, or an ignorant Lady courted by a witty Lover? You have ſuch Variety of impertinent curioſities, reply'd the illuſtrious Son of *Caraman*, that I am not oblig'd to reſolve your doubts: Nevertheleſs, I will do it for once, upon condition that this ſhall be the laſt. Give me leave to tell you then, that I think the Lover has the ill fate to have the worſt bargain. For can there be any thing more intolerable, than to labour and take pains, and to have no notice taken of all his ſervices? to utter a thouſand obliging and refin'd expreſſions? to invent all ſorts of Paſtimes, to add expence to Inventions, Magnificence to Courtſhip; and after all this, not to have ſo much as thanks? or which is worſe, that all theſe Gallantries, ſhall be look'd upon, as Trifles and Gew-gaws? The moſt lofty Spirit in the World is more eaſily govern'd than the poor Spirit of a Fool. For as ſhe only beholds things confuſedly, ſhe never can tell preciſely, whether ſhe has cauſe to be pleaſed, or when to be diſpleaſed; when to reward, or when to puniſh; when to praiſe, or when to diſcommend; and in this uncertainty ſhe flatters, and then wrongs; ſhe eſteems, and then ſhe ſcorns; ſhe careſſes, and then ſhe repulſes: So that the unhappy Lover that ſuffers under all theſe irregularities, muſt be altogether unfortunate. On the other ſide, an intelligent Miſtreſs, if ſhe has unluckily taken any falſe impreſſion of a Lovers ill government, he may diſabuſe her, he may juſtifie himſelf; he may make his innocency, and the reaſon of his action appear; and after ſatisfaction given, he finds himſelf in the ſame happy condition as before: But ſtupiditity growing froppiſh without a cauſe, becomes obſtinate and willful; and the firſt impreſſions, true or falſe, are never to be defaced: nothing can content her, nothing appeaſe her: and when ſhe has once complain'd unjuſtly, more unjuſtly ſhe continues in her complaint; adding a ſecond injuſtice to the former, and heaping cruelty upon rigour. Now the misfortune is not the ſame, when the Lover is a Fool, and the Lady intelligent. For let him be never ſo ſtupid; Love, whoſe power extends even to brute Beaſts, compels him to be mild, civil, complaiſant, patient and obedient, though he be not ſo quaint and courtly: So that a ſpirited Lady, that ſees he has an intention to do well, when he does ill (though he makes a miſtake, when he thinks he does well) yet is ſatisfi'd with his intention; accuſtoms her ſelf to his more ruſtical demeanour, and thinks her ſelf never a whit the more unhappy. What ſhall I ſay more? This ſtolid Lover is pleaſed with a little, the leaſt favour that he receives fully contents him; and being neither over ambitious, or quick-ſighted, the Lady does what ſhe pleaſes: and while ſhe neither over cloys him with her kindneſs, nor gives him any occaſion to be jealous, they both enjoy a calm felicity: And therefore it is not to be doubted, but that a ſublime wit that courts a Miſtreſs of a mean capacity, has much more cauſe to complain, than a Lady of great underſtanding perſecuted by a doltiſh Lover. You have ſo much wit your ſelf, reply'd *Cidan*, that 'tis no wonder you ſo well defend a bad Cauſe: But your Eloquence is more admirable, than perſwaſive: and there is more of Art than Reaſon in your Diſcourſe: For is there any thing more inſupportable to an ignorant Lady, than to converſe with a learned Lover? There is nothing more irkſome to her, than to hear an eloquent Orator; who when ſhe finds her ſelf oft-times reduced to the neceſſity of confeſſing what ſhe does not underſtand; can her grief then, think you, equal her ſhame, and is ſhe not more unfortunate than fooliſh? But if ſhe be ſuch when ſhe hears Proſe, what is ſhe when ſhe reads Verſe? She underſtands not a tittle of your Figures, nor your Metaphors: She wiſhes both the Poet and his Poetry at the bottom of the Sea, they are both ſuch a vexation to her. Then as great Wits are highly conceited of their own merit; if ſhe praiſe not the Author to the purpoſe, ſhe affronts him; if ſhe commend him not at all, he complains; if ſhe ſlightly praiſe him, he is mad. And thus has the poor ſilly creature, both moſt reaſon to complain, and deſerves greatly to be pitied. But after ſhe has eſcaped the perſecution of Diſcourſes and Verſes, then ſhe muſt be tormented with Love letters, wherein ſhe is altogether as unskilful. She muſt ſpend half her life in reading and writing, though ſhe never underſtand what ſhe reads, nor what ſhe writes; and more than that, ſhe muſt be forced to leave a thouſand recreations and divertiſements more proper for her humour, meerly for thoſe tedious formalities: A dancing bout, or a turn in the Fields, and a good Collation, where ſhe will feed as heartily as the wittieſt Lady in the company, are things more ſuitable to the narrow extent of her fancy, than big words and high ſtrains. The quick-witted Lover rather becomes her Governour than her Servant, ſhe muſt give him an accompt of all her actions and words, nay, and of her very thoughts, and oft-times,

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innocent as ſhe is, ſhe ſees her ſelf uſed, as if ſhe were guilty, though ſhe never had the heart to offend. And therefore I conclude, that a ſingle ſoul'd Lady ſuffers much more in being courted by a great Wit, than a perſon of a ſurpaſſing Genius in courting a ſimple Miſtreſs. I am of the ſame opinion too, ſaid *Caramante*, for I like a dancing bout, or a turn in the Fields, or a Collation better than all the Verſes and Love-letters that ever were writ in the World. Well then, ſaid *Abindarrays*, I ſee I am condemn'd, and you are always againſt me. I cannot tell, reply'd ſhe, they are my thoughts, and I know not how to diſguiſe them. They are too juſt and too noble to be diſſembled, (reply'd *Cidan*, after a ſcoffing kind of way) and I adviſe you to make a publick profeſſion of your opinion, but never to alter it. But, Sir, as our illuſtrious *Granadine* went away, but ill ſatisfied with this viſit; ſo was he as little pleaſed with any of the reſt, which he made to that ſoft pated Gentlewoman: So continually was he plagued with her ill contriv'd impertinencies. Sometimes ſhe would ask him after a vulgar manner, when he would make her ſome more Ballads? Sometimes ſhe would ask him as illiterately to give her a Sonnet of ſixteen Verſes. If he ſpoke to her any thing that was witty or conceit, ſhe would anſwer him froppiſhly, that ſhe underſtood none of his Pedlers French. If he ſent her Verſe, ſhe took it for Proſe; if Proſe, ſhe took it for Verſe, deſpiſing both alike, and ſo uſing both the Author and the compoſition after a ridiculous manner, ſhe deſpiſed both the Lover and his Love, the Poet and his Poetry, with a rudeneſs not to be parallel'd. So that ſhame and vexation ſoon cur'd our illuſtrious *Granadines* diſtemper: and bluſhing ſo, with ſuch diſgraceful Fetters, he ſhook them off with as much eaſe, as he had put them on. Finding in his noble heart the cauſe of the moſt rational infidelity, and the juſteſt change that ever he had been guilty of. But Fortune uſed him more kindly than Love: For about that time the great *Mandar*, adding new favours to what he had formerly done, perſwaded the King of *Granada* to beſtow upon the generous *Abindarrays* the Government of *Alcazar*, a place of great importance, and which was never truſted, but in the hands of perſons of the higheſt quality. Not but that this felicity, in a ſhort time after was embitter'd to him by the death of the great *Mandar*, to the general joy and benefit of all *Spain*: It being certain that had he liv'd longer, he had receiv'd our Monarchy, and advanc'd the Glory of *Granada*, as high he had brought us low. But becauſe extraordinary Virtue is always envy'd, and detraction always waits on envy; the great ſervices which he had done this Kingdom, could not keep him from being traduc'd by Satyrs and Paſquills, after his deceaſe. But the illuſtrious *Abindarrays*, obſerving more generous Maxims defended him in two publick writings, the one called, *The Ghoſt of the Great Mandar*, the other intitled, *The great Example*. And when the noble *Dalimarny*, the worthy Neice of that incomparable perſon, had raiſed that ſtately monument for her Uncle, adorn'd with all the Statues of the Virtues, which is counted one of the moſt curious pieces of Art in the World, the generous *Abindarrays* compoſed him an Encomiaſtick Epitaph, which that Lady cauſed to be engraven in Braſs, and fix'd to that beautiful Tomb: Which generoſity of *Abindarrays* ſo encreaſed his Honour and Reputation, that the very Enemies of that incomparable Miniſter, when they were ſet at liberty out of the Vermilion Towers, where they were confin'd for certain reaſons of State, came and begg'd the generous *Abindarrays* to afford them his friendſhip, as a thing which they priz'd at an ineſtimable rate. And indeed, one of them, who had one of the greateſt commands in the Kingdom, did him a real kindneſs, when the Son of the former Governour of *Alcazar*, conteſted with him for his Government. The virtuous *Dalimarny*, alſo added new favours to thoſe which her Uncle had beſtow'd upon him: and in regard his Nephew was General of the Gallies, ſhe obtain'd of the King a conſiderable employment under him for *Abindarrays*: and afterwards upon ſeveral occaſions, that excellent Lady manifeſted her acknowledgement, and the eſteem which ſhe had of his perſon. However, the face of Affairs ſuffer'd no change as yet in the Court of *Granada*, but all things remain'd in the ſame condition, as before that fatal accident. All his confidents were ſtill kept in, notwithſtanding all the ſtruglings of his Enemies, and the King advanc'd to the Dignity of Chief Miniſter; a noble ſtranger who was called *Niramaz*, a Confident of the great *Mandar's*, and one whom he had recommended upon his death bed, as the moſt worthy perſon to ſucceed him in that Dignity. And indeed, though he has met with great croſſes, yet his own good Fortune, his Wit, and the ſupport of the Queen-Mother has happily brought him out of all. But to return to the ſtory of *Abindarrays*, who being weary of too much Wit and too much Folly, in *Saluza* and *Caramante*, ſought for ſome other Motive to Love, and ſome other Object of his deſires, than that which Love it ſelf infuſed into him. Nobility and Riches were never the Incentives before; but now, they began to take place in his thoughts: So that now he became Ambitious, as well as Amorous. The Princeſs *Morayma*, Siſter to *Boaudelin*, King of *Granada*, by another Mother had an only Daughter, and heireſs. So that her wealth being equal to her virtue; *Abindarrays* began to caſt his eyes upon her, and to have a paſſion for her, compoſed of tenderneſs and vanity, as well as Intereſt and Honour. But though the Extraction of the *Abenzerrages* be as noble as any in *Granada*, yet *Morayma* being the Siſter

Sister of his Soveraign; and of a Spirit as lofty as her Quality, he found he had a nice game to play in venturing upon such an engagement as that. And it was a long time that his heart suffer'd, ere he durst open his lips to complain of his sufferings. 'Tis true, that sometimes his eyes were bolder than his tongue; and that they sometimes spoke what the other durst not presume to say. But those rash glances, met with that severity in the looks of the Princess, that being quite dishearten'd, he was constrain'd to confine within his heart those secret thoughts, that durst not appear, either in his eyes, nor in his lips; neither in his looks, nor in his discourse. Yet though his discourse, his looks, his lips and eyes strove to conceal his secret passion, yet his sighs, which were not so discreet as he, discover'd some part of it upon all occasions: So that those dumb interpreters of the heart, which he labour'd to hinder from speaking, yet would force themselves to be understood, though it were but tumultuously, and interruptedly. But at length his evil surpassing his patience, when he had consider'd that it would be no news to *Morayma*, to hear that he was in Love. He resolv'd to discover what he could no longer conceal, and to acknowledge his overthrow to the Victor, that had overcome him. One day therefore, finding himself alone in her company; after he had fully scann'd the danger of his enterprise; he whom all the terrours of danger never daunted, then began to feel his heart beat: Such a fear surpriz'd him at that instant, his words dy'd in his mouth; but then Love hasting to the relief of the Lover, reviv'd him with the heat of his own flame. So that at length, letting fall certain expressions in the height of his flame, and in the midst of his sighs: Madam, (said he with an unspeakable commotion of mind) your Highness being a person of a sublime judgement, and a vast capacity, I am oblig'd to consult your opinion, in a nice and difficult case. I fear me you will propose your Question to me in vain, answer'd *Morayma*, since 'tis very improbable, that *Abindarrays* should meet with that in another, which he finds not in himself. Nevertheless, pursued she, if he can think it any satisfaction of his pretended weakness, for me to shew you my real ignorance, I shall not refuse him so slight a curtesie. With your Highnesses permission, then said he, I will be bold to ask you, which of the two your Highness believes to be the most passionate Lover, he that does all he can to conceal his Love, when he may shew it; or he that would fain discover it but dares not? I very little understand what belongs to Love, reply'd the Princess smiling; however I must needs say, that I believe the latter to be incomparably more in Love than the former; For in short, I take respect and discretion to be the real marks of Love; and far surpassing any other. So that if any thing can oblige a Lady, whose thoughts are noble and haughty, 'tis that respectful awe, which suppresses whatsoever may be distasteful to her. I confess, added she, that many times because our passions are not always voluntary, a man may be in love with a Lady without offending her; by reason it is not in his power to love, or not to love her: But in regard it is in a Lovers power to speak to her or not, I take the timerous servant to be more inamour'd than the bold: and though he be as little innocent as the other, he is incomparably less an offender. On the other side; they that tell you upon such occasions, that they do all they can to conceal what they discover, do not always speak that which is true: and oft-times the fault which they commit, is rather an effect of their boldness, than of the transportation of their minds, rather a mark of rashness, than the proof of their love. But he that would do that which he is forc'd to omit, and act contrary to the fervency of his desire, thereby evinces the force of his passion: For I take it to be as difficult a thing to Love, and not to discover it, as it is easie to protest Love, where there is none at all. So that from all these arguments I conclude, that he that would discover his Love, and dares not, is more a Lover than he that does all he can to conceal it, yet ventures to make it known. For my part, reply'd *Abindarrays*, I confess that I am of another opinion: and though it be an unspeakable kind of boldness to contradict your Highness, yet at present I cannot avoid it. In short, your Maxims destroys themselves: For if the crime be in the will, as you affirm, that very discreet Lover is an offender, because he loves. His timerousness hinders him not at all from being bold: and when his cunning disguises his boldness; he only adds collusion to his rashness, a dumb lye to his audacity, that speaks in his eyes: His discretion proves the weakness of his Love. He conceals that which is not very painful to him to conceal; and being absolute master of his passions, as well as of his inclinations, he loves as litttle as he shews it, and shews it as feebly as he loves. In short, Madam, a spark may be hid, but a great flame will break forth, and discover its brightness; which is as essential to it, as its heat. But the violence of a transported Lovers passion, is the infallible symptom of the greatness of his Love. He strives to do that, which it is not possible for him to do, though to little purpose: For he does that which he cannot avoid: he discovers that which he cannot hide. So that his rashness is not criminal, because it is not voluntary. His boldness rather deserves to be pardoned than chastised; and rather to be commended than blamed, whence I gather that he that is forced to conceal his passion, and shews it, loves far beyond him that would shew it, and dares not. I fore-saw, reply'd *Morayma*, that the best cause would be the worst defended.

But

But though I make no reply, I do not alter my opinion; and though I am vanquiſhed, I ſubmit not to the Victors Law. On the other ſide I am ſtrongly perſwaded, that raſhneſs is the greateſt crime Love can commit, and that Lover that commits it, infallibly wants eſteem, becauſe he fails in his reſpect. Puniſh, Madam, then ſaid he, haſtily throwing himſelf at her feet, that inſolent offender, who in offending adores the perſon he offends: For his thoughts are too high to love meanly, and his heart is too haughty, and too noble to conceal a paſſion, that redounds ſo much to his Honour and his Felicity, how cruel ſoever you may be. Shall I dare to tell it you, Madam, and will you pardon me, if I utter it? That very heart I ſpeak of will not endure a diſhonourable ſervitude; if his fetters be not noble, he ſcorns to wear them: He ſhakes off his chains, if they are not inеſtimable. So far from a creeping paſſion, that his Love flies where his Ambition carries it: and not minding the precipices, he only looks upon her for whoſe ſake he ſcorns the danger. 'Tis enough, *Abindarrays*, anſwer'd ſhe diſdainfully. 'Tis far from being enough, anſwer'd he; for now I have declar'd that I love you: I muſt tell you more, that I will love you always, and that I can never love you too much, being ſo infinitely amiable. You are the Siſter of my King, 'tis true; but in my judgement that's the leaſt advantage you have. Nature has done more for you than Fortune: So that he who beholds the luſter of your eyes, forgets all the ſplendor of your Anceſtors Regality. Suffer me therefore, Madam, to adore you in your perſon alone; and that without being terrifi'd with the ſound of thoſe great names of Kings, Thrones, Scepters and Crowns, I may look upon you as the moſt perfect perſon in the World, and love you as ſuch a one, that is, as much as it is poſſible for you to be beloved. Though you may forget my quality, cry'd ſhe, methinks you might conſider my Virtue: how ſevere it is, and how unpardonable the crimes are, that are committed againſt it. But, Madam, ſaid he, the moſt nice, the moſt ſcrupulous Virtue, may endure an affection ſo pure as mine: there is nothing in it but what is lawful: Its higheſt tranſportments are modeſt, its moſt paſſionate deſires are regulated. The moſt ambitious pretences which it aims at are lawful: For a reſpectful fear, always accompanies a wiſe and prudent affection. Wherefore then ſhould you diſpraiſe that which deſerves to be extoll'd? Wherefore ſhould you puniſh that which merits reward? Ah! reply'd *Morayma*, if you are ſo bold as to caſt your eyes upon me, ſo raſh as to love me, have you the audacity to tell me ſo? I will love then and tell you ſo no more, reply'd he, that I may appeaſe your anger, and extenuate my own crime. But though I may be reſponſible for my lips, I cannot anſwer for my eyes. I have not my looks at my command, as I have my words; and by the ſecret knowledge I have of my heart, I find that they are not capable of ſo great a ſecret. Then it is my buſineſs to keep them from diſcovering it to me, ſaid the Princeſs: And having ſo ſaid, ſhe left him, as much diſdaining him for his preſumption, as he was inamour'd of her Beauty. However theſe firſt difficulties which he met with, were not more powerful than his courage; but the more invincible the obſtacles appeared to be, the more reſolutely he appear'd in his deſign: So that all her coyneſs could not extinguiſh a fire ſo well kindled; for the aſſiduity of *Abindarrays* plainly manifeſted, that though he ſeem'd to be ſomewhat more prudent, yet he was never a whit the leſs inamour'd.

One day being in her company, *Zelebin* and *Galliana*, *Abdala* and *Fatima*, came to give her a viſit. At what time chance bringing that about, which he durſt not preſume to attempt of himſelf; they fell upon a diſcourſe by accident, as if it had been deſign'd on purpoſe. I would fain underſtand, ſaid the lovely *Galliana*, whether it be proper for a Lady of a noble Extraction and wealthy, to chuſe an indigent Lover, and of mean Quality; or for a wealthy Lover, and of high Extraction, to chuſe a portionleſs Lady, and of low Birth; or whether it be for every one to make choice of their equal. This is a fat more eaſie queſtion to reſolve, reply'd *Morayma*, than that which *Abindarrays* propounded to me ſome few days ago. For I hold it a diſhonourable thing to deſcend, and that let a man deſerve never ſo well, if his quality be not as high as his thoughts, he rather injures than obliges, when he dares preſume to love a Lady, that is much above him: For the main thing that warrants love is equality. 'Tis my misfortune, Madam, always, reply'd *Abindarrays*, to be of a contrary opinion to your Highneſs. But it is not fitting that a man ſhould forſake his reaſon; and therefore pardon me, if I do not follow an opinion, wherein I find there is none at all. For of all the affections, ambition is the moſt advanc'd, and the moſt worthy a great heart. A low and creeping moderation which leaves a man always in the ſame condition wherein they were born, evinces the lowneſs of his ſoul, and the feebleneſs of his inclinations. For all men being equal in their Original, there is nothing but that noble raſhneſs which you condemn, that has made a diſtinction between them. Had it not been for theſe bold adventures, there had never been Kings nor Conquerors; but every one had been buried in the obſcurity of his Birth, without diſtinction of power or quality. And therefore that generous boldneſs that firſt advanc'd Monarchies, is no more to be condemn'd in Love, than in War: For if it be ſo great an Honour to ſubdue Provinces, 'tis by far the greater to ſubdue a lofty heart. And therefore 'tis my opinion that a venturous Lover deſerves a Lady, let her Quality be never ſo great: And that if ſhe knows the

true price of things, ſhe will never weigh Fortune and Virtue in the ſame ballance, ſince 'tis moſt certain, that the latter deſerves the precedency. For my part, ſaid *Galliana*, my opinion is, that there ought to be a diſtinction made upon this argument; that what you ſay may be true in reference to meer Courtſhip, and where there is nothing but a reciprocal kindneſs expected. But when it comes to be driven ſo high as Marriage, the caſe alters, and things muſt be carried after another manner. For being then to look after a ſubſtantial maintenance, and not an active notion to tickle the fancy, a Lady cannot be too circumſpect: and then I am of the ſame opinion with her Highneſs, that it is not proper for a wealthy Lady, and of high Birth, to chuſe an indigent Lover, and inferiour in Quality: or for a poor Lover to court a perſon that is above him. For my part, ſaid *Fatima*, I declare poſitively againſt her Highneſſes judgement and yours. For provided the Birth of a poor man be but noble, 'tis enough, as long as there is nothing elſe to diſhonour the reputation, either of the Lover or the Miſtreſs. I ſay, the ſuperiority of Merit makes amends for the inequality of condition: and it being the true work of Love to equal all things between the two perſons that love, a Lady of high quality and wealthy, may make choice of a noble Lover, though his Fortune be low. And he on the other ſide has the more reaſon to be bold and venturous to advance himſelf. 'Twould be a very pleaſant thing, added *Zelebin*, if every time that a violent inclination carried us to fall in love with this or that particular perſon, that we muſt be obliged to ſuſpend our inclinations, till both parties have prov'd by their Pedigrees, that it was lawful for them to marry. Certainly there muſt be a great deal of cold blood in ſuch proceedings, and nothing of the tyrannick force of Love. Your argument is courtly and witty, reply'd *Morayma*, but there is little of reaſon in it, otherwiſe to what purpoſe would that inclination ſerve, that Love, that Paſſion, that Merit, ſince a perſon well born never diſpoſes of her ſelf for all that, without the leave of her Parents. Then, Madam, anſwer'd *Abdala*, it behoves us to make love to the Parents, and not to the young Lady; to beſtow Balls, Comedies, Serenades and Collations upon an old decrepit Woman, and not upon the Daughter, who is the perſon whom you adore. No, ſaid *Fatima* laughing, her Highneſs apprehends things otherwiſe. For though this may be her opinion in reference to ordinary people; ſhe has other thoughts for perſons of her quality, who have rules by themſelves, and govern themſelves after another manner. I am ſo far from what you ſay, reply'd *Morayma*, that I take perſons of my quality, to be more ſtrictly ty'd up: For the meaner ſort are required only to be dutiful to their Parents: But Princeſſes owe a blind obedience to their Sovereign, whether they be their Parents or not: He is their King and their Maſter, and ſo is the King my Brother mine. I would not eſpouſe a Monarch without his conſent; but notwithſtanding all that I have ſaid, I would marry a Shepherd, if he commanded me. This it is to be ſo very prudent, and ſo very ſubmiſſive, anſwer'd *Abindarrays*, but as the power of Kings is bounded, ſo is the obedience of the Subject limited. Let it be as it will, reply'd the Princeſs, do you go your way, and I'll go mine: For I will never ſwerve from thoſe Maxims, which I am perſwaded are juſt: And indeed, ſhe was as good as her word. For the Faction of the *Zegir's* not being able to perſwade the King to marry his Siſter into their Family, though they were in good credit with the King, they caſt their eyes upon *Mahomad*, one of the *Abenzerrages*, but not ſo zealous as the reſt for the intereſt of his Houſe; and propoſing the buſineſs to the Prince, they cauſed him to agree to it, and conclude the match, ere ſhe knew any thing of it. But there was no neceſſity of asking her conſent, when ſhe underſtood that *Muley Hazen*, and *Boaudelin* had conſented to it: For her Virtue keeping her conſtant to her reſolution, ſhe obey'd without the leaſt reluctancy, and three days after was married to *Mahomad*. You may very well think, Sir, that *Abindarrays* was very much grieved, and ſtrongly ſurpriſed, when he underſtood that *Morayma*, after ſhe had ſtood ſo high upon her punctilio's, in reference to equality of condition, and refuſed ſo ſeverely the profer of his ſervice, had eſpouſed *Mahomad*, who was but a younger Brother and without flattery, much beneath him in merit. And therefore not being able to endure the ſight of a perſon that had uſed him ſo cruelly; but leſs the ſight of a man that had deſtroy'd all his hopes, ruined all his deſigns, and troubled all his content, he retired to a houſe of his own in the Country, ſome ten or twelve Leagues from *Granada*, not far from *Marbella*. But becauſe Courtiers are not ſo zealouſly addicted to Hunting, or Husbandry as others; *Abindarrays* had no way to ſpend his time, but in reading and walking, not being willing to abandon himſelf to thoſe cruel thoughts, that rent his heart, and tormented his mind. Thereupon he took a walk with a Book in his hand, upon the River *Henil*, giving his eyes liberty to wander over the pleaſing variety of that Proſpect, which in that place is very delightful. After he had walked a while, and ſufficiently ſurvey'd the pleaſures of the Landskip, he ſat him down by the River ſide; and opening his Book, he fell to reading very ſeriouſly, and with very great ſatisfaction: For it was a Treatiſe of Moral Philoſophy, written by a Learned *Arabian*: But when he had read one chapter, the next happened to be *OF LOVE*. At that word Love, he ſtarted, he trembled, he bluſh'd, he ſigh'd, he felt his heart beat; and calling to mind the

the ſad adventure that had befallen him, he ſhut his Book, he roſe haſtily; and thinking to remove from his ſorrows, by removing from the place where they firſt aſſail'd his thoughts; he began to take another walk along the ſide of the River, where he let fall ſome tears, that he could not refrain: but no ſooner had he walk'd about fifteen or twenty paces; and left a little Rock behind him, that hinder'd him from being ſeen; but he perceived a young handſome Lady leaning her left hand againſt a Willow, with a Book in her right hand. Now in regard her back was turn'd, and that he made no noiſe, ſhe never minded him, and he had all the leiſure that might be, to view and conſider the beauty of ſo ſurpriſing an object. He ſaw her to be of a noble and juſtly proportioned Stature. And that negligent poſture, as ſhe lay leaning careleſly againſt the Tree, was ſo graceful, that the beſt Painter in the World might there have found a noble deſign for his Pencil. Her Habit was plain, but very faſhionable; being only of a very fine white Calicut, painted with Flowers after the *African* manner. Upon her Head ſhe had a large Vail ty'd back, and flowing down upon her Shoulders; her Locks hung dangling down her Cheeks in great curls; and over them a little Straw Hat with a Poſie in it of Jaſmin, and Orange-Flowers; and a kind of a Plume, which was made of an Herb, that reſembled an Heron top. Her Bracelets, Jewels, Neck-lace, and Coral Pendants were ſufficiently rich, and ſhe was very neat in her Linnen and Shooes. This Lady was reading aloud, when *Abindarrays* firſt diſcover'd her, in a Book of Poems, made by the famous *Arabian*, named *Oroſman*. But, Sir, the noble proportion and ſhape of her perſon, the tone of her voice, and her ſurpriſing grace in reading ſoon ſuſpended all that grief, which the lovelineſs of the place had renew'd in his Soul, and increaſed in him no leſs a deſire to know, whether the Beauty of that unknown Ladies face were anſwerable to the Beauty of her Stature, which ſeem'd to be beyond compare. And therefore to ſatisfie his curioſity, he crept among the Trees that hid him with as much ſilence, as was poſſible, to place himſelf where he might have a full view of that incomparable Ladies face: But when he ſaw it, it appeared ſo lovely, that he not only forgot his preſent ſorrows, but he alſo loſt his liberty, it being certain that his love began to be as great as her Beauty. In the mean time, while he was thus employed in viewing, and beginning to ſettle his affection, the fair Stranger fell to reading again, and by a ſtrange accident, ſhe read a Copy of Verſes, where a Lady queſtion'd with her ſelf, whether it were true that ſhe was belov'd or no. Upon the concluſion of the Stanza,

Credulous Virgin, take a care;
Thy repoſe bids thee beware:
For if once he prove untrue,
All thy lifes Content adieu!
Yet what Mortal has the Art,
To diſcover his own Heart?

'Tis I, lovely Lady, cry'd *Abindarrays*, diſcovering himſelf, and going towards her, 'tis I that ſee in my own heart, the true paſſion which you have cauſed there; but nothing of all that which you ſeem to doubt of, by the Verſes which you have read. Ah, Sir, reply'd ſhe, ſtrangely ſurpriſed, the love that you tell me of, is a Poetical Fiction, as well as that which I have read. For by what I have read, 'tis acquaintance begets love, and you never knew me in your life. Not know you! charming Lady, reply'd he; yes, I know you, as well as if I had been an age in your company: and I know that you are a Lady every where rare and extraordinary, never to be eſteem'd according to your merit. I ſee, Sir, ſaid ſhe ſmiling, that you have a deſign to finiſh your Fable, as I have a deſire to read on; to which end, I beſeech you, give me leave to retire. With that ſhe made him a profound reverence, and was going away. But he made haſte after her, and held her by the end of her Vail; and then looking upon her with eyes inflam'd with a new fire, and full of a new paſſion. Ah! without doubt ſaid he in a Courtly manner, there is inchantment and apparition in all this; but I am reſolv'd ſince it is in my power to hinder it; not to let ſo fair a Spirit vaniſh ſo ſuddenly. For I am more afraid, leſt this ſhould go away, than I ſhould be to ſee a Ghoſt of the other World appear. However, touch me not, reply'd ſhe, pulling away her vail; and deal not with a Spirit, as if it had a body. Be what you pleaſe, ſaid he, Maid or Angel, or both together, either ſtay, or permit me to attend upon you, ſince 'tis impoſſible for me to live without you. You know, reply'd ſhe, that Apparitions never tarry long; that all Viſions vaniſh as ſoon: and that there can never be a long communication between Men and Angels, ſo that ours muſt of neceſſity break off. Be no longer then an Angel, anſwer'd he, but be contented to be the faireſt Lady in the Earth; and the moſt beloved by the happy *Abindarrays*: for I may well call my ſelf ſo, after ſuch a happy accident as this. But, Sir, anſwer'd ſhe, that which you ſay to keep me here, rather ought to drive me hence: The name of *Abindarrays* is too well known to quell the preſumption of a ſtranger: Your high Quality ſuits but ill with my low Degree: Your Habit and mine ſufficiently manifeſt that our Fortunes are not equal. What matter is it whether they be or no? reply'd he, provided our inclinations agree. Fortune is but a Chimera, and the difference of conditions is as great a piece of Vanity. 'Tis Virtue makes us truly wealthy; they are the lovely qualities of the Soul that ennoble us. A noble Damſel without merit is not ſo

indeed; but a Damſel of mean Extraction full of deſert, is above Nobility it ſelf: They that derive their Honour from Palaces, and the lofty Tombs of their Anceſtors, owe for their Grandeur to Architects, and Statuaries: They ſtrive with a borrow'd ſplendour, and boaſt of that which is none of their own. Beſides, thoſe haughty Ladies that glory in Grandeur, are ſeldom without the Vices that accompany it: Pride is their ſhadow, and follows them like their Wealth, and like their high Degree. Continual Idleneſs is their Buſineſs: Their Beds, and their Looking-Glaſſes employ half their lives; and all the reſt is ſpent in unprofitable dreaming and trifles; and oft-times their Gold and their Diamonds, conceal a thouſand impurities; and their high condition, a thouſand poor and dirty Humours. In ſhort, it is ſo difficult a thing to be Noble, Rich and Virtuous together, that I believe it an advantage to be born poor, and of mean Extraction; in regard there is nothing can compare with the merit of Virtue. But if Riches and high Quality encourage evil actions, Poverty meets not with thoſe occaſions of doing ill: Nor are its temptations ſo alluring: And in ſhort, all the remainders of the Primitive Age are to be certainly found in a mean condition. Without doubt, Sir, anſwer'd ſhe, you have made one of the moſt ſpecious Panegyricks upon Poverty and low Birth, that were ever made; and you have ſignaliz'd the readineſs of your Wit, in defending the feeble againſt the ſtrong, and the poor againſt the rich. But after all, a Lover and a Philoſopher never love the ſame thing. The Eloquent never believe, what they would fain perſwade others to believe, their words and thoughts do ſeldom agree; while they labour rather to ſhew their Wit than their Affection. Ah! too unjuſt Lady, I am none of thoſe artificial Orators, that never conſider what they ſay; what I am convinc'd of my ſelf, that I endeavour to perſwade others. I believe what I ſay, but I do not ſpeak all that I believe: It being certain, that I have that opinion of your Virtue, that I cannot expreſs in words. Sir, your Fable is very tedious, merrily reply'd ſhe; and if you go on thus, your Volume will ſwell too big, if at any time you ſhould have a fancy to publiſh your adventures. And therefore that you may not ſpoil ſo excellent a piece, let your ſtory end here; and pray, Sir, give me liberty to go on. Not before you have told me, Madam, ſaid he, ſmiling as well as ſhe, who you are, and what bad Fortune has brought you into theſe parts: For the queſtion is here ſeaſonable, and ſeems to be very neceſſary. The anſwer will not be tedious, reply'd ſhe; for when I have told you that I was born in *Africa*; that my name is *Montezina*, that I am the Daughter of a Learned man, who is called *Dilaver*, and who meeting with nothing but ingratitude in his own Country, has quite forſaken it, and has confin'd himſelf in a ſmall Cottage, not far from your Palace; I have told you all my adventures. 'Tis very ſhort, but 'tis very pleaſant, reply'd *Abindarrays*, and I find I ſhall have a great ſhare in the ſecond part of the ſtory, if you will be but pleaſed to give me leave. I do not believe you will have any other ſhare than this, that you have had already by a ſtrange Fortune, ſaid ſhe; for as my walk will be no more near your Houſe, the Romance will end certainly here. With that ſhe made him a low reverence, and without giving him time to anſwer, ſhe return'd homeward, where the new Lover durſt not preſume to follow her, reading as ſhe went. But though he had a Book as well as ſhe, he had no leiſure to open it, his thoughts were ſo taken up with his new acquaintance, and his new paſſion. When he was alone in his Chamber, he talk'd to himſelf a long time, he recall'd to his memory, and ſet before his eyes the adventure which he had had, and the fair cauſe of his new diſturbance. What would this *African* have with thee, ſaid he to himſelf, or what wouldſt thou have with her *Abindarrays*? If ſhe be the Object of Fortunes frolick humour, wouldſt thou be the Object of the freaks of Love? wilt thou baniſh thy Reaſon from thy Mind, as ſhe has been baniſh'd her Country? Thou that haſt been in Love with Grandeur, canſt thou deſcend to court a mean Fortune? Thou that haſt ador'd the Daughter of a King, and the Siſter of a King, wilt thou offer Incenſe to the Daughter of a common perſon? Having aſpir'd to *Morayma*, canſt thou deſcend to *Montezina*? Ah! no, no, reply'd he to himſelf, there is too great a diſtance between the one and the other, for me to declare my ſelf ſo low? If I blam'd the one for eſpouſing *Mahomad*, what an occaſion ſhall I give to be laugh'd at, to fall in love with another ſo much beneath her quality and mine; and ſo much below the condition of my Rival. Let us then talk no more, let us dream no more of her, for as lovely as ſhe is, we muſt not love her. But *Abindarrays*, added he to himſelf, we never deliberate thou knoweſt, but upon things which are yet to do. 'Tis in vain, to think to defend this heart, now 'tis overcome, or rather now that it is no longer thine. The Beauties of the mind and body know neither high quality, nor mean condition; all the diſtinctions of Birth, Nobility and Fortune, are but Imaginations of Humane Vanity, and not things eſtabliſh'd by Nature; conſider'd of by Love, or authoriſed by Reaſon. Virtue and Beauty are the only Objects of the Soul, and of all its Affections: And in wharſoever ſubject we meet with them, they are lovely, and conſequently to be beloved: Let us then love the lovely *African*, and never conſidering *Dilavers* Fortune; let us regard *Montezina's* beauty, that ſhines with ſo much ſplendour, where-ever ſhe comes. Having taken this reſolution, he call'd for the Captain of his Caſtle, and ask'd him whether he knew that ſtranger, who

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liv'd among his Tenants? The Officer telling him he did ſo; he commanded him to find him out, and to invite him to dine at the Caſtle the next day; and to deliver this meſſage, in the civilleſt language his Eloquence could furniſh him withal. The Captain faithfully obſerv'd his commiſſion; whereupon *Dilaver*, that underſtood the World, and knew what belong'd to good breeding, receiv'd the Complement of *Abindarrays* with all reſpect, and promiſed to accept of the Honour, which the Illuſtrious *Granadine* had done him. In the mean time *Abindarrays* hardly ſlept a wink all the next night: However, it was not with any great pain; for *Montezina's* reſemblance baniſhed all manner of diſturbance from his mind. The next morning *Dilaver* came to attend him at his riſing, who receiv'd him with careſſes equal to the hidden cauſe of his kindneſs: And becauſe he knew the unfortunate lov'd to complain of their misfortunes, and to complain on purpoſe to be pitied, he fell into a diſcourſe of *Dilaver's* misfortunes; aggravating the injuſtice of Fortune, and the Grandeur of his merit; and promiſing him all the protection that he could afford him. After that they fell to diſcourſe of the Arts and Sciences, wherein they were both very well read; and *Abindarrays* knowing that the Conformity of the Inclinations is a great ſtep to familiar kindneſs, he fail'd not to diſplay his beſt in point of Wit and Knowledge: Then they went to Dinner, and in the evening he ſent *Dilaver* home, ſo well ſatisfi'd with his Civility, his Knowledge, and his Magnificence, that the Father had like to have been as much in love with him, as he was with the Daughter. The next morning by break of Day, *Abindarrays*, though he were no Huntſman, yet would needs go abroad with the Hounds, and uncoupling the Doggs near *Dilavers* Houſe, he ſounded his Horn to give notice of their being abroad: That noiſe brought what he expected to paſs, for *Dilaver* judging it to be *Abindarrays*, comes out of his Houſe, and bringing *Montezina* along with him, they both came and paid him their reſpect. The new Lover ſeeing his deſign hit ſo well, you may be ſure he did not fail to alight, and to enter into diſcourſe, which that he might the better continue, he bid the Huntſmen follow the Dogs, and went himſelf into *Montezina's* Cottage with more joy, than if he had been entering into the Palace of the greateſt King in the World: There was he merry, there was he full of ſport, and complaiſant; there he met with Wit, and excellent Courtſhip, and never was he better pleaſed in his life. However, he would not make any long ſtay; for knowing *Dilaver* to be a perſon that underſtood the World, and to be very quick-ſighted, he did not think it fitting to let him underſtand his paſſion. Thereupon he took horſe again, having firſt in a jeſting manner deſir'd leave of *Dilaver* to permit him to let him come and ſit with him ſometimes, to diſcourſe of the conceited humours of Fortune, and the injuſtice which ſhe had done him; a favour which he alſo begg'd with his eyes of *Montezina*, and ſo gallop'd away full ſpeed to his company, that there might not appear any thing of affection in the viſit, which he had given, but that it was only a thing that fell out by accident, by reaſon the Hare took that way. Two or three days after the Father of that lovely Lady, went to viſit him again: Nor could *Abindarrays* be a little behind hand with him in Civility, but was extremely punctual in returning his viſits. At length he went firſt; and becoming more bold, he went thither three or four days without intermiſſion. One day alſo, he found *Montezina* alone, only a woman that attended her, *Dilaver* being gone to *Marbella* upon ſome buſineſs. But that favourable opportunity produc'd nothing more than only an opportunity to complain of *Montezina's* cruelty: For he found her ſo reſerv'd, ſo modeſt, ſo lofty, that ſhe oblig'd him to govern himſelf with as much reſpect, as if he had waited upon a Queen: Becauſe he knew ſhe was poor, he offerd her ſeveral rich preſents; but ſhe refuſed them all with a noble ſcorn, and ſo generous a diſdain, that he began to be as much in love with her Virtue, as with her Beauty. However, he underſtood thereby that her heart was a regular Fortification, which was not to be won by any underhand dealing, but that it muſt be orderly and openly attacked: Thereupon finding her to be ſtudious, he ſent her a long Copy of Verſes, which he called a *Maritime* Elogie, ſetting forth her Beauty, and his Love under the perſon of a Fiſherman, a Poem that was extremely commended, and valu'd by her. But the Lover was not ſo happy as the Poet: For the Poet was ſtill commended, but the Lover was deny'd. She kept her ſelf to the moſt auſtere Rules of a ſevere Virtue; ſhe refuſed his offers; ſhe ſlighted his complaints, and laugh'd at all his oaths and proteſtations; and abiding with in the limits of bare civility, ſhe depriv'd him of all his hopes, though ſhe could not deſtroy his love: However, *Abindarrays* would not be repuls'd: But being perſwaded that her rigour proceeded from her modeſty; as yet, his eſteem was more than his anger, and his admiration beyond his grief. Nevertheleſs, he was one day advertiſed by one of his ſervants, who had carefully obſerv'd it, that every time that *Dilaver* went to *Marbella*, there came a young Youth, poor in Habit, and very unhandſome, who always ſtaid with *Montezina* till the evening, and always went a way a little before her Father's return: This bad news fail'd not to make a Lover ſo inamour'd, as really jealous; for love and jealouſie ſeldom are aſunder. And yet he could not believe that place to be weak, that had made ſo powerful a reſiſtance againſt him. His own honour ſpake in the behalf of *Montizina's*,

zina's: and he believ'd the intelligence that was given him to be falſe, in regard he hop'd it was not true. However, that he might not be ſaid to have been negligent in a buſineſs of this importance, he reſolved to ſatisfie his own Eyes, of the truth of this odd kind of ſtory: Thereupon the firſt day that *Dilaver* was obſerv'd to go to *Marbella*, he diſguiſed himſelf into a Country Habit, and hid himſelf among the buſhes, that grew very thick near the Houſe, where the unfortunate wiſe man liv'd in his exile. Hardly had he been gone two hours, but he ſaw the perſon, which they had deſcrib'd, go into the Houſe, for he was eaſily known by his poor Habit, and his clowniſh gate. The viſit of that unworthy Rival was very tedious indeed: But the ſaid *Abindarrays*, thought it to be much longer than it was: His grief and aſtoniſhment was very great, but his aſtoniſhent was much more: The extraordinary merit of *Montezina*, and the extravagant gallantry which he had diſcover'd ſo perplexed him, that he knew not what to do, or ſay, what to think, or what courſe to take. At length he ſaw the unfortunate happy Lover come out of the houſe again, and with him alſo, *Montezina* her ſelf, who accompany'd him two or three hundred paces from the Houſe, having a certain paper in her hand. But ſhe look'd upon her friend with ſo much joy, and ſo much love in her eyes, that ſhe fix'd both deſpair and hatred in the heart of *Abindarrays*. Then carefully following her, undiſcover'd among the Buſhes; he obſerv'd, that after ſhe had let that pitiful creature kiſs her hand without any reſiſtance, as he was going away, ſhe look'd about her ſeveral times, and believing that no perſon ſaw her, ſhe put the Packet, which ſhe held in her hand, into the hollow of a Willow Tree that was hard by, and return'd home with that ſatisfaction in her countenance, that the unfortunate *Abindarrays* was ready to dye for ſhame and madneſs. However, as ſoon as ſhe was gone out of ſight, he ran to the Tree, and putting his hand into the concavity, he brought forth a great company of Letters, and other Papers, which he read ſome fourteen or fifteen paces off: But they prove to be ſuch a parcel of nonſenſical Verſes, impertinent Billets, clowniſh Letters; and the whole buſineſs look'd with ſuch an extravagant and fantaſtical faces; conſidering *Montezina's* Wit, and the ignoble choice that ſhe had made, that inſtead of bewailing himſelf, he fell into aloud fit of laughter; reproaching himſelf as well as her; and his own folly as well as *Montezina's* fancy. At length he put up the Papers again where he had them; and drawing a Pencil out of his pocket, he writ upon the paper, that covered the reſt, the following lines *Ex tempore*,

A goodly pretence,
May excuſe the offence;
Here love ſits brooding in a hollow Tree:
Who'd ha' thought, but a Witch,
Montezina *ſo rich,*
That had not ſeen her noble Treaſury.

Having thus executed his revenge, he returned home, and having ſhifted himſelf in haſte, he made much more haſte to *Granada*, believing that he could not remove ſoon enough from a place, where ſuch an odd and diſgraceful accident had befallen him: Nay, he left his Houſe for many years, for fear he ſhould meet her there abouts again, that was ſo worthy, yet ſo unworthy of his affection. Hereupon he once reſolv'd never to be in love again; And I verily believe he might have prov'd as good as his word, but that by a ſtrange caſualty he met with the Ghoſt of *Doniqne*, ſhe was a perſon that ſo nearly reſembled her: For ſhe had her very Stature, her Gate, her Air, her Complexion, and all her Lineaments; nay, the very tone of her Voice, her way of Speaking, her Looks, and her Smiles. As ſhe had kindled his firſt Flames, it was eaſie for her Apparition to revive the Fire; and that object that had found the way ſo often already to his heart, could eaſily find the way again. This Lady was call'd *Boulbaſte*: But though her Beauty were extraordinary, and had been loudly extoll'd; yet becauſe ſhe was one that very ſeldom came near the Court, *Abindarrays* never had ſeen her: So that he being thus doubly ſurpriſed to ſee ſo fair a Lady, and ſo much reſembling another, for which he had ſo great an affection: It put all his Morality in a diſorder, and diſappointed him in all his deſigns. At firſt he laboured to appeaſe this tumult, that was raiſed in his Soul: But all the Authority that Reaſon ought to have o'er the Faculties, was too weak upon that occaſion: For he would needs love, though Reaſon perſwaded him to the contrary. Senſeleſs piece of ſtupidity, cry'd he to himſelf, thou art now fallen in love with an Apparition; inamour'd of a Chimera; and by reaſon of this fatal reſemblance, that expoſes thee again to new misfortunes, lov'ſt thou *Donique*, or *Boulbaſte?* or to which of the two art thou a ſervant? Art thou a Captive to one, or a Slave to the other, or a Captive to both? Ah no, reply'd he, I am only a Slave to the laſt. Yet, added he, if ſhe reſemble *Donique* in the perverſeneſs of her humours, ſo truly, as in the Lineaments of the Face, will thy Chains be ever the more honourable? rather wilt thou not have ſtill more occaſions to bluſh? ſuſpect *Abindarrays*, the ſame defects, as well as the ſame perfections; and deprive thy ſelf of the ſame contents, to avoid the ſame troubles. Yet ſimple man, reply'd he again, though *Donique* had Beauty without Virtue, *Boulbaſte* may prove Virtuous, though ſhe be beautiful. The vices of the *African*

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may not happen to be the faults of the *European*; and thou perhaps mayſt be more happy at *Granada*, than thou wer't at *Ceuta*. But O Heavens! added he ſoon after, that which depends upon a may be, is that to be the foundation of all thy happineſs, or of all the ill fortune of thy life? Yet overſcrupulous *Abindarrays*, concluded he ſighing; 'tis a folly for a man to queſtion whether he be in love, after he is fallen in love: For when we are in love, we have nothing elſe to mind, but how to carry on that affection: Then let us love, let us love a perſon ſo amiable; and rather then withdraw our affection, lets us endeavour to make our ſelves fit to be belov'd. Being thus fix'd in his determination, he ſought all opportunities to ſee *Boulbaſte*; and meeting her at a friends houſe of hers, where ſhe came to viſit her acquaintance, cunningly getting to ſit next to her, he began to talk ſoftly to her; and beholding her with a look whereby ſhe might eaſily conjecture what he had to ſay: Charming *Boulbaſte*, ſaid he, though there are few perſons that can compare with your beauty, yet I have known one that ſo abſolutely reſembles you in all your features, that no two perſons can be more alike; and had I not been aſſured, that you always liv'd in *Granada*, I would have ſworn you came from *Ceuta*, and that the Lady, who is not my acquaintance, had been the Lady whom I perfectly know. You have but a very ſlight eſteem of your *African* Beauty, anſwer'd ſhe ſmiling, when you compare her to ſo mean a Beauty of *Granada*: Neither do I believe, if ſhe underſtood as much, that ſhe would give you any thanks for your compariſon. Quite the contrary, Madam, anſwer'd he, I could not do her a greater curteſie: For when I compare her to one of the greateſt perſons in the world, I ſet her almoſt above all compariſon. But you ſpeak with ſo much heat and tranſportation, anſwer'd ſhe, that I very much queſtion, whether you can be a judge in her cauſe, and whether you have not too great an intereſt there, to ſpeak impartially. 'Tis very true, Madam, ſaid he, that I was once concerned, but now not at all: For now the Divine *Boulbaſte* has the ſame Power over my heart, as once the faithleſs *Donique* had. However, reply'd ſhe, after a ſcoffing kind of way, you think her to be too fair, to be ſo indifferent in reference to what concerns her; and for my part, who have nothing to do in the buſineſs, but only as being her Picture, I cannot believe you hate her ſo much, as you think you do, but rather that you have a greater affection for her than you manifeſt. I love no other perſon but your ſelf, anſwered he: For though your reſemblance of her gave you an eaſie entry into my heart, 'tis your merit only that gives you the Soveraign power over it. Ah, illuſtrious *Abindarrays*, ſaid ſhe, though you may be very skilful in all other things, you are not ſo in painting; ſince you take a Copy for an Original, and ſeem to value it as much. I do not ſo well eſteem the Original as the Copy (reply'd he very ſeriouſly) for the Original has certain defects which the Copy has not, and the Copy has perfections, which the Original never had. However it be, anſwer'd *Boulbaſte*, I ſcorn to paſs for a Picture, or to be beloved, becauſe I am like another: For I ſhould perſwade my ſelf, that whatever was ſaid to me, was ſpoken to *Donique*; and you could not chuſe but think that whatever I ſaid to you, *Donique* was the ſpeaker: For your ſake *Boulbaſte* muſt become *Donique*, and *Donique* be metamorphoſed into *Boulbaſte*; every time I laugh'd, or ſpoke, or did any thing that pleas'd, then *Donique* muſt be called to mind; I muſt be her confident, rather than her Rival, and muſt do for her, when I think to act for my ſelf; and in a word, *Boulbaſte* would be to you, but as the Statue of *Donique*. What can I ſay more? I ſhould grow jealous of my ſelf, I ſhould hate my ſelf, becauſe you love me; I ſhould look upon my own Beauty, as the Beauty of my Rival; and arming my ſelf againſt my ſelf, on purpoſe to arm againſt her, I believe I ſhould deform my ſelf, that I might not be like *Donique*, and cauſe my ſelf to be hated, leſt you ſhould love me. Ah too fair and unjuſt *Boulbaſte*, anſwer'd *Abindarrays*, that would be a ſtrange thing, for you to quarrel with your ſelf, on purpoſe to act againſt me; that would be to leap from injuſtice to madneſs; that would be to be as irrational as unmerciful, and to render you leſs worthy of reſpect, on purpoſe to render me unhappy. But, merrily added he, as it is not uſual to leave them alone by themſelves, that fall into that diſtemper, but to chain them up ſometimes from doing miſchief to themſelves and others; I would not willingly deprive you of your liberty, that you might wear ſome part of my Fetters. I know the value of it too well to loſe it, reply'd *Boulbaſte*, and I dare undertake that your triumph ſhall never be adorn'd with the Statue of *Donique*. And therefore to ſtop all your farther progreſs, let me only ask you, who is moſt in fault, the Lover that deceives, or the Lady that ſuffers her ſelf to be cheated? The queſtion is ſo plain, Madam, that it almoſt needs no other anſwer: For what compariſon can there ever be, between the treachery of a knave, that violates all that men call ſacred; who makes a mock at oaths; makes uſe of his word, and promiſes only for ſnares, not having either honeſty or probity? What compariſon, I ſay, can there be between ſuch a wicked Miſcreant and the harmleſs goodneſs of that pure and innocent ſoul, that ſuffers her ſelf to be deceiv'd, becauſe ſhe knows not how to deceive others, that believes no harm in another, becauſe ſhe knows no harm in her ſelf; and judges of the ſincerity of others by her own. No, Madam, there is no relation between a heart ſo full of cunning, and a mind ſo full of candor: The one abominable, the other to be pitied; the one to be puniſhed, the

the other rewarded. And therefore you do ill to ask, which of those two are the most in fault; when the one is a very great Offender, and the other is altogether Guiltless. I am not of your Opinion, replyed *Boulbaste*; for in short, I do not take it to be prudence to venture so lightly in a business that so highly concerns the Repose and Honour the Good or Bad of Man or Woman, and the tranquillity of their Lives and Reputation. Were it a business of slight importance, we might venture something upon Fortune, and yet never be blamed; but the Whole is exposed at one throw, which we cast away to no purpose, when we might have prevented the Mischief. A fault not done out of necessity, admits of no excuse. And they deserve their misery, that pull it down upon their own heads. There were also some excuse to be made, some compassion to be shown, were he that deceives us, the first Cheat in the world. For without doubt, it was very easie for the first Knave that ever was, to deceive those that were deceived; and to make them believe 'twas true, when he spoke a lye. For as his Crime had no example before, it was easie for him to pass for an innocent person. But after so many examples of deceivers and deceits, of imprudent and miserable; it is not only unadvisedness, but stupidity, not to profit by so many Lessons, which the misfortunes of others have taught us; and not to avoid those Rocks, where the marks of so many Shipwracks remain. In short, they that are given to deceive, have a certain dexterity of wit, a refin'd and pliant Imagination, which makes them not so much ashamed of the act, though they are taken in it; as being better able to patch up a Justification: But they that are so dull and heedless, that they fall into every snare you lay for them; that believe all that is told them, and help to cheat themselves, they rather stir up our contempt, than our compassion; and many times their tears cause us to laugh. For which reasons I assert, that it is a greater shame to be deceived, than to deceive. And therefore, pursued she, without giving him time to interrupt her; that we may end where we began, I declare to you, that you shall never deceive me; nor will I suffer you to love *Donique* under the name of *Boulbaste*: and that, if you speak any more of the Portraiture of *Donique*, as you have been used to speak to her, you will find her as silent as other Pictures are, and as dumb as the Statue which I shall take my self to be; and this I swear to, withal, resolving to observe what I have sworn to. Upon those words she left him, laughing; and parted from him in a strange uncertainty, between hope and fear. But notwithstanding all that *Abindarrays* could do, *Boulbaste* would be neither Picture nor Statue: Nor would the love of resemblance ever enter into her head. She lookt upon it as a trifle she laugh'd at it heartily, and made a hundred quibbles upon it, to the Noble *Granadine*'s face. And whatever he could do or say, he could not oblige her to think more seriously of the business. But the little labour it cost him to be beloved of *Donique*, and the impossibility which he met with to gain *Boulbaste*'s affection, quite blotting out the resemblance of the Portraiture, as absolutely removed from his heart the passion which it had begun to settle there. However, because *Abindarrays*'s surest way was to drive out one Amour by another, he resolved to make use of his old trick, that so often had so luckily stood him in stead. And while he was seeking an opportunity to practise his Learning, Fortune, his great friend at first, shewed him a Countrey Lady, that some business had brought but a few days before to Town. She was beautiful and well shaped; so that she easily inflam'd his heart, that was all combustible matter, being introduced by an Acquaintance of his that knew her. Upon the second Visit that he gave her, he found her alone; and being unwilling to lose such a favourable opportunity, he was resolved to make her a discovery of his new Passion. But that Lady, who was called *Bergamante*, was full of dissembled humility,, with which all like her, begin their set speeches; not believing a word they say themselves: telling him, yet very wary withal, how she tripp'd, that it was not for a poor Countrey Maid to please a Courtier; there being no comparison between the Clownishness of the one, and the refined humour of the othet. No, no, Madam, never run into an Error that is no less contrary to reason, than injurious to your desert. 'Tis a Heresie which the Court has set up, to maintain their counterfeit Lustre, and uphold that false Reputation, of which it has robb'd the Countrey. For Beauty has no particular Countrey; being born as well in Villages as in Cities, in the City as well as in the Court: and being every where lovely, she has her privilege to be every where beloved. As for the Advantages that the Court has over the Countrey, they are only in conceit, things imaginary. But there is more in it than so, pursued he; for the Court has a thousand faults which are not to be found in the Countrey, and the Countrey a thousand perfections, which are wanting at Court. If you look upon the Customs and Conditions of either, how far is the Innocency of the Countrey before the falshood and wickedness of the Court? The Sloth and Laziness of the Court, the honest Industry of the Countrey? the Countrey Modesty, the Court Confidence; Court Ambition, and Countrey Sincerity; Countrey Friendship, and Court Envy: who is there that knows not which of these to prefer? 'Tis true, as I am a Courtier, I may be thought to speak against my self; but Verity constrains me: for in the Countrey all things abide in the very same order wherein they were established by Nature; but at the Court, all things are turn'd topsie turvey. They turn day into night, and night into day: some wake, while others sleep: sometimes

ſometimes they have not time to eat, ſometimes they do nothing elſe. However, replyed *Bergamante*, methinks that the Court having ſo many occaſions and opportunities to practiſe and make uſe of all the Virtues, ſhould be more exemplary than the Countrey; that having ſuch rare precedents to follow, they ſhould not miſs; and that Honour, which is the Crown of Virtue, being more ſplendid at Court, than in the Countrey, ſhould make men more eager and ſtudious to acquire it. Ah fair *Bergamante*, replyed *Abindarrays*, I do not find ſo much humility in your eyes, as in your words. I perceive a certain diſdainful ſmile, which tells me that you do not believe all you ſay: But you have reaſon to be ſo; for if the Court have any advantage in manners, the Countrey has much more in beauty: And though our fair Ladies ſpend above half their lives in their Looking-glaſſes, yet all the Art in the world can never come near Nature. At Court they are beholding to their Shooe-makers, and their high raiſed Choppins for their Stature; To their Taylors for their Shape: To their Powders, Paſtes, Pomatums, and Waters for their borrowed Complexions: and to their Looking-glaſſes for their very Looks, Smiles, Air of their faces, and Scituation of their lips. Thus Art at Court does all to help out Nature; but in the Countrey Nature has no need in the world of Art's aſſiſtance: They need no Pedeſtals to make them taller, or Taylors to hide their defective ſhapes. Their Graces were born with them, and they never adviſe with their Looking glaſſes. As their actions are all natural ſo there is nothing of affectation in their behaviours. Their ſmiles, their looks, their charming tone of their voices, their Majeſty, demeanour, the comlineſs of their gate, are no effects of ſtudy and practice; but they are lovely and beloved, without taking any care to make themſelves admir'd. And therefore I openly declare for the beauties of the Country, againſt the beauties of the Court. They are much the ſtronger ſide at preſent, reply'd *Bergamante*, But I fear me, added ſhe, that it will not be long ere you deſert their party, and reſume your former opinion, ſhould that ever happen, reply'd he, I would condemn my ſelf for a runagate: and never murmur at my puniſhment. Prepare then to ſuffer, anſwer'd ſhe, as ſhe took her leave, for I foreſee your face and I am ſeldome deceiv'd in my Conjectures.

But, Sir, *Abindarray*'s was of too refin'd a ſpirit, and too much accuſtom'd to the air of the Court to love a Country Madam long, nor was it long ere *Bergamantes* propheſie were fulfill'd; different manners, different behaviour amazed, and naufeated him; For in very *Granada* it ſelf at her lodgings, he found himſelf in a ſtrange Country, of whoſe Language and cuſtoms he was ignorant; where he neither was underſtood himſelf nor underſtood others: where all his courtſhip ſeemed clownery, and all his mirth ridiculous. But that which moſt of all tri'd both his paſſion and patience, was a crow'd of Countrey Gentlemen, who knowing no body in *Granada* but *Bergamante*, never ſtirr'd from her from morning till night, and all the while aſſaſſinated the poor Courtier with their idle and impertinent ſtories; ſo that after he had for ſome few days endur'd the ill contriv'd humour of the Lady and the buffoonry of her acquaintance; He forſook both the Lady and her acquaintance altogether; Making a ſolemn vow which he kept very religiouſly afterwards, never to love a Countrey damſel again: and to keep company with none but the Court Ladies. So that having met with one, as ſoon as he had left *Bergamante*, who was both lovely and witty; whoſe name was *Alimare*. What Madam, ſaid he, methinks you do not uſe me like a perſon newly come from Sea; or like one that having ſeen the Antipodes of the rational world, can tell you news if you deſire to know it; Why, anſwer'd ſhe, as merrily, I never heard of your being out of *Granada*; and indeed I do not remember that a day has paſt wherein I have not met you at the Queen's lodgings; ſo that you only travell'd in imagination ſurely. No I'le aſſure you, reply'd he, I have been abroad in earneſt: For I come from a Place, where you would ſeem to be as great a ſtranger; and every thing ſeem to be as ſtrange to you, as if you were in *Japan* or *China*, I confeſs, anſwer'd ſhe, I am not ſo well skill'd in the Map, as to find out the Countrey, and therefore unleſs you will undertake to be my guide I ſhall be at a loſs. Ah Madam, cry'd *Abindarry*'s, continue ſtill in that Ignorance, for it is far better then all my knowledge, and take heed of being ſo dangerouſly curious to underſtand the countrey, or the countrey people; Alaſs poor *Abindarray's* anſwered ſhe I'le pawn my life, that *Bergamante* has been unkind, I beg your pardon, Madam, reply'd he, for ſhe ſhall never be kind to me, if ſhe would, I will have neither peace nor truce, nor war, nor alliance, nor commerce with a Nation ſo far diſtant, and different in cuſtoms from ours. Thoſe people that are born under both Poles, have more affinity with our diſpoſitions, then theſe Countrey fellows, that think themſelves ſo like us. If they have any wit, 'tis Buffoonery; if they be ſerious they are ſtupid; if they be merry they are extravagant; They talk much, but very little to the purpoſe. Sometimes they are clowniſh and uncivil, ſometimes they tire you with ceremony and fooliſh complements. They find fault with every thing which they do not underſtand though there be nothing which they underſtand aright. In a word they are generally ignorant of the affairs of the world, and the Novels of the Court, ſo that a man knows not what diſcourſes to find out to fit their humours. Oh, *Abindarray's*, a choice beauty

needs not be a Courtier to be belov'd, or to make her ſelf appear the more beautiful: For if you put the queſtion which is moſt apt to create love, beauty without courtlineſs, or courtlineſs without beauty, I am clearly for taking the firſt queſtions part. In ſhort, purſu'd ſhe, the true object of love, is beauty. No man loves that which is not fair; or at leaſt that which he does not believe to be ſo: though as ſoon as the mind comes to be undeceiv'd of that pleaſing errour which caus'd him to fall in love, he ceaſes then to love and his paſſion vaniſhes, as his reaſon returns. Courtlineſs pleaſes and begets eſteem, but never inſpires love. Nor is it in Courtlineſs that the witchcraft and enchantment of that paſſion lies. A deformed woman may be a great Courtier, and yet I cannot think it poſſible for a man to love extream deformity. The beauty of the face prevails beyond the beauty of the mind; and the proportion of Lineaments is far more perſuaſive then all the Courtly Language in the world. For my part, Madam, reply'd *Abindarrays*, notwithſtanding all the reverence which I have for you, I cannot be of your opinion. For a lovely ſtatue may beget eſteem, but never inſpire love; though it be fair, it is not amiable. Beſides a ſtatue has this advantage, that it is always the ſame, and always preſerves thoſe perfections and graces, which it received from the cunning of the workman and the invention of Art. But let the lips, the eyes, the complexion and lineaments, the neck, the hands, the ſtature and ſhape of the body be never ſo lovely or exact, an uncourtly air, a clowniſh behaviour, an unſeaſonable ſimpring, defaces all that beauty, ſo that a man loaths the ſight of that which he looks upon as too unſeemly to be belov'd. But there is a lovely grace in what ever a Courtly perſon ſays or does: there is a ſecret charm in her diſcords, and a viſible charm in all her actions. There is ſomething, I know not what to call it, of eaſie, free, jolly and buxom which is the true character of the Court, which the Countrey breeding never was acquainted with. The Floridneſs of wit, the motion of the body, the air of the face, the tune of the voice, the ſmile of the eyes as well as of the lips, all contributes. This is the body of Courtlineſs; and now for the ſoul, which is a modeſt boldneſs, affability not too familiar; a refined judgement; an exact palate to diſtinguiſh between decent and undecent; an aptneſs in ſpeech to ſpeak well but little; to be free to praiſe, reſerved in blaming, neatneſs in jeſting, that awakens, never poiſons converſation; for the ſcurrility of a Clown is not to be endured. Spruceneſs without affectation, magnificence limited, natural eloquence, a knowledge of all things that adorn the mind, all this is the compoſition of true and exact Courtlineſs; and which diſtinguiſhes a Court Lady from a Countrey Madam. But when all theſe graces and beauties meet together as in your perſon; There is ſuch a mixture of excellency and perfection, that is rarely to be ſeen; and as ſcarcity augments the price; the value of your merit is aſſuredly beyond compare, and altogether ineſtimable. Thus Sir, the inamoured *Abindarrays* inſeparably leagu'd himſelf with *Alimare*, being enchanted with her politeneſs and curious breeding, wherein very few or none excell'd her. But the force of the charm continu'd not long; and the violence of his paſſion ſoon vaniſhed. Time it is, that his inconſtancy at that time was eaſie to be excuſed. For to ſay truth, that Lady had all the ill qualities that he had reckoned up in a Courtier, when he commended his Countrey Miſtreſs. She was a backbiter, envious, ſlothful, deceitful, impudent, exceſſively ambitious, voluptuous beyond diſorder, a tatler, faithleſs, and affected: So that *Alimare's* falſhood made *Abindarrays* for ſometimes not ſo zealous for Court breeding as he had been; and then it was that he was in love with three at a time, *Zeyneb*, *Abizane*, and *Aniza*; He made known his love to the firſt in theſe Lines.

Fair Lady, ſo ſtrong are the Charms of your eyes,
That who ever beholds them is ſtruck with ſurprize.
Of which ſince your Modeſty will not be told,
I'le only be bold
To ſay that I ſaw
Thoſe beauty's of yours, that all the world awe,
Then blame me no more
If I ſigh and adore.

To the ſecond he diſcovered himſelf in the following Epigram,

Tyranneſs, in vain you fly me,
And your preſence ſtill deny me
For where ere ſhe goes, my love,
And the Graces always move.

And to the third in this manner.

Lady for whoſe ſake I mourn,
Though with guiltleſs fires I burn;
Know, my pains are but ſuppreſt,
Then do you divine the reſt.

Truly Sir, he was then very full of employment, for he wrote news to one, ſent verſes to another, Love letters and Verſes both to a third; He gave a Serenade to one, a Ball to another, a Collation or a Play to a third; ſo that never any man ſeem'd to be more buſie. He attended upon *Zeyneb* when ever ſhe went a viſiting; he waited upon *Abizane* to Court; and he ſtuck cloſe to *Aniza.*

Aniza. He ſigh'd when he was in company with the firſt, becauſe ſhe was ſerious; he was jocund in the Company of the Second, becauſe ſhe was lively; and he was very humble and ſubmiſs when he was with the Third, becauſe ſhe was proud and ſtately; changing his colour like a Camelcon, as often as he changed his place. But notwithſtanding all his wit, he had but an ill time of it: For when he came to ſpeak of his Paſſion to *Zeyneb*, ſhe ſent him to *Abinaze*; when he went to viſit *Abinaze*, ſhe returned him to *Zeyneb*; and they two ſent him back to *Aniza*, and *Aniza* bid him ſtill go wait upon his other two Miſtreſſes: So that he was in miſery every where, and enjoyed no perfect tranquillity in any place. If he made a ſhort Viſit to any of thoſe Ladies, they tax'd him of Contempt; if he ſtayed long with one, the other two complain'd in their turns; and deſpiſed his proteſtations and his excuſes. Whereas he had not had above one or two Rivals, had he been in love but with one Lady; he had five or ſix, becauſe he had three to Court: and which was worſe, every one of theſe favoured one more particularly than himſelf. For he being divided in his Affections, and they ſingly employing all the diligence and Courtſhip upon one particular object, made a fairer progreſs in their Loves to their ſeveral Miſtreſſes, though he had the advantage both in Wit and Breeding above all the reſt; ſo that he was always the moſt unfortunate, being leſs in favour. But nothing more perplex'd him, than when he met with all together; for if he looked amorouſly upon one, the other was mad; and if he look'd upon all three alike, then were they all three alike diſcontented. And therefore, to rid himſelf of an Inconvenience ſo contrary to his Inclinations, he left them all three; and becauſe he could not love them all together, he reſolv'd to Court neither. Thus was he once more at liberty to ſeek out a new Miſtreſs. But he had been ſo often repulſed by Ladies of Quality of all ſorts, that I believe he would have fallen in Love no more, had he not met with a perſon that ſeemed to be of another world; and ſhe was a Comedian. She was Beautiful, Courtly, and full of Wit; ſhe ſung and danc'd well, ſhe played upon ſeveral Inſtruments, ſhe writ vere ſprightly both in Proſe and Verſe, and ſhe was moſt facetious Company: ſhe acted the beſt of any woman of her time; and her Delivery was ſo charming, that ſhe inſpir'd all the feigned Paſſions that ſhe acted upon the Stage. Her name was *Jebar*, whom *Abindarrays*, one day going to a Play, to put out of his head his paſt Adventures, beheld upon the Stage, acting the Part of *Sophonisba*: but ſhe did it with that Life and Paſſion, that after he had admired her, ſhe ſtrangely won his Affection. And as ſhe was a moſt incomparable Actreſs, through the ſtrength of his Imagination, he fancied to himſelf, while he was in love with *Jebar*, to be likewiſe in love ſometimes with *Arſinoe*, ſometimes with *Cleopatra*; to day with *Dido*, to morrow with *Berenice*; ſometimes with *Candace*, at another time with *Sophonisba*. And his head being full of nothing but Heroeſſes and Queens, Scepters and Thrones; the Amorous Dream which he dreamt waking, pleaſed his Vanity as well as his Love.

In this manner did *Abindarrays* fix upon the Comedian, as their Bills are placed upon the Play-houſe-door. He came early to the Theatre, as if he had been to ſpeak all the Prologues of the Plays wherein *Jebar* played a Part. He could talk of Machines, Perſpectives, Senſes and Shadowings; and from the Sandal to the Buskin, he knew all the terms of Art that belonged to the Theatre. But this Enchantment, though very delightful, laſted not long: for it was accompanied with ſo many Inconveniences, that the Charm was broken almoſt as it begun. For firſt and formoſt, *Abindarrays* found that ſhe ſtudied morning and evening, and that ſhe repeated her Leſſon after dinner, inſtead of keeping him company; and that three times a week his Miſtreſs was to appear in publick, to divertiſe the Spectators, inſtead of giving him the ſatisfaction which he deſired: ſo that he could hardly have any time to Court her, unleſs he followed her up and down like an Officer of the Houſe. Beſide, his nice eyes were wounded by the ſight of five or ſix men ſitting half naked by his Heroeſs; which ſcaandalous familiarity pleaſed him not at all, though in the way of that Calling, it could not be avoided. But that which abſolutely cured him, was the very thing that cauſed his Diſtemper; I mean *Jebar*'s eyes, or rather *Sophonisba*'s: For obſerving them to run a gadding, and rolling upon every one they ſaw, rather than upon poor *Maſſiniſſa*, his heart made an abſolute eſcape out of his Heroeſſes hands, and his Paſſion ended with the Comedy.

But now Sir, (who would believe it?) having been in love with one of another part of the World, he fell in love with one of the other World indeed; that is to ſay, with one that was dead.

There was at that time in *Granada* a young Virgin called *Zelurne*, exquiſitely beautiful: Nor was her Mind leſs amiable than her Countenance. Yet with all theſe Advantages, *Abindarrays* never had had any love for her, though he had greatly admired her: and notwithſtanding the high eſteem he had for her, he had never bequeathed her his heart. Now, Sir, this incomparable Lady had a Brother, a very worthy Gentleman; who, after he had ſhewed himſelf to be a perſon of extraordinary valour, was ſlain in fight. The ſad news whereof being brought to *Zelurne*, ſhe did not weep, or burſt into cries and lamentations, generally evaporating among the ſighs which attend that kind of Mourning: Her grief ſeemed to be more diſcreet. One would have thought that, after ſhe had heard Nature's voice, ſhe had liſtened to Reaſon; and that ſhe had been reſolv'd to owe that to her

Vertue, for which others are beholding to Time. But alas! it ſoon appeared how deceitful conjectures are; and that in driving her affliction from her lips and eyes, ſhe had ſtow'd it amply in her heart: for in three hours after, ſhe expired, ſuffocated by the exceſs of her grief; notwithſtanding all the skill of the Phyſicians, and all the aſſiſtance of her Mother and her Relations. A death ſo extraordinary, and the death of ſuch an extraordinary perſon, made a great noiſe in *Granada*; ſo that there was nothing elſe diſcourſed of. All people admired at ſo rare a proof of Friendſhip: nor could *Abindarrays*, among the reſt, forbear to take notice of it. Ah, cried he, ſuch a remarkable and ſo great an Example of Heroick Friendſhip, has not been heard of in the Story of any Age or Nation. It will be the Wonder of future times, having been the Ornament of ours. Fame it ſelf ought to conſecrate it to Eternity. Such an Exemplar of Tenderneſs, Friendſhip and Vertue, ought to be remembred from Age to Age. 'Tis a thing to be talk'd of by all Siſters to their Brothers, and by all Brothers to their Siſters. *Zelurne*'s Name ought to be regiſtred over all the Earth: all the World ought to know and admire it. If all the remarkable Actions that were ever done, were to be raſed out of the Memory of Man, only one excepted; this alone, without doubt, ought to be preſerved, to the prejudice of all the reſt; there being none that ever came near it. Never was Friendſhip more Noble, or more diſcharg'd from Intereſt: for ſhe that gain'd an Eſtate by his death, rather choſe to loſe her life: and preferring Friendſhip before Intereſt, Honour before Profit, Vertue before Fortune; refuſed to live more wealthy, that ſhe might die more vertuous. They that die for love are more to be blam'd than commended: their Paſſion cauſes their Impatience, their pleaſure occaſions their grief: But the Innocence of *Zelurne*'s friendſhip has extended the fame of her death, her honourable death has re-doubled the renown of her life. Oh happy Brother of ſuch a Siſter! Oh Siſter, moſt worthy of ſuch a valiant Brother. Willingly would I have ſubmitted to the fate of the one, to have had the friendſhip of the other: I could willingly have wiſh'd for ſuch a death, to have been ſo bewailed. Oh happy Ghoſt of a Brother: Oh moſt renowned Shade of a Siſter! I am jealous of you, moſt happy Ghoſt: I am enamour'd of thee, renowned Shade. My Flames ariſe out of thy Aſhes, my Love ſprings from thy Death, and thy Tomb is the Cradle of my Affection. But alas! replyed he to himſelf, what have I to do with a Ghoſt, a Shade, or a Tomb? Though the Living ſhould love the Dead, can the Dead do any thing in recompence for the Living? Do they behold their tears? Can they underſtand their complaints? And if they cannot underſtand our complaints; if they cannot behold our tears, and our lamentations, and the Paſſion which cauſes us to ſigh and weep, is not all our wailing to no purpoſe; and do we not injure our ſelves to weep and ſigh in vain? Reaſon ſays yes, but the opinion of my heart ſays no. The Idea of a Beauty ſo charming, and the Memory of an Action ſo glorious, tell me there is nothing in the world more worthy my Affection. Then let us love, let us love the Illuſtrious and famous Memory of an Action ſo famous and illuſtrious: Let us preſerve the Memory of it more carefully than our own lives. And ſeeing there is nothing ſo amiable as Vertue, let us love only her, and Court her alone.

In ſhort, Sir, this Noble Death had made ſuch an Impreſſion in the ſoul of *Abindarrays*, that Time had much ado to deface it. He talk'd of *Zelurne* only, he fancied nothing but her; for he conceited nothing upon earth ſo amiable. However as there are no Apparitions that ever continue long, by degrees that fair Apparition vaniſh'd, and his ſoul recovered its former tranquillity, and his heart the Liberty which it had loſt.

Now Sir, having ſeen the Illuſtrious *Abindarrays* in love with the Fat, the Lean; the Tall, the Little; the Fair, the Brown, the Merry, the Sad; the Married Woman, the Widdow; the Fair and Young, the Deformed and Old; the Mild and even Temper'd, the Haughty and Fantaſtical; the Witty, the Fooliſh; the Noble and Rich, the Poor and meanly deſcended; the Countrey Madam, the Court Lady; Three at a time, a Comedian, and a dead Virgin; one would think he had lov'd all ſorts of people in the world: Yet there is one more behind, that will amaze you, becauſe he lov'd her before he had ſeen her: For after all this, you ſhall ſee him once more fall in love with *Aldoradine*, by a very ſtrange and ſurpriſing accident.

A Friend of his, who was called *Echenicherribaſſi*, came one day to give him thanks for having beſtowed an Heroick Poem upon him, which he had made upon the Conqueſt of *Granada* by the *Moors*. But, added he, (pulling a Paper out of his pocket) I am not the only perſon that praiſes ſo noble a Piece of Ingenuity: for if you read this Note, ſaid he, you will ſee the Opinion of a moſt amiable Lady, to whom I ſent it into the Countrey, where ſhe is at preſent; and one that underſtands her ſelf in ſuch things, as well as the beſt Poet in *Granada*.

Thereupon *Abindarrays* opened the Paper, and read theſe words.

To Echenicherribaſſi.

THe Preſent which you ſent me is ſo excellent a Piece, that it is a raſhneſs to undertake to commend it: but though you account me never ſo raſh, it behoves me to praiſe it, and to praiſe it infinitely. In ſhort, your Illuſtrious Friend, in labouring to advance the Honour of his Renowned

nowned Conqueror, has no leſs advanced his own Fame; and in Crowning him with Lawrel, hath likewiſe made a Wreath of the ſame branches for his own Temples. Shall I preſume to ſpeak what I think? Then I believe him more Formidable than his Hero: for conſidering how he talks of Love and War, I take him to be a dangerous Enemy in both. This Accompt of what ſhe has read, together with her thanks for your Noble Preſent, returns you;

Aldoradine.

Ah! my dear friend, ſaid *Abindarrays*, a Countrey Lady never writ this Letter; for I obſerve a certain ſtyle, which the Countrey Ladies are not guilty of. You ſee however, anſwered *Echenicherribaſſi*, that ſhe does not live at Court. 'Tis very true, replyed *Abindarrays*, and yet I ſee ſhe has all the Graces and refinedneſs of the Court: which is the thing that makes me wonder and excuſes all my doubts. With that he began very attentively to read the letter over again. And not ſo content, he read it over and over again ſeveral times, and every time the commendations that he gave it rather ſeem'd to be a Panegyrick, then an Eulogie. He ſeemed to be tranſported, and to be rather a lover than an admirer. His eſteem in an inſtant ſeemed to change into paſſion even into a violent paſſion, ſuch a zeal and reſpect he had for her. But by and by the ſame doubts began to perplex him, as before: for he could not imagine that ſuch a letter could be writ any where but at Court. 'Tis very true reply'd his friend that the Letter was written in the Countrey: But I do not ſay for all that, that the Lady Learn'd to write in the Countrey after that manner. For ſhe has been a long time at Court with the charming *Axiamire*, her mother; And ſince her death ſhe has always lived with one of her kinſwomen nam'd *Lidice*, a Lady of ſo much wit, ſo refin'd in her judgment, and of ſo much knowledge and practice in the world, that ſhe could never forget in that place what ſhe learn'd there. Let it be as it will, reply'd *Abindarrys*, I think my ſelf oblig'd to return an Anſwer to the civility of ſuch a lovely Lady: and I beg of you to encloſe a Letter to her from me, the next time that you ſend. That will be to morrow, anſwer'd *Echenicherribaſſi*. And thereupon the next day, he ſent a Letter to his friend, wherein he wrote thus, if my memory fail me not.

To the Illuſtrious *Aldoradine.*

IF you were pleaſed to like my Poem, Madam, it was made under a happy Conſtellation: For there can be nothing more honourable, than to pleaſe you; 'tis certainly the utmoſt felicity of a well bred perſon: and having obtained it, 'tis as much as he can well deſire. And yet there is one thing more which I moſt fervently deſire; and that is, Madam, to have the honour to know your Perſon, as well as your merit. But I know not what I wiſh, in wiſhing ſuch an Honour; for if your face be but as beautiful as your mind, inſtead of the Crowns you ſpeak of, I ſhall rather meet with Fetters; and he that has made Conquerors, muſt become your Captive. Thus you ſee, Madam, your formidable Perſon begins to tremble; and he, of whom you ſeem'd to be afraid, abſolutely ſtands in fear of you; not doubting but you will triumph over him, after he has triumph'd over others. But though this dangerous Enemy be perſwaded that you are far more dangerous, he longs to meet with ſo happy a danger; and takes it for ſo great an Honour to follow ſo fair a Charriot, that he will never be aſhamed to let you find in the Number of your Slaves,

Abindarrays.

Echenicherribaſſi failed not to ſend this Letter to the Lovely *Aldoradine*; and in a few days after, he brought him an Anſwer to this effect.

To the Generous *Abindarrays.*

MY Palate would be very bad, if what pleaſes all the World, ſhould diſpleaſe me: and I muſt of neceſſity be blind, could ſo bright a ſplendor ſcape mine eye. Doubt not then any more of my eſteem, than I doubt of your Merit: and if that can be the utmoſt Felicity of a Perſon of your Worth, be perfectly happy; for all the reſpect and eſteem I have, is yours, as you are one of the moſt accompliſhed Perſons in the world. But, Illuſtrious Abindarrays, *I dare not wiſh that which you ſo earneſtly ſeem to deſire, for fear of being guilty my ſelf of ſpoiling that Picture which you have been pleaſed to make of me in your Fancy. And yet it is a difficult thing, not to deſire your Acquaintance; ſo that I believe, upon this occaſion, I ſhall prefer my*

ſatisfaction

Satisfaction before my Honour; though in all things else, I value my Honour above my Satisfaction. Then take no more care of your Liberty, than I do of the Reputation of my Beauty: and though my Fetters seem goodly, never be you afraid of wearing them; I assure you, 'tis a danger to which you will never be exposed: Yet let the worst come to the worst, and that you should be obliged to bear those Chains which you say are so honourable, you shall never complain of their weight; for whatever is of value, seems light, if once the price be known.

Aldoradine.

This Letter, Sir, was soon answer'd, and another immediately sent after it: by which means there came to be a very particular friendship, and a strict correspondency settled between those two Illustrious persons. And here we must admire the occult influence of the stars, that winds and turns our inclinations which way it pleases, and at the same time the Extraordinary reach of a profound and piercing wit; that div'd into the obscurities of the future, and foresaw all that came afterwards to pass. In short, *Abindarrays* not knowing why or wherefore, kept this new correspondency and friendship from *Zagahide*, from whom he never kept any thing private before. And in the management of that friendship, he used all the cautions, which are usual in making love. On the other side Illustrious *Lydice*, no sooner saw the first note that came from *Abindarrays*, but that through a violent impulse of nature, and a prophetick spirit of which she could not unfold the reason, she told her Kinswoman, that the Illustrious *Granadine* was in love with her: and that he would infallibly come and give them a visit. Ah! Madam, answer'd *Aldoradine* there is no likelyhood of it at all. For men never fall in love with what they know not. Nor is it the custome of the Courtiers, to seek after new Country acquaintance. 'Tis very true, reply'd *Lydice*; but however what I say will come to pass; and time will let you see that my conjectures are not ill grounded. In the mean time *Abindarrys* preparing as it were already to accomplish the prophecy, thought altogether upon the lovely *Aldoradine*, fancying no other object in his heart: He discoursed continually of her merit to himself; he was continually reading over her Letters which he had received: He impatiently expected those which he was to receive; and was strangely over-joy'd when they came to his hands, but when he read them, he seem'd to be in an Extasie. He lov'd to be alone; and avoiding all company, he saw nothing, nor desir'd to converse with any thing but the fair apparition of *Aldorine*. How ever perceiving that he had within himself, something of an unquiet sweetness, something I know not what to call it, of a restless disturbance intermixed with his private pleasure, he disputed the reason with himself, What new tempest is this, cry'd he; that threatens the calm and tranquillity of my life? What passion can this be that I never yet felt among all the passions, that have turmoyl'd my soul and vex'd my heart? What secret charm, what Magick force, what occult power is there in those fatal Letters, that rob me of my repose and my Liberty? Under what endearing constellation were they written? O heavens! Is it possible to love and yet not know the person? And yet is it possible to feel what I feel and not be in love? *Aldoradine's* apparition haunts me every where. Yet how can I call it *Aldoradine's* apparition, when I know not the resemblance. Most pleasing witchcraft! Fantastical manner of Loving! I find my self a Lover, yet know not with whom I am in Love; nor why, nor how I came to be so.

But, Sir, the Affairs of the War suspended all *Abindarrays*'s Amorous thoughts for a time. For so great was his Zeal and his Devotion for *Denoc*, (one of the most valiant Princes in the world, at that time out of favour at Court) that for a while, his Inclinations towards *Aldoradine* ceased, and the Correspondence between them was omitted. For the Common People beginning to grow weary of being tossed by the Tempests which they themselves had raised; began themselves also, to consider of a way how to appease it, and to think of recalling the King back to his Capital City. So that Great *Denoc*, finding once more by experience, that the good fortune of *Nizaran* (who was prime Minister) was invincible; prudently gave way to the Storm; suffering himself to be driven which way soever the Tempest wrack'd him; expecting some new Revolution to restore him, where his Merit and his Quality deserved to be. Thereupon he retired, the King and *Nizaran* returned, and *Abindarrays* stayed, either by *Denoc*'s Orders, or for his own particular Affairs. However it were, the Zeal which he had testified for that Prince, clouded him at Court: and he was commanded to forbear for the future those places where the people had their publick Meetings. This Lightening was followed by a Thunder-clap; for one day, as he was going forth early in the morning, to visit some one of his Friends, he understood at his house, that certain persons had by Order, arrested him, and carried him to the Vermillion Towers. That Accident extreamly surprized him: But being desirous to see another of his Friends, he found the same fate had attended him also; and that he was carried to the same place. This double Mis-fortune doubly disturb'd and afflicted him: and therefore, to free himself from the one, and to comfort himself in the other, he went in all haste to a third of his Friends; where he learned by the discourse

diſcourſe of the people which were gathered together, that he was in the ſame Condition; and that they had carried him to the Vermillion Towers before the reſt. However, having a large and reſolute Soul, he conſidered with himſelf; and rightly conjecturing, that *Granada* was no place of Security for him, and that if he went home again, he ſhould certainly be ſeized; and therefore, to avoid the danger, he betook himſelf to a little houſe in the Suburbs, right over againſt the Vermillion Towers; ſo that he came near the Priſon, on purpoſe to eſcape it: Nor did his Providence fail him; for a Lieutenant of the Guards, and twenty Soldiers lay privately all day in a Garden near his Lodging, to have ſeiz'd him and all his Friends, had he return'd home. But the perſon with whom he had entruſted himſelf, being his faithful Friend, he thought it not convenient to conceal his Miſ-fortune from her; and therefore he deſired her to go and bring *Zagahide* privately to him. When ſhe came, *Abindarrays* informed her of his Miſfortune; and how abſolutely neceſſary it was for him to leave *Granada*: Who thereupon, after ſhe had comforted him as much as her own grief would permit her, went and got all things ready that were needful for his departure. In the mean time another of his friends, to whom he had privately ſent; came to him in great haſte, and advertiſed him, that one of the three Priſoners having feed one of their Guard, had ſent him word by the Soldier, that the firſt queſtion that was asked him was, where *Abindarrays* was? So that there being no ſafety for him in *Granada*, he adviſed him to be gone. And thus, Sir, was the Illuſtrious *Granadine* confirm'd in his Reſolution of avoiding Impriſonment by Exile.

But here we muſt admire the power of the Stars, and that ſtrong and inviſible Chain, with which they lead us where ever they pleaſe. *Abindarrays* himſelf was of opinion to go and find out *Denoc*: The Perſon of the houſe would have had him gone to *Ceuta*: *Zagahide* would not have had him ſtirr'd out of the City; but adviſed him to lie private where he was, till he ſaw what became of the three Priſoners. His Friend that came to viſit him counſell'd him to retire to *Malaga*; having firſt obtained a Letter from the Governour of the place to his Lieutenant, to receive and ſecure him. The Generous Son of *Caraman* lik'd the laſt Counſel beſt, and reſolv'd to follow it; ſo that when his Friend had brought him the Governour's Letter, and *Zagahide* had provided all things ready, he could not but ſhed ſome tears in parting from her. He carried but two Slaves along with him, but they were too many by half: for one of them was ſo ſtupid, that notwithſtanding all the injunctions to the contrary; he never met any perſon upon the Road, that he did not tell who his Maſter was, whither he was going, and the Reaſons of his Journey. *Abindarrays* had ſeveral times overheard him in that impertinent Converſation of his, and as many times threatned to puniſh him if he did not behave himſelf more diſcreetly: but all his threats and hard Language ſignified nothing to that Prate-roaſt, who had no commandment of his tongue: ſo that *Abindarrays* was compell'd to draw his Scimiter, and ſwear to him, that if he did not hold his tongue at preſent, he would make him keep ſilence for ever: Whereupon, fear working more upon him than prudence, at laſt he carried himſelf more reſervedly; by which example we may learn how dangerous a thing it is for Perſons of Quality to be forced to truſt their Servants, who have neither Judgment, Diſcretion nor Honour. However *Abindarrays* at length got ſafe to *Malaga*, where he was admitted upon ſhewing of his Letter, with all manner of civility, by the Deputy-Governour of the place. And now is our Illuſtrious *Granadine* In a Garriſon far different from *Granada*; where the days were too long and tireſome to a Courtier, and where he had leiſure enough to entertain his ſad thoughts, and to make reflections upon his Miſ-fortunes. There he laboured by all the ways of Study and Contemplation, reading and writing to divertiſe himſelf, in a place where the Men were Clowns, and the Women deformed: But nothing would do, his ears were too powerful for his buſineſs and all his Philoſophy. So that not being able any longer to endure an inconvenience ſo inſupportable, he went down to the Key, ſeeking for an opportunity to embark into *Africa*; there to meet with the great *Denoc*, who was retired thither. He was no ſooner come to the place, but he agreed with the Mariners for his Paſſage in a Bark that was ready to ſet ſail ſo ſoon as the wind blew fair. But obſerve the force of Deſtiny, or rather of Chance or Hazard: For the Illuſtrious *Granadine* ſaw all the Straits of *Gibraltar*, and all the Coaſt of *Africa* before; and perhaps might rather fix his eyes upon the place whither he was bound, than the Coaſt which he had left. Yet the invincible power of Fate, or the blind force of Hazard, cauſed him to leave *Africa*, and reſolve to ſtay in *Europe*, without giving himſelf any reaſon for what he did. And thereupon obſerving a white Cape, and a Point of Land, ſome nine or ten Leagues off upon the right hand, he demanded of the Sea-men (only to proportion his diſcourſe to their Capacity) what that was that appeared at a diſtance as far as he could ſee, at the farther end of an Arm of the Sea? Sir, anſwered one of the Sea-men, 'tis the Haven of *Beſmeliana*, which is one of the moſt delicious places in the world. At the name of *Beſmeliana*, *Abindarrays* wak'd as it were out of a deep ſleep, and called *Aldoradine* to mind; which his troubles at *Granada*, and the dangers he had run through, had almoſt put out of his mind: And remembring that ſhe lived at a place called *Beſmeliana*, he asked the Pilot, if that were not the Caſtle where the Illuſtrious *Lydice* liv'd, who was accounted ſo great a Beauty? Yes, Sir, ſaid the Sea-

Sea-man, it is there that *Lydice* lives; and of all the places that I have ſeen either in *Granada* or *Andaluſia*, which are the moſt delightful places in the world, there is no Seat ſo beautiful as that. Upon thoſe words, *Abindarrays* left the Sea-men, and return'd home from the Key; having his fancy full of *Aldoradine*, and his heart altogether inflamed with that extraordinary fire that was already kindled in it; and which the trouble of buſineſs had only covered up in Embers, but not extinguiſhed. However, he did not alter his mind in reference to his Voyage; but believing the wind would not ſerve for two or three days, to the end he might paſs his time with more content in thinking upon *Aldoradine*, in ſending her tidings of himſelf, and hearing news of her; he ſent to her one of his Slaves, to to wait upon her with the following Letter.

To the Lovely *Aldoradine.*

SInce my Exilement brings me ſo near you, I am no longer to complain of my hard fortune; for ſhe has done me much more kindneſs than harm, to bring me ſo near the place where you inhabit. Malaga *is not altogether ſo fair as* Granada; *nor are the Mariners that live there ſo refined in their Converſations as are they that live at Court. But in lieu thereof, you are neither at Court, nor at* Granada, *though you are not far from* Malaga; *which in my opinion, is no ſmall advantage. Nor is it leſt an advantage to me, while it renders the place of my Baniſhment more pleaſant, and aſſwages the ſorrows of my Exile. For had not ſo famous a Neighbourhood ſtopp'd me in* Europe, *I had ere this been in* Africa. *In the mean time, if you have any good Nature, if you have any pitty for them that are in miſery, you will have a little care to comfort them in their miſ-fortune; and to let them underſtand, that where ever the fury of Storms and Tempeſts caſts them aſhore, you will not forget that the name of your Admirer is*

Abindarrays.

His Slave, after he had taken the Letter, made all the haſte imaginable; ſo that he ſeem'd to vye in ſwiftneſs with the Winds of *Andaluſia*, that were ſaid to engender horſes. But here again behold the ſtrange influence of the Stars: *Abindarrays* ſtaying in expectation of the Meſſenger's return, having nothing to do at *Malaga*, took a walk every day: and by means of that inviſible Chain that drew him, his uſual Walk was upon the Point of a Baſtion, from whence you might diſcern the Coaſt of *Beſmeliane*, though without any deſign or premeditated intent; ſo that his eyes were always fixed toward that part, not knowing exactly what obliged him to mind that place more than another. But at length the Meſſenger returned, and brought him the following Anſwer.

To the Illuſtrious *Abindarrays.*

YOu put me into a ſtrange ſurpriſe, though my joy was no leſs; nor can I tell whether my wonder or my joy were more prevalent. 'Tis a wonder to hear of ſuch a Perſon as you among the Rocks of Malaga; *but withal, there is no mean ſatisfaction in the hopes of ſeeing ſuch a Gueſt; in ſo much, that I cannot tell how to expreſs my thoughts upon either ſubject. It may be I do not underſtand my own intereſt, when I deſire your acquintance: For perhaps when you ſee me, I may loſe that good opinion, and that kindneſs which you have hitherto had for me. But whatever may come of it, I confeſs that my deſire ſurpaſſes my fear; and that I cannot chuſe but covet the acquaintance of ſo brave a perſon, though I were ſure to be ſlighted when he has ſeen me. As for what remains, the Illuſtrious* Lydice, *with whom I am at preſent, has commanded me to let you know from her, that you ſhall be as ſafe here as at* Malaga: *and I may add, that you will here find more content, in regard that excellent Lady will be your Companion. Accept then this Invitation, where ſhe deſires to ſee you, and where you deſire to ſee*

Aldoradine.

Abindarrays without doubt, was ſtrongly tempted to follow the Counſel which was given him, and to accept of ſuch an obliging Offer: But in regard he loves to do things after the moſt noble manner, he had a great conflict with his own thoughts, which he overcame at laſt; preferring Civility before Pleaſure, Reaſon before Intereſt, and his Duty before his good Fortune. However, finding himſelf obliged to teſtifie his acknowledgment of ſo generous an Offer, he diſpatch'd away his Slave with a ſecond Letter to this effect.

To the Charming *Aldoradine.*

I ſhould be unworthy the Honour which the Illuſtrious Lydice *has done me, ſhould I accept her Kindneſs. I muſt therefore deprive my ſelf of her favours, that I may deſerve her friendſhip; it not being juſt for me to expoſe to the*

the Kings anger, a perſon that ought to have been Queen her ſelf, had fortune done juſtice to her vertue. The violence which I put upon my ſelf, to refuſe your offer, may let you ſee that I underſtand, what I refuſe. And while I ſurmount the ſtrong deſire which I have to ſee both you and her, I triumph in a victory that may well deſerve a Laurel wreath. Lament my condition then; yet give me a little applauſe, in the midſt of your pity: For certainly never any thing was refus'd with more reluctancy, than what has now been deny'd by,

Abindarrays.

Lydice and *Aldoradine* detained the ſlave no longer than juſt ſo long as while they return'd an Anſwer: which was in the following lines.

To the Illuſtrious *Abindarrays.*

The cunning Nizaram *is as little to be fear'd as the Great* Mandar. *So that I have as little reaſon to be afraid now, as I had then. I have done for* Secar, *that which I am ready to do for* Abindarrays. *That fugitive Prince receives no other favour at my hands, which I would not freely pay to your vertue; and which I do not ſtill moſt gladly offer you. Let not my Intereſt make you forget your own, ſeeing that I fear nothing which you are afraid of: or of which you would perſwade me to be afraid: And thus having fully ſatisfied the niceſt ſcruples of the moſt exact vertue, which I ſuppoſe to be yours, let me alone to ſatisfie my own thoughts. And therefore once more, refuſe not the invitation of*

Lydice.

Abindarray's thought it not proper to refuſe any more; but believing that the ſame decency which made him keep a diſtance before, would not permit him now to make any further excuſe, he reſolv'd to go to that very place which he ſo extreamly coveted to ſee. So that after he had taken leave of the Deputy Governor of *Malaga*, he took horſe for *Beſmeliane.*

He was receiv'd by *Lydice* and *Aldoradine* with all the civility imaginable, and the beſt well-come that he could have expected. *Aldoradine* receiv'd him at the outward door, but with an air ſo charming and obliging, that ſhe would have won his heart by main ſtrength, had he not freely ſurrender'd it to her before. Ah! Madam, ſaid he, (making his obeyſance to her with a profound reſpect) you have ſhewn your ſelf to be an Angel, rather than a woman, in what you have done for me; ſuch a generous ſincerity, and ſuch a ſincere generoſity appears in your action; that only the heart which has the experience of it can be ſenſible of it, or can tell what it is. Sir, (anſwer'd ſhe moſt obligingly) a merit ſo extraordinary, as yours, will find the ſame reception where ever you come. For in whatever place there dwells but Reaſon and Breeding, there muſt be a civility and eſteem for the Illuſtrious *Abindarrays.* And ſince they that do juſtice to your Lordſhip, manifeſt their own vertue: the praiſe is all *Lydice's* and not mine: nor can I rob her of honour, but unjuſtly, nor you but by treachery, of the acknowledgement. Ah, Madam, reply'd the generous *Granadine*, I never aim'd to rob the Heroick *Lydice* of the freeneſs, and nobleneſs of her civility, nor of the gratitude which I ow her. But in regard I have not the Honour to be known by her, I muſt believe that it is for your ſake that ſhe obliges me. *Abindarray's*, reply'd ſhe, is known to all the world: and his merit is as great in *Beſmeliane*, as in *Granada.* But added that admirable perſon, preſenting him her hand, we do amiſs ſo long to deprive the Noble *Lydice* of the favour which ſhe ſo paſſionately deſires: and therefore, Sir, be pleas'd to give me leave to conduct you to her chamber, where ſhe impatiently expects your company. Where ever I am, Madam, reply'd he in your company, I ſhall be always happy. For from the firſt minute I beheld thoſe eyes, my love continues ſtill the ſame as it was before I ſaw you. *Lydice* receiv'd him at her chamber door with all the civility imaginable, and after ſhe had ſaluted him in a very obliging manner, Sir, ſaid ſhe, If I may believe my own heart, this is the moſt happy day that ever I ſaw in my life, and the moſt fortunate accident that ever befel me in my Life. For one reaſon it may be ſo, Madam, anſwer'd *Abindarrays*; For you are now doing a Noble act in vouchſafing your Protection, to an unfortunate perſon that fortune proſecutes, dreadleſs of a power which all Europe trembles at. An action above all the praiſe, and all the honour that can be done it. They that underſtand what belongs to vertue, reply'd *Lydice*, are never afraid of Fortune, when vertue is in jeopardy. But you being ſo well known at *Beſmeliane*, You have no reaſon to be afraid of any thing there, if there be nothing there that offends you. Ah, Madam, reply'd he, were this Wilderneſs of yours as dreadful, as it is pleaſant, provided you forſook it not, this ſolitude were to be preferr'd before all the Pomp of Cities. After he had ſo ſaid, the Illuſtrious ſon of *Caraman* paid his obeiſance to all the company that was with

Lydice, and then being all ſate down they enter'd into a very pleaſant diſcourſe. But before I repeat it, it behoves me to give you an accompt who were ſpeakers; You muſt know then that *Lydice* had two daughters, the Eldeſt who was call'd *Emira*, was a proper Lady, and one of the moſt exquiſite and moſt accompliſh'd beauties both of body and mind in the whole world, The youngeſt was named *Myres*; a perſon ſo amiable and ſo lovely that nothing could be more. As for *Aldoradine* ſhe is not ſo proper, but the ſhape of her body is ſo exact, the ancient *Venus*, ſo carefully preſerv'd at *Rome* was not more juſtly proportion'd. Her eyes are fair, large, and of a pale blew, but there is in them ſo much of amorouſneſs, ſo much paſſion, ſo much livelineſs, that they ſeem very lovely. Her hair is brown, but of a light brown, that wonderfully becomes her complexion. Her face is Oval, but her cheeks neither too plump nor too lean. Her lips ſomewhat full, but ſo fair and cherry red which nothing can parallel, her teeth are white and even, and from that coral and thoſe pearls, proceed a voice ſo ſweet, ſo alluring, ſo paſſionate, ſo harmonious, that it inſpires paſſion into all that hear it. Her complexion is ſomewhat brown, but very clear, lively and youthful. The ſhape and whiteneſs of her hands and arms even to admiration. Her wit excells her perſon, for it is ſublime, purely refin'd, and reaches the knowledge of things with a moſt exact judgement. And ſhe has written ſeveral things that are in high eſteem in the Court of *Granada*. What ſhall I ſay more Sir? Her ſoul is as noble as her birth; Her inclinations as lovely as her face. She is mild, upright, complaiſant, courteous, ready to do good, liberal, and loves her friends as well as her lovers. As for the men that were there, there was in the firſt place *Sivas* a Perſon of great quality and of a noble mind. The next was *Cenacre*, a perſon whoſe family was very famous for honourable atchievements, and noble alliances. He was no ſoaring wit; but in lieu of that he was generous and friendly; which are two qualities not to be deſpiſed. The name of the third was *Ebal*, a Gentleman very proper and of a noble behaviour: one that had ſeen the world, and knew it very well, and was no leſs a Courtier in the field than in the Court it ſelf. He talks much, but always to the purpoſe; merry and pleaſant in his diſcourſes: He is acceptable in all compánies, having a wit unexhauſtible. And his very enemies cannot but love him while he ſpeaks, ſo that his tongue never lying ſtill, his very enemies always love him. His fancy is ſo fertile and ſo full of pleaſant and facetious expreſſions, that there is no ſort of melancholy that can withſtand him, no ſorrow that he cannot aſſwage, nor no ſowr humour that he does not ſweeten. Theſe, Sir, were the Perſons that *Abindarrays* found at *Beſmeliane*, and thus began their diſcourſes, when they had every one taken their ſeats. I cannot believe Sir, ſaid ſhe to *Abindarrays*, but that it was a very great grief to your mind to be forc'd to quit the court and live in the countrey, and that both at *Malaga* and *Beſmeliane* you have often caſt a wiſhful look toward *Granada*, As for *Malaga*, Madam, anſwer'd he, tis a place that I wiſh'd my ſelf out of a hundred times, and that I could have been better contented to have tarry'd at Court, than to be ſhut up within the walls and fortifications of that Garriſon. But the caſe is not here the ſame: For having quitted one of the rudeſt places in the earth, to come to one of the moſt delighful Manſions in the world; having left the Fantaſtical ſhapes of Seamen for the company of ſuch perſons as I find here, I ſhould very much forfeit my judgment, to prefer *Malaga* before this place. However haughtily reply'd *Sivas*, methinks a Souldier ſhould not be out of Love with Fortifications; but that the noiſe of a drum ſhould be divertiſement enough to him. 'Tis very true, reply'd *Abindarrays*, with a *Sardonic* ſmile, provided that the Valiant man you ſpeak of be a greater Captain than I, and as good a Souldier as your ſelf. But for my part, I muſt acknowledge that I like a Ghittarr far better than a Drum; and a Lute far better than a Fife. That's my opinion clearly reply'd *Ebal*, For as I am a great lover of reſt and ſtillneſs, I admire thoſe Inſtruments that Lull a man finely aſleep, much beyond thoſe that hare a man out of his ſlumbers upon a ſudden; their harmony being too loud and harſh. Truly ſaid *Alycis* (kindly beholding *Abindarrays*) I ſhould never care for ſuch tempeſtuous Muſick at a Serenade: 'twould rather affright, then pleaſe me: and I ſhould ſooner take him for an Enemy, than a Lover that gave it me. For my part, ſaid *Lydice*, as I am a great Lover of the *Amazons*, I ſhould rather prefer the Warlike harmony, before the Muſick of peace; and the Louder noiſe, before the ſofter. Nay Madam, reply'd *Syvas*, if you are of my ſide, I will never alter my opinion; You may do well then ſaid *Abyndarrays*, to give her a ratling Serenade of Thunder if you can get it: ſince your Ears are ſo much delighted with noiſe. Such terrible Muſick as that ſaid *Sivas* would alarm all the Countrey, and make the people ring their bells backward. That's no great matter, reply'd *Aldoradine*, for all that dreadful noiſe and din would never terrifie *Sivas*. I confeſs it Madam anſwer'd He, for I am too much accuſtom'd to the Tumultuous ſounds of War to be offended at them. Surely ſaid *Lydice* laughing, *Cenacre* ſleeps very ſoundly, ſince the noiſe of thunder will not wake him; for he had not ſaid a word all that while. The reaſon of that is, added *Ebal*, very facetiouſly, becauſe his contemplations have tranſported him into the Middle Region where Thunder is produc'd; ſo that He could not hear, at ſuch a diſtance, what

what was done upon the Earth. I have not been ſoaring ſo high, added *Cenacre*, as it were waking out of a dream, for I have met with ſomethings upon the Earth that keep me from thinking upon Meteors. But, reply'd *Lydice*, ſetting this diſcourſe aſide, I cannot but admire at that Inviſible Power, that wonderful conſtellation, which begat that friendſhip between *Aldoradine* and *Abindarrays*; and by an inconceivable prodigy, caus'd them to love before they had ſeen each other; whereas it is acquaintance that begets affection. 'Tis moſt certain, Madam, reply'd he, that on my ſide never was any engagement deeper or more to be wonder'd at, than that which you ſpeak of. You muſt not expect, Sir, anſwer'd *Aldoradine*, that I ſhould anſwer your complement with another of the ſame: For beſides that my friendſhip is not ſo great as to be look'd upon as a Miracle, I think I ſhould not confeſs it, though it were ſo. So then, ſaid *Ebal*, tacitly ſhe ſeems to imply her aſtoniſhment; and if we may be allow'd to conjecture, we may give a ſhrew'd gueſs at her meaning. Since you are ſuch bad interpreters, reply'd ſhe, you will enforce me to explain my ſelf. Forbear giving your ſelf that trouble, Madam, I beſeech you, anſwered *Abindarrays*, and give me leave to pleaſe my ſelf with my Error. No, ſaid, *Lydice*, You may believe it, and not deceive your ſelf. For ſhe has not concealed from me, what ſhe hides from you: and I dare undertake that the affection is reciprocal, and that the Influence of the Stars has wrought no leſs upon her than upon you. O Madam, replyed ſhe, I cannot be of your opinion. Your lips may deny it, anſwered *Lydice*, but your eyes confeſs it. And therefore I adviſe the Illuſtrious *Abindarrays* to believe your eyes, rather then your lips. I ſhall take your advice anſwered he, and believe that which pleaſes me, though perhaps it may not be altogether ſo true. Perſons of our quality and courage, haughtily cryed *Sivas*, Ought to believe it without any reluctancy; for noble Extraction and Valour, are qualities that command reſpect. Yet Quality and Valour are of little worth, if there be not an addition of other vertues. For otherwiſe ſaid *Ebal*, we ought to Love none but Kings and Lions if there were a neceſſity for us to love nothing but Pedegrees and Valour; and truly they would be two dreadful Miſtreſſes. Let it be as it will, added *Lydice*, I would fain know which is the moſt powerful of the two, Love by choice, or Love from inclination? Surely, Madam, replyed *Ebal*, this is a controverſie eaſily decided. For Inclination is but a ſlight motion of the ſoul, an inſenſible proneneſs of Nature that imperceptibly incites it, to deſire one object rather than another. To ſay the truth, Inclination is but the beginning of Love, a ſpark of that great fire that inflames all the World; ſo that then we cannot be ſaid to be in Love: and when a perſon has gone no farther, he may well retreat; he may recover the Port, and avoid the Storm. While only Inclination troubles the mind, Reaſon may aſſwage it; when that firſt ſpark appears, Reaſon may quench it. The fancy is diſturbed, but the heart is not moved: the eyes taſte ſome kind of pleaſure, but the heart is not touched: there is neither acquaintance nor eſteem as yet. Thoſe vertuous Qualities that beget love, are then undiſcovered: Nor has the Will, which is aſſuredly the moſt noble Power of the Soul, any ſhare in that Affection; being aſleep when it ſhould wake, a mere Paralytick Faculty, without either Life or Motion; that neither knows what it does it ſelf, or what the ſoul would have it act. But it is not ſo with that judicious and enlightned Paſſion, that quick-ſighted affection which Reaſon governs, and at firſt begat; far from that blind Inſtinct of Animals that hurries them on; not knowing whither they are carried. For this wiſe Paſſion looks before-hand, conſiders, examines; and the prudent Lover knowing that acquaintance produces love, never loves till he knows perfectly the object of his love: it being certain, that the perfection of love proceeds from the perfection of that acquaintance that inſpires it: the excellency of the Cauſe communicating it ſelf to the Effect, all that is good being communicative. Beſides all this, we find that men are naturally vainglorious, and that every one is fond of his own Workmanſhip, and therefore there is no queſtion to be made, but that we have a greater affection for thoſe things which we make choice of our ſelves, than for any other; That we had rather freely beſtow our hearts, than have them violently torn from us. That there is more content in ſerving a Miſtreſs that we have made choice of, than one that we meet with by accident; and never knew before. And certainly that Slave is more happy that chuſes his Captivity, than he who has his Chains put on by force. On the other ſide, when a Lady underſtands that her Servant did not fall in love with her, till after a ſerious deliberation, and after a perfect examination of her Worth and Quality, ſhe will think her ſelf more ſafe in ſuch a prudent Affection, than in an inconſiderate and blind Paſſion, which obliges not becauſe it is not voluntary; and never continues becauſe of its violence. But when a Lady is perſwaded, that the Influences of the Stars have fetter'd her Captive, that there is a fate upon him to die for her, and that his Inclination holds him as faſt as her Chains; ſhe contemns thereupon both the Chains and the Captive, ſhe becomes as proud as he ſubmiſs, and he is as unfortunate as ſhe proud. From whence I conclude, without any Injury to the Stars, that Love by election is far ſtronger than Love by inclination. For my part, replyed *Abindarrays*, I am not at all of your opinion: rather I believe that you have miſtaken the Name; and that while you thought to ſpeak of Love, you talk'd of nothing but Friendſhip; ſeeing all that you have ſaid, relates more to Friendſhip, than to that

other Paſſion. For I would fain know whether that Philoſophical Paſſion that examines, conſiders, brings formal Arguments, and having drawn Conſequences from thence, concludes that ſuch or ſuch a perſon is worthy of his love, have the leaſt Lineament, or the leaſt Air of all that which you ſee in love. Friendſhip perhaps, as you have ſaid, not conſidering what you ſaid, may be wiſe, judicious, quick-ſighted; may examine, conſider, diſpute and follow that reaſon which contracted it; and never truly love till it be perfectly acquainted with the Object beloved. For that Paſſion not being over-violent, reſerves all the coolneſs which is requiſite in the Operations of the Judgment; and diſcerning all the perfections of what it deſires, withal it deſcries all the defects: and having ſeriouſly conſidered both in cold blood, without commotion, without trouble, without being tranſported, it begets a love of that which is amiable, and a diſlike of that which is not ſo. But that ſerious examination, that diligent ſearch, that perfect acquaintance, are all infallible marks of its remiſneſs. And the Beaſts that you ſpeak of are no otherwiſe carried on by their Paſſions, than as they are incapable of Friendſhip, though capable of Love. Thus you ſee that Philoſophical Luke-warmneſs, that deliberative Paſſion, which deſires to be acquainted before it loves, is but indeed the character of Friendſhip. But Love ſhoots down from the ſtars into the heart with that rapid ſwiftneſs, that it permits no leiſure to conſider. The Soul is taken before it has liberty to ponder upon the object that ſurpriſes it: The Paſſion begins from the very inſtant of the firſt view: The eye no ſooner beholds what is amiable, but the heart perceives it ſelf inthrall'd: And that predominant Conſtellation, that occult and Tyrannick force, by an inviſible Chain, draws us with an unparrallell'd force; binds us with thoſe Fetters which we are not able to break; and entangles us in thoſe Nets, from whence it is impoſſible for us to free our ſelves. 'Tis not Beauty, Wit or Youth begets this Paſſion, for the Deformed, the Simple and the Old are many times beloved. 'Tis not Wealth or Birth that breeds Affection, for the Poor and the meanly Born are many times the Objects of high Adoration. And therefore we muſt conclude, that our Choice begets us Friends, but the Stars create our Love. For my part, ſaid *Aldoradine*, I am of the ſame opinion; and the force of your Arguments pierces into my thoughts with the ſame ſwiftneſs, with which you ſay, that Love ſhoots down from the ſtars into the heart. For my part, replyed *Myres*, I had rather my paſſion ſhould proceed from the clearneſs of my ſight, than the light of the ſtars: For 'tis more probable, and more natural, that they that are amiable ſhould make themſelves to be beloved, rather than to dream that our paſſions proceed from the ſtars, that never concern themſelves with us. Then you confeſs, lovely *Myres*, anſwered *Cenacre*, ſmiling, that when you would be beloved, you make it your buſineſs to enthral our Affections. That's a thing never to be denyed, replyed *Ebal*; for ſhe has certain eyes that take too much pains to triumph: and thoſe lovely Victors are none of thoſe fortunate, but negligent Captains, that aſcribe all their Victories to Chance: For ſhe makes it her buſineſs to vanquiſh. I muſt acknowledge it, anſwered ſhe, and *Cenacre* ſpeaks too little; not to ſpeak to the purpoſe, when he does. For my part, ſaid *Sivas*, being no more for the ſtars than he was for the Ladies eyes, I ſhould never endure to have a force put upon me: for if I were conſtrain'd to do a thing, all the ſtars in the Firmament, nor all the eyes in the World ſhould never compel me to do a thing againſt my Will. Surely, replyed *Emire*, ſince the time of the Gyants, you are the only perſon that durſt advance your courage againſt Heaven. As there is ſome kind of correſpondency between the *Amazons* and Heroes, ſaid *Lydice*, I am much of *Sivas*'s mind; for I would do what I had a deſire to do. But here they were forced to break off, word being brought to *Lydice*, that the Table was ſerved.

And now that you may know the ſeveral Intereſts of theſe Illuſtrious Perſons, you muſt underſtand, that *Lydice* being but fourteen years older than her eldeſt Daughter, was then very handſome, in ſo much that *Ebal* had been in love with her: But *Emira's* extraordinary Beauty having taken his Affections off from *Lydice*, he had left the Mother for the Daughter, and began to adore the riſing Sun. However, he concealed his love for the Daughter, for fear of incenſing the Mother. As for *Emire*, certain it is that *Ebal*'s moſt excellent diſpoſition had almoſt engaged hers; and yet ſhe could not but take ſome delight in the proud humour of *Sivas*, and in the diſcourſes of his Nobility and Valour. For his part, he loved the Nobility of his Anceſtors, and the Rehearſal of his Exploits as well altogether as his Miſtreſs, though ſhe were one of the moſt lovely Creatures in the world, and moſt likely to engage a heart. As for *Mires*, ſhe did not contemn the Conqueſt of *Cenacre*; yet ſhe was not contented with that alone: while her brisk and ſparkling eyes, neglecting no opportunity, endeavoured to pleaſe all, by perſwading every one that ſhe had got the art to pleaſe them. As for *Cenacre*, though Intereſt obliged him to *Mires*, his Inclination carried him to admire the fair *Aldoradine*; and before *Abindarrays* came, I believe ſhe had an opinion good enough of him. But *Abindarrays* taking a walk the next morning by the banks of a fair Lake near the Caſtle, began to reflect within himſelf upon what he had ſeen the day before, though chiefly upon *Aldoradine*. Well then, extraordinary Lover, ſaid he to himſelf, haſt thou found what thou haſt ſought for? Is not thy fancy deceiv'd? Is *Aldoradine*, now thou haſt ſeen her, like that *Aldoradine* which thou hadſt ſhap'd in thy Imagination? Is ſhe the ſame, or is ſhe another? Has this more or

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leſs beauty? Has ſhe more or leſs wit? Art thou more or leſs enamour'd? In ſhort art thou ſtill *Abindarrays*, is ſhe ſtill *Aldoradine*. Yes, yes, purſu'd he, ſhe is ſtill the ſame; nor haſt thou chang'd thy mind any more then ſhe has done hers? Thou didſt believe her charming, and ſo ſhe is: thou wert her lover, and ſo thou art ſtill: And the Portraiture that I made at random, proves to be a true picture, and thy Notional Paſſion becomes a real Love, Love her then as thou didſt love her, ſince ſhe is as amiable as ever ſhe was: have the paſſion for her ſince ſhe has the ſame countenance, and be thou always *Abindarrays*, ſince ſhe is ſtill *Aldoradine*. But reply'd he to himſelf, art thou ſure ſhe is ſtill *Aldoradine*, as thou art ſtill *Abindarrays*? Art thou ſure to meet her ſtill as kind as her Letters were obliging? or who can aſſure thee that ſhe ſtill believes thee ſuch as ſhe expected thee to be? Her eyes have told me ſo, reply'd he again: Her looks have let me underſtand it; and the ſtars have aſſur'd me of it. The power of the ſtars has been too predominant in the birth of her friendſhip: and the force of reciprocal Inclination, has been too viſible both in the one and in the other, For her to forſake her own thoughts, as I have abandon'd my heart: But ſaid he, O the Majeſty of *Lydice* tempted with ſuch a charming ſweetneſs. Oh the rare beauty of *Emira*; Oh the Eloquent eyes of *Myris*, does all this make no Impreſſion upon thy ſoul? 'Tis all fair, 'tis all amiable, yet none of all this moves my affection. *Aldoradine* prevails over *Lydice*, over *Myres* and over *Emire*, though they every one deſerve before her. Then let us love her ſtill, ſince we lov'd her before we ſaw her; and ſince the Copy is ſo like the Original, never let us change our paſſion, ſince the Object is not changed.

As he was returning through the Garden to the Caſtle, he met with *Aldoradine* alone muſing to the Muſick of a purling ſtream in a ſhade of Orange trees, and approaching her with a low obeyſance, Madam, ſaid he, preſenting her with two papers of verſes which deſcrib'd the height of his paſſion for her, do me the favour to tell me whether the Country Muſes have as favourably inſpir'd me here, as they did at Court: and whether that which I have done at *Beſmeliana*, have as good luck to pleaſe you as the piece which I compoſed at *Granada*. Sir, anſwered ſhe very civilly; I make no queſtion but *Abindarrays* is ſtill *Abindarrays*, and that in what ever place he invokes thoſe fair Goddeſſes, a perſon of his breeding will be their favour'd lover always. With that ſhe ſet her ſelf very ſeriouſly to read what he had given her; and when ſhe had done; Ah! Sir, ſaid ſhe, to the Illuſtrious *Granadine*, you muſt not think to have your verſes again till *Lydice* has ſeen them, and all the Company has admired the Invention of your Fable. Madam anſwer'd he, that which you call a Fable is a ſtory; there is not a word of fiction in it. You wrong your ingenuity, reply'd ſhe; For invention being the life of Poetry, if you take away the invention, you take away the ſoul of your work. And therefore for your own Honor's ſake I would willingly believe it to be all fabulous, to the end I might think it the more Poetical; and have more a care of your own reputation then you have your ſelf. Take leſs care of my Honour, Madam, reply'd he, and more of my repoſe. For as long as you queſtion the truth of my words, I ſhall never be ſatisfied. Sir, do not deceive your ſelf, ſaid ſhe; for there are certain pleaſant Truths, which never pleaſe me ſo well, as ſome quaint Fables: and if you will believe me, added ſhe, with a certain kind of pride in her ſmile, keep to the Fable, and wave the Hiſtory, which will not be ſo much for your advantage. And having ſpoken thoſe words ſhe returned back to the caſtle, not giving him time to return an anſwer, and *Abindarrays*, obſerving her heart was not a place to be carried by one onſet like an ordinary Garriſon, but to be formally beſieg'd; ſaid no more of his Love at that time, but chang'd his diſcourſe.

Not having ſucceeded in his verſes he reſolv'd to try her in proſe: and ſince he had been unfortunate in his poetry, to ſee what he could do by talking to her. He fail'd not therefore to take the firſt opportunity, and having firſt prepared *Aldoradine* with his paſſionate and reſpectful looks, he told her at length, trembling as he ſpoke, that if his paſſion had been extraordinary, that cauſed him to love her before he knew her; it was now no leſs extraordinary for it's violence, now he had ſeen her. That his eyes had fully accompliſh'd what the ſtars began. That his will had followed his inclination; and that having loved by the overruling power of Fate, acquaintance had increaſed his affection. He added that an affection ſo ſtrangely begot, deſerved a kindneſs as unuſual; and that unleſs ſhe would be more powerful then the ſtars, and more potent then deſtiny, it behoved her to accept of his affection, and to repay him with hers. But that lovely Lady ſtood as yet ſo much upon her punctilio's of Honour, that he gained very little or no ground: and to defend her ſelf to the utmoſt that ſhe might yield with more honour, ſhe put on all her gravity and anſwered very ſeriouſly, that this love before acquaintance was but a blind kind of Love. That there was ſome things of recreation doubtleſs in being ſo fantaſtically enamoured, while it was only look'd upon as a ſimple ſport of the mind, and as a trifle, pleaſant in the Relation: But that he, who thought ſhe believed there was any thing of ſeriouſneſs in an Extravagance of that Nature, took her for one that built caſtles in the air. That in ſuch things as theſe, ſhe preferred Fable before Hiſtory: and that if any one were ſo bold as to ſigh for her, it muſt be very ſoftly unleſs he expected

to

to be ſeverely chaſtiſed for his raſhneſs; and that though it were impoſſible for him not to love her, yet it behov'd him not to tell her ſo. Thus, Sir, ſhe play'd her game ſo well, and conceal'd her thoughts ſo exactly: that *Abindarrays* was once more conſtrain'd to conceal his own, notwithſtanding his eager deſire to ſpeak. But at length as reſolute as ſhe was, not to make a diſcovery of her ſelf, *Abindarrays* began to perceive, that ſhe became ſomewhat more given to contemplation, more melancholy and more ſolitary: By degrees ſhe began to wean her ſelf from the company of *Cenacre*, and not to ſpeak to any perſon, almoſt unleſs it were the Illuſtrious *Granadine*. By degrees ſhe began, notwithſtanding all the oppoſition which ſhe made to the contrary, to ſuffer the eſcape of long, ſad and Paſſionate ſighs; and being taken in the act more than once, ſhe pretended her ſelf to be ill, and that ſhe was troubled with a ſhortneſs of breath. However by chance there fell out an unlucky accident that fully diſplay'd all *Aldoradine's* reſervedneſs: For *Abindarrays* riding the great Horſe, in curvetting and rearing upon his hind legs, the Horſe tumbled backward, and falling upon *Abindarrays*, hurt him ſo, that he was taken with a fever, and was in a great deal of danger: So that in his ſickneſs coming one day to ſee him, he expreſſed himſelf to her in ſuch obliging and paſſionate language, that not being Miſtreſs of her ſelf, the tears trickled down her cheeks, which ſhe in vain endeavoured to hide; and then her extraordinary diligence towards the ſick perſon, plainly diſcovered how dearly ſhe valued his life and his recovery. And indeed from that day forward the lovely *Aldoradine* began inſenſibly to hearken to him, to reply with leſs ſeverity; and at length to hearken to him, and to anſwer him as favourably as he could wiſh or deſire. And thus their hearts compleated what the ſtars had begun. And thus was the Prophecy of *Lydice* fulfilled; a reciprocal affection between thoſe two noble hearts making good her prediction. However, there fell out two accidents that had like to have ſpoiled all. The firſt was this, that ſome of the Domeſtick Servants of *Lydice* being in diſcourſe with *Abindarrays*'s Slaves, were telling them how glad they were to hear of ſuch a ſtrict Allyance ſo firmly eſtabliſhed between their Maſter and *Aldoradine*; the Match, as they conceiv'd, being already concluded to the general ſatisfaction of ſo many Perſons of Quality. This News made *Abindarrays*'s Slave fall out into a great fit of laughter; which when they wondered at, Alaſs my dear friends, ſaid he, I find you are but little acquainted with my Maſter's Humour, if you think he has any ſuch deſign; for he does no more here, than what he does in all other places: He ſays nothing to *Aldoradine*, but what he has ſaid to five hundred others already: And there are four or five of us Slaves, that have no other buſineſs to do at *Granada* from morning till night, but to carry Love-letters to this and t'other Lady; that he either is in love, or pretends to be in love with all. So that if you think to dance at his Wedding, you will have time enough to learn new Figures; for I dare undertake, you will never ſhake your heels there. This was told again to the Lovely *Aldoradine*; ſo that the very next time ſhe ſaw him, ſhe beheld him with a diſdain mix'd with anger; which perplexed him ſo much the more, not being able to divine the cauſe. But when ſhe had told it him, he fell a laughing, and made her laugh likewiſe; and after he had told her a hundred ſtories of his paſt Inconſtancy, he made ſo many proteſtations of his preſent paſſion and his future fidelity, that at length the Storm blew over, and the weather grew as fair as before. But no ſooner had he ſcaped this Tempeſt, but he met with another: for *Aldoradine* received a Letter written in a ſtrange hand without any Subſcription, wherein ſhe was adviſed to look to her ſelf; aſſuring her, that he that went by the name of *Abindarrays* at *Beſmeliane*, was not the famous *Abindarrays*, who was in ſuch Reputation at *Granada*. Certain it is, that *Aldoradine*, never having ſeen the Illuſtrious *Granadine* before, nor *Lydice* but once, and that when he was very young, they were both exceedingly troubled at firſt; but *Abindarrays* having ſurpriſed her, as ſhe was reading the Letter, and obſerving the diſturbance in her Countenance, jeſted with her ſo facetiouſly, and with ſo good a Grace, for being ſo eaſie to believe falſities; and for her incredulity of the truth; that ſhe was ſoon convinced, that the *Abindarrays* at *Beſmeliane*, was the *Abindarrays* that belonged to the Court, and was the right Son of *Caraman*. For his part, he verily thought that the Jealouſie of *Cenacre* had invented this plot, to put him out of *Aldoradine's* favour: and that which confirm'd him in his opinion was, that ſome days before, *Cenacre* had told him privately, that in regard it might be any man's caſe, by reaſon of his being driven out of Town ſo unexpectedly, to be unprovided of Money; therefore if he thought fit to retire into *Africa*, he ſhould find his Purſe there very freely at his ſervice; aſſuring him he need not ſtay in *Europe* for want of money, if that were the reaſon only. *Abindarrays* ſmiling to himſelf at a Liberty propounded ſo much for his own ends, thanked him however very civilly; but told him withal, that in regard he thought himſelf ſafe at *Beſmeliane*, he did not much care for *Ceuta*: for ſince he could be but an Exile in both places, that where he had always the company of *Aldoradine*, muſt of neceſſity be preferred before any other. *Cenacre* made no reply, ſeeing his Rival was not to be caught with chaff. However, to put a ſlur upon him, and not to be ſeen to have any ſuch deſign, he engaged *Myres* one day when all the company were met, to propound a queſtion, whether of the two lov'd beſt, he that is making his firſt love, or he that has lov'd more than once. *Cenacre* not willing to loſe the opportunity,

portunity, declared himſelf poſitively for him that was making his firſt Love: Novelty, ſaid he, has a particular charm, and the heart that never lov'd before finds ſo much pleaſure in its loving, that it abandons it ſelf wholly up to its delight, and thereby plainly evinces the force of a new Paſſion. Then he averr'd that the beauty and grace of Love was in its ſpring, or firſt Seaſon: that the blood of youth being fuller of ſpirits than heat, communicates its flames to the heart that gives it life; and re-doubles the paſſion, in re-doubling that heat. But the elderly Lovers, that have loved many, and in ſeveral places, their paſſions muſt of neceſſity wear out. Beſides, theſe did it either out of their own inconſtancy, or the infidelity of their Miſtreſſes; if out of their own inconſtancy, that they would never leave off their old habits; if for the levity of their Miſtreſs, they would be afraid how they ventur'd again; always ſuſpicious, and jealous of what they had already experienced. *Abindarrays*, who had too much wit not to underſtand where the ſhot was aim'd; beholding *Aldoradine* with a graceful ſmile, and turning toward *Cenacre*; He is a vain-glorious Scholar, ſaid he, that will preſume to ſet himſelf above his Maſter; for the Art of Love is too difficult a thing to be learnt ſo ſoon: They that that hardly know what is lovely, can never tell how to love well; for ſuch Apprentices as they meddle with what they underſtand not; ſo their Fire is like the blaze of a Bavin, violent, but nothing durable. And in regard they have no experience either in the World, or in matters of Love, or in the humours of Women, they are preſently nonpluſſed and puzled with the leaſt difficulties which they meet with, the leaſt inconſtancy or coyneſs makes them deſpair; ſo that their firſt love dies ere it be well conceived. But wiſely we endure what we have made others endure; and knowing that the Law of Equality is juſt, we are not ſevere to others, knowing how much we have need ſometimes of pardon our ſelves: and therefore they that have loved more than once, love beſt. I am of your judgment, ſaid *Sivas*; for had I thouſand Miſtreſſes, I ſhould think the laſt Miſtreſs were the more engaged to me, ſeeing I had quitted all the reſt to ſerve her. Certainly ſuch a heart as yours would be a very great Offering to the laſt Divinity, added *Ebal*, if it were not of more value than the ancient *Hecatomb*. I know not what you mean by the word *Hecatomb*, ſaid *Mires* ſmiling, but I muſt confeſs, I ſhould never care for ſuch a young Novice's heart, nor ſhould I be willing to have a Scholar for my Maſter. I am perſwaded *Myres* is in the right, ſaid *Aldoradine*, and that the Knight ſhould be a little more knowing than the Lady. Your opinion is ſo juſt, added *Emire*, that I muſt ſubſcribe as well as my Siſter. Ah! *Cenacre*, replyed *Lydice*, unleſs I take your part you will be run aground, and the beſt Cauſe will appear the weakeſt. They will not prove it ſo eaſily the weakeſt, if you protect it, Madam, ſaid he; for merit excels number, and your vote is more than all the reſt of their voices.

In theſe and ſuch other diſcourſes they paſſed their time for ſeveral weeks together. And all the while, *Ebal* feigning to love *Lydice*, really lov'd *Emira*. *Lydice* watched *Emira*, ſuſpecting her to be in love with *Ebal*. *Emira* loved *Ebal* effectually, not having any diſaffection to *Sivas*. *Sivas* was in love with *Emira*, but more with his own Courage, and high Extraction. *Cenacre* ſeemingly enamoured of *Myres*, more affectionately loved *Aldoradine*. *Myres* not minding *Cenacre*, was always pickeering with her eyes to catch the heart of *Abindarrays*. But *Aldoradine* had wholly taken off her affection from *Cenacre*, and had entirely ſubmitted her heart to the Illuſtrious *Abindarrays*. While *Abindarrays* vehemently loving *Aldoradine*, yet ſuffered his eyes to anſwer the glances of *Myres*; who was as liberal of her preſents as of her glances; for ſhe gave him a Signet, in the Graving whereof Love and Fidelity were repreſented under the Figures of *Cupid* and a Dog: but ſo artificially done, that nothing ever ſurpaſſed the Graver's and the Gold-ſmith's Work. *Abindarrays* return'd her thanks in the following four lines, which I will repeat, becauſe they are ſhort.

How does this Seal my growing joys improve,
Where ſits engrav'd the conquering God of Love!
Yet might you, ere the Graver ſhew'd his Art,
Have ſeen the firſt impreſſion in my heart.

Though *Abindarrays* gave her theſe Verſes never ſo ſlyly, and that *Myres* were no leſs cunning in concealing them; yet *Aldoradine* having diſcovered them in her Scritoire, writ upon the back ſide theſe following lines.

Excuſe my heart, for it will ake,
When my Rivals Preſents make:
Freely for to tell my mind,
All ſuch Gifts are ill deſign'd.
For they give, to ſteal from thoſe
That have nothing to diſpoſe.

When *Myres* ſaw theſe Verſes, ſhe did not ſeem to be much troubled, but making a jeſt of the buſineſs, merrily told *Alderadine*, that ſhe knew very well that ſhe had given *Abindarrays* a ſignet, but ſhe had never ſeen any of theſe theſe tender billets which he had ſealed with it; and which ſhe queſtion'd not but that *Aldoradine* lock'd up ſafer, than ſhe had done her verſes. The other underſtanding how to jeſt, was not offended in the leſt; only ſhe told the Illuſtrious *Granadine*, that

if he made verſes to *Myres*, ſhe would ſend verſes to *Cenacre*. However *Myres* ſparkling eyes were continually employ'd: they darted forth glances after glances; when ſhe ſmil'd with her lips, they ſmil'd alſo: They were full of fire and joy. While ſhe feign'd not to look upon *Abindarrays*, ſhe did nothing elſe but behold him: though ſhe often chang'd her ſeat, ſhe return'd ſtill to ſit near to *Abindarrays*; and ſince women have had eyes, never were eyes ſeen to ſpeak ſo much in ſo little time, or ſo obliging, or to appear ſo paſſionate with ſo little appearance of paſſion. On the other ſide *Abindarrays*'s eyes were not mute, no more than hers, and though he lov'd *Aldoradine* very well; yet did he not hate *Myres*. For he was of a certain ſect in love, that makes no great ſcruple to love two or three at a time. And the buſineſs proceeded very far on both ſides; but you ſhall ſee what ſpoil'd all. By chance there came another Gentleman of quality to *Beſmeliane*. And though he were not ſo deſerving as *Abindarrays*, yet being the laſt comer, therefore the laſt became the firſt, and the ſon of *Caraman* was us'd juſt as he had dealt by *Cenacre* before. *Myres* no more regarded him than ſhe had regarded the other, when he firſt came. The poor *Abindarrays* admir'd at ſo ſudden a change, though he himſelf were a *Proteus*, and fain would he have ſpoken to her two or three times; but ſhe refus'd to liſten to him ſhe had ſo much other buſineſs now, and ſo little minded his. An hour after, another ſtranger arriving, the former had the ſame fortune as *Abindarrays*: and the conquering eyes of *Myres* empty'd their Arſenal of almoſt all their arrows, darts, flames and artificial fires. Yet ſhe recruited again for a third ſtranger. Nay her Magazine was ſo inexhauſtible, that ſhe found more for five or ſix others; leaving more unconquer'd, and being as proud of the ſmall Garriſons, as of the great Cities. But the next day when all thoſe Gentlemen were gone ſhe return'd to *Abindarrays*, jocund and ſparkling, as ſhe was wont: looking upon him and deſirous to be look'd upon by him as before; acting indeed as if ſhe had done nothing to give him any reaſon of complaint. But ſhe found the Illuſtrious *Granadine* in armour of proof, I have a potent preſervative againſt your poiſon ſaid he; and let it be never ſo venomous, my heart is able to defend it ſelf againſt it: However, ſaid ſhe, my Eyes have certain Glances, that ſhoot ſo quickly to the heart, that it is a hard matter for the heart to reſiſt ſo quick a force. Truly moſt amiable and inconſtant *Myres* (anſwer'd he laughing and leaving her at the ſame time) you are like the Scorpion, you cure your ſelf the wounds which you have made: For your inconſtancy cauſes others to change, and becauſe you forſake others, they forſake you. But, Sir, in this interim of time *Lydice*, who ſuſpected that *Ebal* had no love for her, being altogether enamoured of *Emira*, watch'd him ſo narrowly, that at length ſhe heard ſome private diſcourſe that paſt between them, which put her quite out of doubt that *Ebal* had left the mother for the daughter; ſo that to revenge her ſelf, to puniſh her daughter and to hinder the progreſs of a match which ſhe thought ſo unreaſonable, ſhe not only bid him be gone, but forbad him her houſe for ever. That, Sir, was a ſtrange Thunderclap; it touch'd him to the quick, as well as it ſurpriz'd him: and all the briskneſs of his humour ſought in vain to hide his ſadneſs. However from *Beſmeliane* gone he muſt be, not being ſuffered to ſpeak, or ſo much as to ſee *Emira*: in a word all the quickneſs of his wit prov'd too weak to overcome *Lydice*'s anger, and could not put a ſtop to his baniſhment. Nevertheleſs it was unſupportable and there was nothing which he left unattempted to hinder the effects of it. He ſtay'd about *Beſmeliane* ſeveral days in diſguiſe, endeavouring to ſee *Emira*. He tryed to corrupt *Lydice's* Domeſtick Servants; But *Lydice's* quick foreſight prevented all his deſigns. And yet he accompliſh'd half his intentions by a particular accident. There was a friend of his as alſo of *Lydice's*, though not ſo much her's as his familiar. His name was *Hylarim*, and being of one of the Religious Orders among the Mahumetans, that are call'd Sanctons, he is uſually called Sancton *Hylarim* in every place where he is known. He was very witty and well manner'd by Education: and had a correſpondency in *Granada*, that never fail'd to ſend him the Novelties of the City, whether in proſe, or verſe: and when he pleas'd himſelf, he was ſuch a fair ſpoken, inſinuating, ſmart, complaiſant and mild perſon, that none could be more. All which qualities *Ebal* thought very proper to ſerve him in his deſign: ſo that after he had propos'd it to him and found him willing to undertake it, he gave him a letter unſeal'd, written in a ſtrange hand, together with full inſtructions, and ſent him to *Beſmeliane*, as it were upon a viſit to *Lydice*. When he came to pay his obeiſance to *Emira*, he whiſper'd ſoftly to her under pretence of complement, theſe words. *The letter I ſhall read to you by and by, comes from* Ebal, *and is directed to your ſelf.* Then returning to *Lydice* with a ſmiling countenance and full of ingenuity, he fell upon common diſcourſe, while *Emira* hid her bluſhes with her fan. In ſhort, Sir, all things fell out according to *Ebals* wiſh. For *Lydice* who paſſionately loves good verſe and quaint proſe, ask'd *Hylarim* whether he had receiv'd no new pieces from the City, ſince ſhe had ſeen him laſt. Yes Madam ſaid, he very ſoberly, They ſent me a letter of Prince *Muſſa*'s, and provided I have it about me, you will ſay 'tis a well penn'd piece. Oh, for heavens ſake, cry'd *Lydice*, ſee if you have it about you. For I long to ſatisfie my own impatience. But the crafty Agent becauſe he would not be ſuſpected, drew out a hundred papers, and

after

after he had look'd them all over, he told her very ſorrowfully, that he was afraid he had left that Letter upon the Table in his Cabinet. What a wicked man were you to do ſo, replyed *Lydice!* All this while *Emira*'s Countenance went and came; but her Fan did her excellent ſervice, though it were not very hot weather. Well, at length, *Sanchon* having ſearched his Papers over and over again, Cud's ſo, cryed he, I have found it; feigning to be overjoyed to have found that in ſo long a time, which his *Subtiltiſhip* could have found at firſt, had he pleaſed. After that he opened the paper, and read this following Letter himſelf.

THere are none but thoſe that are deprived of your Company, that underſtand the benefit of it; and he muſt be deprived of ſo great a happineſs, that will underſtand how ſweet the poſſeſſion of it is. In ſhort, as the felicity is inconceivable, the miſfortune is inſupportable; and he that has experimented the one, can only know what the other means. I know both, for I have enjoyed the former. And I am ſo ſenſible of the firſt, that I never felt more joy, than now I ſuffer ſadneſs. The miſchief which your abſence has brought upon me is ſo great, that they who cauſed it, would themſelves, if they ſaw me, compaſſionate my woes. Let not therefore the perſon that I love be more cruel to me, than they that hate me; and to comfort an unfortunate man in his Exile, either wiſh that he may be recall'd from Baniſhment, or die: for there are but two happineſſes which he can expect in this world, either your ſociety, or death.

Really, ſaid *Lydice*, a moſt paſſionate Letter; and were I the Lady to whom it is written, in my Conſcience I ſhould relent. Did ſhe but hear you, (replyed *Hylarim* ſmiling and looking upon *Emira* with the corner of one eye) ſhe would follow your advice; for certainly he that writ the Letter had a great deal of wit: and yet there is not more wit than love. But, ſaid he, I am promiſed a Copy of Verſes from the ſame Prince, upon the ſame Subject, which are better than the Proſe, if I may be believ'd: I ſhall receive them by the next Poſt, and I expect them with a great deal of impatience. I aſſure you, replyed *Lydice*, I am no leſs impatient than you; and if I might have my will, the Party that complains ſhould not complain long. All the Company highly commended what *Lydice* had praiſed, eſpecially *Abindarrays*; who enhaunc'd the value more than any of the reſt. Only *Emira* durſt not open her lips, for fear of diſcovering what ſhe was willing to conceal. *Sivas* alſo himſelf, not believing that he ſpoke for his Rival, told the Society after his way, that if ever he pardoned a Perſon of Quality for writing, it ſhould be, when he wrote in that manner. So that *Hylarim*, emboldened by the ſucceſs of his Fallacy, and being reſolved to have a flirt at *Emira*'s fearfulneſs, which he had all along obſerved in her Countenance; he merrily told her that he would write to Prince *Muſſa*, how little reſpect ſhe had ſhewen to his Letter, and how ſilent ſhe had been in the midſt of ſo many acclamations. Ah! *Hylarim*, ſaid ſhe bluſhing, you ill interpret my ſilence; it rather proceeds from my admiration than my contempt; for I have all that good opinion which I ought to have for him that wrote it.

Upon this, Sir, the crafty *Hylarim* returns to *Ebal*; whoſe expectation was fully ſatisfied, when he underſtood the happy ſucceſs of his Invention. In the mean while, not to loſe time, *Ebal* failed not to make the Verſes, and *Hylarim* failed not to carry them with all ſpeed as ſoon as they were done. Nor were the Verſes leſs approved than the Proſe, as well by *Lydice* as by all the Company. *Hylarim* emboldened by this ſucceſsful progreſs, made ſeveral journeys to *Granada*; and under ſeveral names of the great Wits of *Granada*, he filled *Emira*'s Cabinet with Letters, Sonnets, Elogies, Stanzas and Epigrams. But in regard it is impoſſible for ſome to proſper, let them uſe all the wit and art in the world; *Lydice* one day ſurpriz'd *Emira* and *Hylarim* making private ſigns with their eyes one to another, by which ſhe knew that infallibly they held a private correſpondence together, and that it muſt be about ſome Love-concern. She could not ſuſpect *Sanchon*; but caſting about who it ſhould be, and calling to mind the ſtrict friendſhip between *Ebal* and *Hylarim*, ſhe never ſtudied any farther for the matter. Then, full of grief and madneſs, choler and reſentment, ſhe commanded *Hylarim* to depart from *Beſmeliane*, and never to come near it more. And for fear of being expoſed to any adventure of the ſame nature again, ſhe preſſed on the Marriage in ſuch ſort between *Sivas* and *Emira*, *Cenacre* and *Mires*, that in eight days they were both concluded. You may well conjecture in what a deſperate condition the unfortunate *Ebal* was when he heard the news. it was ſo ſurprizing and ſo terrible, that not being able to endure the ſight of the world any longer after he had loſt *Emira*, he Cloyſtered himſelf up among the Dervies in the Vermilion Mountain; and confin'd to Solitude and ſilence one of the moſt pleaſant and ſociable perſons in the world.

In a ſhort time after, the Great *Denoe*, having made his peace at Court, return'd out of *Africa*. And *Abindarrays* being only an Exile for his ſake, ſo ſoon as that Great Prince had ſent him intelligence of his return, commanding withal, his attendance upon his perſon; he took his leave of *Lydice*, after he had returned her a thouſand thanks for all her favours; and aſſured her of his acknowledgment as long as he lived. From thence he came back to *Granada*; where, in a ſhort time afterwards, *Aldoradine* was preferr'd to attend the perſon of the Queen: ever ſince which time, they have both continued with an equal love, and loving kindneſs to each other; ſo that in

all probability *Abindarrays* will be no longer *Abindarrays*, nor change Camelcon like, as it was formerly his cuſtom.

Thus, Sir, you have heard the ſtory of that illuſtrious *Granadine*'s Life, which you have ſo much longed to know; and I, for your ſatisfaction only, have related.

And indeed you have done it as much to ſatisfaction as poſſibly I could have expected; (anſwered *Rodoric de Narva*) and you have laid an obligation upon me which I never ſhall forget. And yet I will not compleat my thanks, added he, till you have fully acquitted your ſelf of all your promiſes as you have begun. That ſhall I do when ever you pleaſe to command me, Sir, replyed *Don Fernand*; for 'tis my glory to obey, and my ſatisfaction to pleaſe your Excellency.

Having ſo ſaid, the prudent Captive took leave of the Captain-General for that time; who was then all alone, and at full liberty to recollect in his mind, and entertain his ſolitary thoughts with the ſtories which he had heard.

The End of the Second Book *of the Second* Part.

ALMAHIDE:

OR, THE

Captive Queen.

BOOK III.

AS for *Zarcan* (that nimble witted Favourite of the King of *Granada*) he was a perſon of too much cunning, and too well read in the world, to be ignorant that nothing more obliges great Princes, than to ſerve them readily and diligently: and underſtanding withal, that of all thoſe Services wherein a Favourite could beſtow his diligence, there was none more acceptable, than their Aſſiſtance in matters of Love; he left nothing undone to pleaſe his Maſter, or to diſcharge himſelf of the promiſe he had made him; which was to endeavour who that conceal'd Lover of the Sultaneſs ſhould be, who had carried the Ring, and born away the Honour of the Carouſal. Thereupon, without ſeeming to take any notice of it, he ſet himſelf diligently to obſerve who they were that moſt frequently came to viſit her, and was himſelf alſo more ſedulous in waiting upon the Princeſs than formerly: hoping at length to ſurpriſe either ſome glance or expreſſion or other of hers, to inform himſelf of a Secret, that he could by no Divination in the world find out. But notwithſtanding all his attendance upon *Almahide*, notwithſtanding all his double diligence to pry into her very thoughts, and into the boſoms of all thoſe Perſons of Honour that came to viſit her, his labour had no ſucceſs, and he was ſtill as far to ſeek as ever. But becauſe that accompliſh'd Courtier knew that moſt Princes are ſo unjuſt as to judge of things only by the event; and never to think themſelves well ſerved, but when they are ſerved with ſucceſs, he was at his wits end to find himſelf ſo diſappointed. He accuſed himſelf for want of wit, he upbraided his own ſtupidity, and was ready to die almoſt for ſhame and madneſs. But when he ſaw that he could not by any inſight of his own, dive into the Myſtery which lay hid in ſuch a thick Cloud, he did as the Hounds are wont to do; who, when they are at a fault, with as much cunning as diligence, fetch a large circumference about, to recover the Scent. And therefore from the Court, he went to the City; and enquiring from houſe to houſe over all the *Zacatin* Street, through which Street the Stranger made his Entry, and whither he retired from the Piazza of the *Vivaramble*; at length he found the houſe where the whole Troop put on their Diſguiſes: But there he was at a fault again; for notwithſtanding all his promiſes, threats and entreaties, wherein he uſed his Maſter's name as well as his own, the Maſter of the houſe proteſted and ſwore that he had never ſeen the ſtranger but in diſguiſe; that he knew not his name, or who he was; that he had hired his houſe for a Month, and till the Feſtival was over; and that was all he could ſay. Thus *Zarcan* loſt the Scent of *Maſſiniſſa* again, and was forc'd to return from the City to the Caſtle; having neither found out what he promiſed to learn, nor having hopes to be better inform'd. However, his head being full of Invention, he would not give out ſo. Away therefore he went to the Sultaneſs, and ſpeaking to her in private, and feigning a falſe ſtory: Madam, ſaid he, there are ſome people would perſwade the King, that the Stranger to whom you gave the Ring upon the day of the laſt Carouſal, was certainly Prince *Audalla*; and thereupon they have raiſed a company of idle tales, inſinuating into the King's ears, that you keep a private Correſpondence with him; Now, Madam, the

King is abſolutely convinc'd to the contrary. But in regard it concerns both him and you, that the falſhood of the report ſhould be known, and the world be diſ-abuſed, he earneſtly beſeeches you to let me know, that I may tell him who that Stranger is: That by declaring the truth to all the Court, he may be able to encounter and diſ-appoint the deſigns of Prince *Audalla*, and put a ſtop to thoſe ſcandalous Rumours which he has ſcattered a broad to your prejudice. But (purſued the cunning Courtier) becauſe that in reſpect of your affection to that Party, and the knowledge which you have of the King's new paſſion, you may perhaps be afraid, leſt the King ſhould be incenſed to revenge himſelf upon the Stranger. I muſt tell you farther, (I that know the King's humour better than you do) that his paſſions are not ſo violent, that he is not ſo much given to revenge; and that therefore the Stranger might relye upon the confidence of his good nature The Queen bluſh'd at his diſcourſe; However, her judgment was not diſturb'd; but arguing rationally with her ſelf as ſhe was wont always to do, ſhe ſaw there was more of Jealouſie than Policy in *Boandelin*'s Curioſity; and that it was better not to ſatisfie the King, than to hazard *Leonce*'s Life, and her own Reputation. And therefore, to give *Zarcan* his anſwer; My Vertue and my Innocency, ſaid ſhe, are powerful enough of themſelves to foil the Impoſtures of Prince *Audalla*, if he have been ſo wicked as to have invented any: Nor is there any need that the King ſhould put himſelf to the trouble of defending me againſt ſuch treacherous and feeble Enemies. Yet, though I thought them ſtronger and more formidable than they are, yet could I not oppoſe their Injuſtice this way which you propound? For I cannot tell who the Stranger is, whoſe name the King deſires to know: and you are very much miſ-inform'd withal, that I have any conceal'd paſſion. Ah Madam, anſwered *Zarcan*, I plainly find that you do not think me worthy to be confided in, or to be entruſted with ſo great a Secret; and yet you ſee how far the King himſelf has entruſted my diſcretion. Your diſcretion, anſwered ſhe, is a very uſeleſs good quality, as to what concerns me; for as I have nothing to commit to your breaſt, ſo you have nothing to conceal: and therefore, whether you be a Friend or a Spy, go your ways, and offend me no more, leſt you rather find my reſentment than the thing you look for. Having ſo ſaid, ſhe flung from him in haſte, whereby he ſaw there was nothing to be done there; and that he muſt go another way, if he intended to reach the place at which he aimed. On the other ſide, the Sultaneſs, whoſe piercing Wit fore-ſaw the gathering Storm that ſuddenly threatned her, began to conſider which way to reſiſt the violence of the Tempeſt; and privately examined her ſelf whether it were better for her to ſpeak to *Ponce Leon* and *Don Alvare*, or whether, for fear of vexing and grieving them, to open the buſineſs only to *Don Fernand*. But while ſhe was diſputing this nice Queſtion, *Zarcan*, who ſaw but little hopes of accompliſhing what he had undertaken, would not give over, notwithſtanding all the difficulties which he encounter'd: and ſearching for new Inventions in the Concavities of his ſubtil Brain, he reſolved to do as *Abderame* had done before upon another occaſion; and to addreſs himſelf to *Leonce*, as the other did; for he had obſerv'd, as well as the former, that *Leonce* was very much in the Sultaneſs's favour, which made him conclude that *Leonce* could not be ignorant of what he deſired to know. Meeting him therefore one day alone; Valiant *Spaniard*, ſaid he, you have too much wit to be ignorant how much you are obliged to the King; and you are too generous to prove ungrateful. And therefore, ſeeing there is nothing ſo pleaſing to a Noble Soul as an opportunity of acknowledgment, I will put one into your hands; and ſuch a one as whereby you will obtain freſh rewards from ſo great a Prince, who will advance you to a condition which will never again permit you to want. The laſt Conſideration I value not ſo much as the firſt, ſaid *Leonce*; and ſince you know my obligation to the King, you need not tell me of intereſt, when you mind me of my duty; and thereby convince me how high I am in your eſteem. You enjoy it all, replyed the Favourite; and though I do not believe you mind your own intereſt, yet give me leave to tell you, that the King is not ingrateful. I am more pleaſed at your interpretation than your promiſes, anſwered the Illuſtrious Free man; and therefore I earneſtly beſeech you to let me know forthwith what ſervice I can do for the King. You may infinitely oblige him, replyed *Zarcon*, by telling him one thing which you know, and he is ignorant of: for it is impoſſible, being ſo much in the Sultaneſs's favour, as you are, but that you muſt have diſcovered who that Stranger was who carried away the Ring; and without all doubt, muſt be highly beloved by the great *Almahide*. Not, purſued he, that any thought of jealouſie cauſes the King to be thus inquiſitive. He is too well convinc'd of the Queen's Vertue, and his own merit, to have any ſuch low piece of Curioſity; but for ſome particular reaſons, which it would be too tedious to tell you. And therefore I conjure you by the intereſt I take in your good fortune, and the deſire I have to render it much better than it is, to truſt me with a Secret, of which I ſhall make no ill uſe; and which the King will never diſcover to your diſadvantage with the Queen, in whoſe favour it is eaſie to obſerve you are at preſent. You may well conjecture in what a condition the Count of *Pegnafiel* was, when he he heard ſuch a Queſtion as this propounded to him: His colour came and went, and the diſorder of his thoughts was viſible in his face. For, notwithſtanding all *Zarcan*'s cunning, his piercing wit ſoon reach'd the cauſe of ſuch a dangerous Curioſity: for he

he perceiv'd that the King who had ſav'd him, would now deſtroy him; and he beheld in his ſingle Perſon, his Protector and his Rival, his Benefactor and his Enemy. But ſoon after overcoming both his grief and his ſurpriſe, he gave him an anſwer not much different from what he had given to *Abderame*; That he was not ſo much in favour with the Sultaneſs as the world took him to be, that ſhe had no more kindneſs for him than for any other perſon; and that therefore he was not in a capacity to do the King that ſervice which he expected from him; not knowing any thing of the Queſtion which he demanded. However, *Zarcan* would not be ſo deny'd: He entreated him, he preſſed him; he urged the recompence of ſo great a piece of ſervice; and among thoſe advantageous promiſes, he threw in by the by ſome little threatning hints, and ſomething of Ill that might happen, if he diſobey'd the King, and refus'd to ſatisfie his requeſt. But the generous Freeman conſider'd that his own Life lay at ſtake, and that he kept his own ſecrets to preſerve himſelf. *Zarcan* incens'd at his denial flung from him in a great Fury, threatning him as he went away, that if he told the Queen what he had ſaid to him, it ſhould coſt him his head, and therefore bid him be wary ſince he would not be grateful. When *Ponce de Leon* was all alone, he began to reflect upon the accident, and arguing with himſelf, what, ſaid he, has Fate ordain'd that I muſt be a confident to all my Rivals: and muſt I diſcover my ſelf to be the Author of my own death. Alas! purſu'd the generous mourner, thus are my ſuſpicions come to light: *Boandelin* is fallen in love with *Almahide*, and *Ponce de Leon* is utterly undone. 'Twas not without a cauſe that I ſuſpected the Princes kind leave and protection which he gave me to ſtay in the Achambre. I find there was more of love, then curteſie in it, more of *Almahide*, then of *Ponce de Leon*. *Almahide* took a Lover only for a generous companion, a paſſion for a vertue, an injury for a favour; and one thought for another. I told her ſo when I return'd her thanks; I told the Duke of *Infantada* ſo: I told *Don Fernand* ſo: I ſaid the ſame thing to *Sancha*, and the ſame thing alſo to my ſelf, every time that doleful thought has come into my mind. But oh, improvident *Ramira*! O imprudent *Don Fernand*! Incredulous *Almahide*, but too credulous *Ponce de Leon!* What miſchiefs have you expos'd me to by hindering me from diſcovering to *Morayzel* and *Sematus* the private Love of this Prince, and his diſſembled marriage with *Sematus!* What miſchiefs had you eſcap'd, as well as I, had you left me to my own thoughts? How little did I doubt my misfortune when I obſerved his carriage to the Queen at the Ball? In a word he is inamoured, and he is King: But as much King as he is, reply'd *Ponce de Leon*, his canopy cannot protect him from my jealouſie His throne is not ſo high, but that my reſentment can reach it. 'Tis very true, added he, Yet he has ſav'd thy life, and preſerv'd thee from the revenge of *Mohavide*, and *Mahardin*. All this is true, purſu'd he, but it is no leſs a certainty, that he now goes about to deſtroy thee, that ſav'd thee before; and to be as treacherous, as he has been generous. And therefore let us deſtroy this terrible Enemy of ours, that ſeeks our ruine: Let us prevent his cruelty by our revenge, and puniſh him for a crime which he has not yet committed. But ſenſleſs *Ponce de Leon*, reply'd he again to himſelf, what hopes haſt thou after ſuch a blow as that, to ſave thy ſelf? can it be ever thy good hap to eſcape ſo many guards, ſo many armies, and the purſuit of the whole Kingdom? No, no! 'twill be impoſſible. Yet let it be impoſſible added he; for I only ſeek to ruine my Rival and not to ſave my ſelf. However, ſaid he, reproving himſelf again, methinks as yet there is no need of uſing any ſuch extremities. For *Almahide* loves thee; *Almahide* has let thee know as much. *Almahide* receiv'd the ſcepter with tears. But *Almahide* is the daughter of *Sematres*, reply'd he ſighing, and the ambition of the mother gives thee all the reaſon in the world to fear the daughter. Let us therefore haſten to her, to confirm her if ſhe be conſtant, to convince her if we find her wavering, and to tell her, that ſhe ſhall never have any need to prove faithleſs, if ſhe will be but rul'd. While he was about to follow this Reſolution, *Zarcan*, ſeeing he could do no good upon *Leonce*, reſolv'd to try *Ramira*; and thereupon obſerving his time, Generous Captive, ſaid he, it ſhall by thy fault, if thou art not ſuddenly ſet at Liberty, or if thou haſt a mind to wear thy chains ſtill it ſhall be thy fault, if they be not ſuch as ſhall be almoſt as ineſtimable as a Crown it ſelf. Sir, anſwer'd the feigned *Ramira* languiſhing, I am ready to hold out my hands to be ſo manacled; preferring ſuch a wealthy ſervitude before all the liberty in the world. 'Tis a matter of importance, reply'd the favourite, and therefore let us talk a little more ſeriouſly. 'Tis no leſs then the ſervice of the King and thy own advancement, if thou knoweſt how to make uſe of the opportunity. As merry as I am reply'd the Duke, I will hearken with the gravity of Burgomaſter, for fear of offending you, as I did to *Almohabey*, when I laughed at his *Epithalamium*. Then *Zarcan* began to tell him very near the ſame which he had told *Leonce*, and to make him the ſame promiſes, provided he would but tell the King the name of the perſon who was Conqueror at the Carrowſal. The Duke was like enough to have told, it was *Leonce*: but his honor and his reaſon oppoſing that firſt motion, as being both againſt his Honour and Intereſt, the more to amuſe *Zarcan*, after he had made him ſwear a thouſand oaths not to ſay a word of it, he told him it muſt be either *Abderame* or *Turacan*;

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That one of them, being returned, had been at the coſt of the Feſtival, and that he thought he knew the latter, for all his diſguiſe. *Zarcan* not being ignorant that thoſe two illuſtrious perſons had been Servants to *Almahide*, thought there might be ſome probability in what the Noble Slave had ſaid. So that after he had return'd him thanks, and promiſed him great Rewards if his Information prov'd true, he went to *Abderame*'s and *Turcan*'s houſes, where he deſired to wait upon them, not queſtioning but that they had been returned to *Granada*; but there was no news of them at their own homes. Then he made a ſtrict enquiry over all the City, but all to as little purpoſe; ſo that he was conſtrained to play a new game, with as little ſucceſs as before; while the feigned *Ramira* went to find out his Rival and his Miſtreſs, to inform them of *Zarcan*'s curioſity, and what a way he had taken to ſatisfie him. The Favourite thus more and more perplexed, began to caſt an eye upon *Don Fernand*; and calling him one day into his Cloſet, Thou beginneſt, ſaid he, to grow now in years, and art more fit now to live at eaſe and quiet, rather than to be a Slave: and becauſe all prudent men love to die in peace in their own Countrey, therefore I do here offer thee thy freedome to return, and wealth to ſupport thy old age, in thy Native Country. Liberty, Wealth, Eaſe, and to enjoy all this in a mans Native Country are four things ſo conſiderable, reply'd *Don Fernand*, that a man would do any thing for the purchaſe of the meaneſt of them: and therefore ſince you offer me all together, I cannot but accept them; if there be any thing which I can do to enjoy ſo many benefits at a time. That which I deſire thee to do, anſwer'd *Zarcan*, is ſo eaſie, that never was ſo great a felicity purchas'd with ſo little pains. For, that thou mayſt be free, wealthy and content, thou haſt nothing to do, but to tell me the name of the perſon to whom the Sultaneſs gave her Ring which was laſt won. Alas! Sir, ſaid the Prudent Captive, that which you think ſo eaſie, is a thing impoſſible, ſo that if there be no other way for me to be free, rich and content, I muſt ev'n reſolve to die a poor and ſorrowful ſlave, For I am utterly ignorant of what you believe me to know. Then, reply'd the favourite, never complain of thy misfortunes, ſince thou art ſo willing to bear them: and if greater follow, thou mayſt thank thy ſelf: However, reply'd *Don Fernand*, I will comfort my ſelf with the knowledge of not having deſerv'd them. For it can be no fault in me not to anſwer a queſtion of which I know nothing at all. Thy diſcretion will coſt thee dear, furiouſly anſwer'd the Favourite. Having ſo ſaid, he left *Don Fernand* very penſive and perplex'd. And while he was ſeeking an Opportunity to make the buſineſs known to the Sultaneſs, the Count of *Pegnaſiel*, and the Duke of *Infantada*, the Politick favorite, reſolv'd to try one trick more, for, knowing *Eſperance* de *Hitta* to be a merry lively girl, 'twas probable enough that ſhe might fall in love; and therefore the flattering Courtier every time he ſaw her, began to ſmile upon her, to Careſs her, and to tell her a hundred flattering and obliging Love ſtories; then he began to expreſs his Love in paſſionate looks, and frequent ſighs; He added preſents to his Carreſſes, and Liberality to thoſe other Marks of his Amour: and when he thought he ſufficiently perſwaded her of his paſſion, one day being alone with her. Amiable Captive, ſaid he, with an obliging air, You have too much wit, not to obſerve that you have laden my heart with more chains, than you wear upon your hands, and that I am a ſharer with you in your ſervitude. Sir, anſwer'd ſhe ſmiling, I believe you cannot ſhare me your chains, ſo eaſily as I can do mine. Alas reply'd he, Fetching a deep ſigh, thoſe fetters which are moſt conceal'd are the moſt weighty; and as true it is, that fortune has beſtow'd nothing upon me of which you are not the Sovereign Miſtreſs. But, Oh, Heavens! added he, fetching another deep ſigh, unleſs you put a ſtop to my ſpeedy ruin, I ſhall be but an unprofitable preſent. For I know not what ſtrange humour poſſeſſes the King, but he has a eager deſire to know the name of that ſtranger, that carried away the Ring the other day; ſo that unleſs I can diſcover it, he threatens to deprive me of this favour that is to ſay, of all my fortune. And therefore, Lovely *Eſperance*, think of ſaving that which is yours; and that which it is only your Intereſt to preſerve, by letting me but underſtand this trifle. The young ſlave who was no leſs faithful then prudent, ſoon underſtood the Importance of the Queſtion, and the motive to the demand; and therefore without liſtening to his flatteries, ſhe only hearken'd to her duty; and being naturally merry and lively, Sir, ſaid ſhe, ſmiling, ſeeing that by your own confeſſion the Queſtion which you ask me is but a trifle, you cannot think it ſtrange that I ſhould know nothing of it. For a favorite ſlave, as I am, (added ſhe very pleaſantly) never mind's ſuch petty matters as this: However ſince you have the curioſity to know, I will endeavour to inform my ſelf; and I promiſe you, if I can diſcover who it is, ſaid ſhe, making a ſtop, never to let you know —— added ſhe laughing outright); and ſo ſaying ſhe made him a low reverence, and went her ways not giving him time in the leaſt to give her an anſwer. This experiment not ſucceeding put *Zarcan* quite out of all hope. However, hope being the laſt benefit that abandons the unfortunate, and neceſſity being the mother of Ingenuity, that great Courtier, all Intrigue and Cabal, reſolv'd to renew his batteries. On the other ſide the diſcreet Captive believing it to be her duty to reveal *Zarcans* curioſity to the Queen, ſought an opportunity to let her know it, that thereby ſhe might underſtand what courſe to ſteer. To which purpoſe, being one day in *Alma-*

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hide's Chamber together with the Count of *Pegnaſiel*, the Duke of *Infantada* and *Don Fernand*, and every one looking very ſad and penſive. At length, ſaid *Ponce de Leon*, breaking ſilence firſt of all; The Maſk is taken off, there is now no more queſtion to be made, but the King is in love with you; he ſeeks to know the Victor in the Carrouſal, on purpoſe to be even with him, or rather to deſtroy him: For which cauſe *Zarcan* has been with me, and made me a hundred offers and threats on the behalf of the paſſionate Prince; to fiſh that out of me, which I took ſo much care hitherto to conceal. I do not find, added *Don Alvare*, that he has asked any thing more of you, than he urged me to tell him: or that he offered more to you than to me. However, I have kept your counſel, as if it had been my own caſe; and though your Rival, was more than tender of your preſervation. For my part, ſaid *Don Fernand* to *Ponce de Leon*, I have done no more than my duty, while I reſiſted both the ſame promiſes and the ſame threats. A Slave much more intereſted than my ſelf could not have been more faithful, anſwered *Eſperanza de Hitta*; for as great a Lord as *Zarcan* is, he has ſtoop'd to make love to me, that he might know who is in love with you; and called me amiable, to coax me into perfidiouſneſs. Alas, replyed *Almahide*, fetching a deep ſigh, he has enquired nothing of you, but what he has demanded all the ſame of me: and notwithſtanding all my incredulity, I begin to ſee that I had no reaſon to be incredulous. Ah Madam, ſaid the Count of *Pegnaſiel*, the Duke of *Infantada* had more reaſon to have had leſs, when he adviſed us againſt declaring to *Morayzel* & *Sematus* what we oughr to have diſcovered then: and never had bad Counſel that ill ſucceſs which it ſo well deſerved, or was more likely to have loſt us all. Accuſe me not, cryed *Don Alvare*, for I upbraid my ſelf; but if repentance deface a crime, mine ought to be forgot. No no, replyed *Don Fernand*, never blame your ſelves for a fault which I my ſelf committed: for if we may gueſs at things by the event, 'twas I that gave you the bad advice: But who could have given you good? and being then a Lover, who could have fore-ſeen that the King himſelf would become enamoured? I was a Lover, and yet I fore-ſaw it, replyed the Count of *Pegnaſiel*. I was a Lover, and yet I believed it not, replyed the Duke of *Infantada*; but I am puniſh'd for my folly. Oh Heavens, ſaid *Almahide*, 'tis I that am my ſelf more guilty than all you put together: for when I knew the cheat which the King had put upon me, I ſhould have departed from the *Alhambre*, and have diſcovered the fraud to *Morayzel* and *Sematus*; and not have expoſed my ſelf to the miſ-fortune which is befallen me. But alas! purſued ſhe, when I had committed a ſecond which was far more remarkable; for *Myriam* being dead, maugre all the King's entreaties, all the perſwaſions of *Zarcan* and *Morayma*, I ſhould have retired to ſome other place. Sorrow for what is paſt, replyed *Don Fernand*, is abſolutely unneceſſary, ſerving to no other uſe, but only to rectifie the preſent, and remedy what is to come. It behoves me then, furiouſly replyed *Ponce de Leon*, to remedy what is to come. So that, maugre all the power of the King of *Granada*, I will do what it behoves me to do, or periſh in the Enterprize. That reſolution is mine as well as yours, added *Don Alvare*; and you ſhall not fail to be well ſeconded. Then you both reſolve to be ingrateful, replyed *Almahide*; for being both ſo highly obliged to him, can you take away his life without loſing your own honour? He has protected you againſt a brace of Adverſaries, you owe him both your Life and Liberty; and neither of thoſe two benefits are to be forgotten. Conſider Count of *Pegnaſiel*, take heed Duke of *Infantada*; if you do an ill action, you will not only ruine *Boandelin*, but loſe my eſteem. 'Tis too great a Misfortune for us to venture, anſwered *Leonce*; but in the mean time, if we ſtand with our hands in our pockets, what will become of all our hopes? where ſhall we find our aſſurance? In my word and promiſes, and in my vertue, replyed the Great *Almahide*; of which you cannot doubt, without doing me an irreparable wrong. But Madam, replyed *Ramira*, Kings are terrible Rivals. Not where they meet with a heart fortified like mine, ſaid ſhe, over which not all their authority can prevail. However, you have experienc'd the power of Scepters and Crowns, anſwered *Ponce de Leon*. Not at all, replyed ſhe; for I only ſubmitted to the moſt legal authority of a Father, more prevalent with me than all the Sovereignty of Kings. Then if that Father command you a ſecond time, ſaid *Don Alvare*, you would a ſecond time obey. Not ſo, replyed ſhe, for what he has done, has given me my liberty; and ſo long as my Vertue will give me leave, I ſhall ſtand upon my privileges. Ah! Sirs, replyed *Don Fernand*, rely upon a Vertue ſo ſublime; and ſhew your ſelves worthy of her by confiding in her. But let our confidence in her be never ſo great, ſaid the Count of *Pegnaſiel*, were it not better to tell the truth to *Morayzel* and *Sematus*, to the end we may get her out of the *Alhambre*, where the danger is ſo great? I cannot without being perfidious, replyed ſhe, for I have promiſed not to yield to it. Beſides, you do not conſider, that if I diſcover this great Secret to *Morayzel*, I bring my ſelf again under the power of my Father; and when I do that, I muſt obey him as I did before. Beſides, ſhould we tell *Morayzel* the truth, who is ſo ſenſible of his Honour, or *Sematus*, who is ſo ambitious? This were but to awaken the dangerous Faction of the *Abenzerrages* and *Zegres*, to put all the Kingdom into a flame, to advance the Tyranny of *Audalla*, and deſtroy the Lawful King: and therefore let us do our duty, and leave the reſt to Fate.

As they were about to have return'd her an anſwer, the King enter'd, and they were obliged

lig'd to retire; but with a ſtrange reluctancy to leave the King their Rival alone with their Miſtreſs. When the King and the Sultaneſs were alone, Madam, ſaid he, A wit ſo piercing as yours, cannot poſſibly chuſe but diſcern a paſſion ſo evident as mine, and though I wanted words, my looks have out-done my expreſſions. But ſince you are ſo cruel, to feign that you underſtand neither, it behoves me to ſpeak more plain. Know then, Madam, that of all thoſe perſons into whoſe breſts your incomparable beauties have inſpir'd a paſſion more than ordinary, I am the only perſon inflam'd with a more than violent affection. Yes Madam, as I know your merit, I know to whom I have bequeath'd all my Love. ſuffer me then, ſince I have given you my heart, freely to lay my Crown and Scepter at your feet: To make you real Queen, as I have made you Queen in ſhow. I know the preſent is too mean for the perſon that is to receive it. But if the intention of the giver may add to the price of the gift; the value of it is great; ſeeing that I preſent it, with a reſpect unparallel'd; with a reſolution to be your ſubject that have been mine; to receive Laws from you that have given them to all the Kingdom, and for you to poſſeſs the Sovereign Power, as King your ſelf. Accept then a gift which is not of that value to be refus'd; and ſince I can do no more, be contented with what I can do. There needs, added he, no new conſent of *Morayzel* and *Semahis*, nor no new conſent of the people: or any new Ceremony. You have nothing to do but to preſerve that heart, and that dignity which I have already beſtow'd upon you, if you can be content to ſee your ſelf a Queen, and me your ſlave. Sir, anſwer'd ſhe, the firſt time your Majeſty ſpoke to me concerning this matter, I took your Majeſty to have been in jeſt and I made my anſwers accordingly; but ſince I find you are in earneſt, I muſt tell you ſeriouſly, and very ſeriouſly with all, that I am not ſo ſtupid as not to underſtand the value of the favour which you offer me; or ſo unthankful, as to underſtand it, and not acknowledge it to the utmoſt extent of my gratitude. And I aſſure your Majeſty that I would willingly lay down my life to acquit my ſelf of ſo ſtrict an obligation. But having made this Proteſtation as true as juſt, I muſt beſeech your Majeſty to remember your Promiſes as I have been punctual to mine and with all the ſpeed that may be to bring thoſe things to paſs, which you expect to accompliſh by my complacency; that I may no longer be compell'd to ſtay in a place, where I cannot ſtay long with Honour. Your Majeſty knows how unwilling I was to yield to your entreaties, and how ſenſible I was of the injury which you did me. You know how urgent I was upon the death of *Myriam* that I might be diſmiſs'd from my dignity; or if your Majeſty have forgot, *Morayma* is able to put you in remembrance, at whoſe urgent requeſt alone I condeſcended to an action ſo ſtrange, ſo much beneath my quality and contrary to my humour: Let us therefore, I beſeech your Majeſty, keep our Conditions, ſince the word of a King ought to be inviolable. But the word which you would have me keep, reply'd the King, is impoſſible, and by conſequence does not oblige me, I was free when I made that promiſe, now I am a Captive, I fail in performance. Then I lov'd *Myriam*, now I adore *Almahide*, And love makes me break my word. Ah! Sir, reply'd the Sultaneſs, That was not the thing you promis'd me. Ah! Madam, anſwer'd the King, I very well underſtand what promiſes you mean. But there has been an alteration ſince, and my flame is too violent to eſpouſe you to my Rival. Yes, yes, I know, purſu'd he, full of rage and jealouſie. The happy ſtranger in the Carrouſal, is the true cauſe of your denial and my misfortunes. But let him look to it, and be ſure he keep himſelf diſguiz'd as long as he can, for if I come once to diſcover him, I ſhall ſoon rid my ſelf of ſuch a formidable enemy as he. That you ſhould know me ſo ill! diſdainfully reply'd *Almahide*, to think to ſcare a heart like mine with your Menaces. Though it were true, that I were in love, my paſſion ſhould always give place to my Honour, I would looſe that Object of my paſſion and ruin my ſelf too, rather than commit a treacherous act. And therefore ſince the breach of your word gives me liberty to break mine. *Marayzel* and *Semahis* ſhall ſoon know, how you have us'd them in my perſon; and how much they are oblig'd to your kindneſs, for I will not endure the affronts of Kings no more than if they were my Subjects. Well, Cruel one, cry'd he, encourage them, to ruin my Kingdom, to overturn my Throne, to tear my Crown and Scepter from my hands, to take away my life as you deprive me of my repoſe; Theſe are light things in compariſon of your friendſhip. But when you have made me looſe my Crown, my Scepter and my Kingdom, and that I am but a private perſon; Let me but ſee this inviſible ſtranger; Let him no more thus cowardly attack me, and let us ſee in a fair diſpute at Scimitres point, who is moſt worthy to be preferr'd. As they were in this heat the Princeſs *Morayma* enter'd the Sultaneſſes Chamber, and ſeeing that diſturbance in both their faces, ſhe deſired to know the reaſon. Ah! Madam, anſwer'd the Sultaneſs, the King goes about to break all the promiſes which he has made me: and all that *Zarcan* has made in his behalf; and not content with that injuſtice, he now affronts me and gives me threatning Language. Ah, Siſter, reply'd *Boaudelin* ſhe threatens me her ſelf, and tells me ſhe will diſcover to the Prince her Father, and to the ambitious *Semahis*, the ſecret that lies between us. She would ruin my Kingdom and me, becauſe I love her, and becauſe I tell her ſo. What ſorrow makes you utter (anſwer'd *Morayma*

to

to the Sultaneſs) is not always the thing which you are to act. For you are not to hate the King becauſe he loves you, But, Sir, ſaid ſhe to the King, you ought not to forget your promiſes much leſs to threaten a perſon to whom you ow reſpect, becauſe you love her. On the other hand added ſhe, turning her ſelf toward *Almahide*, no more are you permitted to threaten your King: for Nature having ſubmitted you to him, You muſt be dutiful to him, as he ought to be exact in his civilities to you. Cruel Siſter, reply'd the King, what would you have me then to do? Am I the Lord of my paſſion, as I am Maſter of my Subjects? If *Almahide* cannot be otherwiſe then lovely, how is it poſſible for me to forbear to love her? Good God, Madam, added the Sultaneſs, and can I diſpoſe of my heart, if it be true, as the King believes, that I have parted with it? And can I call back my own, reply'd *Boaudelin*, when I have once given it away? I will not oblige your Majeſty to impoſſibilities, reply'd the Sultaneſs. Yet your Love ſhould not be Tyrannical, And as much a King as you are, you muſt act as a ſubject, if it be true that you are a Lover. I ſay you muſt endeavour to gain the heart of *Almahide* by ſubmiſſion, not by fury, by entreaties, and not by threatning Language. Yet your intereſt, ſaid *Morayma* to the Sultaneſs, ought not to byaſs you to unjuſt things, ſuch as are the Ruin of your King and Country. He is not to put any forcee upon you, nor are you to betray him: He ought not to violate his promiſes, and you are to keep your word. In ſhort, he ought to act as a King, juſtly; and you like a ſubject reſpectfully, faithfully and diſcreetly. In the mean time, Sir, ſaid ſhe to the Prince, as there has happen'd an alteration in your affairs, it is but juſt that I ſhould change my Conduct: For I ſuffer'd you to viſit *Almahide* often when you lov'd *Myriam*; but now it is but reaſonable for me to preſerve my honour, that preſerve your Kingdom. But if I alter my daily cuſtome, reply'd the King, I ſhall more conſpicuouſly hazard that which you labour ſo vigilantly to preſerve. For alteration of cuſtome may beget ſuſpicion, and ſuſpicion will be prying into the cauſe. 'Tis very true, anſwer'd *Morayma*, there muſt be a mean obſerv'd. But, added ſhe ſmiling, ſince you muſt go through my apartment to *Almahides*, my vertue ſhall be the Queens guard; I will be anſwerable for her and your actions as for my own. Thus then keeping within the bounds of reaſon do nothing to be repented of hereafter. Thereupon they both promis'd to obſerve the Princeſs's advice, and the King for that time took his leave of her.

No ſooner was the King and *Morayma* gone out of the Sultaneſſes Chamber, but *Leonce*, *Ramira*, *Don Fernand*, and *Eſperanza de Hita* immediately went in again, equally impatient to know what diſcourſe had paſs'd between *Boaudelin* and *Almahide*. Nor were they long at an uncertainty, when they beheld the Sultaneſs with a penſive ſadneſs in her eyes and the ruddy hue of anger overſpreading her cheeks. Well, Madam, ſaid the Count of *Pegnafiel* ſighing: have my conjectures deceiv'd me; or do not they that love ſee well? Alas, ſaid ſhe, fetching another ſigh, your ſuſpicions are too true, I am but too clearly convinc'd of the Injuſtice of my incredulity, I muſt confeſs, Madam, cry'd the Duke of *Infantada*, my Rival had a deeper inſight into this buſineſs then I. What ſignifies that, reply'd the feigned *Leonce*, ſince folly prevail'd beyond all my good Counſel. O unjuſt *Almahide*! Unjuſt *Alvare*! O unjuſt *Don Fernand*! purſu'd he, into what a ſad condition have you reduced the Unfortunate *Ponce de Leon*? But into what a condition am I reduced my ſelf, reply'd the Princeſs, for not taking the way which you directed me? Since you took it not then, you had beſt to it take now, ſaid the feigned *Ramira*, and by better conduct amend what you and I have done amiſs. O heavens! ſaid the Sultaneſs, fain would I do it, but I dare not, 'Tis natural to love and ſeek repoſe, but unjuſt to preſer our repoſe before our duty, our Honour, our King and our Country. But all theſe I muſt hazard, nay even that repoſe it ſelf too, if I diſcloſe the Kings private concernments. Then Madam, you muſt never think to ſtir out of the *Alhambre*, reply'd *Ponce de Leon*; for the inamour'd Prince will find ſome fair pretence or other to keep you always there. His Goverment will never be ſettled; he will be always afraid of the *Abenzerrages* and the *Zegries*. In the mean while long abiding here may prove infectious; for long acquaintance may beget love: and as deſpair makes men bold, Opportunity makes men raſh. Oh! reply'd *Almahide*, if I perceive the leaſt delay, or that the Prince fails one moment in his promiſe, I am then free and ſhall diſcover to *Morayzel* what now I hold it juſt to conceal: However I hope that the equity of my intentions will be recompenced with a ſucceſs worthy their ſincerity, notwithſtanding all your counſels and the frights you would put me into. Having ſo ſaid, he went away not giving them time to make any reply. Thereupon the two Illuſtrious lovers retir'd, equally diſcontented at her deſign; as being equally afflicted at the danger which might enſue.

But in all this interim of time, *Mohavide*, *Mahardin* and *Mahardon* were not idle. And the former according to the Reſolution which *Audalla* and he had taken together, laboured to corrupt the *Mufti* with preſents, and the hopes of great Rewards hereafter. Nor was that a difficult thing to do: ſo that he being won by their promiſes, promiſed himſelf to do whatever they deſired him. In order whereunto he employed all his Eloquence and his Arguments to perſwade the Religious Sects of the *Mahometans* to ſecond him; wherein he had

had all the ſucceſs he could deſire, notwithſtanding that the *Alfaqui* had ſo ſeverely ſuffered before for the contempt, into which they were running headlong themſelves. On the other ſide, the Conſpirators had the ſame ſucceſs with the Heads of the Factions, as alſo among the beſt part of the Vulgar people. So that at length, being all agreed among themſelves, they came in huge heaps to the *Alhambre*; where the *Mufti*, in a long ſet Speech, declared to the King,

That he did not wonder that the Courtiers and thoſe that were next his Majeſty, being byaſſed by ſelf-intereſt, were ſo mealy mouth'd: But that he for his part, had no other aims but the glory of God, and of his great Prophet's Law; wherein was concluded the ſervice of his Majeſty, and the good of his people: And that therefore he was bound to let His Majeſty underſtand, that his Subjects were all ſtrangely diſcontented, that a Chriſtian, and a Spaniard, *an Enemy of their Faith and Nation, was not only protected in his Capital City, but in his own Palace, and as it were between his own Embraces, notwithſtanding the Crimes he had committed: And had liberty to wear Arms in His Majeſty's very Bedchamber; which was a ſight very terrible to them who were deeply concern'd for the ſafety of his Perſon. That ſuppoſing this manumitted* Spaniard *had neither courage or intention to do the King any miſchief; yet he liv'd as a Spy among them, to diſcover their weakneſſes, or the defects of their Fortifications, and all other things that were amiſs throughout their Nation. That if any miſchief ſhould come thereby to the Kingdom, His Majeſty would by reſponſible to the Holy* Alla, *and his Prophet for all the miſeries of his Kingdom. And therefore he beſought His Majeſty to take the ill Conſequences into his conſideration; and to let his People ſee, either by the death, or at leaſt, the baniſhment of the Enfranchiz'd Slave, how zealous he was in the maintenance of their Religion, and how careful of their particular Welfare.*

The Prince, though he underſtood enough, was not a little diſcompoſed at the *Mufti*'s Speech; for he preſently conjectured, that the Prince *Audalla* and the Faction of the *Zegries* were they that encouraged this new Declaimer, and maintain'd him in his boldneſs, if they had not put the very words into his mouth. He alſo found that the ſubtil Orator had couch'd his matter under ſuch inſinuating pretences, that it was not ſafe for him to give him any poſitive denyal. On the other ſide, though the laſt diſcourſe which he had had with *Almahide* had very much incenſed him, yet he lov'd her too well to diſoblige her by the breach of his word: And judging withal, that if the *Zegries*, as powerful as they were, went about to ruine the enfranchiz'd Slave, the *Abenzarrages*, no leſs potent than they, would protect him; which would be the ready way to ſet the Kingdom all together by the ears. Therefore, to pleaſe all parties, he very mildly anſwered the *Mufti*.

That he commended his zeal for his Religion and Country, for which in time he ſhould find him very thankful. That he confeſſed, as things ſtood, he did not do well to treat an enemy ſo fairly; but for particular Reaſons of State, he was oblig'd to do it: Yet, to ſatisfie all Grievances, he promiſed to ſend away the Stranger as ſoon as thoſe reaſons would permit him. Conjuring them in the mean time to be quiet, and to rely upon his word and prudence.

The Anſwer was ſo diſcreet, and the words ſo well placed, that the *Mufti* knew not what farther to ſay; but retir'd very well ſatisfied, leaving *Audalla* and *Mohavide* to ſtudy new Plots to embroil the Kingdom, and new pretences to revolt.

But here we are once more to conſider the blindneſs of Humane Prudence: while the deceived Monarch protected his very Rival that he ſought to deſtroy; and ſaved him, whoſe ruine he only ſought; and at the ſame time too, when he plotted his deſtruction.

In the mean time *Zarcan* return'd to the King, though very much aſhamed that he could not ſucceed in his deſign: whom the King no ſooner beheld, but moving toward him; Ah! *Zarcan*, ſaid he, fetching a deep ſigh, I am ſurrounded with Misfortunes of all ſorts; for *Almahide*'s hatred is the recompence of my love: And the Faction of the *Zegries* beginning to raiſe new Tumults, my Kingdom, as well as my ſoul it ſelf, are like to be toſſed with new Tempeſts. So that, unleſs thou canſt help me to my conceal'd Enemy, I am like to be at a loſs, and to be worried out of my life. Sir, anſwered the Favourite, very much perplexed; I make no queſtion yet to diſcover the perſon, though I confeſs I find it much more difficult than I thought I ſhould have done; and that it will require longer time. As for the Obſtinacy of the Sultaneſs, I believe it hard to overcome, yet not invincible. So that the new Tumult of the *Zegries* is the greateſt miſchief that threatens your Majeſty: however, there is a remedy for that too; and that muſt be done by keeping the Court and people in continual action, by ſome new divertiſement; whereby you may not only pleaſe *Almahide* alſo her ſelf, and thereby win her love; but who knows but that the Stranger may attempt a ſecond Tryal of Skill in that great Aſſembly, where I will be always upon the watch, to obſerve the motion of *Almahide*'s eyes? In ſhort, my advice is, that your Majeſty invite all Perſons of Quality to a Combat of Bulls, where you are to command all the Combatants to be diſguiſed, the more eaſily to ambuſcade the Stranger. The King finding nothing more advantageous, abandoned himſelf wholly to *Zarcan*'s conduct: and accordingly cauſed a great Feſtival to be proclaimed by the Heralds, with the beat of Drums, and Sound of Trumpets; to the end that all Perſons of Quality might prepare themſelves for the Pomp of ſuch a Solemnity.

The

The place appointed was the Piazza of the *Vivaramble*, one of the faireſt, moſt magnificent and largeſt Piazzas in the world. There, upon the day, according to cuſtom, appeared the King, the Queen, and all the Ladies and Grandees of the Court; with an infinite number of other Spectators, that uſually croud to behold thoſe Combats. And no ſooner had the whole Aſſembly taken their places according to their ſeveral degrees, but the ſound of a thouſand *Moreſco* Inſtruments of War called the Combatants to ſhew their Activity. A hundred white Bulls, the faireſt, the fierceſt, and the moſt ſtately that ever were ſeen; with their Horns guilded, and their Heads and Flanks covered with Garlands of Flowers, tyed with Gold and Silver Ribands, were led into the Piazza, ten in front, with Silken Cords taſſell'd with Gold, by two Slaves apiece richly habited: After whom followed the Combatants all diſguiſed in moſt magnificent Habits; with each a Buckler in his left hand, and a ſlender long-headed Pike, after the faſhion of the *Moors*, in his right.

Prince *Muſſa* was the firſt, who had for his Device a Limbeck in a Chymical Laboratory, diſtilling under a Fiery Furnace, with this Motto,

From my Fire Tears proceed.

Abindarrays had for his Impreſe a Yoke, with this Motto,

I find it gentle and light.

Zelebin had for his Impreſe a *Cupid*, with a heart of Fleſh in one hand, and a heart of Diamond in the other; with theſe words,

This is harder than the Other.

Upon the Buckler of *Abenamyn* was painted a Trophy, compoſed of the Fetters, Manacles, and Collars of Captives; with this Motto,

From my Chains my Trophies.

Abdala carried a branch of Palm and Cypreſs, Saltirwiſe; with this Motto,

One of the Two.

Amatt, had for his Impreſe a Tempeſtuous Sea, with a Dolphin dying upon a Rock, where the fury of the Waves had caſt him; with this Motto,

I die without complaining.

Alamin's Device was the Picture of certain Reeds ſhaken by the Wind; with this Motto,

Better bend than break.

Zays had painted upon his Buckler, a Salamander in the flames, with this Motto,

That which burns me, preſerves me alive.

Orthogule wore in his Shield a Crucible of Gold, melting upon the fire; with this Motto,

I have endured the laſt Tryal.

Orcam wore for his Impreſe a Roſe; his Motto was,

Fair, but full of Prickles.

Abenarax had for his Device a Sky full of Stars, and a Compaſs, whoſe Needle, touched with the Load-ſtone, turned toward the North Star; with this Motto,

It looks but toward one.

Almoraby carried a Baſilisk, and a Lyon dying; with theſe words,

From her Eyes my Death.

Tarfe had for his Device the Dart of *Cephalus*, with this Motto,

It pierces unavoidably.

Hodia carried for his Device the Inſide of a Temple in perſpective, with an Altar at the Entry; upon which ſtood a Lamp lighted, and ſeveral Butter-flies flying about the flame, with theſe two Verſes written round the Altar,

Life deſpiſing, in the fire
Boldly ſeeking to expire.

Abaza carried in his Shield a Taper, with the lighted end downward, and the wax melting upon the flame; with this Motto,

That which nouriſhes, extinguiſhes my Flames.

Thaut carried a Sun-Flower, dried up by the Sun; with this Motto,

Deſtroyed by that which gives me Being.

Aladul carried a Load-ſtone, with an Anchor fixed to it; with this Motto,

This only draws me.

Caras carried a Heliotrope following the Sun; with theſe words,

Him only I behold, him only I follow.

The laſt that came was a Stranger, who was more taken notice of than all the reſt, for the magnificence of his Habit, and the goodlineſs of his Preſence; which attracted the

eyes and admiration of all people upon him. He carried for his Device a Sun in a Cloud, with this Motto.

My flames are hidden.

This Impreſe and Motto made the King of *Granada* look about him, and open'd *Zarcan*'s eyes; verily believing he had been the Stranger that had born away the Prize at the Carrouſal: But when they conſidered him more at leiſure, they both ſaw, how comely ſoever his preſence were, that he was neither ſo tall, nor yet ſo graceful as the other Stranger: and they believed him to be ſome other diſcreet Lover, that conceal'd his paſſion for ſome other Lady.

Every one of theſe Knights ſhew'd their Skill and Activity in their Order; and came off ſome with more, ſome with leſs applauſe. But in ſhort, when it came to the Stranger's turn, he behaved himſelf with that Gallantry, with that Skill, with that Nimbleneſs, that he became the wonder of all the Spectators: And upon the death of the Bull which he encounter'd, without any contradiction, was adjudged Victor of the Field. Whereupon the Heralds brought him to the Judges; who told him, that being Conquerour of the Bull, and Victor in the Feſtival, he had nothing more to do, but to receive the Guerdon which he had merited, from the hands of the Sultaneſs. Whereupon the Noble Stranger, kneeling with one knee upon the Judges Scaffold, and addreſſing himſelf to the Sultaneſs; Madam, ſaid he, (with a grace as comely as his reſpect was ſubmiſs) I am come to demand a Reward, of which I am unworthy: But being certain that the greateſt men in the world are unworthy of the ſame honour as well as I, my boldneſs ſeems to be the more excuſable. Valiant Stranger, ſaid the Sultaneſs, you are worthy of this and more: Nor is there any reward ſufficient to equal your merit and your valour. Receive then this, ſaid ſhe, (preſenting him her Picture, in a rich Box of Diamonds) not as a thing proportionable to your deſert, but only as a ſingle teſtimony that I underſtand it. Then the Stranger, bowing himſelf to the ground, receiv'd the Glorious Prize of his Activity and Merit, and kiſſed it. After which he roſe up; and having made a profound obeyſance to their Majeſties, he was about to be gone. But the King, though he had obſerved him when he firſt made his Entry, not to be ſo tall, nor of ſo comely a preſence as the Stranger at the Carrouſal; yet his jealouſie could not remove ſome flight ſuſpicions from his heart; which made him tell the Valiant Victor, that the Prize which he had received was well worth the trouble of taking off his Diſguize. Sir, ſaid he, the Prize which your Majeſty ſpeaks of is ineſtimable: but ſince another before me had uſed the ſame liberty in the Carrouſal, I thought it might be permitted me to take the like freedom; and therefore I beſeech your Majeſty to allow me the ſame favour. The King was about to reply, and to inſiſt upon his own will, when the Judges told him, that the liberty allowed at thoſe Feſtivals was inviolable; and humbly beſought him not to make any breach of ſo ancient a Cuſtom. But he would hardly have followed their advice, if *Zarcan*, who gueſſed at his intention, had not whiſpered him in the ear, and aſſured him that this laſt Stranger was ſo unlike the former, that there was no reſemblance between them. His perſwaſions, and the fear of making a diſturbance at ſuch a tickliſh time as that was, made the Prince take no farther notice: ſo that the Victorious Stranger went off with his Prize: and crouding in among the reſt of the diſguiſed Knights that were marching away, he got into the *Zacatin*-Street; and by the favour of the night that now began to cover the world, he ſtole away through By-Lanes and Turnings, to the place where he left his Diſguiſe. In the mean while *Ponce de Leon*, whoſe jealouſie was more quick-ſighted than the King's, had a more certain and fixed Object to think upon: ſo that although he were not abſolutely convinc'd of what he ſuſpected, yet he had ſuch ſtrong conjectures, that he had little reaſon to make any queſtion of it.

As for the Exploit which the Unknown Knight had performed, *Jaſon*, *Hercules* nor *Hippolitus* never deſerved more Honour, nor ever received a fairer Reward than that Stranger. But next to him, *Abdala* deſerved the loudeſt applauſe. And therefore *Roderic de Narva*, being an eye-witneſs of his extraordinary Activity; preferring him before the reſt, had a great deſire to know him in a particular manner. So that *Don Fernand* coming to viſit the Captain-General that Evening, he deſired him to ſatisfie his Curioſity with the Relation of his Adventures. Therefore, after ſome Complements, *Don Fernand* began as follows.

The Hiſtory of Abdala *and* Fatime.

BEfore I enter upon the Adventures of *Abdala* and *Fatime*, it behoves me to let you know ſomething of the ſtory of their Parents, that you may the better underſtand the ſtory of their Children. Know then, Sir, that *Abdala*'s Father was named *Homar*, and his Mother *Lyparis*. He was deſcended from the Family of the *Alabezes*, of the Race of the Kings of *Fez*. *Lyparis* was of the Family of the *Alarbes*, deſcended from the Line of the Kings of *Oran*. By the favour of *Aladul*, whom Fortune and Merit had advanced to the Employment of Grand Viſier, *Homar* came to be Deputy Governour of *Exitana*, a large Sea-Town, of which *Aladul* himſelf was Governour; and afterwards Com-

Commander in chief of *Almunnecar*, another place of Importance alſo, upon the ſame Sea. Some time after, *Aladul* dying, *Haly* his Son ſucceeded him in his Government: carrying along with him a Siſter of his that was a Widdow; or to ſay more truly, a Maſter; conſidering the low ſpirit of *Haly*, and the bold courage of *Alabea*; for that was his Siſter's name. On the other ſide, *Homar* by his Policy and his Liberality, had got ſuch an abſolute power over the Garriſon and People of *Exitana*, that indeed, he was the real Governour, and the other had only the Title; which the ambitious *Alabea* impatiently endured; as well for that ſhe could not ſuffer any perſon above her, as becauſe of her prodigality; having already contrived the waſte of her Brother's Eſtate, and the alienation of his Government: to which ſhe thought that *Homar* would not conſent; who well enough underſtood, that another Governour would not prove of that mild temper as *Haly*; which would be the ruine of his Authority: and who, for that reaſon, having cunningly gain'd *Haly*'s friendſhip, and a great Command over him, abſolutely oppoſed the wicked deſign of *Alabea*, and had diverted her Brother from ſuch an unſafe Reſolution. Thus was *Homar* ſo well fix'd, as well in *Exitana* as in *Almunecar*, that it was no eaſie thing to move him: and indeed, had not Love combin'd with Fortune, all her Malice had been ineffectual to that purpoſe. *Haly* was truly Noble and Courageous, but had very little Wit: and though he enjoyed his invincible Father *Aladul*'s place, yet he could not ſupply it; having no other Vertue (except his Valour) but a prodigal Liberality, and an eaſie and extraordinary Honeſty; which in the end, prov'd his own, as well as *Homar*'s Ruine; for *Alabea* being as prodigal as he, if not more, in a ſhort time had conſumed that vaſt Wealth which his Father had left him: and by his profuſion, in a few years ruined one of the moſt potent Families in the Kingdom of *Granada*. But her Prodigality not being ſatisfied with the Waſte of ſuch an Eſtate, ſhe was reſolved to ſell the Government from her Brother. There was at that time eminent in *Granada*, as chief Miniſter of State, a Noble Perſon, whoſe name was *Corchut*; who, by the death of the King, and and the Queen's favour, had got the Supreme Authority into his own hands. *Alabea* therefore, knowing it to be the cuſtom of moſt Favourites, to make ſure of the ſtrongeſt Forts in the Kingdom, for a Retreat upon the Turn of times; reſolved to make uſe of the opportunity, and to put this Town into his hands for a ſumm of Money. How ruinous ſoever this deſign was, yet ſhe fore-ſaw no great Obſtacle againſt it in the perſon of her Brother, who loved her as really as ſhe really ſlighted him, and was as waſteful as ſhe was expenſive. But *Homar* was the main Impediment; for he had all the power in his own hands: and his Fortune depending upon his power, there was no likelihood that he would conſent to his own ruine; or of getting him by force out of a place, where he was ſo well beloved. She had made an attempt which took no effect, which perplexed her haughty and Imperious ſpirit, that there ſhould be but one obſtacle in her way, and ſhe not able to remove it, or have power ſufficient to overcome it. But for want of force, ſhe fell to ſtratagem, which ſucceeded far more proſperouſly.

She had obſerved for ſome time that *Homar* was naturally enclin'd to love; and that his paſſionate heart was never free from the fetters of one Lady or other. But her eye being always upon him, ſhe had found out that one time among the reſt, he was at liberty for a while, having ſhaken off all his Chains: and therefore thinking that a moſt convenient opportunity, ſhe reſolved to entangle him her ſelf, being both lovely, and of a ſublime Wit, although ſhe made but an ill uſe of it. Thereupon ſhe began to appear every day more magnificently apparelled than ſhe was wont to do; omitting nothing that might ſet out the Luſtre of her Beauty. Then ſhe began to entertain *Homar* in private oftener than ſhe was accuſtomed; ſo that if he ſtayed two days from her, ſhe ſent her Slaves to him, to upbraid his neglect of her: and when he came to her, ſhe would chide him her ſelf in a moſt obliging manner, and moſt proper to carry on her deſign. There were no Balls, Collations or Walks, wherein *Homar* did not ſeem to be the perſon moſt in her favour. Nay, ſhe feigned to make him her Confident, and to diſcloſe to him the very ſecrets of her ſoul, that ſhe might introduce him into her heart. She reproached her Brother's folly; and applauding *Homar*'s Merit to the Sky, aſſured him that ſhe would employ all her Credit at Court to ſerve him. When ſhe ſaw by *Homar*'s aſſiduity, that her Illuſtrious Fraud began to take, ſhe then re-doubled her Batteries, and diſſembled Love it ſelf. *Homar* at firſt, being pretty well in years, ſuſpected her treacherous Affection; and the knowledge of her humour gave him more cauſe to fear than hope. But being eaſily perſwaded to flatter himſelf, he thought ſhe had lov'd him as he began to love her: and that the ſplendor of his Merit had ſo dazzled *Alabea*'s eyes, that ſhe could not ſee his grey hairs. Thereupon he anſwered her with looks and ſighs, as eloquent, as ſhe had ſeemingly wooed him withal before. But ſtill the cunning Lady, wanting ſome viſible and demonſtrable mark of his affection to compleat her fraud; ſo ſoon as ſhe perceived *Homar* in her Net, ſo ordered her affairs that he could never ſpeak to her alone, nor have any opportunity to make a proteſtation of his Love to her in private. Thereupon, having conſidered what he had to do, Love carried him beyond his reaſon; and not being able to live any longer in the dark, he ſent a Letter to that Amiable Deceiver, by a Truſty Slave, in theſe words.

To

To the Divine *Alabea*.

WEre I now to diſcover this ſecret to you, Madam, it is of ſuch importance, I ſhould tremble in the diſcovery, though I am none of thoſe that are ſoon daunted. But being aſſur'd that my Eyes have not been ſo diſcreet as my lips; and that they have already ſpoken that Language which the other durſt not utter, I will no longer ſtruggle with ſuch a troubleſome conſtraint to no purpoſe, For I am ſatisfi'd that you already ſee what I would fain conceal, and likewiſe know that which I dare hardly preſume to tell you. Yes, Madam, thoſe indiſcreet eyes have told you truth. They have betray'd my ſecret and diſcover'd the condition of my ſoul; ſo that when they aſſur'd you, that I love you beyond my own life, they were as real as bold; and no leſs ſincere then you have ſeen them paſſionate. Madam, you know the power which I have in Exitane, *without which it is impoſſible for you to become abſolute Miſtreſs thereof. But Madam, you are ignorant that the jealous anger of your brother would ere now have rid you out of this world, had I not preſerv'd you by my Counſel, and oppos'd his fury with my power. Therefore by what I have done, conſider what I am able to do: and be aſſur'd that the ſame chain that tyes me to your beauty binds me alſo to your Intereſts, and that for your ſake I am ready to ſacrifice my Fortune: I confeſs I want the graces of youth but neither Conduct nor Conſtancy. Therefore Madam, ſince you underſtand mine, but I underſtand not your eyes, be pleas'd to vouchſafe, that the faireſt in the world may be their Interpreter.*

Homar.

The ſlave having receiv'd his errand, obſerv'd his time ſo well, that unperceiv'd he gave this fatal paper into *Alabea*'s hand, who read it with an extraordinary delight, finding it ſo proper for the accompliſhment of her deſigns; and with what an opportunity it furniſh'd her to ruine *Homar*, for whom ſhe car'd not a ruſh. Thereupon that dangerous woman, that ſhe might not looſe ſo favourable a juncture, return'd this Anſwer,

To the Valiant *Homar*.

I Confeſs it, Homar, *I did underſtand your Eyes; and your pen hat writ nothing but what they had told me before. But becauſe I am not willing to be deceiv'd, I thought it but convenient, for the latter, to remove all my doubts and ſcruples. There is a neceſſity alſo that your lips ſhould ſay the ſame, to ſtrengthen my belief. Not that I have an ill opiniou of my beauty: but becauſe I have no good thoughts of your Sex: ſo that although I believe my ſelf Amiable, I cannot tell whether I may believe that a Man knows how to Love. Which only Time and You can inform*

Alabea.

When ſhe had ſeal'd this Letter ſhe gave it the ſlave; and after ſhe had Careſs'd him with ſeveral Civilities, and a Noble Preſent, ſhe ſent him away, as well ſatisfi'd with her Liberality, as ſhe was ſatisfi'd in the ſucceſs of her fraud. In the mean time *Homar*, who was no leſs impatient than amorous, ardently expected the return of the Meſſenger. For the incertainty of the ſucceſs of ſuch a tickliſh experiment, kept him upon the rack in a reſtleſs condition; But at length the deceitful *Alabea*'s Letter ſcatter'd all his fears, and therefore ſecure of his good Fortune, he dreſſed himſelf after an Extraordinary manner, and went to viſit that dangerous woman that had laid ſuch a dangerous ſnare for him. In the mean time the Cunning Gipſie goes to her Brothers Apartment, with a Countenance ſo Melancholy, that he could not forbear to enquire the cauſe: Sir, ſaid ſhe, fetching a ſigh, My mind has no ſhare in what my body ſuffers; So ſaying, ſhe fetch'd another ſigh deeper then the former, and lifting up her eyes to heaven, plainly ſignifi'd that there was ſomething more than ordinary which diſturb'd her. Thereupon *Haly* conjur'd her with all the vehemency imaginable, not to conceal the cauſe of her ſorrow; there being nothing that lay in his power which he would not do for her relief; Alas, replyed ſhe lamenting her condition, He that ſays he will do every thing, will do nothing, when he knows of whom I am to complain: And therefore never force me to add a new ſhame to my former diſgrace; but ſuffer me in private to bewail an Injury, which will but become the greater, if the offence of an inſolent piece of Raſhneſs be not openly puniſh'd in my revenge. But reply'd her Brother, as I am your other ſelf in blood and affection, the telling me your complaint, does not make it publick: And you have an ill opinion of my courage, to think I ſhall let any injury done to you, go unpuniſh'd. I do not queſtion your Courage, reply'd *Alabea*, but I doubt your friendſhip. However anſwer'd *Haly*, me thinks, you might be better convinced by what I have ſaid: and therefore while you are complaining of the unjuſtice of others, give me no cauſe to complain of Yours. However it be (reply'd ſhe, letting fall ſome tears, which her malice, not her grief had plentifully

tifully furniſh'd her withal) in regard there are ſeveral degrees of friendſhip, though it were true that you had a kindneſs for me, it follows not but that you may have much more for another. At thoſe words *Haly* ſtood ſtill a while without returning any Anſwer, profoundly meditating upon what he had heard: but by and by reſuming where he left, and with his eyes fixed upon her, I begin ſaid he, now to diſcover through the obſcurity of your diſcourſe, that it is *Homar* againſt whom you have a deſign to complain: but before you do it, adviſe with your ſelf more than once, for you muſt have very convincing proofs to make me condemn a man of his merit, and one whom I have ſo much reaſon to eſteem. This is not the firſt time you have endeavor'd to ſet us together by the Ears, but good now, lay your projects aſide; for you will never have any ſucceſs, more then you have had. In ſhort *Homar* is my friend and I am His; and I ow to his Counſels and his courage the preſervation of my Fortune. O heavens cry'd the Malicious *Alabea*, that the friendſhip ſhould be ſo well acknowledg'd! and that juſt *Homar* ſhould prove ſo gratetul! But in uſurping all the Authority of your Government, that faithful friend of yours, give me leave to tell you, minds nothing but his own Honour. He has ſuch a care of your eaſe, that he eaſes you of all the trouble, to charge himſelf with all the buſineſs of your employment; while you enjoy only an airy title; the actual Power reſiding in his perſon. You offend me with your diſcourſe, reply'd *Haly*; *Homar* does his duty; and 'tis his duty ſo to to do: and if he meddle with any buſineſs of mine, 'tis by my Order. Alas! cry'd ſhe more abundantly pouring forth her feigned tears, your blindneſs makes me ſee, that heaven has decreed your ruin, and that nothing can hinder it. In ſhort, purſu'd ſhe, you tender a perfidious man, the abſolute Maſter of your Fortune, your own and your ſiſters Life: and his deſign is meerly to exterminate us both. Alas, what can be ſacred to him, that aſſails your honor. For in aſſailing mine, added ſhe, putting her hand before her eyes, as if her Modeſty had bluſhed, he ſhews himſelf hardy enough to undertake any thing againſt your life and fortune. Ah ſiſter, cry'd he, it can never be as you ſay. And unleſs I ſaw it with my own eyes, I would never believe it. Believe it then with your own eyes, if you know that Miſcreants hand, ſince you will not believe your ſiſter. With that ſhe gave him the unfortunate *Homars* Letter; impatiently expecting the effect. At firſt *Haly*, who was well acquainted with the vertues of the party accus'd, was unwilling to believe his own eyes: but he knew *Homar's* hand ſo well, that it was impoſſible for him to remain unconvinced. He ſaw in that fatal Letter the Love which *Homar* had for *Alabea*, his deſigns, his deſires, and demands. But with more ſhame to himſelf and vexation withal he ſaw how *Homar* glory'd in the Sovereign Power which he had gotten, which was no leſs a reproach of his weakneſs, than a proof of his ill Government. He obſerv'd with a bloody Malice, how *Homar* had betray'd him in a ſecret of the greateſt conſequence to him in the world. However Ancient Amity and ſo many good turns ſuſpended for a while the tranſportation of his ſoul and the Eruption of his Choler. But at length jealouſie of his Honour maſtering his affection, and chaſing from his heart all tenderneſs and pity, The Traytor ſhall die, cry'd he, my own Scimiter ſhall revenge my ſelf of his Treaſon: Or elſe the Traytor ſhall take away my Life, as he has depriv'd me of my Honour. Ah, Sir, cry'd the Crafty *Alabea*, the remedy will be worſe than the diſeaſe: For though I find by this Letter that you would have put me to death, yet I love you beyond my own life: and I will never conſent that you ſhould venture yours upon this occaſion: No venture at all, anſwer'd *Haly*, for *Homar's* perfidiouſneſs has render'd him an enemy below my Cognizance, I'le have the Javelins of my Guards to do his buſineſs, where ever they meet him. Oh, Sir, this Reſolution is worſe then the former; for beſides his own Perſonal valour, you ſee he never ſtirs abroad without a Troop of Officers and Souldiers at his Heels. How then reply'd *Haly*; muſt I go unreveng'd, and the Traytor unpuniſhed? No, Sir, anſwered ſhe: for provided you will leave this affair to my Management, you and I will be revenged; and he ſhall be puniſhed, and all this without any noiſe or hazard. I confeſs, replyed *Haly*, I cannot imagine which way. But I do then, reply'd ſhe; provided you will but diſſemble your Anger againſt *Homar*, and give me leave to go to Court, to make uſe of this favourable conjuncture. And becauſe ſecreſie is the ſoul of all great deſigns, purſued ſhe, I deſire you not to ask me with what Engines I intend to overthrow this *Coloſſus* of Pride and Vanity. And that you may have no encouragement to follow the dictates of your paſſion, added ſhe, I think it not fitting to leave the Letter in your hands for fear you ſhould make ſome ill uſe of it; to the deſtruction of that engine which I have taken ſo much pains to rear. With that the wily Impoſtreſs, upon a ſudden ſnatch'd *Homar's* Letter out of her brothers hands, and tearing it to pieces, put the bits in her pocket, before he could poſſibly prevent her. You require of me an Impoſſibility anſwered the diſconſolate *Haly*, for my reſentment being as great as the injury, it will be impoſſible for me to conceal it. Unleſs you do that, my deſign is utterly ruin'd, reply'd *Alabea*. But ſuppoſe I ſhould keep ſilence, added the penſive *Haly*, when you are at Court, the pleaſure of that place will put all manner of buſineſs out of your head; and you will forget at *Granada*, what you reſolved upon at *Exitana*. Jealouſie indeed, reply'd ſhe ſmiling, is a mark of tenderneſs, as well in friendſhip as in Love: and therefore I excuſe

excuſe it. But what ever I have been, I am not now ſo much lead away with pleaſure as you think for.

At length all things were agreed upon betwe en *Haly* and *Alabea*, and ſhe return'd to her Apartment: there ſhe found *Homar*, who waited for her coming with all the impatience of a Lover, that came to receive the firſt favours of his Miſtreſs, but withal, with as much joy as growing hope could infuſe into a heart. So ſoon as ſhe percieved him, ſhe advanced towards him with an obliging air; and beholding him with eyes, where Love ſeemed to ſwim in joy; My dear *Homar*, ſaid ſhe, leading him toward the window, I will begin our Friendſhip, with a confiding relyance upon your Generoſity: and to let you ſee what a place you poſſeſs in my heart, I will truſt you with its moſt important ſecrets. You load me with Honour, Madam, anſwered he; but in regard Love equals all things, I dare ſay, that when I have diſcovered mine, you will appear but barely juſt. Why then, anſwered ſhe very merrily, I ſhall only pay a debt where I thought to have beſtowed a favour. But let us come to the buſineſs. With that, after ſhe had looked about every way, to ſee if no body were near to liſten, and made all thoſe Ape's faces that people of great buſineſs are wont to make: Immediately after I had written to you, quoth ſhe, there came into the City, maugre all your Vigilance, at the Ports, a Perſon of Quality, with ſeveral Attendants, diſguiſed in Countrey Habits: And being a crafty Agent, he ſo wrought his buſineſs, as to be brought into my Anti-chamber under a feigned pretence; where he preſented me with a Letter of Credence from the Queen, and another from *Corchut* her Favourite; and ſhewing me his Commiſſion, he gave me to underſtand, that the Queen had diſcovered that the Grandees of the Kingdom, not enduring the advancement of a Favourite above them, began privately to cabal againſt her Son and her; and making no queſtion but that they would endeavour to draw *Haly* to their Party, knowing the importance of *Exitana*, ſhe had a deſire to prevent them: Thereupon, the Queen being aſſured of *Alabea*'s affection, had ſent for her to Court, to conſult with her at ſuch a tickliſh Conjuncture; giving her her word before hand, to grant her whatever Advantages ſhe could deſire. Another part, purſued ſhe, of the Queen's Commands is, to employ all the intereſt and power I had over you, to make you adhere to her Party; ſhe being inform'd of your Condition, your Valour, and the power which you have in the place. Thereupon I ſent for you, to communicate this Letter to you, and to take your advice therein: but not finding you at home, and the Agent requiring to be diſpatched by reaſon of the timely ſhutting of the Gates, I have written a Letter to the Queen and *Corchut*, that I would be ſuddenly at *Granada*, to give them all ſatisfaction, as well in your behalf as my own; for after theſe new marks of your Friendſhip which you have afforded me, I could not believe you would diſ-own what I have done. Ah, Madam! replyed *Homar*, take leſs care of my Fortune, but a little more of my Love: 'tis but a few moments ago that I was happy, and now you ſeek already to make me miſerable, for ſo muſt I be by your abſence. My dear *Homar*, replyed the Amiable Impoſtreſs, moſt obligingly giving him her hand, let us love each other, ſince our Inclinations agree: but if it be poſſible for us to love diſcreetly, let us mix a little Ambition with our Love, ſince Love and Fortune agree ſo well together: Let us ſpare a little time to Intereſt, that we may ſpend all the reſt in pleaſure: and let us ſuſpend our ſatisfaction a while, leſt we loſe this favourable opportunity. I engage my word, to have more care at Court of what concerns you, than what concerns my own ſelf. But, Madam, anſwered *Homar*, you know *Haly*'s humour ſo well, that he will never conſent to let you go to Court, unleſs he were there himſelf; and though he be not your Husband, his Jealouſie will always carry him beyond the hopes of Greatneſs. Alas, replyed *Alabea*, I have perſwaded him to that already; ſo that I intend the next day after to morrow to ſet out for *Granada*, where I will let you ſee how much I eſteem and love you, by the kindneſs which I ſhall do for you. Madam, replyed he, knowing *Haly* as I do, I cannot imagine which way you could take, to make him conſent to your departure. Oh *Homar*, cryed that artificial diſſembler, Women are more wily than you think for: *Haly*, you know, wants Money, the King owes him a large ſumm, and the Treaſurer is my friend; all which he knows very well: and therefore, having promiſed to procure him ſpeedy payment, in regard he is more liberal than jealous, he preſently gave his conſent. But Madam, replyed *Homar*, by all this I perceive, that you have not told him the true cauſe of your journey to Court. 'Tis very true, replyed ſhe; for I durſt not truſt him with a Secret of this Importance, that never knew how to keep one; leſt his diſcovery ſhould render me unſerviceable to the Queen. And therefore, leſt he ſhould ſee the Letters which I received, I threw them in the fire, that I might be at quiet within my ſelf. In ſhort, if you love me, as you ſay you do, leave all things to my care, and never invent obſtacles where there are none. In the mean time, added ſhe, becauſe I know my abſence will awaken my Brother's jealouſie, and that jealouſie of his will be accompanied with melancholy, I adviſe you not to keep him company ſo much as you were wont to do, for fear any quarrel ſhould happen through any impertinent diſcourſe of his. If he carry himſelf coldly, take no notice of it; but look on it as a ſymptom of his diſtemper. But above all things, cunningly and carefully avoid all occaſions of being alone with him in diſcourſes. You know him, I know him; and therefore follow my Orders. But to the purpoſe, added ſhe, feigning to have forgot

it;

it; that we may do no injury one to another, let us burn our own Letters which we writ to each other to day: Young people treasure up such trifles, but persons of discretion never preserve such things as may do them a mischief if any mis-fortune happen. With that she pulled out of her pocket *Homar*'s Letter, which she had torn in pieces, and threw it into the fire; obliging him to do the like by his, though he did it with all the unwillingness of an Inamorato. Thereby she was freed of any farther fear that her Brother should discover her Treason, or that *Homar*, to appease him, should shew him her Letter. After that, the cunning and malicious Deceiver, beholding him with eyes full of a passion that never came near her heart; My dear and beloved *Homar*, said she, with an air and tone as charming as deceitful; in regard that I shall have more care of your Interests than my own, and take more care of your advancement than my own Grandeur, take heed of demolishing the Superstructure which I have laid; and if it happen that I have occasion to send for you to Court, be sure you make all the speed that may be; for ascertain your self, I shall not write to you to that purpose, unless an absolute necessity requires it. Madam, answered the Illustrious Unfortunate, you need not mention any thing of my good fortune to make me fly where you are; the trouble of your absence, and the hope of enjoying your presence, will be sufficient to add wings to the speed that carries me where you reside, without any other consideration. In regard I must be gone early to morrow morning, answered *Alabea*, I have so many things to do in that little time, that I must be forc'd to deprive my self of the pleasure of your society: But be sure, said she, rob me not of the least moment that you can afford to my content. Ah Madam, said he, I should rob my self too much, should I deprive my self of the only satisfaction I am capable to receive; especially of the last pleasing minute I shall have, till the first of your Return. He would have said more, but she left him, and went into her Closet; whereupon the conceal'd Lover, not daring to follow her, return'd to his own home, full of pleasure and disquiet; hope and fear, Ambition and Love. All the night long those various thoughts restlesly tormented him; and the mind communicating its distemper to the body, his waking eyes would not permit the shortest slumber to assuage his pain. But when he came to make a serious reflection upon the love which he had for *Alabea*, the friendship which he had for her Brother, *Haly*'s kindness to him, the treacherous nature of that cunning Woman, which was not unknown to him, and the importance of those things which she required him to do; his good Angel often times importuned him not to engage himself any farther upon those Precipices, but to retire in time from the danger; and not slightly to hazard a Fortune so great as his, and so firmly established. Look to thy self *Homar*, said he, look to thy self, and give not so much ear to thy Passion, as not at all to listen to Reason, that gives thee wholesome advice. Fortune, *Homar*, has advanc'd thee high; but if she tumbles thee down, thy fall will be dismal. Thou knoweſt the disposition of Women in general, but that of *Alabea*'s in particular: thou knoweſt how full of invention she is to deceive, what Engines she raises to surmount those obstacles that lie in the way of her designs: Canst thou suspect nothing in this confused story of an invisible Agent, of two Letters as invisible as he, and an imaginary War? Can there be such a fire as is ready to inflame the Kingdom, and no smoak appear? Hast thou no Friends at Court? Art thou so inconsiderable with two such important places under thy Command, that these pretended Revolters make no Application to thee? Ah! *Homar*, flatter not thy self; thy Youth is gone, thy hair grows white; Love and the Graces are young, and they have too little correspondency with Old Age, to league together. Hast thou forgot the Memory of the Great *Aladul*? Hast thou forgot his Son *Haly*? or that this *Haly* is thy Friend? Ah *Homar*, *Homar*, look upon thy Estate, remember thy Son, consider thy Wife, be mindful of thy self, be tender of thy Life, regard thy Honour; and venture not all these Felicities, these real Joys, for a Chimera, for the Imagination of a Woman, a deceitful, ambitious Woman. These Considerations began to shake his Resolution, and make him encline to Reason and Vertue; when his evil Genius, opposing the sound reason of his good Angel: What! said the dangerous enemy of his happiness and repose, that which is once or twice come to pass, must it happen always? Do the Constellations never change their Positions? are their Influences still the same? Because Mis-fortune has attended upon my Family, must it ever be subject to the sport of that fickle Deity? Thy Grandeur is so far above the reach of Fortune, that not *Alabea*, not *Haly*, not *Corchut*, not the Queen, not the King himself can stir the. Importunate Reason! art thou so feeble, to fear a feeble Sex, or to listen to the thread-bare Proverbs of Women's deceit? I confess *Alabea* has no great Reputation for her Honesty; but Women may grow weary of Crimes, as well as of good Actions; for as the Vertuous become wicked, so many times the Wicked turn vertuous. I confess, the story of the invisible Agent is an odd kind of a story; but Chance works Miracles, and there is probability enough in *Alabea*'s Reasons. Though I know nothing of these Cabals, yet, to conclude there were no such, is but a bad conclusion; for Enterprizes of that nature are always kept secret: Perhaps my Friends too may be engaged in the Faction, and unwilling to give me intelligence of it. Peace then grave and troublesome Reason, that reproacheſt my gray hairs; for as long as the vigour of body and mind remains, they leave me more than they take from me. For Beauty being no necessary Ornament in

men, 'tis no improbable thing that the comlineſs of Elderly Age ſhould be beloved: and why ſhould not the Mature Courtier, more diſcreet than the young talkative Boy, be as ſoon confided in by a Lady as they? And therefore, Importunate Adviſer, fright me no more with the Ghoſt of *Aladul*, a heart like mine fears not Apparitions; nor does he know in his Tomb, the tranſactions upon Earth. I confeſs I do *Haly* ſome injuſtice, but Love is a Tyrannical Paſſion. And for my Eſtate, my Son, my Wife, and my Life, I declare to thee, moſt cautious and timorous Reaſon, that to be belov'd by *Alabea*, I will freely venture the loſs of Wife, Son, Life, and all my Eſtate; which I yet think too little for the gain of ſuch an honour.

Thus, Sir, the enamoured *Homar* ſpent the night; and no ſooner dawn'd the day, but up he roſe to wait upon *Alabea*; reſolving not to loſe a minute, that might afford him the pleaſure of her company. He found her quite ready: and as ſoon as ſhe perceived him, that cunning and dangerous piece of Wickedneſs, preſently ran toward him, with an obliging air, and a behaviour as complaiſant as civil: and beholding him with eyes that ſpoke more kindly than her lips; My dear *Homar*, ſaid ſhe, with a low voice, you ſee I am no ſluggard when I act for your Intereſt; and whatever care other Ladies take to preſerve their Beauties, I ſacrifice all my time to your Advancement; riſing betimes to begin a journey, which I only take for your ſake. Ah Madam, anſwered the poor abuſed Lover, let me rather ſacrifice all my Fortune to your Love: and if you take this journey for my ſake, never go; for in depriving me of your company, you take from me more than your departure can beſtow upon me. No, no, my dear *Homar*, replyed the Lovely Miſtreſs of deceit, let us make no farther diſputes upon that Subject; for Love and Reaſon conſent to my departure, and ſo muſt you. I know not what I ought to do, replyed he, but I know what I would willingly do; for if my conſent were neceſſary to this departure, *Exitana* ſhould be preferred before *Granada*. For this time, anſwered *Alabea*, *Granada* muſt be preferred before *Exitana*. But Madam, added he, I know the condition of your Eſtate, I know the beſt part of it is conſumed; and therefore, if the fear of future want, or the care of providing more for the ſupport of that Degree and ſplendor wherein you have hitherto appeared, puts you upon the inconvenience of this journey, you do ill to ſeek in another place what is here freely at your ſervice. You know, Madam, ſaid he, (tranſported with his own Paſſion) that I am not poor; but rather, in ſome meaſure may be eſteemed rich: And therefore, Madam, I beſeech you, without engaging your ſelf in Court-Intrigues, which only produce vain hopes, to accept of what I have; it being all yours, to whom I have ſurrendred my heart and my ſoul. I have a Son, 'tis true; and I ought to take care of him I confeſs; but as *Abaza* my Father left me only his Scimiter for an Inheritance, if I leave no more to *Abdala* my Son, 'tis as much as was left me: If he prove valiant and vertuous, he will advance himſelf; if not, he merits his Miſ-fortunes. Therefore Madam, on my knees I beg you to accept my Offer, as the greateſt favour you can do me. Such langnage as this, that would have melted the heart of a Tyger, never mov'd this Tygreſs's heart to the leaſt pity or tenderneſs. Yet this abominable piece of treachery teſtified much acknowledgment to *Homar*: and to deceive him more cleverly, Alaſs, ſaid ſhe, ſhould I accept an offer ſo obliging, I ſhould be unworthy of it; and the ſame Paſſion that renders you ſo generous, will not ſuffer me ſo much to regard my own intereſt: yet I aſſure you I muſt fail in my Reputation, if your vertue go unrewarded. *Homar* was about to have return'd an Anſwer, but was interrupted by *Haly*, who came into the Chamber where they were at the ſame time. The ſight of *Homar* raiſed a Tempeſt of Paſſions in *Haly*'s Countenance, ſo that he could hardly contain himſelf. On the other ſide, *Homar* ſurpriz'd with the ſight of a perſon that he leaſt expected, and touch'd with remorſe, for the injury which he was labouring to do him, was ſo aſhamed of himſelf, that he ſtood like one that had never ſeen the world. But the deceitful *Alabea*, whoſe reſolution nothing could ſurprize; after ſhe had given him a ſign with her eyes to fear nothing, and graſp'd him hard with her hand, ran toward *Haly*; and with a low obeyſance, Sir, ſaid ſhe aloud, I have been telling the valiant *Homar* here the reaſon of my journey to Court, and aſſuring him of my faithful ſollicitation in his behalf: and then whiſpering in her Brother's ear, we have him faſt, quoth ſhe; and if your impatience ſave him not, he is gone for ever. Then turning towards *Homar*, Yes, ſaid ſhe, I will be your ſervant to the utmoſt of my power; but upon this condition, that you will take care of *Haly* in my abſence: but ſtreight with a new glance of Intelligence, which ſhe ſtole with her hand from her Brother's ſight, ſhe gave *Homar* to underſtand that he was to do the quite contrary. Then *Haly*, remember, ſaid he, the promiſes you have made, for there are ſome of which I ſhall impatiently expect the performance. At that very inſtant, one of her Slaves brought word to *Alabea*, that her Coach was ready, and ſtayed for her. Thereupon the cunning Diſſembler, fearing the bad event of many words between two perſons that ſhe loved both alike, ſhould put any ſtop to her deſigns, broke off the Parley; and taking leave of her Brother, gave *Homar* her hand to lead her to the Coach: Yet ere ſhe went ſhe could not chuſe, but once more whiſper in *Haly*'s ear to keep his word; and told *Homar* aloud, that he muſt not fail to come to Court if ſhe ſent for him; which he once more promiſed her to do. So ſoon as ſhe was gone, they both parted, and went home to muſe upon the reaſon of *Alabea*'s Journey,

and

and the advantages they both expected to reap by it. As for the promiſe they had made to *Alabea* not to moleſt one another, they kept it very faithfully. For they met together very ſeldom and never ſpoke to one another but when neceſſity of buſineſs required it.

This coldneſs and indifferency between them could not be hid by all the Wit and diſcretion they had, though the Cauſe were unknown: and every one choſe his ſide according to his affection. But alas, while all the Officers, Souldiers and Inhabitants crouded after *Homar*, *Haly* walked alone attended only by his guards: which adding ſhame to hatred, redoubled in *Haly*'s heart, his deſire to ruin *Homar*. In the mean time the deceitful *Alabea* was no ſooner arrived at *Granada* but ſhe went to kiſs the Queens Hand, and to wait upon *Corchut*: Who having both as great a deſire to be poſſeſſed of *Exitana*, as *Alabea* had to be rid of it, fell immediately to diſcourſe of that affair; aſſuring her that if ſhe could get *Haly* to ſurrender it, ſhe ſhould make her own conditions. The Impoſtreſs, as prodigal as wicked, was over-joy'd, to ſee how things wrought of themſelves. Nevertheleſs to put a value upon the ſervice which ſhe pretended to do the Queen; ſhe told them cunningly, that though ſhe had no paſſion ſo prevalent in her ſoul as to ſerve the Queen and *Corchut*; yet that it was not ſo eaſie as they imagined: and that ſhe foreſaw many Obſtacles, which nothing but an extraordinary addreſs could ſurmount. Not but that I have a power large enough over *Haly*, ſaid ſhe, but in regard he has now little elſe left to ſubſiſt on, it will be greater trouble for me to make him part with it. The Queen has told you already, ſaid *Corchut*, that ſhe will give you a blank Paper; ſo that while ſhe allows you liberty to ſet your own price, that Obſtacle is intirely removed, eſpecially you having that power over *Haly*, which you ſay you have. 'Tis very true anſwered ſhe ſighing, I ſo little diſtruſt my own credit, and my addreſs, that I am ſure of *Haly*; But added ſhe, ſighing, a ſecond time, there remains one obſtacle much greater and far more invincible, then he; ſo great, that it is impoſſible for me to overcome it, without the ſupport of the Queen's Authority. What Obſtacle is that, and what muſt I do to remove it, reply'd the Queen? For you may well believe I ſhall ſpare no coſt to do that, I cannot tell, Madam, ſaid ſhe, whether your Majeſty remembers, that the Kings Lieutenant in *Exitana* is called *Homar*: a creature of *Aladul* my Father in Law: who was ſettled in this place before *Haly* and I came thither: I ask you the Queſtion Madam, becauſe this Ambitious man, not having been at Court for a good while before the deceaſed Kings death, it may be your Majeſty may have forgot him; No, no, reply'd the Queen, I remember him very well; I have ſeen him at Court ſeveral times, and have heard the King give him the Character of a very valiant Man. 'Tis very true, Madam, he does not want Valour, but he has ſo many ill qualities withal; that his chiefeſt vertue which ought to be moſt eſteemed is moſt to be feared. His ambition is ſo boundleſs, that there is no advancement able to ſatiate it. And being very rich, liberal, witty, civil, complaiſant with a winning grace, where as *Haly* on the other ſide, though 'tis my ſhame to confeſs it being careleſs and ſlothful to exceſs; This bold and daring perſon, that ought to be but the Kings Lieutenant, is at preſent King himſelf of *Exitana*; the Officers, Souldiers and Inhabitants being all at his Devotion. Thus, Madam, you may well conjecture that the Tyrant of *Exitana*, will never conſent to a thing ſo contrary to his Vanity, and ſo prejudicial to his Fortune. And to think of expelling him by force, conſidering the ſtrength of the town, the number of Souldiers, the plenty of Proviſions and Ammunition; and this ſame Hot Spur's experience, is an undertaking very improbable; and if he be hard beſet, he will certainly make his own terms with the Chriſtians and ſurrender the place into their hands; Nay I have found it out that he keeps a Correſpondent at *Sevile*; and therefore 'tis in vain to provoke a bold and reſolute man, unleſs you are certain to ruin him. There is no way then but to do that by ſubtlety, which is not to be perform'd by violent means. All the difficulty will be to find out which way, reply'd *Corchut*. I think I have found that out already, anſwered ſhe, and the Queen ſhall be judge if ſhe pleaſes to hear me. Madam, continued ſhe, the moſt predominant Paſſion in *Homar* is Ambition: and the ſnare that catches him muſt be covered with Splendor, Pomp and Grandeur. Now then, Madam, Fortune offers you a fair Opportunity; For you know the Grand Vizier of *Granada* is dead. Let your Majeſty then be pleaſed to write an Obliging Letter to *Homar*, giving him to underſtand that the King in reward of his long and faithful ſervices, at your recommendation, had beſtowed that high Office upon him, and that therefore he ſhould make haſt to Court, to take his Oath and poſſeſſion of the place together at the ſame time. This being ſeconded by one from *Corchut*, and another from my ſelf will bring him upon his head without the leaſt ſuſpicion in the world. When he is here, Madam, you may make ſure of his perſon, and reſtore *Exitana* to the King by taking off *Homar*'s head. That's too too much, *Alabea*, reply'd the Queen, hating the cruelty of her propoſal; For I know he has been too faithful a ſubject, to reward him ſo inhumanly. Truly, added *Corchut* let the Malady be what it will, the remedy is too violent; ſo that there is nothing but what the Queen may follow, but this laſt propoſition. 'Tis the ſecurity of all the reſt, reply'd the remorſeleſs *Alabea*. No, no, reply'd the Queen, ſince the diſplacing *Homar* will ſuffice, we'll ſpare his blood and his head. There are ne-

ceſſary evils, reply'd the Barbarous *Alabea*; and cruelty changes it's name, when it works a good effect. Thereupon the more moderate way was concluded upon. And Letters were diſpatch'd, and ſent away by a Meſſenger, who had Order to deliver thoſe that were directed to *Homar* into his own hands; and thoſe that were directed to her Brother, to him and to no other perſon. The Meſſenger faithfully diſcharged his Commiſſion, and privately gave the following Letter to the Credulous *Haly*.

To the Illuſtrious *Haly*.

I Will keep my word; and in a ſhort time I will deliver you from the moſt dangerous of all your Enemies. The Queen has given leave; Corchut *has conſented*; *and provided that you ſecond me, when I ſhall ſend you word 'tis ſeaſonable, you ſhall know, there is nothing ſo difficult, which I cannot overcome,*

Alabea.

This Letter ſo overjoyed *Haly*, that all his prudence, and that was not very much, could hardly keep him from diſcloſing his Mirth and betraying his own thoughts. Yet at length, he recovered himſelf ſo well, and acted his part ſo carefully, that even *Homar* himſelf could not perceive any thing. After that the ſame Meſſenger went to *Homar*; but finding ſeveral Officers of the Garriſon with him, he only complemented him on *Alibea*'s behalf, as if he had had no other buſineſs. But *Homar*, miſtruſting that ſuch a confident of *Alabea*'s, as he knew the Meſſenger to be, had ſomething more to ſay to him, led him to the window of his Chamber, and there with a low voice, If I am not deceived, ſaid he, the Illuſtrious *Alabea*, has done me the honour to ſend me a letter. Yes, Sir, anſwer'd the Meſſenger, but becauſe he commanded me to deliver your Pacquet in private, I thought it not my duty to ſpeak any thing of it before ſo many people. In the mean Time the Officers perceiving that *Homar* had private buſineſs with the ſtranger, ſlip'd away by degrees all out of the Chamber; So that *Homar* finding himſelf alone with *Alabea*'s Meſſenger; Friend, ſaid he, embraceing him, Make me happy, ſince it is in your power ſo to do; and delay not that ſatisfaction, and that Honor which I ſo much long to receive. Sir, anſwered he, here is both the honor and the ſatisfaction which you ſo impatiently look for: and with that he preſented him *Alabea*'s Pacquet; which the unfortunate *Homar* open'd, with ſuch a working breſt, and ſuch an Extaſie of joy, as viſibly manifeſted the height of his paſſion. The firſt Letter was, as follows, from the Queen.

To the Valiant *Homar*.

YOUR friend will give you to underſtand what the King my Son intends to do for you, ſhe has ſpoke to me in your behalf with all the kindneſs imaginable: and her friendſhip has omitted nothing to ſignalize her endeavour of your promotion. But to tell you the truth, her care was needleſs, For the deceaſed King my Husband always gave you ſo fair a Character, that I am perſuaded, I cannot do too much for your advantage. Make haſt then to receive the firſt marks of my eſteem. And becauſe I know you have a Son, who is eminently hopeful, and dear to his Father, I aſſure him the ſurvivorſhip in all your Commands, and the protection of the King my Son, who is able to do more for him. Come away then, Valiant Homar, *if you intend to Oblige*

The Queen of *Granada*.

The Illuſtrious Unfortunate, whoſe Love had not quenched his Ambition, was overjoy'd at the Contents of this Letter. And making haſt to open the ſecond, he found theſe words.

To the Illuſtrious *Homar*.

THE Queen beſtows Honor upon you, and I give you my Friendſhip. But I am not ſo liberal to give it you for nothing: for I deſire it ſhould coſt you yours. True it is that knowing the high price of what I requeſt, and the low value of what I offer, the exchange will not prove to your advantage: And therefore to make the ſcales even, I will add as many Offices, as will turn the ballance; and if I have any favour at Court, you ſhall find it ſo beneficial to your deſires, that you ſhall have no cauſe to repent of the Exchange. Your Illuſtrious friend will give you a more particular account of my intentions. But make haſt hither, to the end I may acquaint you my ſelf, that the only perſon in the world who admires your worth, is known by the Name of

Corchut.

In

In regard this Letter only confirmed the promiſes made in the former, not explaining what they were. He made haſt to open the third, the Contents whereof were theſe.

To the Fortunate *Homar*.

YOU will find that it is not for nothing that I call you ſo; ſince Fortune has wrought Miracles in your behalf: having ſo well ſeconded my endeavours, that ſhe has gone beyond all your wiſhes, and above all your hopes. But to explain my ſelf, you muſt know, my dear and beſt beloved Homar, *that the very interim that I arrived at* Granada, *the Grand Viſier of* Granada *died: laying hold therefore of the Opportunity, while the Queen offer'd me any Conditions to bring us over to her party, after I had extoll'd your merit and ſervices, I begg'd that employment for you, regarding more your Intereſt, than my own. You may gueſs by this, whether I know how to love or no. The Queen has granted my requeſt. And you will find, by what ſhe has written her ſelf, that how great ſoever this may ſeem, ſhe has greater benefits in ſtore for your worth. Make haſt hither then with all ſpeed, to take your Oath of admittance into ſo important a charge. But leaſt the Plotters ſhould diſcover the Queen's Countermines, let not* Haly *know the leaſt of this, who cannot keep his own Counſel; and will be mad to ſee you preferr'd above him into his fathers very employment. Obſerve the ſame ſilence alſo to your wife; but fain to both ſome other pretence for your leaving the Town. Once more I ſay make haſt hither, For you cannot be here ſo ſoon, as you are wiſhed for by*

Alabea.

'Tis not to be conceived, Sir, how pleaſingly *Homar* was ſurpriz'd, at the receit of ſuch happy Tidings. He was tranſported even to Extaſie; and all the reaſon which Love had left him, was raviſh'd from him by the ſweetneſs of his Hopes. He neither remember'd the wily wit of *Alabea*, nor her dangerous treachery, nor the number of Unfortunate perſons whom her falſhood had ruin'd. So ſtrangely had that inſinuating Chimera deluded his heart, and flatter'd his unwary thoughts, ſo that in this rapture he treated *Alabea*'s ſervant with all the Careſſes imaginable; and, withal, enrich'd him with a moſt magnificent preſent. But whether it were that ſome ſecret forebodings of his Misfortune privately advertis'd him to be careful of himſelf, or whether ſome reflexion upon *Alabea*'s treacheries warn'd him by the Misfortunes of others, he was about to have alter'd his Reſolution, and to have broken all the deſigns of that deceitful woman. To that purpoſe reſolving to try whither he could entrap the Meſſenger by any Quirk of a Queſtion, or pick any thing out of his words that might light him into this dark Intrigue, that ſo much concern'd him, Friend, ſaid he, did not thy Miſtreſs write to *Haly?* and when he read his Letter, did he not ſeem to be pleaſed with the Contents of it? did he not ſend any Meſſage by thee to me? and art not thou to go to him again, when thou art diſpatch'd here? All theſe queſtions ſo unexpectedly propounded and ſo cloſe one upon the neck of another, would have puzzled another perſon. But this Inſtrument of *Alabea*'s wickedneſs having been long accuſtomed to wind himſelf out of ſuch Labyrinths, was not daunted in the leaſt. And therefore very gravely and unconcernedly, Sir, ſaid he, It is not to be thought that the Illuſtrious *Alabea* ſhould ſend me to *Exitana*, and not write to her Brother, but I took no notice of the air of his face when he read the Letter; not did I obſerve either joy or ſadneſs in his eyes: as for any meſſage that I had to deliver you from him, I aſſure you I know of none: and though I muſt return to *Haly* again, you have no reaſon to ſuſpect me. For my life depends upon my employment, and I ſhould ruin my ſelf by failing in my duty. But reply'd *Homar*, in regard ſo many Officers have ſeen thee here, wilt thou not tell him that the Illuſtrious *Alabea* has written to me? By no means, Sir, only that I waited on you from Her with the uſual Complements of diſtant acquaintance. Hee I think that is very improbable, reply'd the other, knowing who I am. Oh! Sir, reply'd *Alabea*'s crafty Inſtrument ſmiling, men of *Haly*'s humor never take it amiſs, that their wives or their ſiſters ſhould write to perſons of your Integrity. In ſhort, Sir, that cunning knave, having been bred up in ſo good a School, ſpoke with ſo much ſeeming ingenuity, and ſo little of affectation, that the infortunate *Homar* ſuffered himſelf to be beguiled, as wary as he was. Then he asked him whether he return'd to *Granada?* Yes, Sir, ſaid he, ſo ſoon as my diſpatches are ready; Meet me then to morrow morning at the Guard, at the Gate as you go out, anſwer'd the betrayed *Homar*; and having ſo ſaid, he embraced him once more, and diſmiſſed him: and being alone he entertained himſelf for ſome time, with the thoughts of his future greatneſs, of which he made no longer Queſtion. In the mean time the treacherous Meſſenger return'd to *Haly*; who no ſooner ſaw him, but he took him aſide, and ask'd him whether *Homar* had given him his Anſwer? No, Sir, anſwer'd he. I am to receive it of him to morrow morning at the Court of Guards as I go out of the Gate that leads toward *Granada*. 'Tis no great Matter, reply'd *Haly*, for I gueſs at the anſwer without ſeeing it: and therefore take mine here, and come no more near me all day long,

long, for fear of being dogg'd, or for fear that *Homar* himſelf ſhould find thee here. With that he gave him a Letter directed to *Alabea*, and retired into his Cloſet, to conſider what courſe to take to make ſure of his friends. But he had not walked above three or four turns before he ſaw *Homar*; but becauſe ſpy'd as he was coming, and had leiſure enough to prepare himſelf, there appear'd neither hatred nor choler in his countenance. The other wholly Maſter of himſelf, appeared as if he had been no way concerned, but accoſting *Haly* with all the civility that became him, Sir, ſaid he, I have received a Letter from my Correſpondent in *Granada*, whereby I find there is an abſolute neceſſity for my being there; and being reſolved to ſet out to morrow I come to give you notice thereof: to the end you may have time to conſider whether you have any ſervice to command me there, or no. I am obliged to your care, reply'd *Haly*: nor can I refuſe your Civil offer. For (ſaid he, to gull him with a falſe opinion of his confidence in him) you know my ſiſter as well as I, how much ſhe is addicted to her pleaſure; and therefore I deſire you to look after her, and to quicken her diſpatch. Aſſure your ſelf, ſaid *Homar*, that I ſhall omit nothing to ſerve you. You oblige me, ſaid *Haly*, and in return, if there be any thing that I can do for you here, I engage my word to act for you as for my ſelf. Thoſe offers confirm'd the unfortunate *Homar* in his credulity: for having obſerved *Haly*'s countenance, whom he knew to be no cunning diſſembler, his ſeeming Frankneſs removed all his doubts and ſcruples. After that they fell into diſcourſe of their arrears, of the affairs and condition of the Garriſon, and by what means to obtain the Prime Miniſters favour, wherein they concurred as amicably as could be. *Homar* thus ſatisfied with his diving policy, returned home, leaving *Haly* better contented with his feigned reſervedneſs. Next morning by peep of day, *Homar* watched for *Alabea*'s Meſſenger without the gate, beyond the draw-bridge, and having ſlipp'd the pacquet into his hand, which the other as nimbly whipp'd into his pocket; Go, ſaid he, give thoſe Letters to thy Miſtreſs, and take notice withall that what I have given thee already is but a trifle to what I intend thee hereafter. Sir, anſwer'd the Impoſtor, my diligence ſhall prove my affection: and you ſhall find that your Commands ſhall be always Laws to me: and having ſo ſaid, he ſmartly put on. *Homar* returning home, went to *Lyparis* his Wife; and finding her alone, with *Abdala* her Son; Madam, ſaid he, they who are contented with their preſent Fortune, are unworthy to riſe higher. This Generous Emulation has always appeared among my Anceſtors: This Conſideration has made me think upon ſome Expedients, by means whereof I hope not to ſtay long here. For though I have a Command, wherewith many would be contented, yet I muſt confeſs I am not ſatisfied; and therefore I am reſolv'd once more to ſee the Court; and to try, as I have advanc'd my ſelf above my Father, to advance my ſelf above my ſelf. For this reaſon I intend to be gone to morrow; adjuring you, to allay the ſorrows of my Abſence & our Separation, with the hopes of thoſe Advantages which you ſhall ſhare with me. *Lyparis* was ſtrangely ſurprized at his ſudden reſolution. But whether her jealouſie had diſcovered her Husband's ſecret Paſſion, or whether out of the knowledge which ſhe had of the treachery of this dangerous Woman, ſhe fore-ſaw that *Homar* would be engaged by her in ſome unfortunate Intrigue; or whether through ſome Celeſtial Inſpiration infuſed from above, on purpoſe to oblige her to ſnatch her Husband from the brink of the Precipice; certain it is, that ſhe trembled at his words: and to diſſwade him from his journey, againſt which ſhe had an invincible averſion; Sir, ſaid ſhe, they that cannot be contented with a Fortune like yours, will never be contented; and their inſatiable deſire of Glory and Greatneſs, will render them always unfortunate in the midſt of all their Honour: the more Fortune does for them, the more they would have her do: and their unlimited deſire becomes the perpetual agitation and diſquiet of their minds. Now, Sir, judge you whether it be an Act of prudence, to quit a real Enjoyment for an imaginary Benefit: to expoſe your Wealth, your Greatneſs, your Wife, your Son, your Perſon, your Life, and your Reputation for a Chimera, which perhaps the ingenious Treachery of thoſe that deſire your Fall, have invented for your pretended Advancement. For, tell me, Sir, what is it you can find in *Granada*, that you have not in *Exitana?* or that you have not in *Almunecar?* You are beloved, reſpected; all things are at your Command: You have in theſe places Wealth, Authority, Friends, Servants and Creatures. Know you not that Fortune only favours the Youthful, that the Court is as changeable as the Sea? That you will find there a new King, new Miniſters, new Contrivances, and new Intereſts? What ſhall I ſay more, Sir? If by miſ-fortune this pernicious deſign be infuſed into your thoughts by the treacherous *Alabea*, why do you not conſider, by what ſhe has done for her ſelf, what ſhe deſigns for others? And when ſhe has been the overthrow of her own Family, have you not reaſon to fear ſhe will be the ruin of yours? Is it poſſible for you to be unacquainted with that deviliſh Spirit of hers, no leſs inconſiderate than audacious; who thinks nothing unjuſt that pleaſes the Appetite of her Fancy? Have you forgot that it was ſhe that inveigled you to accept the Title of Vice Admiral, and to ſet forth a Navy at your own Coſts, and to expoſe your Life and Fortune to the mercy of the Winds and Waves? And have you forgot the ill ſucceſs of that Enterprize? Do you not know that the profuſion of that waſteful Woman, having conſumed all her Brother's Eſtate, there now remains only the Command of this place to ſell? And do

you

you not know your ſelf to be the only Obſtacle of this deſign? But it may be your Love of *Alabea* lulls you in ſecurity: Oh my beloved Husband, think you that ſhe who has betrayed ſo many young Lovers, will ſpare an old one? Alas! if you truſt to her fidelity, you are already a loſt man. In ſhort, Sir, behold your Wife and Son, that proſtrated at your feet, beg of you theirs and your own preſervation. So ſaying ſhe threw her ſelf actually at his feet with tears in her eyes, and beholding her Husband with an aſpect full of grief and love, enough to have mov'd a heart of Adamant; ſhe waited, groveling, for his anſwer. Her Husband, mov'd with her tears, made haſte to raiſe her up; and tenderly embracing her, My dear *Lyparis*, ſaid he, have better hopes of my Fortune and thy own; and patiently expect the event of a buſineſs, which I am not allowed as yet to tell thee of; but which, at my return, will be no leſs thy ſatisfaction, than my departure is now my grief. Alas! cryed *Lyparis*, how vain will all your hopes prove: how true will my predictions be! and how ſorely will you repent of your Credulity! But, oh Heavens! 'twill be then too late; and your unprofitable repentance will but only augment your woes. Once more, replyed *Homar*, hope better, and fear leſs, for you will find by the event, that your hopes were real, and your fears in vain. Rather my hopes in vain, replyed ſhe, weeping, and my fears real. Upon thoſe words *Homar* left her; finding that his Pity began to overcome his Love, and his Affection began to ſtruggle with his Ambition. Thus his evil Deſtiny became moſt powerful, and his feeble Reaſon too week for his Miſ-fortune. Thereupon he went to take his laſt leave of *Haly*, I ſay his laſt leave; for they never ſaw one another more; the fatal moment of their Separation, being the very moment of both their Ruins. Yet at that very minute was *Homar* about to have repented of his Love, and *Haly* of conſenting to his Deſtruction; but the Malignant Star that threatned them both, would not ſuffer them to take advantage of that profitable Inſpiration. And ſo they parted; the one to ſatisfie his Love and Vanity, the other to pacifie his Reſentment and Revenge. In the mean time, the noiſe of *Homar*'s Journey being ſpread over the City; when he was return'd back to his houſe, he found all the Officers of the Garriſon, and the Principal Inhabitants of the Town, waiting to take their leaves of him, or rather to perſwade him not to go: every one having an ill opinion of ſuch a haſty Journey, the reaſon whereof was kept ſo private. But Deſtiny, which is invincible, ſtopp'd his ears againſt all advice of his Friends, as well as of his Wife. So that at length they were forc'd to leave him; for no importunity could alter his Reſolution. His Wife renew'd her tears the next morning: But when ſhe ſaw him on Horſeback, ready to be gone; Ah Unfortunate Man! cryed ſhe, that goeſt to meet thy ruin, and blindly runn'ſt to thy deſtruction. Stay, Sir, ſaid the young *Abdala*, or take me along to be your Defender. *Homar* return'd him no anſwer; but making haſte out of a place where his Reſolution was ſo much put upon the proof, he left his Wife, his Son, and his Friends as much afflicted as he was blindly beguiled. He was no ſooner gone, but *Haly*, obſerving the Orders which *Alabea* had preſcribed him; began to make his Parties, as well amongſt the Soldiers as amongſt the people, againſt the favourable Conjuncture which he expected. But in regard he was none of the moſt cunning men in the world, they preſently ſmoak'd him; ſo that *Lyparis* had notice of it. Thereupon ſhe reſolv'd to leave nothing undone for her own ſafety; to oppoſe Cunning againſt Cunning, and to try if ſhe could yet ſave her Husband out of the danger whereinto he was fallen, whether he would or no. Thereupon ſhe ſent for the principal of her Husband's Friends, and ſhewing them her little Son in her hand.

Noble and Generous Friends, ſaid ſhe, *if you take no more care of* Homar's *Fortune, Wife and Children, than he takes himſelf, both He, my Child and I, are utterly ruined. If you oppoſe not the treachery of* Alabea, *and prevent not the ill Conſequences of my Husband's Imprudence, you will never ſee the face again of that perſon, whom of all the men in the world you moſt eſteem and love. You know he is gone without giving us any reaſon; nor do we know how long it will be ere he return. But we know that he reciev'd a Pacquet from his Miſtreſs; that he was no ſooner gone, but* Haly *began to make Parties. Therefore, at ſuch a dangerous Conjuncture as this, the Wife and Child of* Homar *throw themſelves into your arms, and beg your protection.*

All that heard *Lyparis* were convinc'd that there was ſome ſecret Conſpiracy againſt her Husband; and that *Alabea*, more ſubtil than *Homar*, had drawn him into ſome inconvenience, from whence he would find it no ſmall trouble to diſ-engage himſelf. Thereupon, after they had aſſured her of all the Service which they could expect from their Affection, they all concluded to ſend a Meſſenger Poſt after him, to oblige him to return; and in the mean time to make good their own Party, that they might be in a condition to oppoſe *Haly*, ſhould he make any attempt to their prejudice. In order to this deſign, *Lyparis* ſent away the following Expreſs forthwith.

To the deluded *Homar*.

Return, or you are utterly ruined: This is all that I have time to tell you.

Lyparis.

Withal,

Withal, ſhe inform'd the Meſſenger what ſhe had done, and begged him to be diligent and ſpeedy: But a Lover, poſting to his Miſtreſs, is not ſo ſoon overtaken. In the mean time, Sir, *Alabea*'s Meſſenger being return'd to *Granada*, delivered both his Pacquets; the one from *Haly*, the other from *Homar*, to his Miſtreſs. *Haly*'s Letter ran thus.

To my dear Siſter.

GO on as you have begun; and revenge your ſelf and me both at a time. But above all things, take care that I may be inſtrumental in my own revenge: and for that purpoſe, put an opportunity into my hands as ſoon as you can, if you deſign to oblige

Haly.

In *Homar*'s Pacquet ſhe found a Letter directed to the Queen, another to *Corchut*, and another to her ſelf; which ſhe opened in great haſte, and read therein theſe following Contents.

To the Divine *Alabea*.

YOu have done too much, Madam; for ſo you be mindful of my Love, I care not how regardleſs you are of my Fortune. But ſince Advancement will render me more capable of ſerving you; I accept of the firſt, that I may deſerve the ſecond Honour. Miſtake not this for Ambition then, which is a more noble Paſſion: But aſſure your ſelf, that the Gift of a Crown would not content me ſo well as the Gift of your heart, Your Meſſenger is before me a day; but I would have been before him two, could I have diſpoſed of my ſelf, as you diſpoſe of my heart: which is the main thing wherein I beſeech you to believe

Homar.

The deceitful *Alabea* laugh'd out right, as well to hear that he was coming, as at the Proteſtations of her Elderly Gallant, and Credulous Lover. Then, for the ſatisfaction of the Queen, and her chief Miniſter, away ſhe hurried to the *Alhambre*; and firſt preſented the Sultaneſs with the Letter directed to her: which was in theſe words,

To the Queen Mother.

IF Kings can read the heart, as does the Deity which they repreſent, 'tis no wonder your Majeſty reads in mine the zeal which I have for your Service; which cannot be greater than it is. But I am more ſurpriz'd at the exceſs of Gracious Favour; as if you intended to purchaſe with your Liberality, that which is by Birth your due. However it be, I will ſuddenly come to throw my ſelf at your feet, to return your Majeſty thanks, and to confirm whatever the Illuſtrious Alabea *ſhall engage in my behalf. That your Majeſty may ſee, that of all your Subjects, the moſt grateful, and moſt dutiful is*

Homar.

After that, the Chief Miniſter opened his Letter; the Contents whereof were theſe,

To the Illuſtrious *Corchut:*

I Am too well payed for that which you require of me: For in granting you all my friendſhip, I cannot be ſaid to give it, ſince 'tis but a delivery of that which you have bought at ſo dear a rate. But though your Generoſity takes from me the means of being Liberal, it muſt not deprive me of my gratitude; leſt you ſhould be ſaid to have heap'd your Favours upon a perſon unworthy of them. Leave then to me the care of your Reputation and mine, that my Acknowledgments may juſtifie your Judgment and my Vertue. But ſhould I ſtop there, I ſhould coop my ſelf up within the bounds but of an ordinary Integrity. And therefore, when I have done all that I ought, I would ſtill do ſomething more, if ſuch a deſign were poſſible; but I find it is not: For your Merit rendring your Favours of ſuch an infinite value, all my Services are not ſufficient to acknowledge them: Nor would the loſs of my Life in your Service, diſcharge the Obligations which you have laid upon

Homar.

Thus you ſee, Madam, ſaid *Alabea* to the Queen, I have faithfully and ſucceſsfully acquitted my ſelf of my promiſes: And if you go on as you have begun, your Majeſty's ſucceſs is infallible. I confeſs it, replyed the Queen;

Queen, and yet me thinks at the ſame time I cannot but pity *Homar*; and it grieves me to deceive a man that relies upon my word, and rather deſerves to be rewarded, then puniſh'd. I am clearly of your Majeſties Opinion, reply'd *Corchut*. Your repentance comes to late, reply'd the Barbarous *Alabea*. For ſince you have promiſed the Office of Grand Viſier to *Homar*, if you do not beſtow it upon him, and let him live, he'll not fail to revenge himſelf. For he is bold to raſhneſs, and deeply ſenſible of an affront. Nay (purſued the cruel Impoſtreſs) ſhould your Majeſties exceſſive and unſeaſonable pity beſtow upon *Homar* the Employment of Grand Viſier; to avoid the breach of your promiſe, this would be, but to eſchew one danger and run into another. For *Haly* though he be negligent and ſluggiſh, yet is he ambitious and reſents an injury: So that if he ſees *Homar* preferr'd above him into the place of *Aladul* his Father, and find himſelf mock'd and diſappointed by me of the hopes which I gave him by your Majeſties Order, to ſee the deſtruction of a perſon that he hates; this double affliction will drive him into deſpair; and to attempt thoſe things, which he never otherwiſe would do; more eſpecially to the prejudice of your deſign upon *Exitana*. For my part, Madam, added the Treacherous woman, I do not much matter your expoſing me to the juſt anger of a Brother. But it is for your Majeſties Intereſt, more then mine, that I ſpeak. In ſhort Madam, concluded that bloody-minded female; You have done either too much or too little; and enterpriſes of this Nature muſt never be begun, unleſs you make a compleat end. For in perfecting your work you looſe but a man; in doing by halves, you hazard all. However, reply'd the Queen I will never act ſuch a piece of injuſtice. All I intend is only to confine him; but never to take away his life. That will be ſufficient, added *Corchut*; and your Majeſty does well rather to liſten to your own goodneſs, then to *Alabea*; though ſhe ſpeaks out of her Affection to your Majeſty. I cannot tell, Sir, reply'd ſhe, whether ſuch mild Policy be good Policy: But were I to rule, I ſhould rule after another manner. 'Tis well then for *Homar*, ſaid the Queen ſmiling, that you do not ſway the Scepter. You are the Miſtreſs of his Life, however, reply'd ſhe, and therefore as ſoon as the Victime comes, I will bring him to the feet of the Altar, where you may ſacrifice or not ſacrifice him as your Majeſty thinks good. And having ſo ſaid, the Incarnate fury made a low obeyſance and departed out of the Queens Cloſet, leaving the Princeſs and her Miniſter equally aſtoniſh'd at her cruelty.

In the mean while, deceivers always being diſtruſtful and judging of others by themſelves, ſhe was afraid that her Meſſenger had not been faithful, but that *Homar*'s liberality had betray'd her, for among all her great affairs ſhe had ſtill two or three love deſigns a foot: Sometimes ſhe feared leaſt *Haly* had diſcovered the plot. Theſe importunate Contemplations kept her waking all night, that neither her eyes, nor her diſquiet thoughts, nor her Treachery could ſleep. But ſhe was no ſooner ready in the morning, but one of her ſervants informed her that the unfortunate *Homar* was come. That news encreaſed her joy beyond meaſure; which ſhe ſummon'd from her heart into her eyes and face, to abuſe the unhappy perſon, that ſhe had betrayed: and running to the Chamber door to receive him with all the marks of a true and tender affection, My dearly beloved *Homar*, ſaid ſhe, How impatiently have I expected your coming! Madam, reply'd the Illuſtrious Unfortunate, with as much joy, as he ought to have had grief, my deſire was no leſs to be here; and could my body have flown like my thoughts, I had not languiſhed a quarter of the time: but had ſooner enjoyed the felicity which I now poſſeſs. However, ſaid ſhe, I am overjoyed to ſee you here; and ſince I have you now in *Granada*, I am very much deceived if I part with you in haſt. Whereever I am, Madam, reply'd he, I ſhall be alway happy, provided I may have the Honor to be in your preſence. But my Lord High Conſtable, ſoftly cry'd the cunning Impoſtreſs, with a deceitful ſmile, I forget my ſelf, and the reſpect which I ought to pay to your new Dignity, to let you ſtand ſo long; and therefore come and take a ſeat befitting your quality; For I am ſo little a Courtier, that I hardly underſtand the duty which I ow to a High Conſtable. The Dangerous Female utter'd thoſe words with an Air ſo free and jolly, that wiſdom it ſelf would have been deceived, and could not have diſcovered her Treaſon: The unfortunate *Homar*, therefore, more eaſily deceived, anſwering her more ſeriouſly, then ſhe had ſpoken, Madam, ſaid he, had you created me King in ſtead of High Conſtable, willingly would I have come down from my throne to have lay'd my ſelf at your feet. With that ſhe lead him toward the bed-ſide, and calling for the Meſſenger, that ſhe had ſent to *Exitana*, and whiſpering him in the Ear, ſhe commanded him to go and tell *Corchut*, that *Homar* was come, and that ſhe would bring him after dinner to the Queen. Then returning to the Illuſtrious Unfortunate, You cannot but think, ſaid ſhe, when we entertain a Perſon of your Authority, but that we have ſome private orders to give: and therefore I beſeech you not to be offended at the Liberty which I take. But above all things, added ſhe, with a low voice, never ſuſpect them to be any orders that concern any Amour's of mine, unleſs you are as jealous as *Haly*; for I ſwear I have no ſuch thoughts. Then ſhe ſate down, and he ſate by her; and never giving him time to anſwer, No, my dear *Homar*, purſu'd the dangerous Sorcereſs, Had fortune ſtudied to have order'd our affairs to the beſt advantage, ſhe could not have done better, then ſhe has

done, and never a Conjuncture ſo favourable as this which I have met with for your advancement and my happineſs. For you know at the beginning of a new Kings reign, every one labors to make the beſt advantage of the Change. The Queen Mother endeavours to preſerve her own and her Chief Miniſters Authority. The King ſeeks to deprive her of both, and to rule abſolute. The King's favourite ſtudies the Ruin of *Corchut*, that he may ſtep into his Authority. *Corchut* reſolves to maintain his Power and to withſtand all that oppoſe him. All the Grandees of the Kingdom envying his advancement, make parties under that pretence to raiſe themſelves by the diſorders of the Kingdom. And the people who are never content murmur againſt the preſent Goverment as they did againſt the laſt, according to their uſual Inconſtancy. Under theſe principal heads, particular perſons range themſelves according to their private Inclinations, expecting a Publick Rupture. In this Condition I found the Court; when I came to *Granada* I had many Sollicitations, as ſoon as I came, to chuſe my party and to declare my ſelf for the Good Cauſe, as every one called his own. For every one knowing the Importance of *Exitana*, the Power I have over *Haly*, the ſtrict friendſhip between your ſelf and me, and the abſolute command which you have in that Place, all the Factions had the ſame, and left no means unattempted to bring me over to their ſide. But I, minding no other Intereſt but yours and mine, in the midſt of all this confuſion, conſidered that neither the Grandees, nor the people, no nor the King himſelf could do any thing at preſent, but give us fair words and promiſes, and fan us with the wind of hopes. And therefore, ſeeing all the power ſtill in the hands of the Queen Mother, and her Chief Miniſter, and the King in no poſſibility to deprive them of it, I determined abſolutely to adhere to the Intereſts of the Queen and *Corchut*: So that when I declared my ſelf, they received me with all the Tranſports of joy imaginable. And giving me a blank Paper, they bid me write down my own Conditions, without any Reſerve at all. At that very time, Fortune that acted in your behalf as well as I, gave me an advantage by the death of the Conſtable; ſo that after I had highly extolled your merit, your affection, your quality, and your long ſervices, I begg'd that Employment for you, and obtained it, and now I have ſent for you to take your oath before the King. And leſt the world ſhould think it ſtrange that I ſhould act all for you and do nothing for *Haly*, and leſt *Haly* himſelf ſhould take it ill, that I ſhould take more care of your advancement than of his, I have obtained for him the reverſion of the Grand Eſquires Place: that is to ſay an Illuſtrious Chimera, while you enjoy a real Profit. However becauſe the Queen would have no noiſe made of her intentions, I wrote nothing of it to *Haly*, for fear he ſhould make it publick. And thus my dear *Homar* you ſee what *Alabea* has done to teſtifie her affection. Ah! Madam, cry'd the poor deluded Soul, you have done too much; and durſt I hearken to my Duty, and follow my own inclinations, I would throw my ſelf at your feet to return you thanks for all your obligations. But Madam, that which I dare not do before your attendants, my heart ſhall do in private. And you may be aſſured that it is full of all thoſe thoughts which it ſhould have of a vertue ſo far from Vulgar, and a generoſity ſo extraordinary. Yes Madam, you are ſufficiently amiable to be beloved, without the obligation of all theſe benefits; And I have already ſo high a paſſion for you, that I queſtion whether theſe ſignal favours can augment it, and whether you have not toyld for me in vain. For ſince you poſſeſs my heart and ſoul already, what can I give you more? Would the loſs of my blood diſcharge my obligations? It is impoſſible. No Madam, I will never ſeek to be diſcharg'd: It ſhall be my glory always to be your debtor; to publiſh you my Benefactrix, and to own my ſelf your creature. 'Tis not the employment I look upon, but the perſon that beſtows it: and if the Title of Grand Viſier flatter my ear and my fancy, 'tis only becauſe it renders me the leſs unworthy to bear the title of your ſervant. You are worthy of more then all this, reply'd the Dangerous Incarnate; ſo that had it been in my Power to have advanced you to the throne, I could not have done too much for your deſert. As they were upon theſe high ſtrains, word was brought that Dinner was upon the table. Thereupon ſhe roſe and preſenting *Homar* her hand, ſhe led him into a Spacious Dining Room, where a moſt Magnificent Banquet waited for them. But, Sir, to ſee the cunning of this ſhe Devil! To ſee what a fine ſpun ſubtilty theſe women have, when they make it their buſineſs to beguile too credulous Man. For all Dinner time ſhe was merry, pleaſant, and moſt excellent company: if ſhe talked much with her lips, her eyes were not mute; ſo that in my conſcience the wiſeſt Man in the world might have been deceived, as well as *Homar*: For it was impoſſible to divine, that, that Incarnate Fury ſhould conceal ſuch dreadful plots in her breſt, having ſo much ſweetneſs in her Countenance, and ſo much pleaſantneſs in her Converſation. In the mean time her meſſenger had advertiz'd *Corchut* of *Homar's* arrival, who was raviſh'd to hear the news: and immediately went to the Queen to impart the glad tidings to her: which ſhe no ſooner underſtood, but ſhe made all the haſt ſhe could to the King. For though ſhe kept the power to her ſelf, yet ſhe obſerv'd all the rules of Decorum toward the Prince. So that ſhe would not take upon her to arreſt ſuch a perſon as *Homar* without making him firſt acquainted with it: She found him in his Cloſet alone, and therefore laying hold of the Opportunity,

Sir,

Sir, ſaid ſhe, I have been inform'd from very good hands, that your Lieutenant in *Exitana*, whoſe name is *Homar*, holds a private Correſpondence with the Kings of *Caſtile* and *Aragon*, your Enemies. But becauſe there was no meddling with him in a place where he had, as it were, a Sovereign Power; I have got him by a wile to come up to Court, where he arrived this morning. And therefore I deſire your Order to arreſt him; that being ſure of his Perſon, you may call him to an Accompt for what he has done; and ſecure two ſuch important places as *Exitana* and *Almunecar*, of which he is the Governour in Chief. Madam, anſwered the Prince, the King my Father had ſo high an eſteem of the perſon you ſpeak of, that I fear you are miſ-inform'd; only that ſome private enemy of *Homar*'s ſeeks to do him ſome ill office; and would expoſe you and me to the reproach of puniſhing an innocent perſon. No, no, replyed the Queen, you may believe me; for you know I am too careful of your Reputation, to expoſe it to ſcandal upon Surmiſes. Whereupon the Prince, though he were no way convinc'd of *Homar*'s Crime, though he were ill ſatisfied with his Mother's Government, and that *Sinan* his Favourite and he had already deſign'd the Deſtruction of *Corchut*; yet at that time he durſt not refuſe her a thing that appear'd to be ſo juſt, though there were no juſtice in it; but gave her leave to arreſt *Homar*. Thereupon the Queen, being very ſubject to take bad Counſel; after the King had commanded the Captain of his Guards to perform whatever his Mother commanded him to do, very thankfully retired. And taking the Captain of the Guards along with her, order'd him to arreſt *Homar* as ſoon as he ſaw him come out of her Chamber, and to carry him to the Vermilion Towers.

But while this Snare was laying for *Homar* in the *Alhambre*, *Alabea* carries him back from her dining Room, to her *Alcove*; where ſhe privately entertained him with the hopes of his future Grandeur: and teſtified ſuch a ſeeming joy and ſatisfaction for it, that any perſon who meant no more harm than he, might eaſily have been deluded. By and by her Meſſenger from *Corchut* returns; and whiſpering her in the Ear, told her what the Chief Miniſter had ſent her word. And leſt *Homar* ſhould have any ſuſpicion; He comes to tell me, ſaid ſhe to him, without the leaſt alteration in the world, that the Queen will have ſuddenly din'd. And then making as if ſhe went to fetch her Veil in the next Room, ſhe overtook her faithful Inſtrument; and ſending him away by a back pair of Stairs, commanded him to go and tell the Queen, that *Homar* and ſhe were juſt coming to wait upon her. For the mercileſs Woman was afraid, leſt all things ſhould not be prepared as they ought to be, for his deſtruction. But when ſhe return'd to him again with a jocund and merry Countenance, ſhe found an alteration in his: For in the interim came the Meſſenger from *Lyparis*, and brought him the little Note which ſhe had writ; and ſo faithfully related to him all the Particulars which he had in truſt, that the Illuſtrious Unfortunate, being extreamly ſurpriz'd at ſuch Intelligence as that, at the ſame time, with a great deal of care in his face, fixed his eyes upon the Paper which he read; and with no leſs attention liſten'd to the Meſſenger, that all the while told him his tale with a low voice. *Alabea* was no leſs ſurpriz'd than *Homar*, at the ſight of ſuch an unexpected Object. But having a quick and apprehenſive Wit, ſhe preſently conjectur'd the truth, that *Haly* had been unſeaſonably caballing in *Exitana*; and that *Lyparis*, having taken the Alarm, had ſent intelligence thereof to her Husband. And therefore as ſhe was the abſolute Miſtreſs of the Art of Diſſimulation, and had the Command of all her Paſſions, and all the Motions of her face; boldly advancing to him: *Homar*, ſaid ſhe, *Lyparis* your Wife is afraid of her ſhadow: and *Haly*, who had no great buſineſs to do formerly, now takes upon him to be a brave Fellow in Command; and to give new Orders, it may be, to alter ſome *Corps du guard*, or elſe ſome Sentinel; which *Lyparis*, being no Soldier, is ſo hotly alarm'd at, that I'll warrant you ſhe has been at the expence of this Meſſenger, to give you notice of it. The crafty Cheat ſpoke theſe words in ſuch a jeaſting tone, and with ſuch a free and jocund air; that the deluded *Homar*, having obſerv'd all the motions of her face and eyes, and perceiving no alteration, ſuffered himſelf to be anew impoſed upon by that incarnate Diſſembler. And therefore beholding her with the ſame love as formerly: 'Tis very true, Madam, ſaid he, they endeavour to make me afraid of the Divine *Alabea*, and tell me I am here in great danger: But, added he, 'tis ſo long ſince, that ſhe has taken from me my liberty, that I have nothing more to loſe or fear. No, no, ſcornfully replyed ſhe, I adviſe you to be as timorous and wary, as your Wife; for, added ſhe, with a low voice, the Office of Grand Viſier is ſo great a Misfortune, that the ſtouteſt perſon in the world may fear to miſs it. That is no fear of mine however, replyed *Homar*, preſenting her his hand to lead her; though if I were to be put into the Vermilion Towers, it would never trouble me to be led thither by your hand. Let us go then, replyed ſhe; for ſhould that Misfortune befall you, you would have the conſolation of being a Priſoner to one of the faireſt Captains of the Guard in the world. *Lyparis*'s Meſſenger ſtrangely concern'd at his Maſter's Credulity, made him a hundred ſigns with his eyes, to deſire him to change his reſolution. But the unfortunate *Homar* made other ſigns to him again, which impoſed ſilence upon him, and forbad him to talk any more with his look. Thus the Deludreſs and the Deluded took Coach both together, to the *Alhambre*; whither *Lyparis*'s Meſſenger diſconſolately followed his Maſter on foot, to ſee the event. All the way they went, *Alabea* was

in the moſt pleaſing humour in the world; making uſe of her eyes and of her glances, to ſecond her deceitful lips; and all to hinder *Homar* from making any new reflections upon his late Advice. But this Calm endured not long; for ſo ſoon as they alighted at the Gate of the *Alhambre*, the unfortunate Governor obſerved that the Guards at the Gate ſtopp'd him. That action raiſed a ſlight ſuſpicion in his mind: and thereupon fixing his eyes upon *Alabea*'s Countenance, to obſerve her eyes: I confeſs, Madam, ſaid he, this ſtop a little troubles me; for I never knew any ſuch thing done in my life, to any perſon that was not to be arreſted. The treacherous Impoſtreſs judging this to be the effect of the laſt advice which ſhe had given the Queen by her Confident: Poor Country-Gentleman, ſaid ſhe laughing, 'tis a ſign indeed you were one of the Old Court, that ſo little underſtand the Cuſtoms of the New: For the general hatred of all the Nobility againſt the Prime Miniſter, obliges him to ſtand upon his Guards. *Homar* made her no anſwer: but when he came to the ſtairs head, there he ſaw the Captain of the Guard, with all his followers, which redoubled his jealouſie: However, knowing it was too late to think of retreating, he thought it better to ſet a good face upon the matter, and advanc'd couragiouſly towards the Anti-chamber; at what time the Captain of the Guards, who was one of his friends, coming up to him, and whiſpering him in the ear; *I would you were at* Exitana, ſaid he. I would I were, anſwered the Illuſtrious Unfortunate. But *Alabea* pulling him along, as it were by force, cauſed him to enter the Queen's Chamber, whether he would or no; which he ſaw full of *Corchut*'s Creatures, of whom he knew not one. Theſe are all bad Symptoms, Madam, cryed he. You are more afraid than hurt, anſwered ſhe. And having ſo ſaid, they were both admitted into the Queen's Cloſet, where was only the Queen and *Corchut* together. When the deceitful *Alabea* preſuming to ſpeak firſt; Madam, ſaid ſhe, I undertook to your Majeſty, that the Valiant *Homar* ſhould wait on your Majeſty, to attend your Commands: I have here diſcharged my ſelf of my promiſe, and now you are to diſcharge yours. Rather it belongs to me to diſcharge mine, (replyed he, kiſſing the Hem of the Sultaneſs's Garment) and return all thoſe thanks which I owe your Majeſty; more particularly for your extraordinary goodneſs at this time; and to aſſure your Majeſty, that I ſhall never prove unworthy your Favours; and that your Majeſty muſt be prepoſſeſſed with an ill opinion never deſerved, if you ever miſtruſt my fidelity or my acknowledgments. The Queen, who was naturally of a good diſpoſition, knowing the ill uſage that attended *Homar*, who had never merited the leaſt diſgrace; was extreamly touch'd with ſhame, and no leſs with a ſudden remorce: which was the reaſon that ſhe anſwered him with ſuch a low voice, and ſo confuſedly, that he underſtood very little what ſhe ſaid. But *Corchut*, who was bred at Court, ſupplying the Princeſs's place: Brave *Homar*, ſaid he, in regard the Queen has been pleaſed to let me know her mind as to your Concerns, I can aſſure you that her Majeſty is very glad to ſee you here; and that ſhe has not entic'd you out of *Exitana*, but to let you underſtand that ſhe is able to ſhew her ſelf as powerful as juſt, by the uſage which you ſhall receive. However, as cunning as *Corchut* was, *Homar*, who was ſufficiently apprehenſive, and whoſe thoughts now began to ſtand upon their guard, very well obſerved, that neither the Queen nor *Corchut* ſpake a word of the Office of Grand Viſier, which *Alabea* had promiſed him; and finding withal, *Corchut*'s anſwer to carry a double meaning, he gave himſelf for loſt. Nevertheleſs, as he was a perſon of a large Soul, and a great Courage, he reſolved not to receive his Misfortune feebly: and therefore rouſing up his Metal at ſuch a dangerous Conjuncture; Sir, anſwered he, to *Corchut*, the Queen had always a zealous and faithful Subject of me, as well at *Exitana*, as in *Granada*; and as ſhe is juſt, I have reaſon to be glad that ſhe is powerful wherever I am. Truly, added the perfidious *Alabea*, the Valiant *Homar* has always had ſuch real intentions to ſerve your Majeſty, and to conform his will to yours, that without doubt he deſerves a reward proportionable to his fidelity; and your Majeſty very well knows what I have ſpoken in his behalf already. I make no queſtion, Madam, (coldly replyed the afflicted *Homar*) but that you have done me many good Offices to the Queen; and I make as little queſtion, Madam, that I am beholding to you for all that befalls me. Indeed, replyed the Sultaneſs, it is ſo long ſince you have been at Court, that you were almoſt out of my mind. But in lieu of that, added *Corchut*, he has had ſo faithful a friend to ſollicite your Majeſty, in the perſon of the Illuſtrious *Alabea*, that it is no wonder you have not altogether forgot him. You are my Witneſs, boldly anſwered that Impoſtreſs; and can tell after what manner I have ſpoken in his behalf. I know it now very well, Madam, anſwered *Homar*. However it be, ſaid the Queen, that had enough of the diſcourſe; in regard the King does all at this time, you are only to wait upon him; for I know he expects your coming. I know it very well too, Madam, anſwered he, making her a very low obeyſance. But as he was going out of her Cloſet the deceitful *Alabea* came to him; and with a low voice, as it were out of reſpect, you ſhall ſee me again by and by, ſaid ſhe. You muſt come to the Vermilion Towers then, cryed he ſcornfully. Having ſo ſaid, he went forth, not expecting her anſwer. But he was no ſooner out of the Cloſet, and the door cloſed after him, but the ſame Captain of the Guards that had advertiſed him of his Misfortune, came up to him, and told him, he had Order from the King to ſecure his perſon. *Homar* being a man of great Courage, was thinking

at

at first to have drawn his Scimiter; but the inequality of number was so great, that considering at length that despair and rashness were two things altogether different. Well then, said he, take this Scimiter which has served the King; however, too faithfully to be taken from me. And having so said, never making any more complaints or reproaches, he went forward without shewing the least sign of fear, grief, or anger; but with a prudent constancy which caused him to be both admired and pitied, as one that did not deserve his misfortune. Coming into the Court, he found one of the King's Charriots ready to receive him: Whereupon, in he went with the Captain of the Guards; who being really his friend, after he had given him a little time to consider of his Misfortune, Never any thing, said he, ever troubled me more in this world, than this Office which was last imposed upon me: and could I have done more for you than I did, when you entred into the Kings Apartment, you may be sure I would have done it: But the Queen gave me so little liberty to dispose of my self at that time, that it was impossible for me to signalize my affection. My dear *Zizim*, (answered *Homar*, for that was the name of the Captain of the Guards) I am fully satisfied in your friendship. Sir, answered *Zizim*, you know the Court, and the Changes it is subject to; and therefore there is some hopes that your Misfortunes will not long endure, but that you will enjoy your Command again. I understand the Destiny of my Family better than so, replyed *Homar*; for four Successions together we have been sometimes up and sometimes down: And that which befalls me to day, has befallen all my Ancestors. So that the Queen's Credulity, the King's Compliance, *Corchut*'s Ambition, *Alabea*'s Treachery, and my own blindness, have been but the Instruments to execute the Orders of Obstinate Fate. But do you believe, cryed *Zizim*, that *Alabea* had any hand in your Misfortune? She had not only a hand, replyed he, but she has been the only Instrument and Contriver: And my misery is but the effect of her delusion, and my simplicity. This was their discourse in the Charriot: and after that, *Zizim* deliver'd him up to the Keeper of the Prison; having first made him several protestations of a sincere and faithful heart, touched with the Misfortune of his Friend. In the mean time *Lyparis*'s Messenger, who had seen his Master arrested, and had followed him to the Vermilion Towers with an unexpressible sorrow, endeavoured to get admission to his Master, but he was denyed entrance; and all the answer that he could get was, that the King had Officers enough to attend his Master. Thereupon the poor afflicted Servant, seeing no more for him to do at *Granada*, thought it his best way to return to *Exitana*, and to advertise his Mistress of his Master's Misfortune. On the other side, *Alabea* just opening the Queen's Closet door, and seeing *Homar* arrested, her joy was unspeakable: And thereupon returning to the Queen, with a Countenance wherein gladness sat Triumphant. Madam, said she, the Keys of *Exitana* are now in your hands. But, pursued that inhumane piece of Malice, if pity enters into your Counsels, I will not be answerable for the Event. *Homar* is no Bird to be kept in a Cage; for Lyons that break out of their Dens, are more terrible than they which are always at liberty. In a word, the Dead have no Cabals, nor Adherents; and if your Majesty takes my advice, you will not quit a certainty for an uncertainty. 'Twill suffice replyed the Queen, for him to give us a Resignation, and for us to gain *Exitana* and *Almunecar*, without putting him to death. But, said the fierce and cruel *Alabea*, you hazard both *Exitana* and *Almunecar*, unless you follow my Counsel. However, before we spill blood, replyed *Corchut*, it is better to try soft and gentle Remedies. Cowardly Physicians, replyed the Devil Incarnate, are the worst Physicians. In a word, Pity may be a Vertue in private persons, said she, but never in Princes. However, after the dispute had held for some time, the milder opinion carried it: And then they began to consider what person they should chuse to make the proposal to *Homar*, about laying down his Commission, and giving satisfaction to the Queen. That employment still concerns me, reply'd the deceitful *Alabea*. Me-thinks, reply'd Queen, that considering what has happen'd, you are one of the worst instruments in the world at this time. However reply'd that Impostress, if you will but permit me, I'll make an Essay. I am clearly for her to undertake the business, reply'd *Corchut*; for a wit like hers, can and will enterprize any thing. But the first thing most requisite, reply'd *Alabea*, is to advertize *Haly* of *Homar*'s Imprisonment, that he may make the best advantage of the News, before the Others friends have notice of *Homar*'s confinement. Go then, said the Queen, send away your dispatches, first, and to morrow you shall visit *Homar*. Thereupon she went immediately and dispatch'd the following Letter to *Haly*.

To the Illustrious, But too open Breasted *Haly*.

YOU went about to have lost all, and I have had as much a do to keep all things right and streight. Liparis *has discover'd that you are brewing some mischief or other, and has sent her husband word of it. So that had I not been more cunning than you have been private, our whole design had been overthrown: but at length I have repair'd your fault and brought all things to rights. Your enemy and mine is in the Vermilion Towers. And provided you can but keep your own Counsel, you shall never see him*

again

again in Exitana. *Act therefore ſpeedily diſcreetly and vigorouſly, if you intend not to deſtroy what has been ſo ſtudiouſly contrived by*

Alabea.

When ſhe had ſealed this Packet ſhe gave it to her firſt Meſſenger obliging him to make all the haſt to *Exitana*, to prevent if poſſible the news of *Homar*'s Impriſoment.

In the mean time, *Homar* was no ſooner conducted to his Chamber, which was prepared for him, but he began to walk about the Rome, as ſoon as he was alone, more thoughtful than ſad, and more angry, than afflicted. Oh, Unfortunate *Homar*, cry'd he; O inconſiderate *Homar*, whence com'ſt thou? Where art thou? and what will become of thee? Thou art neither at *Exitana*, nor *Almunecar*, thou art neither the Kings Lieutenant, nor Governor, nor Conſtable, but a miſerable Captvie, confin'd within the Gates of the Vermilion Towers: yet knowſt neither thy crime, nor what will become of thee. Ah! *Homar*, *Homar*, 'tis eaſie however for thee to divine. For men of thy condition are never levell'd at, unleſs their ruin be ſecured. This cheat has not been ſo craftily carried on for nothing. The ambition of *Corchut*, and the prodigality of *Alabea* have been undoubtedly the Authors of this misfortune. The one would buy and the other ſell all thy Authority in *Exitana*. But who canſt thou accuſe for thy misfortune, but thy ſelf? Wer't thou not ſufficiently acquainted with the crafty, deceitful, wily *Alabea*? Couldſt thou believe that Infidelity it ſelf, could ever prove faithful? Or that after ſhe had betray'd ſo many Lovers, that ſhe would not betray a Lover with grey-hairs? That I ſhould dote, when others grow wiſe! Prudent *Lyparis*! Thou gav'ſt me good advice, would I have followed thy Counſel. Alaſs, what need had I of any additional Splendor? So powerful as I was in *Exitana*, the only Key of the Kingdom of *Granada*? the ſtrength and ſecurity of the Throne of the Moors. But vain and ill grounded hopes have made me forſake actual enjoyments, real Grandeur, to run after Chimera's and Fantaſms, that had not ſo much as the bare appearance of likelyhood. Yet why do I accuſe my ſelf? For I have committed no Error: 'tis the Fatal Deſtiny, the Malignant Conſtellation that for ſo many years has been a continual adverſary to my family. But there are ſome things, wherein the ſtars cannot command our wills. And therefore, *Homar*, ſince thou canſt not hinder thy loſs, prevent thy ſhame. I foreſee they will preſs me for a Reſignation: But they ſhall take my head from my ſhoulders, before they force me to reſign my Commands: and though they take from me my Authority, they ſhall never take from Me the Titles. In ſuch turmoiling thoughts as theſe the Illuſtrious *Homar* ſpent the Reſt of the day and all the Night. But no ſooner began the morning light to appear, but in enter'd his Chamber the perfidious and treacherous *Alabea*, the only cauſe of his misfortunes and Impriſonment.

You may well gueſs, Sir, in what a ſurprize that Illuſtrious Unfortunate was, receiving a Viſit ſo little expected; and from a perſon, whoſe preſence he then as much abhorred, as he before admired. He grew pale, he grew red, he was both angry and ſorrowful; he beheld her, but ſhun'd her glances; then he beheld her again, and his ſoul, full of ſcorn, ſadneſs and fury, felt a cruel mixture of all thoſe Paſſions; that ſought to have chaſed it from his body, on purpoſe to avoid the ſight of that inſupportable preſence which now tormented him. On the other ſide, the crafty Impoſtreſs, being careleſly habited, with her hair diſhevelled and the tears ſtanding in her eyes, with her languiſhing looks inſpired both grief and pity. She wept, ſhe ſigh'd, ſhe was ready to ſwound, not able hardly to ſtand; and acted her part ſo well, that Grief it ſelf could not have done it better. In which condition ſhe remained for ſome time: But at length, half opening her lips, with a doleful and mournful voice. I know, ſaid ſhe, my dear *Homar*, I know that all probabilities condemn me; ſo that if you hearken to them to my prejudice, rather than liſten to me my ſelf, or to the voice of Reaſon, you will judge me before you hear me; you will hate me, as much as I love you; and I ſhall be as great a terror to you, as you are an object of pity to me. For, in ſhort, I muſt confeſs, with as much ſhame as grief, that I have brought you to all this; that I have deceived you with promiſes, and given you falſe hopes: I have overthrown your Fortune, and deprived you of your Liberty unworthy to ſee the light, unworthy of your affection. But my dear and beſt beloved *Homar*, why ſhould I do an ill action, when there is no profit ariſes from it? Why ſhould I commit a Crime againſt my ſelf, and get no advantage by it? Why ſhould I renounce my Honour and my Vertue, where there is nothing to be got by it? What profit or pleaſure can I reap from your confinement, or from your ruin? Shall I gain wealth by it, or exalt my ſelf in Dignity or Reputation? Can you think that I have forgot that *Haly*'s Jealouſie would have deprived me of my Life, and of my Honour, though I were not his Wife, but only his Siſter; and that you ſav'd both? think you I would have ſhut up in a priſon the very perſon that preſerved me from being confined to my Tomb? Am I a Monſter? Am I a Barbarian, am I a Fury? No, no, alas, my dearly beloved *Homar*, I have been imprudent, I confeſs; but I have not been criminal: I have been faulty, I muſt acknowledge; but ſore againſt my will: I have deceived you, I grant

grant it; but I was firſt beguiled my own ſelf: I perſwaded you to come hither, 'tis true, but it was to advance you to the Office of Grand Viſier, and not to make you miſerable. And thus, becauſe I am not able to deny, but that I have been Imprudent, I muſt confeſs that I may ſeem to be guilty, though ſeriouſly I am not. 'Tis from the Cunning of the Queen, the Treaſon of *Corchut*, that your miſery and my misfortune, your impriſonment and my ſorrow proceeds. They deluded me, that I ſhould deceive you: They made thoſe mountainous promiſes to me, that I ſhould make the ſame to you, I call Heaven to witneſs that hears me; I appeal to the Teſtimony of Love, that moved me to act: ſo that if I have not been ſincere, and if there be any Sovereign Powers above us, I invoke their Anger and their Thunders down upon my head. Ah cruel and ingrateful woman, cryed the diſconſolate *Homar*, that it were the will of Heaven, that I were miſerable, and you not guilty; and that while I complain of Fortune, I had no reaſon to complain of you. How cruel ſoever ſhe had been, my Conſtancy ſhould have been greater than her Rigour; loſs of Eſtate, Employments, Exile, Impriſonment, Death it ſelf, all this would not have fetch'd a ſigh from my breaſt, nor coſt me a tear: but when I conſider that all theſe miſeries happen to me by your means; that I am in the Fetters of Tyrants, becauſe I wore your Chains; that I believ'd you, becauſe I loved you; that you betrayed me, by aſſuring me you loved me; that I am not unfortunate, but through your perfidiouſneſs; my patience is utterly loſt, and my Conſtancy ſinks to the ground. This is that which the ſtouteſt heart in the world cannot endure without growing deſperate, and puts me into a fury. Then you believe, replyed ſhe, bewailing her ſelf, that I flattered you to delude you, that I feigned to love you to your ruin, that I ſent for you to *Granada* to deprive you of your Liberty. O Heaven! what an extravagant opinion is that? How great a piece of Injuſtice? Who would believe otherwiſe? replyed *Homar*, tranſported with his grief. Rather who would believe any ſuch thing, anſwered that treacherous Female? eſpecially they who know that while you are framing ſuch a fantaſtical Accuſation, ſuch a terrible ſcandal againſt me, I have been upon my knees to the Queen and to *Corchut*, for your Liberty; and that my tears have obtained it, provided you deſtroy not what I have done for your. Your Fortune is in your hands, and it lies in your power to make your ſelf greater than ever, and more ſolidly to fix your ſelf. Madam, added he, if you ſpeak not ſeriouſly, never inſult over a miſerable perſon. For the hope of a benefit is a new miſchief, if it prove a deluſion. With that ſhe look'd about the Room, to ſee whether it were clear or no; and having amuſed him with that piece of warineſs, You cannot but know, *Homar*, ſaid ſhe, that ſince the death of the late King, *Corchut*, by the favour of the Queen, has been the prime Miniſter of State. That this great Authority is envied by the Grandees, and all the people: That the King himſelf likes not ſo great a Power in the hands of one of the Queen Mother's Creatures. That the King's Favourite foments the King's Jealouſies and Animoſities, to advance himſelf by *Corchut*'s ruine. Now this being the ſtate of Affairs at preſent, both the Queen and her Miniſter have caſt their eyes upon *Exitana*, as a moſt important place to ſuſtain their Authority againſt all Factions and Cabals held at Court; and to be a Sanctuary for her and her Miniſter in caſe of neceſſity. But not forgetting the abſolute power you have in *Exitana*, and your diſlike of the propoſition when I made it laſt to your ſelf in *Exitana*, ſhe thought it to no purpoſe to make you the ſame propoſal again, knowing it ſo oppoſite to your intereſt. So that by the contrivance of *Corchut* it was, that the Queen deceived me firſt; to oblige me to deceive you. (If I lye, the Holy *Alla*, the great friend of Truth, ſeverely puniſh me.) For having made me all thoſe promiſes, of which I gave you an accompt in my Letter, their Craft prevailed upon my Innocency; and my Innocence, more worthy of compaſſion than blame, made me do amiſs, where I thought to have done well. Thereupon, I writ, and you came. Ah! would to Heaven you had never come. But when I underſtood what had befallen you, how did I upbraid the Queen! how did I revile *Corchut*! I loſt all reſpect and fear at once, abandoning my ſoul to all the tranſportations of a moſt tender Friendſhip, and violent ſorrow. But then again, having vanquiſhed my Tranſportments, my Anger, and my Paſſion, as ſubmiſſive, as humble, as reſpectful, I begged, prayed and wept; and at length obtained more than I hoped for, or more than you your ſelf could look for. What, Madam! ſaid *Homar*, interrupting her, have you obtained my Reſtoration to *Exitana* and *Almunecar*? Not ſo, replyed ſhe; for how is that ever to be expected, conſidering what the Queen has done? Or how can it be thought that ſhe ſhould truſt two ſuch perſons as ſhe has offended, like us? What have you then obtained, replyed he, with a ſurly utterance? Your Life, your Liberty, replyed *Alabea*, and a full Reward, if you will conſent to a Reſignation. A Reſignation! cryed the Illuſtrious Unfortunate. Yes, my dearly beloved *Homar*, a Reſignation, replyed the crafty Inſinuatrix, with a flattering tone: For, it behoving me to oblige *Haly* to quit his Government alſo, what matters it where we live, ſo we live together. *Africa* is as good as *Europe*, where two hearts are united by love. Chuſe a Habitation as noble as our Paſſion; whether in *Almeria*, *Tunis*, *Algier*, *Conſtantinople* or *Babylon*, I will follow you with all the joy imaginable; and where ever you are, there will I accompt my ſelf great and happy. Then my dearly beloved *Homar*, make your ſelf and me happy by ſigning this Reſignation, and ſacrifice your Em-

employments to our Loves, as I ſacrifice my fortune. Ah, perfidious woman, a perſon of Honor may be once deceived, but never a ſecond time, unleſs he be abſolutely ſtupid. No, Impoſtreſs, no Barbarian added he, I will come no more into your Ambuſcade, no more fall into your pits and ſnares. They that take my employments from me, muſt take my head; and either in Priſon or upon a Scaffold I will Die Governor of *Almunecar*, and the Kings Lieutenant in *Exitana*. This is the anſwer, perfidious woman, that I return to your propoſal, go and tell it again in the ſame words to thoſe that ſent you to deceive me. For no torment ſhall make me change my reſolution. O ingrateful you your ſelf! is it thus, ſaid ſhe, that you reward the pains which I have taken to ſave your life? But no wonder you regard me no more, that reſpect me no more. However deceive not your ſelf in a matter of this Importance, and but examine well the greatneſs of the danger that you may the better avoid it. Is not the Queen a woman, and are not women full of revenge? Are not offended Favourites generally Cruel? and is not *Corchut* a Favourite? How can you imagine then that they will delay their revenge, if you refuſe what they believe ſo abſolutely neceſſary for their advantage? In ſuch extremities as theſe, alaſs, they who have all the Power, do what ever they pleaſe; and though they keep not within the bounds of Exact Juſtice, they believe whatever is convenient, to be juſt. So that if your fears conſider not the Ill conſequences which my love dreads, it muſt of neceſſity be, that heaven has decreed your Ruin, and that your deſtiny is not to be withſtood. Then it cannot be withſtood, ſurlily anſwered he, for honour being more dear to me than my Life, I will not looſe the former to preſerve the laſt: In a word added the Illuſtrious Unfortunate, I have already told you, and I tell you again, I will never ſign a reſignation. They may take away my head but not my employments: And ſince you come only to perſwade me to ſuch a diſhonourable action, you will very much oblige me to be gone: and having ſo ſaid he took her by the hand and lead her out of the Chamber; more enrag'd at her ſecond treachery then he was at the firſt and abſolutely cur'd of the diſtemper that had brought all that miſchief upon him, he hated her as much, as he had loved her before, and ſcorned her as much as he hated her.

On the other ſide, the fierce *Alabea*, enflamed with anger and ſhame, for the bad ſucceſs of her enterprize, durſt hardly preſume to return to the Queen, and Her Miniſter, after the vain promiſes, ſhe had ſo unadviſedly made them. Nevertheleſs, there being no other remedy, away ſhe went to take the Queen at her riſing. And finding very few people with her, Madam, ſaid ſhe, with a lowd voice, I cannot ſucceed as I thought I ſhould have done, for his Obſtinacy ſurpaſſes all my reaſons. I have omitted nothing to bring him to a Compliance with your Majeſties Commands. I us'd all the good Language imaginable, I employ'd all my wit, but your Majeſty can expect nothing from him but refuſals and denyals. Nay he was ſo indiſcreet by tranſportation, added that deteſtable piece of Iniquity, to looſe the reſpect which he owed your Majeſty, and to ſpeak many things in reference to *Corchut*'s Favour, which are too ſcandalous for me to repeat. He is in a place, reply'd the Queen where he will be taught to ſpeak to his Equals; and I dare ſay He will firſt be weary of the Vermilion Towers, before I ſhall be a weary of keeping him there. O Madam, reply'd the Bloody *Alabea*, your Majeſty knows not *Homar*'s humor. He will never alter, unleſs it be in the encreaſe of his hatred and his fury. And if ever he gets out of priſon; wo to me, wo to the Kingdom, and wo to your Majeſty it ſelf: For what will he not attempt, when he is free, that foams ſo inſolently in his fetters? But your Majeſty is too wiſe, added the Infernal Fury, to expoſe us to this danger: and however you may be adviſed by your good Nature, you will Liſten at length to reaſon which abſolutely perſuades his ruin. That however ſhall be the laſt thing reſolv'd upon; reply'd the Princeſs; for beſides that violent remedies do but augment the diſtemper, rather than cure it, they no way pleaſe my palate: and therefore if the treachery of *Homar* be not plainly prov'd, his life is as ſafe in the Vermilion Towers as in his own Houſe: For I will never ſhed Innocent blood to ſatisfie my own ambition; nor expoſe my Conſcience to the torture of thoſe unjuſt torments which I have made others ſuffer. Why Madam, ſaid the Incarnate Fury, I have ſaid nothing which I cannot prove, ſo that if your Majeſty ſcruples nothing but the want of Witneſſes, I have them ready. However anſwered the Queen, in regard that *Exitana* is the thing which I would have and not his Life, we will ſtop there tell we ſee whether we can get it or no. For 'tis not ſo convenient always to rake into old crimes, leaſt we bring new misfortunes one upon the neck of another. While they were at this diſpute in came ſeveral other Ladies, whereby ſhe was oblig'd to alter the ſubject of her diſcourſe: thereupon the cruel *Alabea* left her, more and more incenſed at the ill ſucceſs of her crimes and the Obſtacles that ſhe met with. And now ſhe expects news from *Exitana* with an unparallel'd impatience. For the incertainty of the event of her cheating projects, putting her ſoul upon the rack, tormented her beforehand for the ſins which ſhe intended to commit, as well as for thoſe crimes which ſhe had already perpetrated. In the mean time the Unfortunate *Homar* being the head of a potent Family, that adhered to the *Abenzerrages*, his Confinement began to ſtir that formidable Faction: And the *Zegries* being always ready to oppoſe them, the Kingdom was threatned

threatned with a Civil Maſſacre. So that if the Queen's prudence, and the general reſpect to the young King, had not put a ſtop to the dangerous conſequences of that Impriſonment, Fire and Sword, and all the Confuſions of War, had harraſſed all *Granada*, and overturned the whole Kingdom. But the King and the Princeſs acted with ſo much policy at that time, that they ſtilled the Animoſities of both Parties, and kept them from coming to blows. In the mean time *Alabea*'s and *Lyparis*'s Meſſengers returned almoſt both together to *Exitana*. So that *Haly* no ſooner underſtood the News, which was welcome to him, but the unfortunate *Lyparis* underſtood the bitter Tidings of her Husband's impriſonment. Unhappy *Homar*, ſaid ſhe, that gave ſo much credit to *Alabea*, and ſo little to me. Had ſhe not always done thoſe things which might juſtly render her to be ſuſpected? Have I ever done any thing that gave thee the occaſion to doubt of my affection? Had ſhe not ruined enough, for thee to take notice by their misfortunes? However, improvident and faithleſs *Homar*, though you have deprived me of your affection, you ſhall find that I will die ere I will be guilty of ſuch a Crime: And if the loſs of my life would reſtore your liberty, you ſhould be releaſed the very ſame minute that I went to my grave. But alas, the deſire of things impoſſible, and good intentions without action, are almoſt as bad as thoſe that are actually evil: And unprofitable tears are rather marks of feebleneſs, than proofs of Love. Seek then, unfortunate *Lyparis*, ſeek out then ſome way more noble to ſignalize the Grandeur of thy Love; not ſpending thy time in idle ſighs, vain wiſhes and complaints, the ordinary effects of common friendſhip. Thus reſolved, ſhe ſent for her Husband's Friends. And appearing before them in a mourning habit, a Veil careleſly thrown over her diſhevelled hair, with tears in her eyes, and young *Abdala* in her hand; whoſe innocent Age and Beauty, were enough to have moved the moſt ſavage Inſenſibility in the world; ſhe ſtood a while in a melancholy poſture, with her eyes fixed upon the ground: but at length, lifting them up again upon the Company, altogether languiſhing and bathed in tears, and with a paſſionate utterance, ſhe repreſented to the Illuſtrious and Generous Friends of the Unfortunate *Homar*:

That now there was a time for them to ſignalize their Vertue; and to ſhew that in an Age ſo corrupted as that, there were ſtill ſome perſons alive, whoſe friendſhip would not change with Fortune; and whoſe affection, the misfortune of their Friend would not ſhake. That, in ſhort, the unhappy Homar, *the Darling of their Love, had imprudently refuſed their Counſel, and her advice, and was now betrayed by the perfidious* Alabea; *precipitated from the light of all his ſplendor in* Exitana, *to the bottom of a Dungeon in the Vermilion Towers. That ſhe perceived by the ſurpriſe that appeared in their faces, that the dreadful News did no leſs aſtoniſh them, than afflict her. That it was too true that the Unfortunate* Homar *was a Priſoner, and never in more danger in his life. That all his Services, all the blood which he had loſt for his King and Country, could not protect him from the injuſtice of the Court. That the Queen's eaſie Nature,* Corchut's *Ambition, and* Alabea's *Treachery, were the ſhame of the Court, and would be* Homar's *ruin, if their Vertue were not more prevalent than the Vices of the former. That ſhe did not doubt of their Goodneſs and Generoſity, of which ſhe gave ſo fair a Teſtimony; by caſting her ſelf, the Son, the Fortune, and Life of* Homar, *into their Protection. All which they beheld proſtrate at their feet; her Son imploring them for a Father, her ſelf ſupplicating them for a Husband, and* Homar *entreating them for his Liberty.*

After ſhe had ſpoken to this effect, the little *Abdala*, with an admirable Grace, preſuming in his turn: Gentlemen, ſaid he, give me a weapon too, that I may employ the firſt Scimiter that ever I handled in my life, to revenge my Father's injuries: For I know if I receive it from your hands, I ſhall overcome. Generous Infant, ſaid the Chief of all the Company, thou appeareſt already to be a Son worthy of thy Father's hopes. And therefore we promiſe thee, and we promiſe you, Madam, added he, turning toward *Lyparis*; (for I dare undertake for all that are here preſent) that we will loſe our lives, or redeem *Homar*. Moſt Noble Protectors, and true Friend, replyed the prudent Mourner; Honour that always attends on great Actions, will not fail to do juſtice to yours, and worthily to Crown them. But, added ſhe, would you not adviſe me to go to *Granada* with my Son; and there at the King's feet, firſt, to beg my Husband's Liberty. By no means, anſwered they; for that were but to put new Hoſtages into your Husband's Enemies hands; and there to deſtroy whatever we do here; and to haſten *Homar*'s ruin inſtead of preventing it. I ſhall then ſubmit to your Management in all things, replyed ſhe; knowing that whatever you do, all the world will approve.

Thereupon they conſulted together what courſe to take: and in the firſt place, concluded to put all their Party in Arms, to aſſure themſelves of the Fortreſs, and if it were poſſible, of the perſon of *Haly*. In the next place, to ſend with all ſpeed to *Almunecar*, to make the Garriſon and People of that place declare for them. And after that, to ſend a Declaration to Court, that if *Homar* were not ſpeedily ſet at liberty, they would ſurrender both thoſe Garriſons into the hands of the *Spaniards*. In order to theſe Reſults, they diſpatched the ſame Meſſenger that had brought the News of *Homar*'s Confinement, to *Almunecar*; with Inſtructions to go from thence to *Granada*, and give *Homar* an accompt of what they had done. But their Meſſage to *Almunecar* was needleſs; for upon the firſt news of *Homar*'s Impriſonment, the Soldiers

and people there had taken Arms, and ſhut the Gates againſt ſuch Forces as the Court had ſent to ſecure the place; and had publickly declared, that they would obey none but their Governour. Thereupon the Meſſenger, after he had ſent *Lyparis* word of what had paſſed in *Almunecar*, kept on his journey for *Granada*. In the mean time all the Adherers to the good Cauſe, had armed all that were of their Faction; who being drawn up in a certain place of the City:

Valiant Soldiers, and brave Inhabitants, ſaid their Chief Commander, Homar *is a Priſoner; and if we forſake him, he is utterly ruined. They have put him in the Vermilion Towers through* Haly's *weakneſs, and* Alabea's *treachery. And if he be not reſcued by your aſſiſtance, he is never like to get out, but when he is led to the Scaffold.* Corchut *(that Inſolent Miniſter, who rules all things) is the only Crime of this perſecuted Innocent: being no otherwiſe guilty, but becauſe he will not abandon* Exitana *and* Almunecar, *which the other ſeeks to get into his Poſſeſſion. Brave Soldiers, and Valiant Inhabitants, you are not ignorant how mildly he has commanded here, how valiant he has been, and how bountiful to all his friends in their neceſſity. Will you then ſuffer your ſelves to be deprived of your Protector? Will you ſuffer a profuſe and prodigal Woman to ſell your Eſtates to ſome ambitious Drone, to ſatisfie the diſorderly appetite of her paſſions? let him that will endure the Indignity, for my part I never will; no more than will theſe valiant Officers, as I ſee by their Countenances. In a word, let us fight if we meet with reſiſtance: Let the Stout follow us, and the Cowardly ſtay behind; we ſhall be never the weaker without their aſſiſtance: And we muſt overcome, ſince there is nothing ſtronger than armed Reaſon.*

With that, all the Officers laid their hands upon their Scimiters; and all the Multitude ſurpriſed and afflicted at the Confinement of *Homar*, ſtood to their Arms, and teſtified their reſolution to fight. Thereupon the Captains divided their Troops to the Guard of ſeveral Poſts, with Orders to put all to the Sword that oppoſed them.

On the other ſide, *Haly*; who, as weak as he was, had ſtill a deſire to recover the Authority which he had loſt for ſo long time, and to revenge himſelf upon *Homar* for loving his Siſter, tried all ways to enable himſelf to the performance of his deſigns. And therefore, aſſembling all his Party to a convenient place before his own door; though he were no Orator, yet inſpired with Ambition and Anger, he told them,

How much it behoved him to be aſhamed of the injuries which he had received among them, of which he was forced to put them in mind; that they might aſſiſt him in the generous deſign he had, to repair his Credit. Then he ſet forth the pretended unkindneſs of Homar: *How he owed all his Fortune and Advancement to* Aladul *his Father, whoſe Creature he was, How* Aladul *made him Lieutenant of* Exitana, *Governour of* Almunecar, *and Admiral; by which Employments he had got great Wealth, and a Wife of great Quality and Portion, whereby he became Allyed to all the Nobility of the Province. That notwithſtanding all theſe Obligations from* Aladul *his Father, and many proofs of his own tender and ſincere friendſhip, he had taken the advantage of his Youth, and want of Experience: He had by his flatteries and profuſeneſs, gained the Officers, Soldiers and People; and had wreſted the Government out of his hands. That he acted rather like a Tyrant, than a King; and had uſed him and them rather like his ſlaves, than his Subjects. That ſuch Abuſes, Contempts and Injuries were not to be endured; eſpecially the fair opportunity of Revenge that then offered it ſelf.* Thereupon, with a great deal of joy in his eyes, he told them, *that their Tyrant was a Priſoner, ſhut up by the juſtice of Heaven and the King, in the Vermilion Towers. And therefore, ſince Fortune had ſo miraculouſly wrought in their behalf, he only begged their aſſiſtance to ſubdue the few Adherents to* Homar's *Tyranny, his Flatterers and Partakers; a Body without a Head, without Strength or Conduct; which would never ſtand the leaſt brunt, when once they heard of* Homar's *Impriſonment. Come then,* ſaid he, *let us go forthwith, and cut all that ſtands in our way to pieces; and let all Rebels be as Victims, which we will offer up, to ſhew our gratitude to Heaven, for ſo great a Benefit.*

All his Companions were over-joyed at the News; and promiſed *Haly*, not to ſpare ſo much as one of his Enemies; and to make him Maſter of the place, or periſh in the Enterprize.

Thereupon, he put himſelf at the Head of his Men, and began to march where he thought it moſt convenient to make the firſt Onſet. But the other Party hearing the report of their March; having drawn all their Forces togegether, advanc'd to meet their Enemies. As ſoon as they came to front each other in a wide place of the Town, *Haly* ſent a Drummer; who commanded them, in the Names of the King and their Governor, to lay down their Arms, and repair every one home to their houſes, under the Forfeitures of High Treaſon: But they anſwered him with a ſhower of Arrows; and coming hand to hand, they met with an unparrallell'd Fury and Animoſity. The Encounter was bloody on both ſides, and the Victory was obſtinately diſputed; ſo that for a long time it was not eaſie to conjecture who would be the Victors. But *Lyparis* hearing out of her Chamber in *Homar*'s houſe, that fronted the void ſpace where they fought, the dreadful noiſe and Clamors of thoſe implacable Enemies, and underſtanding the danger of her Husband's Friends, ſhe ran into the Balcony, taking her young Son along with her; and careleſs of the hazard, to which

ſhe

ſhe expoſed both her ſelf and him; Generous Friends, cryed ſhe, ſhewing the young *Abdala* to their view; behold here the miſerable Remains of *Homar*'s Fortune; remember that his life and ours are in your hands; and therefore, fight like men that would preſerve, and not deſtroy us. She had no ſooner uttered thoſe words, but the young *Abdala* would have leaped out of the Balcony, into the Street, with an intent to have engaged in his Father's Cauſe: With ſuch a Noble Courage and Fury was the Generous Infant at that time inſpired. However, the Mother's cries, and the behaviour of the Son ſo encouraged the Friends of *Homar*, that neither *Haly*'s Aſſociates nor he himſelf, were able to reſiſt any longer. So that they were conſtrained to give ground, being beaten to the Port: where ſome threw themſelves into the Sea; the reſt diſperſed themſelves ſeveral ways, to avoid the ill fate of their Companions. *Haly*, though in a deſperate condition, bravely defended himſelf: But all his Bravery had ſtood him in little ſtead, had not the Captain of the Tower that defends the Port, let him in at the Sally-port, and then as ſpeedily pulled up the Draw-bridge, to ſtop the purſuit of the Enemy. However, the Captain of the Victors making a prudent uſe of his Victory, preſently inveſted the Tower on all ſides; and leſt *Haly* might eſcape by Sea, preſently fitted out two ſmall Frigats to lie before the Port. After that, he ſecured the Gates of the Town, and diſarmed all the contrary Party; and then finding no more reſiſtance, they march through every Street of the City, carrying the diſconſolate *Lyparis*, and her young Son along with them. The ſight of whoſe condition begat ſo much compaſſion in the people, who had a very great affection for *Homar*, that they publickly declared for his Generous Protectors. Then *Lyparis*, to whom the Captains had ſubmitted, as to their Chief Gōverneſs; ſent, and ſummoned *Haly* to ſurrender himſelf. But the Tower being well provided, as well with Soldiers, as Ammunition and Victuals; He proudly anſwered, that he would never come forth, unleſs it were to puniſh the Rebels: And rather bury himſelf in the Ruines of it, than ſurrender to thoſe that ought to be at his Command. Wherefore *Homar*'s Friends, to avoid the ſhedding of more blood, reſolved only to keep the place cloſely begirt; and ſo, at length, to ſtarve him out of it. In the mean time, they ſent away an Expreſs to *Almunecar*, to give them an accompt of their Succeſs, and to ſettle a Correſpondence between them. *Lyparis* alſo writ to all her Kindred round about: Who, underſtanding her condition, and what had befallen *Homar*, thronged into the Town for her defence; which was a conſiderable Strength to the good Cauſe, and the victorious Innocence of thoſe that protected it. However, to juſtifie what they had done, they ſent a Manifeſto to the King; wherein they ſet forth

THeir former Loyalty, and how ready they were ſtill to lay down their lives for his Majeſty. That it was a thing not to be endured, to ſee his Authority and his Name abuſed, to the ruin of ſuch a deſerving perſon as Homar. *That ſuch uſage of him made them jealous of their own ſafety: And that their fears were a ſufficient excuſe for what they had done. That they had taken Arms, rather for the preſervation of his Honour, than their own Intereſts; as diſtinguiſhing between Lawful Authority, and Uſurping Ambition. Begging his Majeſty's pardon if they were forced to let him underſtand, that whatever was done to* Homar *in* Granada, *the ſame ſhould be done to* Haly *in* Exitana: *being reſolved to oppoſe the Vanity of* Corchut, *and the Treachery of* Alabea; *wherein they knew his Majeſty was no way concerned: Which was no more than to lay down their lives for the Honour of his Majeſty.*

Signed,

Your Officers in *Exitana.*

Having ſent away this Declaration, they took care to provide all things neceſſary for a long Siege, if there ſhould be any occaſion.

In the mean time, *Haly* filled with Shame, Choler and Spite, for the ill ſucceſs of his Enterprize, knew not what to reſolve in the Tower where he was cloſed up. But Neceſſity being ingenious, Danger taught him a way how to ſend to the mercileſs *Alabea*, notwithſtanding that the Tower was blocked up both by Land and Sea. He had with him a very faithful Slave, who was an excellent Swimmer; who taking advantage of a dark night, having received a Letter ſhut up in a ſilver Box, flung himſelf into the Sea, from the top of the Tower; and ſwimming by the Shore, till he came to double a Cape which was not far off, got to Land: and taking a Horſe from an old Servant of his Maſter, that lived hard by, he poſted away for *Granada*, cloſe at the heels of the Garriſon's Meſſenger. The Letter was to this effect.

To the Illuſtrious *Alabea.*

I Have fought, but could not overcome; Number prevailed above Valour; and I live after my defeat, though I endeavoured all I could to end my life. Pity me then, without accuſing me, if you be juſt; and revenge me if you are generous, ſince I am ſo unfortunate as not to be able to revenge my ſelf. They have blocked up the Tower of my Refuge; and if you cannot procure me relief, my Sanctuary muſt be my Tomb: For I am

reſolved to periſh rather than do any thing that may deprive me of your Eſteem.

Haly.

But while theſe things were acted in *Exiſana*, the other Party was not idle in *Granada*: For the Queen Mother, *Corchut* and *Alabea*, finding their firſt Bait would not take, were very ſtudious after other ways to bring their purpoſes about. Thereupon, the Queen ſtill liſtening to *Alabea*'s ill Counſels, and abuſing the Authority of the King her Son; ſeeing how ill *Alabea*'s Treachery had thriv'd, ſent a Secretary of State to the unfortunate *Homar*, with a Parchment and a Pen in his hand, Who accoſting him in the Priſon; The King, ſaid he, has commanded you in his Name, to ſign your Reſignation. I will rather ſign, ſaid *Homar*, the Warrant for my Execution. I owe all to the King, but nothing to *Corchut*: And at this time I can diſcern between my Maſter's and my Enemy's Will. And therefore tell them that ſent you, that when I appear upon the Scaffold, their Injuſtice ſhall appear there likewiſe. The ſtains of my blood ſhall dye them with ſhame; and their cruelty ſhall revenge my Cauſe. Should I make ſuch a report, replyed the Secretary, as you would have me, it is more than I am willing to do; for I fear the ill conſequences of ſuch words. I thank you for your fear, replyed *Homar*; but I beſeech you, Sir, be not you more careful of my life than I am my ſelf: And therefore get you out of my Chamber, and come no more to me upon ſuch idle Errands.

Upon thoſe words the Secretary went his ways, and *Homar* being alone, Treacherous and Cowardly Enemies cry'd he that have no way to aſſault me but with clandeſtine tricks of Knavery and deceit. But you that have cheated me once, ſhall never cheat me again. The juſt puniſhment of Lyers, is never to be believed, when they ſpeak truth. And he that always ſtands upon his guard and always miſtruſts their treachery, can never be ſurpriz'd, let them ſpin never ſo fine a thread of deluſion. . No, no, ſaid he, you may ruin me; you may corrupt the judges, you may cauſe me to be ſtrangled: you may poiſon me, or deny me ſuſtenance. But you can never put a conſtraint upon my ſoul. My mind ſhall be free notwithſtanding all the power of your Fetters, and the prevalency of your Tyranny. This was the new reſolution which the generous *Homar* took, upon the new propoſition which they made him. But when the Secretary had given an account of his Commiſſion & of the invincible Conſtancy of *Homar*, the Queen was not a little mov'd at it; *Alabea* chafed: *Corchut* fretted; though afterwards all thoſe paſſions more furiouſly augmented upon the News of *Almunecar*'s being revolted, the Rebellion in *Exitana*, and *Haly*'s Letter to *Alabea*, wherein ſhe underſtood the ill ſucceſs of his enterpriſe, his being beſieg'd, and the neceſſity of his being ſpeedily relieved: ſuch a concatenation of ill tidings did not a little perplex the Queen, nor a little aſtoniſh her Miniſter, and had they followed their own judgments, I believe verily they would have even given over all thoughts of *Exitana*, and have ſet *Homar* at Liberty to have had their own minds free. But the fierce *Alabea*, that nothing could ever terrifie, and who was always quick at the invention of miſchief, was ſo little moved that ſhe ſeemed to be more firmly bent upon the Reſolution which ſhe had taken. How, Madam, ſaid ſhe, Will your Majeſties give over upon the firſt Obſtacles you meet with? How, Prudent *Corchut*! What baulk'd at the firſt difficulty that your wit encounters! Good God! When did either of you find great things eaſie? High deſigns without rubs? or noble undertakings without danger? There is nothing of all this troubles or diſcorders me in the leſt. 'Tis no more than what I expect, and for what I have thought upon a Remedy already. I muſt confeſs, anſwered *Corchut*, that I apprehend not what remedy you mean. Oh! you are not Inventive enough, for a Politician, reply'd ſhe laughing, ſince you apprehend not that the way to ſave *Exitana* and *Almunecar*, is to put *Homar* to death. But, reply'd the Queen, if we put *Homar* to death, the ſame fate attends *Haly*. They that threaten have wit in their anger, reply'd that Infernal Devil, who was as willing to be rid of *Haly* as of *Homar*; The friends of *Homar* when alive, will not be the friends of *Homar*, after he is dead. Alaſs, when he is in his grave, his Cabals will die with him: Or if the *Abenzerrages* intereſs themſelves in his revenge, the *Zegries* will be ſure to oppoſe their deſigns. Or if it ſhould happen (which the holy *Alla* forbid) that *Haly* ſhould looſe his life for the ſervice of your Majeſty, I know he is too generous to complain of ſuch a ſuffering: and I am ſo devoted to your Intereſt, that I ſhould never lay to heart a misfortune that befel him in ſo juſt a cauſe. And therefore as your Majeſty has begun, never Flinch, but boldly go on and proſper. I am ſtill of the Opinion I was of, reply'd the Queen; ſuch violent remedies are too compulſive for a diſpoſition ſo mild as mine to make uſe of. But ingenious *Alabea*, ſaid *Corchut*, ſince her Majeſty approves not this bloody reſolution of yours, can you think of no other means more gentle? Whatever is more gentle will be leſs ſafe, anſwered ſhe. But ſince the Queen ſo much miſlikes the ſafeſt way, I have thought upon a milder courſe which is to make him poor, and that will make him friendleſs: which will diſinable him, at leaſt from doing miſchief; for friendleſs poverty never goes armed: To bring this about you muſt know, that when *Homar* was vice Admiral he met with

with a Fleet of Spaniſh ſhips, which he ſunk all but one veſſel. They that eſcaped pretended they were ſet upon during the truce. Thereupon the Kings of *Caſtile* and *Arragon* made their complaints to the deceaſed King of *Granada*; But *Homar* being in great Authority, and the truce expiring, the complaint fell; and the poor ſtrangers never had any ſatisfaction. Now Madam, 'tis but ſending into *Andalouſia* for thoſe Merchants, and encouraging them to demand Juſtice of the *Cadi*, with a promiſe that you will underhand ſupport their cauſe, all *Homar*'s eſtate will never be able to ſatisfie for the loſs ſuſtained in that Fleet. By which means being deprived of all his Eſtate, you will ſoon ſee him a vagaband without power or friends, and then he will be glad to make a Reſignation to *Corchut*. But reply'd the Favourite, the *Cadi* will never condemn *Homar* upon the teſtimony of the *Spaniards*, who are parties. No Sir, reply'd the wily *Alabea*; His own Marriners ſhall condemn him, I know anow that will be glad to ſpeak what I would have them. Then do you manage this buſineſs reply'd the Queen, and I will aſſiſt you with all the Power I have. Do but as your Majeſty ſays, anſwered the dangerous *Alabea*, and I will undertake for the ſucceſs. In the mean time that you may not ſhew any fear of theſe ſeditious Rebels, your Majeſty will do well to perſwade the King to arreſt the Meſſenger that comes from *Exitana*; that they who ſent him may underſtand, that you ſtand not in aw of their tumultuary menaces. However put him not in the Vermilion Towers, but in the *Albayzin*, leaſt the Souldiers for mony ſhould at any time let *Homar* and he have any diſcourſe together, whereby he may come to know what his friends have done for him: which may harden him in his preſent Reſolutions. Well, reply'd the Queen, I will go to the King and oblige him to arreſt the Meſſenger, and not only ſo, but to ſend a ſharp Letter to the Revolters of both Towns. As ſhe was thus ſpeaking, in came the King with the Maniſeſto from *Almunecar*, and the Letter from *Exitana* in his hand, and taking her aſide; Look here, Madam, ſaid he, ſhewing her the Papers, here is that which tells me, that the Counſel you gave me was Erroneous. For then *Almunecar* and *Exitana* had not been in Arms; Nor had my Kingdom been in danger as now it is of a Civil War, or to be invaded by ſtrangers. Sir, ſaid the Queen Mother, I knew what now you tell me before; but it never troubled me in the leaſt; This fire will be as ſoon extinguiſhed as it was kindled; provided you augment it not with the fewel of your own fears. For there is nothing more dangerous then for a King to let his people perceive that he ſtands in aw of their inſurrections. But, reply'd the King, deſpair makes men bold. But fear of puniſhment makes them Cowards, anſwered the Queen. The contempt of a Sedition ſtops the Tumult; And therefore do but you rebuke thoſe Inſolent Rebels with the ſpirit of a King and a Maſter, and I dare undertake for the ſucceſs of your anſwer. In the mean time to let them ſee, how little you dread their power, arreſt their Envoy. For he has been too ſawcy in their behalf: and not to puniſh him, were but tacitly to approve his peremptorineſs; and gives way to bad Examples. That, reply'd the King, were to violate the Law of Nations, and Publick Faith muſt be Sacredly obſerv'd. Yes Sir, reply'd *Corchut*, when that Envoy comes from a lawful Enemy, and a Forreign Prince. But a King is above all Laws in his own Dominions: and when his Subjects are ſo inſolent as to demand a reaſon of his actions, he ought rather to puniſh, then ſatisfie their diſobedience. For the people whoſe indiſcretion has no bounds, after they have obtain'd the Liberty of one Criminal; will require the head of another who is Innocent; and by that ignominious ſufferance, a King becomes a ſlave to his Subjects. Now Sir, though the King were ſeemingly convinc'd by *Corchuts* Reaſon, he was not really ſo: but fearing to give a vent to the deſign that was in agitation againſt him, he approv'd in appearance what in truth he condemn'd. So that after he had caus'd the Envoy to be arreſted, he ſent him to the *Albayzin*, as the Queen had advis'd him, and with all returned the following Anſwer to the Mutineers.

To my Rebellious Subjects in *Exitana*.

'*Tis not for you to concern your ſelves with what I do; nor for me to inform you of the reaſons of my Actions. Repent of your crime; beg pardon; and without troubling your ſelves about* Homar, *ſet* Haly *at Liberty leaſt you feel the Effects of my Indignation and receive the puniſhment which your diſobedience merits, and which is not threatned in vain by*

Muley Hazel.

A Herald was immediately diſpatched away with this Letter to *Exitana*; with another to the ſame Effect to *Almunecar*. Thereupon aroſe a New Tumult in both Cities, which had like to have carried things to the laſt Extremity. Some were for aſſaulting the Tower and carrying it by force; Others were for putting both Towns into the *Spaniards* hands, to be revenged upon the Court. Others whom fear ſurpris'd, were for ſubmitting to the King and accepting his pardon. But between theſe two extreams equally dangerous, others more moderately took the middle

middle way. So that at length it was reſolved upon both in *Almunecar*, and *Exitana*, that ſo long as no attempt were made againſt the life of *Homar*, they would forbear to joyn with ſtrangers; that the ſiege however ſhould not be raiſed; but that all things continuing in the ſame poſture as they were, the Herald ſhould be civilly uſed, and ſent back with another Letter; wherein it was agreed, that with all reſpect to their Sovereign, they ſhould modeſtly complain of the detention of their Envoy, and require his Liberty at the Kings hands, who they knew acted not according to his own Inclination, but by the evil Counſel of the Queen Mother, *Corchut* her favourite, and *Alabea*. All which being done as was reſolved upon, reſtored a preſent repoſe to the Court, and tranquillity to both Cities.

In the mean while the deceitful *Alabea*, not forgetting what ſhe had promis'd to the Queen and *Corchut*, and what ſhe had promiſed to her ſelf (for ſhe had a far greater deſign to ruin *Homar*, then either the Queen or *Corchut*) was no ſooner return'd home, but calling to her into her Cloſet, ſome five or ſix of the oldeſt, ſubtileſt, and moſt quick witted ſlaves that ſhe had, ſhe thus expreſſed her ſelf before them all. I offer you, quoth ſhe, an opportunity to ſerve me, which all the ſlaves I have, would willingly purchaſe at a dear rate, were it in their power to buy: Prepare therefore to render your ſelves worthy the Honour which I do you, when you ſhall underſtand what it is, I require. If ye behave your ſelves, as becomes you, your Liberty ſhall be reward of your pains: and withal you ſhall carry with you thoſe advantageous marks of my Liberality, that you ſhall have no reaſon to complain. But promiſe nothing, added ſhe, which you are not reſolv'd to perform; and conſult before you undertake, for my honour and your lives lie at ſtake. All that you are to do conſiſts in boldneſs; not to be aſtoniſh'd at the frowning looks of a King, the threats of Judges nor the reproaches of the party accuſed, but to maintain a falſhood, as if it were the greateſt truth in the world. For I will inſtruct you ſo well, that provided your hearts fail you not, the ſucceſs muſt indubitably anſwer my expectations. Make no farther doubts, Madam, (cry'd an Inſolent ſlave laughing) for all ſlaves making it their profeſſion to lie; they are all ſo knowing in that Myſtery, that you cannot fail of your ſatisfaction: and let it be before Judges or Kings, ſo they be but men, they ſhall never find us out. Then ſhe inſtructed them to the very bottom of her deſign, called to their remembrance the Fleet which *Homar* ſet forth as Vice Admiral; his encounter with the Spaniſh Navy; his Victory, the Complaint of the Merchants, the cauſe why thoſe Complaints fell; and after ſhe had told them every particular; You ſee ſaid ſhe that in cauſing you to appear againſt *Homar* I only cauſe you to appear againſt a Criminal, in the ruin of whom, neither you nor I do any injuſtice; ſo that there is the leſs ſcruple in the action. To ſay truth, if I knew where theſe Merchants and Mariners lived, I had no need to make uſe of any other device but this, to deſtroy that cruel Vice-Admiral, that has been ſo inhumane to your Nation: but becauſe it will take up a great deal of time to enquire them out, I would have you act their part, and appear before the King and the *Cady*, and boldly demand ſatisfaction for your Loſſes. You ſhall counterfeit a Letter from the King of *Caſtile*, to the King of *Granada*, in your behalf. As for your King's Seal, never trouble your ſelves; I know an Engraver ſhall imitate it. If it ſhould happen that *Homar* ſhould know any of your faces, as in your *Spaniſh* Diſguiſes it will be hard to do, I will aver to the Judge, that I never knew you in my life. Beſides, I ſhall take ſuch an order with the Judge, that thoſe things ſhall be but ſlenderly examined. Then will I procure you ſuch a ſhare of his Confiſcation, that had you been thoſe Merchants indeed, you could not have been more wealthy; beſides, what I ſhall add of my own Liberality, together with your Liberty, to return rich into your own Country, where *Homar*'s Revenge can never reach you. Now, if you have courage enough for ſuch an Enterprize, tell me; for if you have, I will ſecure you cunning enough to carry it on. We will then undertake it, Madam, cryed the hair brain'd Slave that ſpoke before; and if we fail not more in our good fortune than courage, all things will undoubtedly go well. But, purſued he, after he had pauſed a while, there is one difficulty to be removed, which you have not thought upon. Tell me what it is, that I may conſider of it, anſwered ſhe. Why, Madam, ſaid the Crafty Slave, moſt certainly the Party accuſed will require the *Cady* to ſend for the Officers of his Fleet, to know of them whither theſe things be true or no: And then what will become of the Spaniſh Merchants? Thou art deceived, anſwered the ſubtil *Alabea*, I have thought upon this already. But thy Objection is more nice than reaſonable; for beſides that being all as guilty as he, they cannot be Witneſſes and Parties, it is ſo long ſince, that there are few or none of them alive: and as for them that are living, I have a charm to ſtop their mouths. Nay, more than that, I will gain all thoſe to to my Party, before ever *Homar* knows he has any occaſion for their appearance. And therefore the ſucceſs of the deſign is not to be queſtioned, if you do your duties. Then, Madam, ſaid the cunning Slave, ſet your heart at reſt; for we will not only ſerve you faithfully, but I dare to ſay, with that craft and skill, that you your ſelf ſhall admire. *Alabea* being well ſatisfied with the promiſe which the Captive made her in the behalf of his Companions and himſelf, highly careſſed them; and giving them a preſent taſte of her Bounty, diſmiſſed them. And for the more quick diſpatch, ſhe ſends one of her Servants diſguiſed

guiſed to *Exitana*: Who finding out ſeveral old Mariners that had been in *Homar*'s Fleet, he ſo wrought with them by gifts and promiſes, that they ſtole out of the Town, and came with him to *Granada*. Mean while *Alabea* was not idle; for ſhe got the Seal made, and the Letter written; and having ſealed it with the Arms of the King of *Aragon* and *Caſtile*, ſhe kept it till occaſion ſerved. Then ſhe engaged *Corchut* to ſend for the *Cady*, and to make him large promiſes: Who being overjoyed to ſee himſelf ſolicited by a Prime Miniſter, and overcome by his large promiſes, and a great bag of Sultanins, which was privately conveighed upon his Table; ſolemnly vowed to fulfil the Queen's and *Corchut*'s pleaſure in all things, without any conſideration of Honour or Honeſty. As theſe things were prepared, the Mariners that *Alabea* had ſent for from *Exitana*, came to *Granada*. So ſoon as ſhe ſaw them, Friends, ſaid ſhe, the Queen has commanded me to tell you, that ſhe will make you all Sea-Captains, and load you with Wealth and Honour, if you will but ſpeak the truth againſt a perſon that never obliged you ſo much, as for you to undo your ſelves to ſave him. You know, ſaid ſhe, how *Homar* ſunk the Spaniſh Veſſels during the Truce; and this is that which the Queen would have you teſtifie before the *Cady* and the Judges. The Mariners ſeemed ſomewhat ſcrupulous at firſt; but at length ſhe gave them ſuch good language, and made them ſuch powerful promiſes, that they engaged to ſatisfie her will: And farther, to keep them ſteady to their words, ſhe carried them to the Queen and *Corchut*; who confirmed the promiſe ſhe had made them over and over again: So that they renewed their proteſtations to depoſe againſt *Homar* according to their deſires. But *Alabea*'s dangerous Maxims, and her Criminal Prudence, teaching her how unſafe it was to be wicked by halfs, ſhe reſolved to go as far as ſhe could. To this purpoſe, underſtanding that one of *Homar*'s Slaves had made an eſcape from *Exitana*, and was come to *Granada*, to ſeek a new Maſter, ſhe ſent for him alſo; and ſuborned him by Gifts, promiſes and threats, to be ready to teſtifie againſt his Maſter; that he had been ſeveral times in *Andaluſia* by his order, and that he had carried ſeveral Letters to the King of *Caſtile*, and brought back ſeveral Anſwers: inſtructing him withal, to name the Courtier that introduced him, to particularize the day and hour of his Admittances, and the Houſe and Street where he lodged; but above all things, to be ſure not to be daunted at *Homar*'s preſence. She told him, that the Rebellion in *Exitana* and *Almunecar*, would be enough to make all his words good: and in concluſion, bid him have a care how he behaved himſelf; for there was ſuch a neceſſity for the thing to be done, that the ill performance of it would prove a thing moſt fatal to him. The Slave emboldened by exceſs of fear, promiſed to be confident and punctual in all things. Whereupon, ſhe ſent for her Steward, and ordered him to uſe the Slave well: but gave him private order withal, to look to him, and to ſee that he did not eſcape. In the interim, the treacherous Incarnate having provided Spaniſh Habits for her corrupted Slaves, for her Money got five or ſix vagabond Soldiers and a Drummer, and ſent them over night privately out of the City, to an out Village, where the Counterfeit Merchants alſo met them. In the morning they returned, when the Guards were changed; and being ſtopped, they told the Captain of the Guard, that they belonged to a Frontier Garriſon; and that their Commander had ordered them to convoy certain Chriſtians, that had brought a Letter from the King of *Caſtile*, to the King of *Granada*. This lye was believed, and the Governour of the City brought the counterfeit Merchants to the *Alhambre*: Who being introduced into the King's Preſence, threw themſelves all at his feet: And the ſubtilleſt of the Gang undertaking to ſpeak for the reſt;

Sir (ſaid he to the King of *Granada*, with a tone, that would have moved a ſtone to compaſſion) *by the privilege of the Treaty we come to demand Juſtice of your Majeſty; well knowing the high opinion that all the World has of the Reputation of your Juſtice. It is againſt your Vice Admiral* Homar *that we implore your Majeſty's Protection. We have heard already, ſince we came into* Granada, *that Heaven and your Majeſty have begun to call him to an accompt for his unjuſt Actions. However, we come not to inſult over the Unfortunate; yet without violating the Laws of Humanity, we may juſtly complain of a perſon that has violated the Laws of Nations; and during a Solemn Truce between both Kings, ſunk our Ships, robb'd us of our Goods, and ſlew all our Mariners and Soldiers, that there might be no Witneſſes of his Cruelty remaining. Our former complaint in the time of your deceaſed Father, be avoided by his Power, and the Concluſion of the Truce. And therefore, ſince the Honour of puniſhing ſo great a Criminal, and exalting the Reputation of your Juſtice, is reſerved to your Majeſty, we humbly implore the Reſtitution of our Goods, ſatisfaction for the Murther of ſo many poor innocent people, and the Condign Puniſhment of ſuch an Arch-Pyrate. We have here, Sir, a Letter from the King of* Caſtile (ſaid he, preſenting it to the King, after he had kiſſed it, with a profound reſpect) *whereby your Majeſty will underſtand, that the matter in queſtion, is not our private Affair alone, but the publick Concern of the two Crowns: and that the denyal of Juſtice to us, may procure a Rupture between the two Kingdoms.*

The King ſurpriſed at a Speech, the meaning whereof he underſtood not in the leaſt, knew not what to reſolve: Nay, though he had a Glimpſe of *Corchut*'s and *Alabea*'s Treachery; however, he durſt not diſcover his thoughts at that time; but commanded his

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Interpreter to read the Letter ſoftly firſt to himſelf, and then to repeat it aloud. The Letter was to the following Effect.

To the Illuſtrious King of *Granada*.

I demand of you during the Truce, what I would demand of you in time of War: For Kings, though Enemies, never ought to refuſe thoſe things which are juſt. It is your Protection which I deſire for ſome of my Subjects, unjuſtly ruined by ſome of yours: Aſſuring my ſelf, that how great ſoever his Credit may be in your Kingdom, your Juſtice will not regard his Authority. For my part, I ſhall obſerve the ſame Rule, if ever you have any occaſion to requeſt of me, what I now requeſt of you.

Don Henry, King of *Caſtile*.

The Queen Mother and *Corchut* were preſent at the delivery of this Letter, together with *Alabea*; who appeared with a Confidence becoming the Treachery of her heart. And all of them perceived the King to be troubled. Thereupon, the Queen Mother ſtepping to him, as well to countenance the matter, as to prompt him to make ſuch an Anſwer as ſhould be to her mind. Sir, ſaid ſhe, you have too much reaſon, to refuſe the King of *Caſtile* ſuch an eaſie requeſt as this; and too much Honour, to ſully the beginning of your Reign with a fowl Action. Beſides, Sir, added *Corchut*, a Truce at this time, when they have ſo much need of it, is not ſo ſlightly to be regarded by the *Moors*: for if you break the Truce, you endanger the welfare of an hundred thouſand Innocents, to ſave one Criminal. For my part, ſaid the cruel *Alabea*, making a ſad face; as great a friend as I am to *Homar*, I cannot take his part at this time: For having gaged the bottom of his Oppreſſion of theſe poor men, I find it ſo heinous, that all which Honour and Honeſty will permit me to beg of your Majeſty in his behalf, is only to moderate his puniſhment; and out of your Clemency, to afford him the privilege of an eaſie and quick death. the King was in a ſtrange perplexity, what to do: For, on the one ſide, *Homar*'s extraordinary Merit, his own opinion of his Innocency; *Corchut*'s Ambition, of which he was not ignorant; and the known Wickedneſs of *Alabea*, would not let him determine to chaſtiſe a fault, where he was convinced himſelf, that there was none. But on the other ſide; the reſpect he had for the Queen Mother, the fear he had to exaſperate *Corchut*, and to diſorder the deſign which he had layed to ruin him, no leſs turmoiled his doubtful thoughts. And therefore, to take the middle way between theſe two Extreams: It is but juſtice, ſaid he to the Counterfeit Merchants, that you ſhould be ſatisfied, if you be the real Loſers; and it is no leſs juſt, for me to have a reſpect for the King of *Caſtile*'s Recommendation: But it is not juſt for me to condemn ſuch a perſon as *Homar*, before I hear him; nor can I deny him, what I cannot deny the meaneſt of my Subjects. And therefore, to be juſt both to him and to you; carry your Complaint to the *Cady* of *Granada*: Who, if your Complaint be true, will do you juſtice for the Wrongs you have received. The Counterfeit Merchants, perceiving how things ran the right Biaſs, accepted the King's offer: and the Cauſe was referred to the Chief Juſtice of *Granada*: who received an Order, to try the Priſoner in the Publick Hall of the Vermilion Towers. Hereupon *Corchut* goes to the corrupted Judge, countenances the Complaint of the feigned Merchants, and refreſhed his memory with new preſents and promiſes: With which the covetous and ambitious Judge was ſo intoxicated, that he engaged to ſerve the Queen Mother more effectually than ſhe could deſire. On the other ſide, the cruel *Alabea* was no ſooner returned home, but the Counterfeit Merchants came to her houſe; where ſhe joyfully received them: And to ſhew her ſatisfaction, Well, ſaid ſhe, a good beginning bodes a good Concluſion. Come, added ſhe, the worſt is over; for in ſuch dark ways as theſe, the firſt ſteps are moſt troubleſome to make. But now we are over Shooes, over boots, we muſt go on. Madam (anſwered the Slave that had always undertaken to ſpeak for the reſt) never let to morrow trouble your thoughts, no more than yeſterday; for as it is the nature of men to die for the preſervation of their Liberty, you may be certain we will hazard our lives for the recovery of ours. Satisfied with this new aſſurance, ſhe diſmiſſed the Slaves, and called for the Mariners; to whom ſhe repeated the ſame inſtructions, the ſame arguments, and the ſame promiſes ſhe had done before: And finding them perſiſting in the ſame reſolutions of bearing falſe witneſs as formerly, ſhe went to the Chamber where ſhe kept the Slave which ſhe had ſuborned to betray his own Maſter. Him ſhe exhorted to ſtand to his word; and threatned withal, that his head ſhould anſwer for the defect of his courage, and the indiſcretion of his tongue. Madam, anſwered the Slave; having already reſolv'd to obey your commands, it is not for me now to ſtand conſidering upon what I have ſo abſolutely determined to do; and how unwilling ſoever I might be to injure the unfortunate *Homar*, I have promiſed to do it, and I will be as good as my word. Look to it however, ſaid ſhe, and if the reward be not allurement ſufficient, conſider the ruin that attends thee; Concluding her threat-

threatning Language, ſhe left the ſlaves chamber, or rather his Priſon (for he was very carefully watched) and all the reſt of the day and the night following, her reſtleſs and malicious thoughts kept her continually waking with the conſideration of that dangerous contrivance which ſhe had brought to ſo much perfection. As ſoon as day appeared away ſhe hurried in a careleſs morning dreſs to *Corchuts* Chamber. What Sir, ſaid ſhe, ſo ſlothful upon a day that requires your moſt active diligence! You ſhould have been with the *Cadi* ere this before he goes to the Hall. You have a bad opinion of my care, anſwered he ſmiling, to think I have ſo ſoon forgot my promiſe. However to pleaſe your fancy, I will go to him again, and rub up his memory before he goes to the Caſtle. With that away he went immediately, and repeated to him over and over again the conſiderable ſervice he ſhould do the Queen; the promiſes he had made to her; and to himſelf; in regard it was no leſs his own Intereſt then the Queens, and that the grandeur or ruin of his own houſe depended upon that days action. Sir, anſwered the unjuſt Judge, you have put your ſelf to a needleſs trouble, for I am too much the Queens obedient ſervant, I have too much reſpect for you, to fail in the leaſt title of my word to either. Nay I have done more then you think for, added he, for I have already prepoſſeſſed the reſt of my Brethren the Judges: and have ſo deeply imprinted the hainouſneſs of his crime in their thoughts that it will be a difficult matter for him to clear himſelf with all his juſtifications. With that he took his leave of the *Cadi*, who went directly to the great Hall in the Vermilion Tower, where the reſt of the Judges ſtay'd for his coming. The Court being ſet *Homar* was brought to the Bar, and no ſooner did he behold his Judges, but he concluded himſelf a loſt man: Yet did not the aſtoniſhing ſight of ſuch a Judicature move him in the leaſt, while he beheld his Judges with ſuch a Noble Grimneſs in his Countenance, that rather terrified them themſelves. However he could not divine what accuſation they could lay againſt him: for his Conſcience reproaching him with no criminal act, that ever he had committed, he could not imagine what ſnare his Enemies had contrived to ruin him. But when the *Cadi* began to queſtion him concerning the Spaniſh Veſſels that he had fought and ſunk during the Truce, then he ſoon found it be a device of *Alabca*'s. Yet his undaunted heart not ſinking in the leaſt at the Terrour of ſuch an accuſation, he beheld the corrupted Judge with a ſcornful air, and opening his lips with a Sardonic ſmile; My accuſers, ſaid he, have a good memory to remember things done ſo long ago. But they muſt be Spaniards, not Granadin's, Chriſtians, not Mahometans that accuſe me of ſuch a crime as this. For in accuſing me, thoſe hot headed pieces of Inſolency have accuſed the Juſtice of the deceaſed King, who took no notice of their frivolous complaints. Am I more guilty then I was? or am I more Innocent then I was? Is it the Kings intention in condemning me, to condemn the memory of his deceaſed parent? or can he condemn his Juſtice without condemning his Government? No, no, If I was not Innocent, he was guilty; If my valour was criminal, his clemency was unjuſt; Nor can I now be put to death for that pretended offence, without troubling the repoſe of that Good Mans Aſhes. But this King that now reigns, is of a temper too Religious to commit ſo horrible an Impiety, he is too juſt to approve ſo high a piece of Injuſtice: or if he ſuffers it for reaſons of State, he only tolerates it, becauſe he cannot help it. I am not ſo ignorant of the condition of affairs, nor ſo unacquainted with the Court as to complain of him. No 'tis the Credulity of the Queen Mother, the ambition of *Corchut*, the Treachery of *Alabca*, that I complain of. They are my accuſers, and not thoſe *Spaniards* in conceit that you talk of. They are thoſe that promiſed to make me Conſtable of *Granada*, and now ſeek my Life, Here are their Letters under their own hands (ſaid he preſenting them to the Judges) which will prove the truth of my words, and the falſhood of my Enemies. For, ſaid he, with a grim look where are theſe *Caſtilians* that complain? Theſe witneſſes of an Act that was done upon the middle of the Sea? of which there are no other witneſſes, but they that were in the action? Was it ever known that a Vice Admiral was ſent out with a Fleet, not to fight if he met with an Enemy? Could I divine at Sea, what was done upon Land? Or dare any one ſay that he brought me any intelligence of the Truce or any Order to forbear fighting? I am grown gray in the Service of my Kings; And I have been ſeen a thouſand times fighting in the midſt of blood and terror for the ſervice of my Prince and Country. If you doubt of the truth of my words, ſee here thoſe unreproachable evidences (ſaid he, unbuttoning his doublet, and pulling up his ſleeves, and ſhewing his wounds upon his breſt and arms) that will tell you I have deſerved a better reward then for an old Captain to be ſacrificed to the ambition of a young Souldier? And now which of you can have the heart to condemn? which of you can be ſo cruel as to ſhed the blood of Kings, from whoſe loins I am deſcended?

The Age, the comely preſence, the courage of *Homar*, drew tears from all that heard him: Nay his very Judges themſelves were moved, as much prepared as they were neither to liſten to reaſon, nor pity. While Nature condoling the ſufferings of Vertue infuſed thoughts of Humanity into their breaſts and cauſed them to deplore in ſecret the misfortune of a perſon ſo renowned for his actions, and ſo Noble in Birth; whoſe crime was only his misfortune. But the *Cadi*, through a more potent Intereſt, more unjuſt, and leſs capable of Compaſſion, eaſily ſurmounting

thoſe little regrets of commiſeration, anſwer'd him with a ſevere tone, That 'twas not enough to begin well, unleſs he concluded well. That they were the laſt actions of a mans life that either crowned or depretiated all the reſt, and that the more Honor he had won, the more it concern'd him to preſerve. Nor could he think that time defaced the memory of ſuch a crime as high Treaſon, which is always puniſhable when diſcovered. That he committed a new offence, while he thought to excuſe himſelf by making the deceaſed King a confederate with him, becauſe he did not puniſh his Offence. For ſaid the ſowr Judge, you ow'd your ſafety to the concluſion of the truce, and the confuſion of the War, the noiſe whereof is many times too lowd for the Laws to be heard. As for the preſent King, added he while you extol his vertues, you make him a Noſe of Wax, a meer Statue, the Effigies of a Sovereign. And like a Madman that lays about him without any diſcretion, you throw your invectives upon the Queen Mother, the Illuſtrious *Corchut*, and the Noble *Alabea*, not conſidering the dignity of the one, nor the Innocency of the others.

Whereas you cry, where are the *Spaniards* that complain? where are the *Granadines* to give evidence? and thinking death had buryed the Complaints of the one, and the teſtimony of the Other, ſtand here out-braving the world, becauſe you think there are no ſuch men alive; Alas! the Holy *Alla* has otherwiſe diſpoſed it; for the ſame men that complained before, are now come again, Let them appear then, cry'd the Illuſtrious Unfortunate, I ſay, let thoſe Impoſtors appear, that I may ſhame them with my very looks. Thereupon the Counterfeit Merchants appeared in the midſt of the Aſſembly: and with that boldnes withal, that Innocency and Truth it ſelf could not have been more Confident. The generous *Homar* no ſooner ſaw them, but he remembred ſomething of their faces, yet could not poſſibly call to mind preciſely who they were; However he beheld them with an Aſpect enough to have ſhot terror to the bottom of their ſouls, and with a menacing utterance, ſpeak, ſaid he, Treacherous Inſtruments of thoſe Treacherous Conſpirators againſt my Honor, and my Life; but remember that the Laws of the *Moors* puniſh impoſtors with death. The Judges upon the Bench (anſwered the Impudent ſlave that uſually ſpoke for the reſt) are too juſt to terrifie us: And for the threats of Criminals, they never frighten Innocents that demand ſatisfaction for their Oppreſſion. Yes, Sir, it was you that ſunk our ſhips during the Truce: only mine eſcaped your cruelty through the mercy of Heaven. You ſet upon us off the height of *Tenariff*; juſt after Sun-riſing, the fight laſted three hours; and happened to be upon the third of *Rhamadan* or *September*, eight days after the Truce which was publiſhed upon the twenty fifth of *Sahaben* or the month of *Auguſt* preceding. Oh! diſmal and ominous Raven (cry'd the unfortunate *Homar*, caſting a ſcornful look upon that Infamous Impoſtor) How exactly haſt thou learn'd thy Leſſon! Yet they that taught thee are wickeder than thou: For thou art only the ſhameleſs Inſtrument of their Malice. But purſued he, ſince we have heard the *Caſtilians*, Let us hear the *Granadines* alſo. Let me have but equal juſtice; for I only deſire the Liberty to ſend for my own Souldiers and Mariners, who are yet living to ſhame theſe infamous informing Pickthanks, and at the ſame time to diſcover my own Innocence and their Crimes. So long as you deſire nothing but what is juſt, reply'd the *Cady*, you ſhall not be deny'd; and I believe there has been care already taken for your ſatisfaction in this particular. I wiſh you had ſpar'd your Charity, reply'd the Illuſtrious Unfortunate, 'tis a ſedulous piece of kindneſs that bodes me no good. However, ſaid he, Innocency is never fearful, let them appear. Thereupon the Sea-men, which the Treacherous *Alabea* had ſuborn'd, were called into Court. Whom when *Homar* ſaw, My dear Companions (ſaid the Unfortunate *Homar* with an obliging tone) We are accuſed to have violated the Law of Nations and to have fought after the Truce was made, Aſſiſt me then to ſhame the Impudence of Calumny; and openly here to make her a liar both for your own ſakes and mine. That moving Language of his, put the ſuborned Marriners into ſuch a diſorder, that they ſeemed to be in a ſtrange confuſion and aſtoniſhment. For their Conſciences reproaching their Ingratitude and perfidie, had brought them into a capacity of repentance, had not their fear oppoſed their reaſon, and their Intereſt their pity. But ſeeing themſelves ſo far engaged that they could not retreat, they ſought their preſervation in the Ruin of their Vice Admiral. Sir, anſwered, one of thoſe Miſcreants, we are at our wits ends to ſee our ſelves forced to ſpeak to your prejudice; but we are conſtrained to confeſs, to our grief be it ſpoken, that we fought after the Truce was concluded, (And you my dear Companions cryed the Illuſtrious Priſoner with a pitiful tone, beholding them with eyes that would have moved a Tiger to compaſſion.) You that I have loved ſo long, have you the heart to give me this mortal ſtroke of your hatred? Since I have no more friends left, 'tis not for me to live any longer: I will not ſtay for the unjuſt ſentence of my Judges, but condemn my ſelf to die. What! my dear Companions has all my affection, all my Liberality, all thoſe Noble Actions wherein you have been ſharers of ſo much Honour with me, has all this been too feeble, to reſiſt the treachery of thoſe that have corrupted your Integrity? Once more let me not live in this wretched Age. My Judges will be kind to me in being unjuſt, were it only to hinder me from ever ſeeing more that Ingrateful *Alabea* that to recompenſe me for preſerving her life, ſo eagerly ſeeks my ruin. You muſt ſee her however

reply'd

reply'd the *Cady*, for ſhe muſt come face to face before you. Let's ſee her (anſwer'd the Illuſtrious Priſoner) and though it be a torture more cruel then you can torment me with, I will endeavour to moderate my paſſion toward a Lady, how wicked ſoever ſhe has been; Thereupon that abominable and deceitful woman came into Court. But all in mourning be blubber'd with tears, and her face all disfigured. And when the *Cady* commanded her to ſpeak, Alaſs! ſaid ſhe (drying up her tears that hindered her from the ſight of *Homar*) that I had been born dumb, rather then to be forced to ſpeak thoſe things, which will cauſe me to expire for grief. Yes *Homar*, cry'd ſhe, death it ſelf would be leſs Irkſome, then the dire neceſſity, which is now impoſed upon me: But alaſs! how can I withſtand the force of the Law? How can I oppoſe the Imperious power of Kings, when they command me to ſpeak? Speak then Madam, cry'd the Illuſtrious Priſoner, obey the Laws and the King, that put ſuch a conſtraint upon you: and to ſignalize that tender affection which cauſes you to ſhed ſo many tears, ſtretch your falſe teſtimony to the higheſt ſtrain. Would to God, reply'd ſhe, you had no more fought after the truce was concluded, than I have an intention to do you miſchief then had you been free from danger, and I from trouble: But Oh Heavens! there was a fate that hindered it; to my grief be it ſpoken. Can I ſay this and not expire at the ſame time? You know the Truce was concluded when you fought. *Haly* upon the firſt advice ſent you the Kings Orders. You received them in time; and if this be not true, ſaid ſhe, lifting her eyes to heaven, may the Holy *Alla* exterminate me from the face of this Congregation that hears me. But Sirs added ſhe, turning her ſelf toward the Judges, and kneeling before the Tribunal, 'twas only the deſign of Honor made the generous *Homar* offend. So that though Juſtice be blind and will not look upon his merit, I conjure her not to be deaf to my prayers. If intereſt of State, the Honor of the King, and the quiet of the Nation do neceſſarily demand the puniſhment of an Offender, moderate his ſentence as much as reaſon will permit. O compaſſionate perſon (cry'd *Homar* in a deriding manner accompany'd with a deſpightful ſmile.) How am I engaged to your extraordinary humanity, and your matchleſs pity! So you may but ſee my head off, you pardon me the Wheel, Staking, and Burning. Well ſaid he to the *Cady*, pronounce your ſentence upon ſo faithful a teſtimony; and rely upon the credit of a witneſs whoſe integrity is ſo well known over all the Kingdom, that you need not queſtion it. Then the *Cady* asked him if he had any thing more to ſay. Nothing more ſaid he, for I have ſaid too much already; in regard I know my ſelf condemned before I came hither, and that this was but a Comedy to pleaſe the people. Then the *Cady* remanded him back to the Priſon and the Judges went to conſult. And infallibly thoſe corrupt Juſticiaries had condemned him to death had not the Queen ſent the Captain of her Guards with a Command to the *Cady* to ſpare his Life, and to go no farther than Baniſhment, Impriſonment, or Confiſcation of his Eſtate. Thereupon they return'd to the Hall, where the *Cady* pronounced this ſentence, with the conſent of his Brethren.

That Homar *was attainted and convicted of High Treaſon for breaking the Truce and violating the Law of Nations. Nevertheleſs out of a reſpect to Mercy as well as Juſtice, they condemned him only to perpetual Impriſonment in the Vermilion Towers; all his Goods to be Confiſcated to the* Spaniards; *and to be incapable of bearing any Office in the Kingdom.*

After this unjuſt Sentence was pronounced, the Judges departed. But the cruel *Alabea*, when ſhe underſtood what it contained; more incenſed than an Aſp, comes to the *Cady*, as red as a Turky-Cock; and whiſpering him in the ear, You have done the Queen a fine piece of ſervice, ſaid ſhe, but it may be you may repent your bargain. It was not for this, that you had ſuch preſents ſent, and given you; and I believe you will find it a bad buſineſs. Not ſo bad as you think, Madam, anſwered the *Cady*; for I have done nothing, but by the Queen's Orders. How! replyed ſhe in a great fury, did the Queen command you not to ſentence *Homar* to death. Yes, Madam, anſwered he, it was by her Command; or elſe he would hardly have kept his head upon his ſhoulders. With that the cruel Fury hurried to the *Alhambre*; and finding the Queen in her Cloſet, and no other perſon with her but *Corchut*: Madam, ſaid ſhe, very fiercely, you ſhould never offend ſuch perſons as *Homar*, if you will not put them to death; and therefore give me leave to tell your Majeſty, it is an unſeaſonable piece of Pity. The Vermilion Tower, anſwered the Queen, is a Priſon ſtrong enough to hold him from doing any miſchief. Truly, added *Corchut*, I know not what neceſſity there was to expoſe the Queen's Conſcience to the continual torture of Remorſe, when there were milder ways to ſerve her occaſions. I did not think, ſaid the fierce *Alabea*, with a ſcornful and deriding ſmile, that the Court Policy had been ſo ſcrupulous: Such a niceneſs might become a *Derviſe* or a *Calender*, but not a Prime Miniſter of State. Many other arguments ſhe uſed; but finding all her Rhetorick to no purpoſe, ſhe now reſolves to carve for her ſelf what ſhe could not obtain from others. In the mean while, by virtue of the Arreſt, ſhe got poſſeſſion, in the name of the feigned Merchants, of all the unfortunate *Homar*'s Eſtate, except what lay in *Almunecar* and *Exitana*. On the other ſide, the Sentence being pronounced, was brought and read to the Illuſtrious Priſoner in his Chamber; who liſtened to it with an Heroick Conſtancy, and a tranquillity in

his Countenance altogether extraordinary. Well, ſaid he, my Judges have been a little too rigorons, to take away my Eſtate and Liberty, to endeavour to take away my Honour, and yet to leave me my life. And I ſhould here remain altogether comfortleſs, were I not perſwaded, but that I may be yet ſerviceable to my Country; and merit a more honourable death, than what my Enemies had deſigned me. He ſaid no more, neither againſt the King, the Queen Mother, *Corchut*, nor *Alabea*; but ſetting himſelf above his Misfortunes, he appeared as it were in a Calm in the midſt of a Storm. True it is, that when he was alone, that Serenity was not without ſome Clouds: and as the greateſt Judgments are moſt apprehenſive, he found himſelf more ſenſible of his Misfortune, than any other could poſſibly be. When he came to conſider that his Ruin and Impriſonment were the juſt Conſequences of his unjuſt Paſſion; the repentance of his fault made him ſuffer a torment, worſe than that from which the Queen had ſaved him: So that he thought himſelf more unhappy in the Vermilion Tower, than in his Tomb. The Image of the great *Aladul* upbraided him with the wrong which he had done his Daughter, and the long Friendſhip of *Haly* reproached him, for the injury done his Siſter. Then paſſing from one thought to another; the Idea of *Lyparis*, the remembrance of *Abdala*, accuſed him of the want of Paternal Tenderneſs, and Conjugal Love, wherein he had equally failed. He was infinitely perplexed that he could hear neither from his Wife, nor from any of his Friends: and not knowing whether he were forſaken by them, or debarred from all intelligence by his Enemies; that uncertainty put his ſoul upon the Rack, and made him think himſelf the moſt miſerable of all Creatures living. But while he conſumed himſelf in ſadneſs, the cunning *Alabea* highly carreſſed her Counterfeit Merchants, and perfidious Mariners; and deceiving the Deceivers, promiſed thoſe things which ſhe never had any intention to perform; but giving them *Alexander* the Great's ſhare, that is to ſay, vaſt hopes, kept all the Booty to her ſelf. On the other ſide, the King, whoſe inclinations were as innocent, as *Alabea*'s were criminal; was ſtrangely aſhamed to ſee an Innocent oppreſſed under his Name; and that his Authority ſhould be forced to maintain the Queen's Injuſtice, and *Corchut*'s Ambition, But the Conjuncture of Affairs not permitting him to remedy it; the wiſe Prince diſſembled his injury, till he could revenge himſelf without danger. On the other hand, the Kindred of *Homar* adhering to the *Abenzerrages*; enraged to ſee the Chief of their Family ſo barbarouſly uſed, were about to riſe with all their Force: And the inſolence of the *Zegries* provoking their Reſentment, by triumphing over their Misfortune, all the prudence of the King had much ado to paciſie their Anger, who ſtormed at the affront.

All this while the penſive *Lyparis*, and the friends of *Homar*, were ſtrangely perplexed at the condition of his Fortune. And had not the lovely Infancy of young *Abdala* aſſuaged the anguiſh of his diſconſolate Mother's diſcontents, no queſtion but the Impriſonment of her Husband had confined her to her grave. But when the Meſſenger brought news of the Sentence which was pronounced againſt her Husband; that fatal news ſo redoubled her affliction, that ſhe had no longer the conſtanſtancy to endure it. So that the tears fell from her eyes, and ſhe fell into a trance, both at the ſame time. Not but that ſhe had a ſoul noble and reſolute enough to have endured the Overthrow of her Husband's Fortune, with a moderate and prudent Grief: but conſidering that perpetual Impriſonment was a perpetual Divorce, like the ſeparation of the Living, and the Deceaſed; half alive, half dead; half in her Wits, half out; ſhe lay in the moſt lamentable condition, to which ill Fortune could reduce her. Oh my beloved *Homar*, ſaid ſhe, the only object of my heart and eyes, the only ſubject of my paſſion, the abſolute maſter of my ſoul; muſt we be eternally divided! We, whom the Bonds of holy Amity have eternally united? Oh unfortunate *Lyparis!* what now does it becoue thee to do? But never queſtion: it is cowardly to queſtion. Reſolve,—— I have reſolved, purſued ſhe;——and there is no difficulty, no danger, that ſhall hinder me; no counſels, no perſwaſions, that ſhall move me. Go then, added ſhe, and bear a part of thy Husband's Fetters: follow him to the Priſon, follow him to the Tomb; for life without him is inſupportable. And thou, dear and innocent Child, ſaid ſhe, beholding the young *Abdala*: wilt not thou follow me where ever I go? Ah, Madam! ſaid the young *Abdala*, I will never forſake you; I will die at the feet of the Valiant *Homar*. Ah, dear Pledge of thy Father's Love! cryed ſhe, tenderly embracing him, and bedewing his cheeks with her tears; Oh, may the Heavens be more favourable to thee, than they have been to thy Anceſtors! and though the Heir of their Grandeur, maiſt thou never be the Heir of their Misfortunes. She was in this lamentable poſture, enough to have drawn tears from a Rock, when the chief of *Homar*'s Friends and her's came into her Chamber. Alas! ſaid ſhe, with a bitter torrent of tears guſhing from her eyes, we ſhall never ſee *Homar* more. Why? cryed they all together, is the valiant *Homar* dead? He is not dead, replyed *Lyparis*, but he is buried alive in the Vermilion Tower. He has loſt his Commands, his Eſtate and his Liberty; and we have loſt him for ever. Then ſhe informed them as much as ſhe knew of her Huſband's Misfortune, the cauſe of his Impriſonment, and the unjuſt Sentence which was pronounced againſt him, Thus you ſee, my dear Kindred, and generous Friends, ſaid ſhe, that there is nothing more for *Homar* to hope in this world. That a Sentence irrevocable has deprived us of him for ever; and all that we

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can do from this time forth for him, will be but labour loſt: And therefore provide for your ſelves, make your peace at Court, and forbear to continue a War to no purpoſe. For my part, I have nothing more to do, but to go with my unfortunate Infant; and throwing my ſelf at the Queen's feet, to beg that I may be ſhut up with *Homar* in priſon. Perhaps ſhe will have ſo much humanity left, as to grant me that requeſt. I make no queſtion, replyed one of the chiefeſt of the Company, but that the Queen Mother, *Corchut* and *Alabea*, would not be ſorry to be ſo well rid of *Homar*'s Wife, his Son, and all his Kindred and Friends. Yes, the Queen would ſurely be ſo generous to grant them that favour, if they were ſo mad to demand it. But, Madam, exceſſive Grief is a bad Counſellor; and therefore you muſt liſten to Reaſon. Your ruin and ours will never redeem *Homar*; and therefore we muſt endeavour to preſerve our ſelves, that we may ſave him. After that, they fell to debate upon the condition of Affairs. Said the perſon that ſpoke laſt, You know, that in the caſe of Inſurrection there is no middle way to be obſerved: that the bolder we are, the better we ſhall proſper: that it was the cuſtom of all Courts to pacifie the Stout with Benefits, and to puniſh the Cowardly to the utmoſt of Severity: and for that cauſe, that either the people ought to obey, or fight well. Truly, purſued he, where the King actually commands, it is no leſs dangerous than unjuſt to be a Rebel: But where Favourites uſurp the Sovereign Power, beſides that the reaſon of obedience is not the ſame, the people have a natural averſion againſt that ſort of Uſurpers; and look upon them that pull them down, as the publick Aſſertors of their Liberty. To come from Generals, to Particulars; we find at this time the preſent Miniſter, faint-hearted and ſoft-pated: He has neither Kindred, Friends, Eſtate, or any place of Retreat in the Kingdom. He is only the Queen's Favourite, hated by the King; to whom his Ambition is troubleſome. From whence I conclude, that when we took Arms, we were too remiſs, and went not on vigorouſly enough. The Court made a bad Interpretation of our reſpect and ſubmiſſion; whence it comes to paſs, that they have contemned us, impriſoned our Envoy, and pronounced Sentence upon *Homar*. It muſt be, therefore, now our prudence to recover our ſelves once more by another quite contrary manner of proceeding. My opinion, therefore, is this; that we cloſely ſurround the Tower, and try to carry it by a General Aſſault: which we ſhall the more ſucceſsfully do, in regard the Governour is no Soldier. If he be taken alive, we will propoſe him in exchange for *Homar*: and if he once come among us, we ſhall ſhift well enough for our ſelves. In the mean time let us give an accompt of our Actions by a ſecond Manifeſto: let us ſettle our Correſpondence with *Almunecar*, that we may hold both together; and ſend the ſame perſon to *Granada*, that brought us the news of *Homar*'s Impriſonment, to give us intelligence from time to time of what is done there. Theſe Propoſals were univerſally applauded; and they agreed to aſſault the Tower the next night. They ſent alſo to *Almunecar*, who returned them a kind and cordial Anſwer: and having diſpatched away *Lyparis*'s Servant to *Granada*, they employed the reſt of the day in providing for the Aſſault.

But while things were thus carried on at *Exitana*, they ſlept not at *Granada*: for the turbulent ſpirit of *Alabea* not ſuffering her own thoughts to be at reſt, was the reaſon that no body elſe could live in quiet. She beſieged the Queen Mother, ſhe never left *Corchut*; and often viſiting the Slave which ſhe kept mew'd up, ſhe continually exhorted him to perſevere in his Reſolution. In the mean time, to reap the benefit which the Queen Mother expected from all this great Intrigue, ſhe ſent the ſame Secretary a ſecond time to the Vermilion Tower: who, according to his inſtruction, making a ſmooth Speech; Sir, ſaid he, the beſt Princeſs in the world, ſtill more and more compaſſionating your Misfortune; and taking more care for your preſervation, than you do your ſelf; has commanded me to tell you, that ſhe will employ all her intereſt with the King, for revoking the Sentence, and the recovery of your Liberty, provided you will now but do that which you denyed before, and ſign the Reſignation which you formerly refuſed. *Homar* ſurpriſed at this new propoſal, at firſt underſtood not the reaſon from whence it ſhould proceed. For knowing perpetual Impriſonment to be a kind of Civil death, he knew as well that there was no neceſſity of ſuch a demand. But diving more deeply into the cauſe, he verily thought that his friends in *Exitana* and *Almunecar* had been more generous than he took them to be; and that by their riſing in Arms, they had obliged the Queen to demand that of him, which there could be otherwiſe no neceſſity for her to ask. This pleaſing fancy intermixed ſomething of joy with his affliction. And thereupon, in a greater fury than till that time he had ſhewed; It is ſomewhat of honour to me yet, ſaid he, with a ſcornful ſmile, that Kings ſhould ſtand in need of me, even in my Fetters: and ſince it is an honour, I will never deprive my ſelf of it, nor ſign the Reſignation which they demand. But, Sir, replyed the Secretary, methinks you do but ill requite the Queen's favour. Methinks, briskly replyed he, you come upon Errands below your Office, ſince you ſpeak not a word of the King; and therefore, looking upon you as a private perſon, and not a Secretary of State, I find you too ſawcy to ſpend your judgment upon what I do; and to give me your advice, which I never required of you: Therefore, better underſtand your own duty, before you teach me mine. With that he made him an Imperious ſign with his hand, to be gone. Thereupon the Secretary departed, aſhamed

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of his reproof, yet wondring at *Homar*'s reſolution; who ſpent the reſt of the day, and the reſt of the night in the charming thoughts of his Friends fidelity. In the mean while, the Officer, upon his return, gave the Queen Mother an accompt of the ill ſucceſs of his ſecond Commiſſion: at which the Queen, and *Corchut* her Favourite, were ſenſibly diſpleaſed; finding there was no way, but to employ their Arms againſt the Revolters: which would expoſe the tranquillity of the Kingdom to great diſorders, by reaſon of the Neighbourhood of the *Spaniards*, and the power of the *Abenzerrages*; whoſe patience ſo far, was already to be looked upon as a miracle. But the cruel *Alabea*, who was at the Queen's Elbow when the Secretary of State made his Relation, having always a Cure for all Diſtempers; to oblige the Queen, Madam, ſaid ſhe, your Majeſty finds by experience, that the pride and Malice of *Homar* are invincible: and ſince Poverty nor Impriſonment can humble his Haughtineſs, nor your Favours move his Ingratitude, you can expect nothing more from him. I underſtand that as well as you, anſwered the Queen: but if you know no better than I how to help it, we ſhall be ſtill at a loſs. Madam, I have told you long ſince, replyed the dangerous Infidel; for if Bloodletting will not cure the State, it muſt of neceſſity be long ſick. Theſe violent Diſtempers kill it, ſooner than cure it; replyed the Queen. However, there are ſome pieces of Cruelty which are lawful, anſwered the pernicious *Alabea*: Better one man periſh, than the whole Kingdom. Your Politicks and mine, anſwered the Queen, are not governed by the ſame Maxims. The queſtion is, anſwered ſhe, who of us two takes the ſafeſt courſe. If yours be the ſafeſt, replyed the Queen, mine is the moſt innocent, and moſt juſtifiable; and for my part, I believe it is better to be unfortunate, than wicked. All the world is not of your opinion, replyed *Alabea*; and I am ſure I am not. Happen what will, ſaid *Corchut*, we muſt conform to the Queen's judgment: And therefore, ſince ſhe diſlikes theſe violent Courſes, have you no milder means to work the ſame effect? Yes, ſaid ſhe, with a deriding ſmile, Phyſicians like me have Remedies for ſuch weak Stomachs as yours; but their virtue is not ſo powerful, nor their operation ſo certain. And therefore, my advice to your Majeſty is, that you ſpeedily ſend away a Meſſenger to *Almunecar* and *Exitana*, to give them notice of the Sentence, and to offer them a general Act of Oblivion: It may be then their courage will come down, and they will accept of your gracious Offer. That advice was followed, and an Expreſs immediately diſpatched away to both Cities, to give them notice of the Sentence, and to proffer them an Act of Grace.

But while theſe things were framing in *Granada*, the Envoy from *Exitana* arrived at *Almunecar*; being ſent to exhort the Soldiers and Inhabitants to perſiſt vigorouſly in their reſolutions, and to inform them of the unjuſt Sentence pronounced againſt *Homar*. Who engaged anew, rather to periſh than abandon *Homar*'s Intereſt. On the other ſide, thoſe of *Exitana*, as ſoon as night drew on, prepared for the Aſſault of the Tower: and marching thither without any noiſe, with the help of Faggots and Hurdles, they ſoon got over the Ditch, though not without the loſs of many men; for *Haly* made a reſiſtance becoming his Dignity and Courage. But number overcoming valour, he was at length conſtrained to yield himſelf a Priſoner of War; though very much wounded. The Beſiegers put a Garriſon of their own into the Tower, and cauſed *Haly*'s wounds to be carefully looked after, though he ſignified a great unwillingneſs to ſurvive his Misfortune. After the Storm was over, *Lyparis*, holding young *Abdala* in her hand, and attended by the Commander in Chief, and all the other Officers, ſhewed her ſelf through every Street of the Town; as well to return thanks to the people, as to encourage her own Party; among whom ſhe liberally divided her money; and ſet a Conduit running Sherbet all the night long.

No ſooner were things thus carried at *Exitana*, but the Court Envoy arrived at the Gates of the City; and not long after was introduc'd into the General Aſſembly of the Officers of the Garriſon, the Relations of *Lyparis*, and the principal Inhabitants of the Town: Where he produced his Commiſſion, and ſhewed the Act of Grace ſent them from Court, upon condition that they lay'd down their Arms, and reſtored *Haly* to the Government of the Town. After they had heard what the Envoy had to ſay, they ordered him to be conducted to the Governor's houſe; aſſuring him that they would return him a ſpeedy anſwer. So ſoon as he was gone, they fell upon the debate of the whole matter; being a buſineſs of ſo great importance. Whereupon, the whole Aſſembly being deſirous that the Commander in Chief ſhould firſt deliver his opinion, he ſtood up and told them.

That of all the dangers to which men expoſe themſelves, there was none greater, than to fall under the power of a Maſter, againſt whom they have once drawn their Swords. That upon ſuch occaſions, their Acts of Grace are more ſolemnly promiſed, than religiouſly obſerved; being like ſnares covered with flowers, to catch the Credulous. That the proffered Act of Grace would but ſubject them again to the Power of Haly, *whom they had fought, vanquiſhed, wounded and kept Priſoner: And of* Alabea, *a revengeful and cruel woman; whoſe deſigns they had fruſtrated, and whoſe Infamy they had made known to the world. That it was her deſign to ruin* Homar, *and to ſell* Exitana *to the Queen Mother and* Corchut *her Favourite; which was the only ready way to enſlave the Liberty of the City. That they who had condemned* Homar, *notwithſtanding the oppoſition of* Exitana *and* Almunecar, *would tyrannize*

rannize at another rate, if they ſhould lay down their arms. That there was no faith to be given to the Court: whoſe mountainous promiſes had inviegled Homar *to his ruin, and therefore that it would be a high piece of Imprudence to accept an Amneſty ſo dangerous and ſo full of fraud. My judgment therefore is,* ſaid he, *that we ſend another Manifeſto to the Court, to let the Queen and* Corchut *know that if* Homar *be not forthwith ſet at Liberty,* Haly's *head ſhall anſwer for the Injuſtice done him and us; that if we be deny'd, we ſhall take that courſe which deſpair ſhall adviſe us to. And that* Spain *is not ſo far diſtant but that it may be able to ſend an Arm of aſſiſtance to the unfortunate, unjuſtly perſecuted under the pretence of the Kings Authority.*

This Speech though ſavouring of diſreſpect to Regal Authority, was however applauded by all the Aſſembly; who after they had heard it, would argue no farther, ſaying, that their Commander had ſpoken ſo judiciouſly that nothing more could be ſaid. Thereupon they drew up their Manifeſto and having ſeal'd it up, gave it the Kings Envoy aſſuring him that their Anſwer was contain'd therein. In the mean time the Envoy, which the Queen had ſent to *Almunecar*, came to that City, but finding the Gates ſhut and no admittance into the Town, he was forced to tell his Errand over the Walls; where he received for Anſwer, that the Keys of *Almunecar* were at *Exitana*, and that he muſt fetch them thence, if he intended to be let in there. Then the Envoy would have begun a Speech; but the Souldiers letting fly ſix or ſeven Arrows at him, forced him to retreat ſwifter then he came. So that the two Envoys returning to *Granada* much about the ſame time, put the Queen and *Corchut* into a moſt terrible perplexity. For beſides the Inſolency of their Manifeſto, and the bold refuſal of their Act of Grace, their taking of the Tower, and Impriſoning *Haly*, plainly demonſtrated, that the City was reſolved to ſtand it out to the laſt rather then ſubmit. And the anſwer of *Almunecar*, and the arrows ſhot at the Kings Envoy, as abſolutely ſhew'd the ſtrict correſpondency between thoſe two Cities. So that in this perplexity, the Queen and *Corchut* were forced to conſult their old Oracle. To that purpoſe, ſending for *Alabea* they enformed her of the Impriſoment of her Brother, and ſhewed the Manifeſto of the Rebels of *Exitana*, conjuring her to find out ſome expedient to help them out of that Labyrinth. That nimble witted and cunning woman having attentively read and conſider'd the Declaration of the *Exitanians*, O, Madam, ſaid ſhe, ſhaking her head with a ſcornful ſmile, they that threaten, ſtand the more in aw. Yes, Madam, I diſcover through the Inſolency of this Manifeſto, the dread of thoſe that compoſed it. Things of this nature begin with action; as lightning precedes thunder. Theſe feeble Mutineers have no other intention but to try, if they can terrifie your Majeſty, and eſcape the puniſhment of their crimes by affrighting Sovereignty. I know their thoughts, as prefectly as if I had been preſent at their Counſels. But, purſued that dangerous woman, heaven has more care of your Majeſty, then you have of your ſelf; for by a Miracle ſent on purpoſe to ſave the Kingdom, I have diſcovered how *Homar* kept private intelligence with the King of *Caſtile* your Enemy, and upon what Conditions he would have delivered up *Exitana* into his hands and conſequently made a prey of the whole Kingdom. The Agent whom he entruſted in the carrying on that wicked deſign, is now in my Cuſtody; and provided your Majeſty will grant him that impunity which his repentance merits I will ſhew you the way to put *Homar* to death without ſcruple. Then, upon the grant of her requeſt, that Abiminable fury began to declare all the falſities which ſhe had contrived with the ſuborned ſlave, and then continuing her diſcourſe, that which I tell your Majeſty, ſaid ſhe, the penitent ſlave ſhall tell you himſelf, if you will give me the Liberty to ſend for him: And I am ſure, that upon the certainty of *Homar*'s crime depends the peace of the Kingdom: For he being dead the Faction will die. Upon this the Queen being deſirous to ſee the ſlave, away went *Alabea* home, and going into the Chamber where ſhe kept him. At length, ſaid ſhe, the hour is come to advance thy fortune, to make thee free, rich and happy. But call to mind all thoſe things about which we have conſulted together; be ſure you miſs not a tittle; but above all things lay aſide all ſcruples and fears; for you are to ſpeak before Kings and Princes; and the miſſing of a hairs breadth is as much as thy life is worth. Madam, anſwered the diſloyal ſlave, in regard I am ſo well prepared before hand, there is nothing can atoniſh me; truſt therefore to my confidence and dexterity, and fear nothing. With that away ſhe went to the *Alhambre*, and cauſed him to be brought up by a back pair of ſtairs into the Queen's Cloſet, where *Alabea* found her with only *Corchut* her favorite. Madam, ſaid ſhe, I have brought you the party: and he perſeveres in maintaining all that I have told you for a truth. Nevertheleſs, added the wily female Monſter, turning her ſelf toward the ſlave, and beholding him with a ſevere eye, have a care, ſaid ſhe, what you ſay, and conſider, that ye are in the preſence of a great Queen; Madam, boldly anſwered the dangerous Impoſtor, I will ſpeak nothing but the real truth: and if I utter the leaſt tittle of falſhood, may the vengeance of Heaven and Earth purſue me, and Bolts of Thunder fall upon my head, as altogether unworthy to ſee day. Then the Impoſtor told the Queen every circumſtance, as *Alabea* and he had framed their ſtory together; particulariſing the very year, month and day on which, as he pretended, his Maſter had ſent him to *Sevil*: the houſe where he

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lodg'd, and the perſons with whom he treated in the Court of *Spain*. He laid his lies ſo cloſe together, that he ſhook the very foundations both of the Queen's and *Corchuts* credulity; eſpecially when they conſidered the confidence of the Garriſons of *Exitana* and *Almunecar*. Look you, ſaid the cruel *Alabea*, what a profitable repentance, the Tutelar Angel of this Nation, has infuſed into this poor Captive *Spaniard*. How compaſſionate ſoever I was before, ſaid the Queen, I can no longer liſten to the voice of pity. And I ſhould be guilty of High Treaſon my ſelf, ſhould I conceal this information from the King. With that, giving her hand to *Corchut*, and reſting the other upon *Alabea*'s Arm, ſhe went to the King's Apartment, Commanding the Slave to follow her, He was then ſhut up in His Cloſet with his Chief Miniſter, and conſulting the ruin of *Corchut* juſt as he and the Queen entred: which unexpected accident ſomewhat diſcompoſed the Kings Countenance at firſt; but ſoon recovering himſelf, and advancing toward the Queen Mother, Madam, ſaid he, with a chearful Countenance, when you have any buſineſs with me, it were but giving me word, and I would ſpare you the trouble of coming to Me. Sir, the preſent buſineſs is of ſuch importance that it admits of no delay. Thereupon ſhe ſhewed him the laſt Manifeſto from *Exitana*, informed him of their refuſal of his pardon, and of the affront they had put upon him, in ſhooting at his Envoy. By all which you may eaſily conjecture, added ſhe, what a dangerous enemy, you have in the bowels of your Kingdom, and how neceſſary it is to keep *Homar* ſtill in priſon. For Sir, added the deluded Princeſs, that great Criminal, has not ſtopped here, he has not only formed a party among your People; he has held a correſpondence with your moſt deadly Enemies, he has kept a private intelligence with the *Spaniards*: of which I have the moſt convincing proofs in the world, I have his own Agent to teſtifie all this. Who is that Agent, reply'd the King, that comes ſo late to be faithful to his Prince? where was he when he was condemn'd, that he comes now ſo unſeaſonably to inſult over an unfortunate Man, and expoſes himſelf to ruin the other? For whether he ſpeak true or falſe, his ſluggiſhneſs, as well as the impoſture deſerve the ſame puniſhment. Sir, reply'd *Corchut*, the Party was not in *Granada*, when *Homar* was Try'd. But ſo ſoon as he had an Opportunity, he did his duty. Beſides, ſaid the cunning *Alabea*, your Majeſty may be pleaſed to conſider, were it not for the hope of impunity, no treaſons would be diſcovered, and Kingdoms would be ruined, becauſe men would be afraid to ſpeak. But who is this tardy Informer? reply'd the King; ſuppoſe he be ſome ſlave of your retinue; muſt I take the teſtimony of a ſlave, a *Spaniard*, and a Chriſtian, againſt a ſubject, a *Granadine*, and a Perſon of Honor withal? Yes, Sir, 'tis I, (audaciouſly reply'd the impoſtor) that to my grief be it ſpoken am come to accuſe my Maſter, Your Majeſties intereſt overſwaying that of my Patron's. I ſhrewdly ſuſpect thy zeal, reply'd the King (beholding him with a fierce Eye) for thou voluntarily confeſſeſt, what all the Racks and Executioners in the world could hardly ſcrew out of the breſt of other ſlaves that are faithful. Upon that, the Kings favourite, ſeeing the Kings paſſion riſe, and fearing to give *Corchut* the leaſt miſtruſt of the Kings intentions toward him; Sir, ſaid he very ſeriouſly, however in a buſineſs of this nature, your Majeſty may not do amiſs to hear what the *Spaniard* has to ſay. Let him ſpeak then, reply'd the King, but let him have a care what he ſays. Upon thoſe words the hair-brain'd Captive began to act his part as *Alabea* had leſſon'd him and there appeard ſo much ingeniouſneſs in what he ſaid; ſo much probability in his accuſations, ſo much ſmoothneſs in his words, that the King, though prepoſſeſſed with a bad opinion of the woman, and the common trick of lying among ſlaves, he began to give ſome credit to the ſtory. *Corchut* who perceiv'd the wavering of his thoughts, thought it not fit to ſlip the opportunity, and therefore turning to the King, In a matter, ſaid he, that concerns the repoſe of the kingdom, and the continuance of your own Grandeur; your Majeſty is not ſo far to give ear to Clemency, as not to hearken to Juſtice, which is the ſupport of Crowns, and the principal ornament of Kings. For my part ſaid the Queen, I have been always inclin'd to pity *Homar*: but his crime is now ſo great that I ſhould be guilty my ſelf, if I ſhould protect him any farther. Alas! added the deceitful *Alabea*, ſighing, and lifting up her eyes to Heaven, The Holy *Alla* that ſees my heart, and knows the particular kindneſs between me and *Homar*, knows as well the conteſt that I have had with my ſelf to accuſe him. But your Majeſties intereſt prevailing above all other conſiderations, I rather chuſe to be a faithful Subject, then a faithful friend. *Muley Hazen*'s favourite was for referring the cauſe to the *Cady*, and for removing *Homar* from the Vermilion Towers to the Publick Priſons, for the better ſatisfaction of the people. All which the King not only approved; but order'd to be done accordingly: and after he had waited upon the Queen back to her apartment, he return'd and ſhut himſelf up in his own Cloſet, with all the diſcontent that a juſt Prince could have that was not abſolutely convinc'd either of *Homar*'s crime, the truth of the Queen's Information, *Alabea*'s honeſty, *Corchut*'s equity, or the integrity of the ſlave: However the cruel *Alabea* that ſhe might looſe no time, preſently hurries to the *Cady*, and exhorts him to do better then he had done before. Fortune, ſaid ſhe, has more care of your intereſt, than you have your ſelf; and therefore, unleſs you have a deſign to ruin your ſelf, take heed how you let *Homar* eſcape. Madam, anſwered the unjuſt Judge, as I have told

told you already, I did nothing but by the Orders of the Queen Mother; and therefore, you do me wrong to blame me for what I could not help. I believe it, said that inhumane Miscreant; but I only give you a caution, in case the Princess's mind should change: and therefore, let the business be done so speedily, that she may have no time to repent. Madam, answered the *Cady*, what new crime has *Homar* committed in the Vermilion Tower. He has committed no new crimes, but we have discovered old ones, replyed that dangerous she Devil. Then she told him of the Accusation which the Slave had brought against him, but never informed him that it was false: and bid him take care to deserve those recompences that were destined for his good Services. As she was thus talking, in came *Corchut* upon the same Errand; and seconded all her Exhortations and Encouragements, all her promises and all her threats.

The next day, early in the morning *Homar* was brought from the Vermilion Towers, to the publick Prison: Yet all this while, though he made no question, but that his days were short, yet could he not divine what they had to object against him; not knowing himself to have been guilty of any Crime that could deserve death. But it fell out that the Queen Mother and her Favourite had not well tim'd their business, in regard that the next day began the great Feast which the *Moors* and *Turks* call *Bayran*, which lasted eight days; during which time it was not lawful to put any Criminal to death, nor so much as to call them to the Bar. So that notwithstanding *Corchut*'s Ambition, and *Alabea*'s malice, all proceedings against *Homar* were stopp'd for the present. In the mean while the person that lay Leiger at *Granada* for the two revolted Towns, had leisure to inform *Lyparis*, what was framing against her Husband; and of his removal from the Vermilion Tower, to the common Goal. That last blow was so terrible, that all the courage of that brave Woman was not able to withstand it. So that she clear'd the Field for her own sorrows, and abandoned her soul to her complaints. For the danger wherein *Homar* was, had made such a lively impression in her thoughts, that she suffered all the torments which a grieved heart could endure. What, said she, shall the unfortunate *Homar* lose his life, and not have the consolation to see himself bemoan'd, to see himself assisted, as if his faithful Wife had forgot to interest her self in his Misfortunes? Will he not have reason to think that thou never lovedst him, that thou never hadst any consideration of his miseries? Yes, unkind and faint-hearted Woman, he will undoubtedly believe all this: and the thoughts of being so abandoned, will be a greater torment to him, than all that his Executioners can do. No, no, replyed she to her self, it is better for me to do my duty late, than not at all. I owe all my love, and all my service to *Homar*; and I will employ all my love, and all my service, to relieve him in his distress. As she was thus disconsolately arguing with her self, in came one of her Husband's principal friends into her Chamber, with several others of her own Relations, upon the news of the Agent's return, to know the certainty of *Homar*'s condition. Alas! cryed she, my respect to you, has made me forget my duty to my self; and my Capital Lenity has tarnished my Honour: but though the Prophet we adore, should appear to me to advise me not to go to *Granada*, I would not hearken to his Counsel. But, Madam, answered the Chiefest of the Company, while you seek to retard his ruin, that may be perhaps the way to hasten it: For by putting your self under the power of the Court, you do but the more enable them to accomplish their wickedness. It is no matter, replyed she, it is no matter: *Homar* is too generous to condemn what your prudence condemns; and the proofs of my fidelity will be a comfort to him in his misery. He will be more joyful than sorrowful in the arms of death, provided he expire in mine, and mix his blood with my tears. She uttered those words with such a resolution, that they saw it was to no purpose to perswade her to the contrary. So that instead of contesting any farther with her; Go, Generous Woman, said he that spake before, go and comfort the great *Homar* in his misery; let your Vertue triumph over the Wickedness that persecutes him: and if the Injustice of the Court will but be so kind as to let you see him, tell him, that he has still some true and faithful friends left, that will never forsake him in all his misery; and that will perish, but they will either rescue him, or revenge his death. Upon those words they all took their leaves, and the next morning she took her Journey for *Granada*, together with young *Abdala* her Son; reflecting all the way upon the miseries of her Husband, and the danger he was in. And surely she had reason enough to do it; for the great Feast of *Bayran* being over, the Ambitious *Corchut*, and the cruel *Alabea*, continually importuning the *Cady*, whom they had corrupted; pressed him to huddle over the Tryal, and to hasten hand over head to a second Condemnation of that unfortunate noble Personage. To that purpose he called his Associates together; and the Court being set, the worthy Hero was again brought to the Bar; so unjustly pursued, that he could not possibly imagine what they could lay to his charge: for having been a close Prisoner ever since his Sentence, he knew he could have committed no new Crime. However, he appeared neither excessively sad, nor much disturbed in his mind; but preserving himself in a quiet moderation, that shewed the resolution of his heart, he shewed as much Majesty in his face, as if he had been a King upon his Throne. Immediately the *Cady* making a set Speech: They, said he, that are condemned to perpetual Imprisonment, not being reckoned among the number of the Liv-

ing, are wont to enjoy the repoſe of the Dead; and to dream away their lives in thoſe gloomy Cells, to which they are confined. But Criminals, that are guilty of High Treaſon, are never ſuffered to reſt, even in the very Dungeon it ſelf: nay, they are pulled out of their very Graves, and their Skeletons themſelves are executed. Which is the reaſon that you are brought here again, to be condemned a ſecond time, if what is laid to your charge prove true: and therefore, prepare to make your defence as well as you can. If Innocence it ſelf would ſerve the turn, (boldly anſwered the Priſoner) it would be no great trouble for me to make my defence, and clear my ſelf; but my own experience has already taught me, that Innocency is not ſafe from your oppreſſion. And therefore, before I am accuſed, I know I muſt be condemned: So that if I make any anſwer to your demands, it will be only to ſave my Honour, for I know I muſt not think to ſave my life; nor indeed, is it my deſign; being a weary to live in ſuch an unjuſt and perfidious Age. It is not for us, ſaid the *Cady*, to diſpute with perſons whom the knowledge of their Crimes has made deſperate; and therefore, ſaid he, anſwer me to my queſtions. Was it not by your order, and by your Commiſſion, that the Garriſons of *Exitana* and *Almunecar* are now in Rebellion? Did not you ſollicite the Relations of *Lyparis*, your Wife, to put themſelves into the Town? Have not you held correſpondence with them? Did not you encourage them to fight *Haly* their Governor, to beſiege him in the Tower, ſtorm it, and detain him Priſoner? To refuſe the King's Act of Grace, and ſhoot at the King's Envoy; a Felony without example, and not to be puniſhed with ſeverity enough? Anſwer to theſe Articles: and if your offences have been ſo great, that they will not admit of pardon, deſerve, at leaſt, by an ingenuous confeſſion, that your Judges may moderate your puniſhment. As ſad as *Homar* was, the queſtions which the *Cady* asked him, could not chuſe but infuſe a kind of joy into him; for his great ſoul that loved Vertue in another, as well as in himſelf, was over-joyed that he had faithful friends that ſtood by him in his adverſity, not fearing the power of his Enemies. You muſt ask my Keepers, ſaid he, the queſtions that you demand of me; for they are to be anſwerable for what Letters I have written, and what I have received; in regard, that being always in my Chamber, I could do neither without their permiſſion. But that I may give the Innocent their due, and not falſely accuſe any perſon; I do here openly declare, that they have been too faithful to you, and too rigorous toward me; that I never writ to the Garriſons, nor they to me; and that all that has been done either at *Exitana* or *Almunecar*, has been done upon no other ſcore, than only out of their compaſſion upon perſecuted Innocence: For *Exitana* is not ſo far from *Granada*, nor *Almunecar* from the *Alhambre*, but that they know that the Sovereign Power is in the hands of *Corchut*. So that I ſuppoſe my noble and faithful friends there, do not believe themſelves guilty of High Treaſon in oppoſing, as they do, the enormous Ambition of the haughty Favourite, whoſe Inſolency knows no bounds. As for my Wife's Relations, they are alſo the Relations of my Son: who ſeeing a diſconſolate Mother, an innocent Infant in a helpleſs condition, and a Father loaded with Fetters for no cauſe, have done no more than they ought to do: and it is againſt reaſon to condemn ſuch an Illuſtrious proof of Compaſſion and Friendſhip, which rather ought to be moſt highly applauded. If there were any act of violence or diſ-reſpect ſhewed at *Almunecar*, it may as well be attributed to the ill behaviour of *Corchut*'s Envoy; for thoſe little ſort of people are ſo ſoon puffed up with the Honour of ſuch a Commiſſion, to abuſe their Authority, that it is no wonder if they meet with affronts from thoſe that intend no diſreſpect to the King. I only ſpeak this in their juſtification, rather than to ſave my own life. For I am not ſo blind as not to ſee that, notwithſtanding this uſeleſs Formality, my Sentence is already concluded upon in *Corchut*'s Study. But, ſaid the *Cady*, this is not all. What ſecret Intelligence have you kept at *Sevil*? What private Negotiations have you had with the King of *Caſtile*, our Enemy? What Commiſſion had you from the King for that? The Malice of my Enemies never appeared ſo palpable before, anſwered the Priſoner: It is an Impoſture that ſurely can never hurt my Reputation, or perſwade the moſt Credulous to believe any thing againſt my Honour. For had I ever any affront or injury done me at Court, that might move me to ſuch a Revenge? Has *Homar* ſo little Reaſon, to act like a mad man; and engage in High Treaſon for no cauſe, but only to expoſe himſelf, his Fortune, and his Family to ruin? On the other ſide: What reward could the King of *Caſtile* give me, equal to that which I had already; that is to ſay, the abſolute Command of *Exitana* and *Almunecar*? What reaſon could move me to leave Charges of high Honour, and great Profit, to live out of Employment, a diſreſpected Exile in *Sevil*? Beſides; Who ever knew me abſent from *Exitana*? I never went into *Andaluſia* my ſelf, and therefore there muſt be Agents that did it for me. Now where are thoſe pretended Agents of ſuch an important and ſecret Negotiation? They are not ſo far off as you think for, replyed the *Cady*; for the Juſtice of Heaven, that protects Kings, and puniſhes great Offenders, brings forth their own Accomplices to accuſe them. This is a device, anſwered *Homar*, that ſmells monſtrous ſtrong of *Corchut*'s and *Alabea*'s Forgery: and theſe Witneſſes are of the ſame ſtamp that the others were of. However, let us ſee them, that we may the more admire the Cunning of them that have inſtructed them in their Leſſon. Thereupon the ſuborned Slave was called forth. At firſt there appeared

ed all the innocency and conſtancy in his face, that a Conſcience could infuſe into an innocent Breaſt: But when he came to caſt his eyes upon his Maſter, the ſight of a man, to whom he ought ſo much reſpect, made his colour come and go at a ſtrange rate, and put him into a great diſorder. But being naturally audacious and wicked, he ſoon recovered himſelf: and fearing the effects of *Alabea*'s Revenge, he reſolved to murther his Maſter with a falſe depoſition. The unfortunate *Homar*, giving him a look that would have inſpired reſpect into the moſt Barbarous of men; Was it the bad uſage which thou receivedſt at my hands, ſaid he, that moved thee to joyn with my enemies, to murther thy Patron? Were thy fetters weighty enough to excuſe thy perfidiouſneſs? Speak wretched Villain, ſpeak, and repent of what thou art going about; and by thy repentance merit that my Judges and thine may pardon a Crime, which far wickeder perſons than thou, have urged thee to commit. At thoſe words the corrupted Slave trembled: but conſidering the danger of repentance, and his promiſes to the Queen, to *Corchut*, and the cruel *Alabea*: Sir, ſaid he, I am almoſt diſtracted to think that I muſt be forced to ſpeak to your prejudice; but the King's intereſt over-powers the reſpect I owe to you. A ſpecial honeſt man! a moſt juſt Captive! cried the Illuſtrious Priſoner; who can too highly applaud his Honeſty! But go on, and finiſh thy work which thou haſt undertaken, for the Silver thou haſt received for lying. Thereupon the Slave, with a modeſt, reſerv'd and fixed Countenance; and, to outward appearance, no leſs reſpectful and ingenuous; began to repeat his Leſſon, to particularize the Orders which he had receiv'd from his Maſter, the ſeveral Journeys he had made to *Sevil*, the Letters he had carried to the King of *Caſtile*, the Anſwers he had brought from that Prince; the very Street and Houſe where he lay in that City, the private way which he took, for fear of being ſtopp'd upon the Frontiers; telling them by the way, that he never travelled but by night. All which he declared with ſo much probability, and made ſo few trips when ever they asked him any queſtions, that had the Judges been leſs biaſſed than they were, it had been hard for them to have culled out the truth from the falſhood. Traytor, cryed the Illuſtrious Priſoner, thou art but the infamous Inſtrument of thoſe ignominious Wretches that ſeek my ruin. And therefore, ſeeing death is the only remedy for perpetual Impriſonment, I will neither complain of thee nor them, that in ſeeking my deſtruction, oblige me. But Time is the Protector of Innocence, and ſooner or later will do me Juſtice, and reſtore me the Honour which I have loſt.

Having ſo ſaid, the Noble *Homar* held his peace, and was remanded to the place from whence he came.

After that the Judges went to Conſultation; and after a ſhort debate upon the Tumults in *Exitana* and *Almunecar*, and the Slave's Depoſition, with one conſent the unfortunate *Homar* was condemned to die. Nevertheleſs, all the under-hand dealing of the *Cady*, all the ſollicitations of *Corchut* and *Alabea*, could not ſo far prevail, but that there was ſome little pity mixed in the Sentence; in ſo much that the Judges left it to the Breaſt of the King, to appoint the time and manner of his Execution. The fiery *Alabea* begged of the *Cady*, and reviled him, but all to no purpoſe: for the King underſtanding the Sentence, ſaid ſmiling, that he would take thirty or forty years to conſider of a buſineſs of ſo much importance; there being no haſte to buy repentance at ſo dear a rate. However, night was no ſooner come, but the Secretary of State was ſent to him again, to aſſure him of pardon, if he would ſign his Reſignation. The Dead never write, haughtily replyed the Noble Priſoner, and the Condemned are never reckoned among the Living: I will not do a thing ſo ignominious to be delivered out of priſon; no, not to ſave my head; which is all my Anſwer, and what you have to tell *Corchut*. When *Alabea* heard of this, ſhe blamed the Queen and *Corchut*, telling them they were not fitting to rule; and made all the friends ſhe could to the King, to perſwade him to alter his reſolution; but that deſign would not take effect. In the mean time comes the afflicted *Lyparis* to *Granada*, ready to die for grief when ſhe heard of the fatal news of her Husband's Condemnation. But it was in vain to trifle away her time in idle complaints; and therefore, underſtanding the Supream Power was ſtill in the hands of the Queen, who had always been inclined to be merciful to *Homar*, ſhe watched an opportunity to ſpeak to the Queen: and hearing ſhe was going one day to the Gardens of *Generalife*, ſhe placed her ſelf in a Room, through which the Queen was of neceſſity to paſs. As ſhe was waiting there, in comes *Alabea*; who ſeeing the Woman, whoſe Husband ſhe had ſo bitterly perſecuted, was not a little ſurprized with ſhame, notwithſtanding all her confidence: While *Lyparis*, on the other ſide, beholding the cauſe of all her own, and her Husband's miſeries, was ready to ſwound at her feet. But *Alabea* gueſſing eaſily what buſineſs ſhe had at the *Alhambre*, and fearing leſt the ſight of her and her Child ſhould move the Queen to compaſſion, ſhe reſolved to prevent it if ſhe could; and to that purpoſe, putting on a counterfeit face of ſorrow. Madam, ſaid ſhe to the penſive *Lyparis*, I am deeply ſenſible of your affliction; and had your Husband been ruled by me, I had ſpared you all the tears you have ſhed for his ſake. Ah Madam! anſwered the diſconſolate Lady, ſighing, I am not ignorant of the good Offices you have done him, and I ſhall very charily preſerve the remembrance of them. All the World is acquainted with your goodneſs; and *Homar* has too ſeverely felt the effects thereof, not to underſtand it. I believe, anſwer'd the

deceitful *Alabea*, ſince I find you in this place, that you have an intention to ſpeak to the Queen in your Husband's behalf; but in regard I underſtand the Court better than you do, take my advice, and ſtay till his crimes are a little forgotten; leſt while they are freſh in her memory, you ſpeak to the Queen, and loſe your labour. I take your counſel, replyed *Lyparis*, to be like your intentions; however, I ſhall not follow it at this time. The cunning *Alabea*, ſeeing her perſwaſions would not prevail, reſolved to go to the Queen, and procure her to be arreſted before ſhe could come to ſpeak to her. But as ſhe was going upon her malicious deſign, the Queen appeared; ſo that *Lyparis*, getting haſtily before *Alabea*, with the tears in her eyes, throwing her ſelf at the Queen's feet, and cauſing the young *Abdala* to do the ſame: Madam, ſaid ſhe, Your Majeſty has been a Wife, and is ſtill a Mother; you have had a Husband, and have ſtill a Son: So that while you underſtand as well what belongs to Natural Affection, as to Greatneſs, I have ſome reaſon to hope that you will compaſſionate a diſconſolate Wife, and a Mother, whoſe ſorrows are without parallel; and that a heart ſo noble as yours will be mov'd at my tears, be touch'd with my ſighs, and mollified at my misfortunes. If as I am all one with *Homar*, I ought to partake with him in his misfortunes, and the puniſhment of his crime or his diſaſter, I beg no favour, of which I am not worthy. But here is an innocent Infant, that never was concerned with him in his Crimes, and no way deſerves to ſhare the puniſhment of his Father's Offences. This unfortunate Son of an unfortunate Father, comes not to beg the reſtoration of his Father's Commands, nor of his Eſtate; but only to reſtore to him the perſon of his Father, to the end this young and miſerable *Abdala* may learn under ſo good a Maſter, to ſhed his blood for the Service of his King. You cannot be ignorant of the Important Services which the Father has done for his Countrey, wherein his Fidelity and his Valour have been ſignally manifeſted. Remember that the Son has the honour to be allyed, in your perſon, to one of the greateſt Queens in the world. Preſerve him then, while you ſave his Father; and ſave me, while you preſerve a Husband. Who knows, but that Fortune and the War may ere long offer them an occaſion to die victoriouſly for the Service of their King, and the Intereſt of their Country. I engage to that, nobly replyed the young *Abdala*, riſing up; and it may be I may not be the worſt Soldier in your Army. The Queen was ſenſibly touched with the Sorrows of the Mother, and the Generoſity of the Youth: ſo that though the cruel *Alabea* came to her, and whiſpered her in the ear, that a remiſs Lenity was not a thing that became a Sovereign Ruler; yet the Queen Mother very courteouſly raiſed up *Lyparis* from the ground; and returning her a mild and gentle Anſwer, I put, ſaid ſhe, the Fortune and Life of your of your Husband into your hands; it is in your power to ſave or to deſtroy him: For let him but obey the King, and ſign the Reſignation of his Charges, and I engage my Word, which I never yet violated, that he ſhall not die, though his Judges have condemned him to death. Upon thoſe words, which put the cruel *Alabea* into a rage, *Lyparis* threw her ſelf again at the Queen's feet; and embracing her knees, which ſhe bedewed with her tears, that the confuſed mixture of Grief and Joy drew from her eyes: Madam, ſaid ſhe, *Homar* ſhall be inexorable, or elſe he ſhall be obedient. Go then, replyed the Queen Mother, and try the utmoſt you can do; for upon that Hinge *Homar*'s Safety or Deſtruction moves. And having ſo ſaid, ſhe turn'd away, and went forward to her Charriot that ſtayed for her. Upon this, *Alabea*, no leſs fearful of *Homar*'s Liberty, than deſirous of his Reſignation, comes to *Lyparis*; and whiſpering her in the ear: Take heed, ſaid ſhe, that you be not caught in a ſnare, and that you be not ſent to a priſon, from whence you may never get out again. I thank you for your advertiſement, replyed *Lyparis*; but as in Storms we hazard all, the extremity of *Homar*'s danger will not permit me to refuſe any thing of likelihood. But it is rather Raſhneſs than Affection, replyed *Alabea*, to expoſe your Husband's head to ſuch a viſible danger. He is ſo throughly confident of my friendſhip, replyed *Lyparis*, that he will never ſuſpect my good intentions, whatever the ſucceſs of my undertaking may be. Upon thoſe words the cruel *Alabea* left her: and hurrying away to *Corchut*'s Apartment; Sir, ſaid ſhe, the Queen Mother is about to deſtroy all that we have done; and if you put not a ſtop to her proceedings, your Life and Fortune are in Jeopardy. Your care, anſwered *Corchut*, infinitely obliges me; but the Queen Mother is ſo wiſe a Woman, that we cannot fail in leaving our ſelves to her Management. Yet there is no perſon, but may err ſometimes, replyed ſhe; and the Queen's exceſſive Goodneſs is more to be feared, than her Cruelty. It is neither for you, nor for me, anſwered *Corchut*, to diſcant upon the proceedings of Sovereign Princes; only we are to be obedient. Obey then, and periſh in your Obedience, ſcornfully replyed *Alabea:* and ſo ſhe flung from him, and went to the King. Sir, ſaid ſhe to him, you muſt look for nothing now, but a new Civil War; for the Queen Mother is about to deliver *Homar*. I know that I incurr your diſpleaſure, in giving this advice to your Majeſty; but I conſider not my own, where your Intereſt lies at ſtake. You very much oblige me, replyed the Prince ſmiling, for the care you take of my Crown; and I am ſorry I cannot take the counſel of a perſon, whoſe prudence, as well as her probity, is ſo well known to the whole Kingdom: but a Quarrel with my Mother would be more dangerous, than the Civil War, with which your Politicks would ſcare me. And, therefore, as

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I never thought *Homar* juſtly impriſoned, I deſire you not to take it amiſs that I do not oppoſe his Liberty. With that he paſſed out of his Chamber, into his Cabinet, laughing very heartily all the way he went; and leaving *Alabea* quite at her wits end, to ſee her plots ſucceed no better. Nevertheleſs, her Invention being reſtleſs, ſhe immediately took her Coach; and coming to the Jaylor of the Priſon where *Homar* was kept, with a commanding utterance: Have a care, ſaid ſhe, how you let in *Homar*'s Wife, to ſee her Husband; for it may coſt you your life. Madam, replyed the Jaylor, the Queen has ſent me an Order to the contrary, which I dare not diſobey. But ſhe has changed her mind ſince that, replyed *Alabea*, very confidently and imperiouſly; and therefore ſhe ſent me with a new Order. But if that Order be not in Writing like the former, replyed the Jaylor, I ſhall not obey it. You are an inſolent Fellow, replyed *Alabea*, not to believe a perſon of my Quality without a Writing. That is neither my judgment, nor my duty, anſwered the Keeper; being as thoſe ſort of people generally are, a ſurly fellow: and ſo with a rudeneſs ſuiting to his Calling, he opened his Hatch, and ſhut himſelf in. Upon that ſhe went to the Captain of the Guard, that guarded the Priſon; and with a counterfeit ſorrow, Sir, ſaid ſhe, here is *Homar*'s Wife coming to ſee her Husband, and I fear her cries and her lamentations will but renew the tribulation and affliction of a poor condemned perſon; which is the reaſon, that in pity to both, I would deſire you to keep her back. Madam, I commend your Humanity extreamly, ſaid the Captain; but my duty is only to prevent tumult and diſorder, not to meddle with who goes in or out of the Jayl. Being thus repulſed by the Commander, ſhe ſpies one of *Homar*'s friends paſſing along the ſtreet. Upon the ſight of whom the quickneſs of her Invention furniſhed her with another Expedient. And therefore calling him to her, Sir, ſaid ſhe, if you have any pity for vertue in diſtreſs, in the name of the holy *Alla* go and endeavour to ſee your friend *Homar* withal ſpeed, and tell him as from your ſelf (for he takes me to be his adverſary, though no perſon in the world has a greater kindneſs for him) that if he believe his wife, he is utterly loſt; that the Court has deceiv'd her to abuſe him; and that if he ſign his Reſignation there will be no way to ſave his life. The Noble Man deluded by her fair pretences went directly to the Priſon to ſee *Homar*: But the Turnkey's would be by no means perſuaded to let him in: So that all he could do was to return to the Inhumane *Alabea* with the tidings of his Labor loſt. Not long after *Lyparis* comes to the Priſon with her lovely Son: and being let in and conducted to her husbands Chamber, ſurpriſed him with a viſit no leſs welcome, than unexpected. At firſt the tears of thoſe three Noble perſonages only ſpoke; and their eyes, doing the Office of their lips, reciprocally uttered all that the language of Perſons afflicted could expreſs of tenderneſs and affection. But when *Lyparis* had recover'd the uſe of her ſpeech, beholding her Husband with eyes full of love and grief, Alas! my dearly beloved *Homar*, wherefore is it, that you have ſo long refuſed a thing ſo neceſſary for the preſervation of your Life and mine. Is it becauſe you had rather die, then live with the unfortunate *Lyparis*? What Offence by her committed inceníes you to this ſtrange reſolution? Alas! her heart lays none to her charge. She knows, ſhe has not ſwerv'd one moment either from her reſpect or her fidelity, having preſerv'd her Love and her Innocence with a pure ſincerity. But though you could reproach her with as many faults as ſhe has committed actions, Let not the Innocent ſuffer with the guilty. For what has the young *Abdala* your Son done? What will that poor innocent creature do if he looſe his Father. (For you cannot think me ſo unkind to live after your deceaſe.) Who ſhall take care of his Inheritance and his Education? who ſhall put him in mind of the glory of his Anceſtors, and the actions you your ſelf have done? that he may imitate the one and deſerve the other. Therefore my Dear and Noble Husband, if you are reſolv'd to be inexorable to my prayers, if you will yield to no reaſon, beg only ſo much mercy of your Enemies and ours, that they will afford you a tomb large enough for us all three, For we will die together. Submit then, ſubmit to the Tyranny of the Court, the obſtinacy of the Queen Mother, to *Corchut*'s ambition, and the treachery of *Alabea*, Let them have the reſignation which they demand. Let go *Exitana*, let go *Almunecar*: as you have already loſt all your Eſtate, and preſerve your ſelf, and with your ſelf, your Wife and Son. Let us leave *Granada*: Let us leave a Kingdom unworthy of us that perſecutes the Innocent, when it ſhould puniſh the guilty. To this *Homar* made Anſwer, that her Counſel was generous and vertuous, but the fidelity of her friendſhip lead her into an Error, and conceal'd the ſhame that attended a life purchaſed by ignominy, and made her more careful of his perſon then his reputation. That as he was deſcended from the blood of Kings, it was below him to ſtoop to the pride of an ambitious favourite, by confeſſing crimes which he had never committed, and by ſigning a Reſignation, that they could not in Juſtice demand; which would be an eternal blot to his poſterity: and all this to preſerve a life that might end the morrow after, or that very day, for ought he knew. That as for *Abdala* if he were worthy to be his Son, his merit and his good fortune would ſoon rebuild what he had demoliſh'd. Therefore, ſaid he, never fear nor be aſham'd of a Scaffold, which I look upon as the Theater of my Honor, and will prove the Immortal diſgrace of thoſe that bring me to it. Oh God, cry'd the diſconſolate *Lyparis*, where is that pretended ſhame of which you are ſo

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apprehenſive without any reaſon? Is not the Injuſtice which is done you known to all the Kingdom? Have not your own brave exploits ſufficiently eſtabliſh'd your renown both at home and abroad? Is there any one that is ignorant of the Queen Mothers Power, of *Corchut*'s Ambition, or the wickedneſs of *Alabea*? No, no, my dearly belov'd *Homar*, there is nothing of diſhonour, nothing of diſreputation can befal you, in preſerving us, by ſaving your ſelf: and therefore ſave your ſelf, ſave us, we conjure you by all the inviolable ties of Love and Nature. For ſolemnly we proteſt, if you deny us, we will not ſurvive your unhappy fate, but will be in our graves, as ſoon as you; And then you will prove as unjuſt to your Wife and Son, as the Court has been to you. You have overcome me, anſwered he, you have overcome me. And yet I do not believe you have done well to overcome me. Happen what will, reply'd the Generous afflicted Lady, Let us live depriv'd of Eſtate, Commands and greatneſs. Let us give them the Reſignation which they ſo obſtinately require, For ſince a woman and a child can ſuffer theſe misfortunes, it were but weakneſs in a man not to be able to ſupport them.

Thereupon *Homar* condeſcended to do what ever ſhe deſired upon condition that ſhe ſhould ſtay in the Kingdom while he and *Abdala* went to ſeek their fortunes abroad; and that ſhe ſhould beg an Act of Grace for his friends in *Exitana* and *Almunecar*. O God, cry'd ſhe, then you miſtruſt my friendſhip, or my courage. No, ſaid he, but 'tis of abſolute neceſſity for you to ſtay in the Kingdom as well to hold intelligence with me, as to preſerve me my friends. And this he urged with ſo much reaſon, that at length ſhe conſcended to a ſeparation, which was to her the moſt rigorous thing in the world. Thereupon he ſign'd a Blank Paper which was afterwards filled up with his Reſignation, and withal he wrote two Letters to his friends in *Exitana* and *Almunecar*, deſiring them *to ſtrive no more with his evil fortune but to lay down their Arms which they had taken up for his ſake, to ſubmit to the King and receive ſuch a Governor as he ſhould ſend them; telling them withal, that he had obtained an Act of Grace for all things that were paſt till ſuch a time*, *Lyparis* went immediately to the Queen Mother, leaving young *Abdala* with his Father, and preſenting her the Reſignation and the Letters. Here are thoſe Papers, Madam, ſaid ſhe, which you have ſo long deſired, My husband has ſubmitted to your Commands, chuſing to loſe all in loſing his Employments, and to ſacrifice all to the fear of diſpleaſing, and the Honour of obeying your Majeſty. He only begs of your Majeſty that he may retire into *Africa* out of the way of all jealouſie, and that I may be permitted to ſtay alone in *Granada*. Your requeſts are both granted, reply'd the Queen, and as ſoon as I hear they are quiet in *Exitana* and *Almunecar*, your huſband ſhall be ſet at Liberty. Preſently the Queen diſpatch'd away two Curriers to *Exitana* and *Almunecar*, with a General Act of Pardon and *Homar*'s Letters; which ſo far prevailed upon *Homar*'s friends, that they immediately laid down their Arms, ſet *Haly* at Liberty, and obey'd him as before. So that there was not ſo much as any ſign of the paſt diſorders. This being aſſured to the Queen, upon the Return of the Meſſengers, ſhe cauſed *Homar* to be enlarged, but with an Expreſs Command of the King to Embark with all ſpeed at *Malaga* for *Ceuta*, and there to ſtay till farther order. Thereupon the Illuſtrious Exile made all the haſt he could to *Malaga* accompany'd by *Lyparis* and *Abdala*: for he could by no means in the world be admitted to kiſs King *Muley Hazen's* hand by reaſon that the Queen Mother, *Corchut*, and *Alabea* were more than a little afraid of ſuch an enterview. Being come to the Seaſide, *Homar* found the wind favourable to croſs the ſtreights of *Gibraltar*. So that he was himſelf conſtrain'd to take his laſt leave of his deareſt *Lyparis*. But all the Eloquence in the world cannot expreſs the Grief of thoſe three Illuſtrious Perſons, at the fatal Moment of their ſeparation. All I can ſay is, that the exceſſive affliction of the Husband, and the extream ſorrow of the Wife were a kind of ill Omen of their Eternal Divorce. For in truth they never ſaw each other more.

Thus the diſconſolate *Homar* embarqued with the young *Abdala*; and the Unfortunate *Lyparis*, after ſhe had wept upon the Port of *Malaga*, as long as ſhe could deſcry the veſſel that carried all that was dear to her in the world, returned to her Chariot, and drove away for *Marbella*, where ſhe ſettled her ſelf.

In the mean time the Cruel and deceitful *Alabea*, deſirous to remove all the witneſſes of her Crimes out of the way, and to bury the memory and the knowledge thereof in Eternal Oblivion, retir'd to a Country Houſe that ſhe had ſome five or ſix miles from *Granada*, and ſent for all her Accomplices, that is to ſay, the counterfeit Drummer, and Souldiers, the Merchants of *Sevil*, the Marriners of *Exitana* and *Homar*'s ſlave whom ſhe had ſuborn'd under pretence of giving them a Dinner and their ſeveral rewards; where ſhe poiſon'd them every one with her own hand, as the Report went: For they all died ſuddenly of an unknown diſeaſe, for which no cure could be found. As for *Corchut*, the King finding him juſt about to take poſſeſſion of *Exitana*, made haſt to prevent him, and precipitating the plot which he had laid againſt him, cauſed him to be ſtabb'd in his bed by his own Servants which he had ſuborn'd. The Queen Mother was Baniſh'd into the Iſland of *Cales* and ſhut up in the Caſtle, and the King taking the Goverment upon himſelf, began the moſt renowned Reign of any King that had ſwey'd the Scepter of *Granada*. *Alabea* nothing concerned either for *Corchut's* death

death, or the misfortunes of the Queen Mother, laboured to make her Interest with the new Favourite, and to perswade him to purchase the Government of *Exitana*: but he having other designs in his head, gave no ear to her proposal; and so she lost all her hopes there. However, upon his death, which happened not long after, she closed with the next Favourite; who purchased it of her, and had it. Nevertheless, how excessive soever were the price that he gave for it, *Haly*'s Liberality, and her profuseness, soon made an end of all; and they both died in the extremity of Penury: He in the War, whither necessity compelled him to go in his old Age; and she in despair stabb'd her self to the heart, chusing rather to die, than to live miserably. Upon this the Generous *Lyparis*, thinking she had then an opportunity to procure the return of her Husband and her Son; employed all her friends at Court to sollicite for his being recalled from Banishment, and his restoration to his Fortune. But whether it were that the Chief Minister, having bought the Government of *Exitana*, thought he might lose his purchase; or whether any conceal'd and potent Enemy opposed him; *Muley Hazen*, the most just of Kings, proved not so exact in that affair, so that *Lyparis* could bend him to nothing: which was the only Blemish in the Reign of that great Prince. *Lyparis* was so sensibly touch'd with that denyal, that being utterly overwhelmed with grief, she died in three days, extreamly lamented by all that knew her.

The news of the death of *Lyparis* being carried into *Africa*, violently afflicted the unfortunate *Homar*. Alas! cried he sighing, it is I that have been the Murtherer of my Wife, it is I that have sent her to her Grave. Follow her thither, pursued he, and more cordially love her after death, whom thou lovedst so coldly while she lived. Ingrateful King! ingrateful Countrey! You have forgotten me, and I will forget you: You have forsaken me, and I will forsake you: You have been an Enemy to me, and I will be an Enemy to you: And if I am not as unfortunate by Sea as I was by Land, you shall know that I was not a person so easily to be slighted, so lavishly to be scorned and neglected. Being thus resolved, he built him a large Vessel; and having got together a good sufficient number of able and stout Mariners, and victualled his Ship for a long Voyage, he put to Sea? and abandoning himself to Fortune, his Grief, and his Revenge, he steered directly for the Coast of *Spain*. When he was out of sight of his own Coast, he shifted all his men into Spanish Habits, put up the Spanish Colours, gave out that he was of *Majorca*, called himself *Osorio*, and his Son *Rodoric*; and lay cruising just before the Port of *Exitana*. He had not been long at this Sport, but he discovered a Merchant-Man making from that Harbor; which he soon fetched up, boarded and took: and understanding that the Commander had been one of *Haly*'s Party, he took all the Goods out of the Prize, into his own Ship; and then letting the Commander go with all his men: Tell the King of *Granada*, said he to the Master, that you have seen one of his Enemies, that will never be at peace, or have any truce with him while he lives. That he shall not find him to be inconsiderable; and that he hopes that innocent Valour may chance to be even with unjust Royalty. The Master thus dismissed, *Osorio* bore away for *Almunecar*, where he performed just such another exploit, Revenge prevailing above Friendship: and hovering about the Coast of *Granada*, there was not any Sea port Town of that Kingdom, which was not a considerable loser by him. In the mean time the Master of the Vessel, being punctual to his word, went to the King, and told him all that *Osorio* had given him in charge: who making no question, but that *Osorio* was *Homar*, was not a little sensible of the Injustice he had done him. But the King loving Honour no less than Justice, and finding it necessary to suppress the Insolence of a Rebel Subject; sent Orders to *Malaga* for the fitting out two stout Men of War, to pursue and take the Pirate where ever they found him. The Ships were soon ready to weigh: and after four days cruising they discried the famous Pirate, not far from the *Cape* of *Gates*: the feigned *Osorio*, knowing what Vessels they were by their make, and finding by their working, that they resolved to speak with him, stayed for their coming: And turning toward his Son, Come, said he, little Pyrate; thou art this day to shew how little thou deservest to be of this Profession, and how ill Fortune has done by thee, thus to force thee to act the Pyrate. Sir, answered the Generous Youth, the Arch-Sea-Rover, under whose Conduct I am, will set me so fair an example of Valour, as will be enough to instruct a young Soldier, that resolves not to shame his Captain. In short, the two Vessels both engaged *Osorio*, grappled to him on both sides so close, that it seemed to be a Land fight upon the Sea. The Encounter was brisk and tedious; but the Young *Abdala* did so bestir himself in his Father's sight, that after he had boarded one of the Vessels, driven the men under Hatches, and let the water into the Vessel, he recovered his own Ship again; united his Force with his Father's, boarded the Ship that was grappled on the other side, and took her; which transported his Father, both with joy and admiration, in so much that he could not hold; but cryed out, Son, thou art worthy the Honour of thy Ancestors; and all their Glory is but what the Heavens cannot in justice deny thee. After this, *Osorio* finding many of his men wounded, and his Vessel very much torn, made into the Road of *Alvi*, a great unfortified Town, that furnished him with all manner of Necessaries. In the mean time, *Osorio*'s Victory having encreased his fame, the *Corsairs* of St. *Lucar*, *Cadis*, *Majorca*, *Minorca*, *Sardigna* and *Sicily*, came and put themselves under

under his Flag, and acknowledge him for their Admiral. So that *Oſorio* ſeeing his Flag environed with a conſiderable Fleet, reſolv'd to carry his Revenge a little higher. To which purpoſe he landed between *Marbella* and *Eſtepona*; and having harraſſed and plundered all the Countreys of *Cartama*, *Monda*, and *Laventa*, they carried away a very great Booty, and a conſiderable Number of Slaves. This Invaſion not only brought a panick fear upon all the Kingdom of *Granada*, but opened the King's eyes, to ſee more perfectly than before, the Injuſtice which he had done himſelf and him, in not recalling home a perſon of his Importance. Yet could he not, but be enraged at a little Letter which the famous Pyrate ſent him by a Slave, ſet free upon condition that he ſhould deliver it; wherein he faithfully promiſed to viſit his Frontiers every year, and therefore hoped that he would be always in a condition to entertain him like a Perſon of Quality. And indeed he was as good as his word: for after he had done roving and ſcowring the *Mediterranean*, he would not fail to viſit the Coaſt of *Granada*; and to land either at *Berbeſul*, or at the Mouths of the Rivers *Guadiana*, or *Guadalquivir*; which he did always ſo ſuddenly, ſo unexpectedly, and ſo opportunely, that he was too hard for *Muley Hazen* both by Sea and Land.

But, Sir, before I proceed any farther in the Adventures of *Abdala*, it behoves me to give you ſome accompt of *Fatima*: the Relation of whoſe reciprocal Amours, makes up the remainder of my ſtory.

Know then, Sir, that her Father's name was *Orcan*, one of the Chiefs of the Family of the *Zegries*, deſcended from the Kings of *Cordova*; and having no other Children but *Fatima*, he educated her with a care proportionable to her Quality, her Beauty, and her Wealth. But his Riches being envyed, raiſed him up ſo many Enemies, that at length, like *Homar*, he was ruined, and baniſhed the Kingdom; the formidable Faction of the *Zegries* not being able to oppoſe it. Thus, Sir, their Misfortunes being alike, they took the ſame Reſolutions. For *Orcan* being a perſon of very great Courage, and not knowing what to do, took an Employment among the *Corſairs* of *Biſerta*; who gave him Command of a Veſſel which he ſet forth at his own Charges: And that he might not be known, he called himſelf *Palſi*, and his Daughter *Iſa*. For he carried her along with him to Sea, notwithſtanding the tenderneſs of her Age, with ſeveral Women-Slaves to attend her. He made ſeveral Voyages with thoſe Pyrates, and won ſo much Reputation by his Valour, that at length he was acknowledged by them to be their Admiral. With this new Title he over ran the *Archipelago*, and the *Euxine* Sea, and plagued all the Coaſt of *Italy*; returning in the Winter to *Biſerta*, laden with Honour and Booty. In the mean time the young *Fatima* encreaſed more in Beauty than in Stature, and her Soul grew larger than her Body. She was ſo young when her Father firſt turned Pyrate, that ſhe neither remembered what ſhe was, nor what ſhe had been: Only to keep her from doing any thing beneath her ſelf, he told her her extraction was Noble, and that all her Anceſtors were not Pyrates. Now, Sir, this far dreaded Fleet finding little Booty to be met with upon the *Mediterranean*, paſſed the Streights, to ſee what Prize was to be got upon the *Ocean*: And wanting freſh water, they came to an Anchor at one end of the Iſland of *Calis*, while by ſtrange accident, *Oſorio* Anchored at the other end, being in the ſame neceſſity. Now, while the Sea-men were buſie at their Employment, *Rodoric* going too far out of a curioſity to view the Iſland, was met by ſome of *Palſi*'s men; who ſeeing him clad after the Spaniſh Mode, in very good Habit, carried him away by force to their Ships: And *Palſi*'s Soldiers having diſcovered *Oſorio*'s Fleet, gave their Admiral notice of it; who thereupon weighed with all Expedition, and ſtood out to Sea. On the other ſide, *Oſorio* ſeeing that no Son returned, ſent out ſeveral Parties of Soldiers into the Iſland to ſeek for him, but they returned without him, not knowing what was become of him. Then thinking he might have been fallen into the hands of the Garriſon, he ſent a Trumpet to the Commander of the Caſtle, offering him what ranſom he pleaſed for the feigned *Rodoric*. But the Commander ſent him word, that he had not lately taken any Priſoner of War; and that if his Son had been in his hands, he would not have denied him to the tenderneſs of a Father without any Ranſom. The unfortunate *Oſorio* knew not what to do, nor what courſe to take. Yet loath he was to ſtir from the Iſland, till he was informed by a Fiſher-man that his Soldiers had found among the Rocks, that he ſaw another Fleet of Fiſher-men upon the ſide of the Iſland; and that the Soldiers had carried aboard by force a young Spaniard of a comely preſence, and very well clad, and that he was no ſooner put aboard the Admiral, but all the Fleet weighed Anchor, and ſtood out to Sea. Thereupon *Oſorio* being informed which way thoſe Pyrates had ſhaped their Courſe; reſolved to make all the Sail he could after them. But the Sea growing rough, and the Winds contrary, oppoſed his deſign; for he had more hardſhips than one to undergo, before he ſaw his Son again. Him the Pyrates had preſented to their Admiral; who beholding his comely preſence, and being extreamly taken with his ſtature. Young Stranger, ſaid he, who art thou, and of what Country? and whence the Fleet, to which thou didſt belong? Sir, anſwered the young *Abdala*, I am a poor Soldier of Fortune, called *Rodoric*. I am of *Sevile*, and our Fleet is at Sea, being in War with the King of *Granada*. Who ever thou art, replyed *Palſi*, thou deſerveſt to be well uſed; for I am much deceived in thy preſence, if thou art not a man of Courage, and more than thou ſpeakeſt for: and therefore be of good comfort

fort in thy Misfortune, for thou art ſure, not to be the moſt miſerable Slave in all the Eaſt. The feigned *Rodoric* anſwered his Compliment with a profound obeyſance only, having ſoon found better employment for his eyes, than for his tongue. For the fair *Iſa* being by, when he was preſented for a Slave, ſhe fixed her eyes and her thoughts ſo ſtedfaſtly upon *Rodoric*'s face; and he was earneſt to behold, ſo taken up with gazing upon her Beauties, that he looked upon nothing elſe. Therefore, night had mantled all the world in darkneſs, and invited the Soldiers, Mariners and Captives to ſleep, ſilence and repoſe; the reſtleſs *Rodoric* not being able to ſleep; but turning and toſſing all night in his bed, lay reaſoning with himſelf concerning the cauſe of his diſturbance. What is it, ſaid he, fortunate, yet unfortunate *Abdala*, that robs thee of thy reſt, and robs thee of thy ſelf? Is it the loſs of thy Liberty? the loſs of the Father? or the ignominy of the Profeſſion, wherein thou ſeeſt thy ſelf engaged. Thou lyeſt awake, and ſigheſt; can *Palſi*'s Daughter make thee ſigh? It muſt be ſhe, replyed he to himſelf: Thoſe Lineaments, ſo perfect and ſo graceful, command reſpect and love. But canſt thou love the Daughter of a Pyrate, bred among Crimes and Criminals, brought up among the Monſters of Sea and Land? Alas! if ſhe be the Daughter of a Pyrate, thou art the Son of a Sea-Robber. Yet there is pity, tenderneſs and mildneſs in her face; and ſhe ſeemed to compaſſionate thy Fetters. Who knows but *Palſi* may be a perſon of Honour, though unfortunate, as *Homar* is. The Courteſie of the Father, and the Civility of the Daughter are favourable ſymptoms of their being nobly born. Yet, were ſhe but meanly deſcended, Beauty and Vertue ennoble the perſons that poſſeſs them: The works of Nature and Vertue being more noble, than the works of Fortune. Since then ſhe is ſo infinitely to be admired, let us infinitely love her; for our reaſon and our eyes convince us that ſhe is no leſs worthy of reſpect, than the greateſt Wonder in the world.

On the other ſide, the charming *Iſa* reflecting upon the Youth, Stature, Lively Air and haughty Countenance of the Captive; and remembring withal how paſſionately he had beheld her; and underſtanding well the language of men's eyes, was no leſs robbed of her repoſe than he, and ſpent the night in a diſturbance equal to his. What, ſaid ſhe, what is this unknown Miſchief that keeps thee thus awake? Can an unfortunate Virgin that has ſeen ſo many fights, be fearful of a Storm? Can ſhe that has been bred among Pyrates, be afraid of Fiſh, who are not half ſo cruel? or of the Rocks, which are not ſo hard as their hearts? What is it *Iſa* then diſquiets thee? I know not, or at leaſt I fain would know nothing of it; for I am afraid my heart has already informed me. Yet thou canſt never brook a *Spaniard*, a Chriſtian, an Enemy, and a private Soldier. Proud *Iſa*, replyed ſhe to her ſelf, is it for the Daughter of a Pyrate to deſpiſe a private Soldier? Who knows but this ſame Captive alſo may diſguiſe his real Quality. The grandeur and nobleneſs of his Air oblige me to believe it. Believe it then for thy ſatisfaction and his Honour: And ſeeing he is ſo amiable, ſince he loves us, and we love him; ſince he knows it too, and we are not ignorant of it, never let us diſpute upon things already concluded on, nor oppoſe ſo noble a paſſion.

Thus theſe two lovely perſons reaſoned to themſelves concerning their Extraction, and their Amours. But *Rodoric* and *Fatima* were not the only perſons that ſighed for each other: There was one more, a young *Turk*, the Son of the *Baſſa* of *Aleppo*, a very comely perſon; who travelling *Incognito*, for curioſity, through the *Levant*, came by chance to *Biſerta*, before *Palſi* was ready to embarque. And having ſeen the fair *Iſa* ſeveral times at the window of her Lodging, he became ſo paſſionately in love with her, that ſeeing her ready to ſet ſail with her Father, he could not forbear, but he muſt follow her. And therefore putting himſelf into the habit of a private Soldier, he embarqued in the Veſſel where *Iſa* was. And to diſguiſe himſelf the more, inſtead of *Alicot*, he called himſelf *Caratin*.

Now, Sir, though it had been a good while ſince they firſt went to Sea, he had not in all that time diſcovered his paſſion to the fair *Iſa*, Or if he had ſpoken of it, it was only with his looks; which nevertheleſs, made it viſible enough, whatever deſign he had to conceal it. But the Fleet at length coming to an Anchor upon the Coaſt of *Africa*, between the Road of *Azamor*, and the Cape of *Cantin*: And the Soldiers and Mariners going aſhore to refreſh themſelves, the fair *Iſa* went alſo aſhore, attended by ſome of her Slaves; and ſat down under the pleaſing ſhade of certain trees that grew by the Sea ſide. Where ſuch was the harmony of the wind whiſtling among the leaves, and the ſhallow waters bubbling among the Flints, that all the company fell aſleep, *Iſa* excepted, whom her new paſſion kept awake. Thereupon the amorous *Caratin*, being reſolved not to loſe ſo favourable an opportunity, approaching near her with a little noiſe as poſſible, for fear of waking the ſleepers: Madam, ſaid he, ſuffer me to be your Guard, while you ſlumber here, though the Admiral gave me no ſuch Command. Soldier, replyed ſhe, very diſdainfully, becauſe he had interrupted her in her thoughts) I have heard, ſome Victors have been puniſhed becauſe they vanquiſhed without leave; ſince therefore, you have no order to be my Guard, avoid the puniſhment by not committing the fault. Madam reply'd he, the Laws of War inflict no puniſhment ſo ſevere, to which I would not willingly expoſe my ſelf, rather than be depriv'd of ſo great an Honor: You are more raſh than civil; anſwered ſhe; I confeſs it, Madam, yet if Raſhneſs be a Mark of Imprudence, it is alſo of his courage. But the Title

Common Souldier which you give your ſelf, ſhould teach you the difference between you and me, being the daughter of your Admiral. I ſaid young, not Common Souldier, Madam, ſaid he: and the Title of Souldier, may become a King, without any diſhonor. Beſides you may well gueſs, that having caſt my eyes upon you, whom I eſteem more than I do a Queen, that I am no perſon meanly born, or that I have taken this employment upon me out of neceſſity. Whoever you be, ſaid ſhe, or whatever Motive cauſed you to embarque in our Fleet, whether as a Souldier of my Fathers or a Servant of Mine, lay not aſide the reſpect which you owe me. I will rather looſe my life than fail in my duty, reply'd he, ſo well knowing as I do that love and reſpect are inſeparable. And having ſo ſaid, he roſe up, and after he had made her a low obeiſance, away he went without expecting any anſwer, and returned to the Fleet, being ſatisfied that he had diſcover'd his paſſion to her that cauſed it. It is very true that *Iſa* made no queſtion of *Caratin*'s love, nor of his Quality, for the Air of his preſence and his wit convinced her of the one, and his looks and language eaſily perſwaded her that the other was true. Yet this made no Impreſſion in her heart, already filled with the pleaſing Image of *Rodoric*, and the affection which ſhe had for him. However ſhe had no long time to make any long reflexion upon either. For as ſhe was beginning to think, *Rodoric* came and brought her in a Porcellane baſon, ſeveral ſorts of Fruit which he had gathered in a Garden not far off: and caſting himſelf upon his knees, Madam, ſaid he, I am ſorry that the firſt fruits of my ſervice ſhould be ſo ſlight. But the meaner the Offering appears, the more will appear your goodneſs in receiving it. Generous ſlave, ſaid ſhe, whatever comes from a perſon whom we eſteem cannot but be of great value to us. But, Madam, what ſhould move you to conſider a Miſerable Captive, with whom Fortune only makes a ſport. His merit, reply'd ſhe; which is to be look'd upon before his Fetters, and to be valued above his Fortune. Ah! Madam, there can be no other deſert but your own, where you are; for you Eclipſe all others Merits. Men ought to flie me then, ſaid ſhe, for 'tis no ſuch pleaſing thing for people to be Eclipſed in their deſerts. But Madam, ſaid he, they looſe another thing, which is more precious than that. What may that be? reply'd ſhe; Liberty, Madam, Anſwered he, which will let no man enjoy though it be the moſt precious thing in the World. Why, you are my fathers ſlave and not mine, reply'd ſhe, laughing: you wear no chains of mine. No Madam, ſaid he, 'tis very true, I took them and put them on my ſelf without your knowledge. All this while reply'd ſhe, I ſee none but my fathers chains. Not upon my legs, anſwer'd he. But my heart may wear Fetters, which can never be diſcovered. That's too Courtly for a ſlave, reply'd ſhe. And were you mine, you would expoſe your ſelf to a very ſevere puniſhment. It can be none, Madam, ſaid he, if it come from your hands. And though you ſhould hate me, I could not forbear from telling you, I love you infinitely. Your ſecond Offence exceeds the former, added ſhe; and I know not how to puniſh ſo exceſſive a piece of raſhneſs according to its deſert. Never puniſh it at all, reply'd *Rodoric*, that you may do nothing unworthy of your ſelf. I ſuſpect your advice, ſaid ſhe ſmiling. Nor is it for the Offender to Counſel the Judge. However if the Judge be merciful, reply'd *Rodoric* by the motion of his own goodneſs, he will deſerve the greater praiſe: and the Offender, whoſe fault he pardons, will be the more obliged. But faireſt *Iſa*, added he, that I may move you the more willingly to pity, by the motive of eſteem, conſider that all Fetters are not ignominious, but that Kings have been ſlaves. Very good, ſaid ſhe, I will do what you would have me to do, provided you tell me, where you that are a *Spaniard*, learn'd ſo well to ſpeak the *Arabick* Tongue. In the School of Love, reply'd he, who is a very great Maſter; He that made you, that were an Enemy, become a Lover. Go too then, ſaid ſhe riſing from her ſeat, my Lover, my Enemy, and my Slave; be no leſs diſcreet, then bold; and let no other perſon beſides my ſelf, know, that you are my Slave, my Enemy and my Lover. With that ſhe awakened her attendants, and went toward the Fleet;

Not long after *Palſi*, finding the wind very favourable, put to Sea keeping under ſail for ſome days. During which time the Noble Captive and the Illuſtrious Souldier continu'd the ſecret proofs of their Love to the fair *Iſa*, and ſo well, and with ſo much Caution they behav'd themſelves, that many times they took the Liberty to enjoy her Company in the Steerage, without ſo much as being taken notice of by any other perſon or by *Palſi* himſelf. The Noble Pirate being glad to ſee her in the company of thoſe two perſons in whom he had always obſerved ſo much wit and good Education. So that there ſeldom paſſed a day wherein they were not with her ſeveral hours. The greateſt part whereof they ſpent in love diſputes, while the ſhips, were under ſail; Inſomuch that the fair *Iſa*, hearing them always oppoſing one another and never agreeing in any thing; I wonder ſaid ſhe why you raiſe theſe Arguments one againſt the other, ſince neither of you gain any thing by the Bargain. As long as we are here together, we ſhall be always diſputing and wrangling, ſaid *Rodoric*; and there is nothing can reconcile us but an entire victory. And Indeed from thence forward they were always at variance. For though *Roderic*, had no great reaſon to ſuſpect, that *Caratin* being being but a private Souldier could be a lover of *Iſa*; *Caratin* had leſs to believe, that *Rodoric*, who was but a ſlave, ſhould be his Rival: yet moſt certain it, that they were both jealous

lous of one another. So difficult a thing it is for two Rivals to conceal themſelves from each other. However *Caratin* perceiving that he made no progreſs in *Iſa*'s affection, he thought that the ſeeming meanneſs of his condition was the abſolute reaſon of her coyneſs. Inſomuch, that though it were ſomething dangerous for him to diſcover his real quality and to truſt ſo great a ſecret to the diſcretion of a young maid, with whom he had nothing of obligation, yet he reſolved to do it. For which purpoſe having ſingled out a fit opportunity, Madam ſaid he, as you are a Perſon of a Noble and lofty Spirit, I cannot but think that a man of mean birth, would find but could entertainment in the proffer of his ſervice to a Lady of your Quality; And therefore to avoid that trouble, though I run a great hazard, I will not be afraid to tell you, that I am a Perſon of another Rank then here I appear to be. That my love for you made me turn Pirate; and that being the Son of the *Baſſa* of *Aleppo*, I am deſcended of as great a perſonage, as any appears in the Court of the *Grand Seignior*; and as remarkable as any is in the Empire in command; There being none more important in all the Eaſt. If after all this you can think me worthy the honor of ſerving you, I beſeech you to tell me, that I may live and adore your beauties. Sir, anſwered ſhe, 'tis no more then what your merit has already told me, and from the firſt time of my acquaintance, I never thought you otherwiſe. But I deſire you ſhould underſtand me as well: Know then, Sir, that this Daughter of a Pyrate could not have a heart more lofty than ſhe has, were ſhe the Daughter of a King. And therefore ſay no more, if you intend that I ſhould hold my tongue; and be wiſe, if you would have me ſecret. With that ſhe left him and went into the Cabin, not giving him any time to anſwer. Now, Sir, you muſt underſtand, that this diſcourſe happening to be near the Admiral's Cabin, and in the ſtill of the evening the Admiral heard a confuſed ſound of the words Paſſion, Boldneſs, Reſpect, Service, Love, Hope, Fear and adore; by all which he gathered, that *Caratin* was in love with his Daughter; and that he had been ſo preſumptuous as to Court her; which put him into ſuch a rage, that the next morning he cauſed *Caratin* to be fettered, whatever he could ſay in juſtification of himſelf, or whatever proteſtations he made of his Innocency.

All this while the Illuſtrious Captive could not imagin the reaſon that ſhould oblige the ſevereſt Admiral in the world to an act of ſo much cruelty. At firſt he looked upon it to be an effect of the uſual Inhumanity of Pyrates; who obſerved neither Laws, nor Equity, nor Juſtice. But then conſidering *Palſi*'s Generous and ſober behaviour in Command, he romaged his thoughts more diligently for ſome other hidden cauſe: And then calling to mind his laſt diſcourſes with *Iſa*, he made no other queſtion, but that ſhe had procured him this misfortune, though ſhe were abſolutely innocent of any ſuch thing. In ſo much that the firſt tranſportations of his Grief and Anger tranſporting him too far: Ah perfidious, ah ingrateful creature, cryed he, is this the requital of the Love I would have born thee? the wrong that I would have done my ſelf in loving thee? and the Honour I would have done thee? Proud Minx! was the Son of the *Baſſa* too mean for the Daughter of a Pyrate? No, no, thy Treachery proceeded not from thy Nobility, but from thy low Birth and contemptible Breeding. Thou diſdaineſt a perſon of Honour, for the Embraces of a vile Slave. But wherefore do I wonder, as if there were not a greater ſympathy between the Daughter of a Pyrate and a Slave, than between the Son of a *Baſſa* of *Aleppo*, and the Daughter of a Sea-Robber. Love him then, that I may hate thee; be a Slave to a Captive, and admire him, that I may contemn thee; and grave him in thy memory, that I may expel thee from my heart. However, replyed he to himſelf, wilt thou ſuffer thy ſelf to lye laden with Irons, while thy unworthy Rival triumphs in the poſſeſſion of his Love? Shalt thou weep ſhowers of tears, while they laugh at thy complaints? No, no, added he, I will diſturb their pleaſures, as they have troubled mine. If *Caratin* muſt lie bound in chains, *Rodoric* ſhall groan under the double weight of his chains. Thus reſolved, he no ſooner ſaw *Palſi*, but boldly addreſſing his ſpeech to the Admiral: Sir, ſaid he, inſtead of loading an innocent Soldier with Irons, you ſhould do well to chain up a guilty Slave, that preſumes to make Love to your Daughter; and has the happineſs to be by her beloved. *Caratin* is criminal for having loved; yet *Rodoric* is not innocent, becauſe he is beloved; ſince I am not ſo much beneath him, that what is forbidden to me, ſhould be permitted him. Whoever thou art, anſwered *Palſi*, giving him a cholerick look, thou art no innocenter than he, having ſpoken ſo ſawcily to thy Admiral; and therefore, I will keep thee ſtill in chains, to puniſh thy inſolence, that deſerves a more ſevere Chaſtiſement. But as I was always juſt, ſince the impudence of *Rodoric* ſeems to be greater than thine, the weight of his chains ſhall be far more heavy: and I will teach him the reſpect which he owes to his Maſter, ſince he is to learn it. With that he commanded the unfortunate *Rodoric* to be chained to the Prow, quite oppoſite to the Poop where *Iſa* lay. This ſevere Command was immediately put in execution; ſo that the two Lovers, as unfortunate as ſad, were more ſenſibly cut to the heart, to ſee themſelves ſo nearly ſeparated; while the jealous and offended *Caratin* ſolaced himſelf with his Revenge.

In the mean time the Fleet was forced to ſteer toward the Iſland of *Calis*, to take in freſh water, as they had done before: and by an accident as wonderful, they were no ſooner come to an Anchor, but *Oſorio*'s Fleet paſſed by them, having the ſame deſign; but ſeeing that *Palſi* rode where they intended, they

doubled the Cape, and lay on the other ſide. For *Oſorio* knowing them to be the ſame Fleet which had carried away his Son, was reſolved they ſhould not eſcape as they had done before; but to periſh in fight, or recover a Son that was ſo dear to him. On the other ſide, *Rodoric*, knowing his Father's Squadron, was mainly comforted; for he made no queſtion, but the two Fleets would engage before they parted: And well acquainted with *Oſorio*'s Valour, his hopes were great that the Victory on his ſide would reſtore him to his Liberty, put him in poſſeſſion of his Miſtreſs, and give him an opportunity to be revenged upon his Rival. He was alſo of opinion, that the very Neighbourhood of the two Fleets was enough to make him happy, provided *Iſa* would but follow his advice; but the difficulty was to know how well ſhe liked the deſign.

Oſorio having caſt an Anchor, immediately called a Council of War; and having exhorted all his Captains to aſſiſt him for the Recovery of his Son, he reſolved to ſend and demand him of the Captain of the other Pyrates, or to fight him, and to attack him either in Port, or in the open Sea, as he ſhould judge moſt convenient. On the other ſide, *Palſi*, being an experienced Sea-man, finding that the other Fleet lay ſo near his, eaſily conjectured their deſign; and therefore manning out his Long boat, he went himſelf to view the oppoſite Fleet, and to make his own Obſervations. He was no ſooner out of the Veſſel, but *Rodoric*, unwilling to neglect the opportunity, with all the haſte and privacy he could, wrote a Letter to *Iſa*; and giving it to the boldeſt of three Soldiers which he had corrupted ſince his being chained to the Prow. Dear Comrade, ſaid he, my life or death are now in thy hands; but be aſſured no leſs of thy own good fortune, if thou ſerveſt me faithfully, as thou haſt promiſed to do. What I promiſe, I never fail to perform, replied the Soldier. Go then, my dear Companion, ſaid *Rodoric*, give this to the fair *Iſa*, and bring me an Anſwer; but make haſte, and watch thy opportunity, that no perſon living ſee thee, unleſs her ſelf. The Soldier ſo faithfully performed his truſt, that he found *Iſa* alone, and delivered her the Letter. Madam, ſaid he, quickly read, and quickly anſwer; it is *Rodoric* that ſent it. Bluſhing and trembling the Lady took it; and opening the paper, read the following lines.

To the Illuſtrious *Iſa.*

DIvine Iſa, *having ſeen you ſo often bewail your Father's Victories, and comfort the Unfortunate which he has vanquiſhed, I am apt to believe, that you are not pleaſed with his way of Living; and that the Innocence and ſweetneſs of your diſpoſition have no complyance with the Crimes and Cruelties of Pyrates, who reſemble men in nothing but their Countenances. Therefore, if you are but as good as you ſeem, and I believe you to be, Fortune and my Love offer you an infallible opportunity to free your ſelf from the clutches of Vice, and to live a more ſerene and quiet Life. In brief, my Father commands the Fleet which you ſaw paſs by. Though he carry Spaniſh Colours, he is a* Moor, *and a perſon of high Quality. So that there being a poſſibility for me one day to ſucceed him, you cannot fail of being happy; it being impoſſible for me to fail of my word, which I ſolemnly engage to eſpouſe you, as ſoon as it ſhall be in my power, and that I have obtained my Father's conſent. You will thereby perhaps prevent the death of your Father and mine; for I will not go without you; and you may be certain, they will fight if I refuſe to go. I have all things ready for the filing off my Irons. We ſhall have a Skiff at our devotion, and you ſhall receive a private Signal under the great Cabin where you are. And if your heart fail you not, we ſhall be at Land before your eſcape comes to be known. Shew me then the Nobleneſs of your Birth, by quitting a courſe of Life ſo much beneath it; and I will make known the Grandeur of mine, by giving you to underſtand, that the counterfeit* Rodoric *is really*

Abdala.

Iſa was ſtrangely ſurprized when ſhe had read the Letter: and a ſtrange irreſolution perplexed her mind. She had no fancy to the life ſhe led, yet ſhe had no mind to deſert her Father. She was willing to help her Lover off with his chains, but ſhe was unwilling to break the bonds of Nature. Whatever her paſſion urged, her duty was no leſs perſwaſive. But at length, after a long wavering in her reſolution, Love prevailed above Modeſty: and ſhe returned the following Anſwer.

To the Illuſtrious *Abdala.*

I Will follow you upon your aſſurance that Vertue permits me. Judge of my Friendſhip by my Relyance. I depend very much upon Chance, but I expect not a little from your Love. And ſince it is to ſet you at Liberty, and free my ſelf from the Pyrates, as fearful as I may ſeem to be, you ſhall find the courage of

Iſa.

It is impoſſible, Sir, for me to deſcribe the joy which tranſported our Illuſtrious Slave, after

after he had read the Anſwer. For it was ſo exceſſive, that I have not words to expreſs it: and he expected night with an impatience equal to the greatneſs of his love, and his deſign. But, Sir, the jealous *Caratin* having narrowly watched the Soldier when he went to *Iſa*, and when he returned to *Rodoric*, rationally concluded that there was a ſecret correſpondence between them; which at once inflamed his fury, and augmented his grief to the utmoſt degree. Not long after *Palſi*, returns, finding by the poſture of the Enemy, that they were reſolved to fight him: And paſſing by the deſpairing *Caratin*; Sir, cryed he, *Rodoric* has taken the advantage of your abſence, and one of your Soldiers has been—— But *Palſi* having other things in his head, interrupted him; and with a ſurly look, peace inſolent Slave, ſaid he, unleſs thou intendeſt to be hanged up at the Yard's Arm. And ſo without hearing any more, he left him in a languiſhing deſpair, far worſe than death; while *Rodoric* rejoyced with a joy as great as the other's deſpair, knowing the danger which he had eſcaped. But his joy laſted not long, a worſe miſchief befalling him preſently after: for upon the neck of that miſchance, there came a Trumpet from *Oſorio*, with a white Flag, to ſpeak with the Admiral: Who being brought before *Palſi*; Sir, ſaid he, the Valiant *Oſorio*, who Commands us, underſtanding that ſome of your men took a Soldier of his named *Rodoric*, ſome months ago, upon the Iſland of *Calis*, has ſent you here two hundred Duckets for his Ranſom; which is no ſmall ſumm for the liberty of a bare Solder of Fortune. And therefore, Sir, in regard that Generous Enemies owe ſomething of Civility one to another, and that there is nothing to be expected between Pyrates but blows, he hopes you will not deny him a favour, he may be as like to return you in the ſame nature. Your Maſter's Liberality obliges me to believe, that the Slave which he demands is of a far greater value, than the Ranſom which you offer. However, becauſe I know him to be a perſon of Courage, if he will aſſure me out of his own mouth, that what you ſay, and what he has told is true, I will ſend him back without any Ranſom. Speak then, ſaid he to *Rodoric*, and be ſincere: If thou art no more than an ordinary Soldier, take thy Liberty; but if thou art a perſon of Dignity, as truly confeſs; for to that thy Honour obliges thee. The Illuſtrious Captive finding himſelf in this *Dilemma*, that either he muſt offend his Father by telling a lye, or put him to an exceſſive charge by confeſſing his real Quality. On the other ſide; beſides the ignominy of a lye, againſt which every man of Honour has an antipathy; he ſaw, that if he ſhould enlarge himſelf by a lye, he ſhould ſeparate himſelf for ever from his Miſtreſs, of whom he was already almoſt ſure, upon the ſucceſs of his Enterprize. But after a ſhort conſideration, Love prevailed: and returning his Anſwer to the Noble *Palſi*, Sir, ſaid he, I ſhould be unworthy to be the Son of our Admiral, ſhould I not confeſs it upon this occaſion; and as generous as he is, he himſelf would diſown me, ſhould I appear ſo poor ſpirited. I had rather remain your Captive, than be ſo; preferring honeſt Slavery before an ignominious Liberty. Upon that confeſſion, *Palſi*, ſmiling upon the Meſſenger: You ſee, ſaid he, that your Admiral is not ſo liberal as I took him to be: And therefore go back, and inform him what I have diſcovered; that upon the offer of more reaſonable Conditions, I may be able to ſatisfie my Companions. With that the Trumpeter returned, and gave *Oſorio* an accompt of what had paſſed. Who thereupon called another Council of War upon an Affair of ſo much conſequence: where it was unanimouſly reſolved, contrary to *Oſorio*'s opinion (for Pyrates had rather fight than part with money) that they would engage the other Pyrates the next morning, whether they ſet Sail, or whether they ſtayed in Port: and the Admiral gave orders accordingly through the whole Fleet, for every one to prepare themſelves againſt the break of day. On the other ſide, *Rodoric* and *Iſa* were not a little over joyed to ſee themſelves ſtill together: and the lovely Lady with her eyes returned him all the acknowledgment ſhe could poſſibly expreſs, for the Generous proof which he had given her of his Love. But *Caratin*'s condition was no leſs miſerable, when he underſtood the Quality of his Rival, and perceived that *Iſa* knew it likewiſe; but more eſpecially when he ſaw it was a hindrance to *Rodoric*'s Liberty. As for *Palſi*, he knowing the humour of *Oſorio*'s Pyrates as well as his own, made no queſtion but that there would be an Engagement between them; and to that end made all things ready, with all the care of an experienced Commander, and the reſolution of a valiant Soldier. In the mean time, night being come, and happening to be very dark, the Slaves and Sea-men went all to ſleep in the Veſſel, except the two Lovers and *Iſa*, and three Soldiers which *Rodoric* had corrupted, and the Sentinel, that made a fourth. Who ſtanding near the place where *Rodoric* was chained, the noble Slave fell into diſcourſe with him; and after he had won him with ſeveral pretty ſtories, and put him into a good humour, he told him he had a bottle or two of the beſt *Malaga* Wine in the world, and asked him if he would drink? The Sentinel preſently accepted his offer; and found it ſo good, that he drank himſelf dead aſleep, not to be wakened by all the Thunder in the ſky. Immediately *Rodoric* took away his Arms; and getting off his Irons, he and the three Soldiers ſlided ſilently down into the Long Boat that lay by the Ship; and ſhoving it ſoftly along to the Poop, where *Iſa* ſtayed with two or three of her truſty Female Slaves, while the reſt were aſleep, *Rodoric* took them all down in his arms into the the Skiff; and then the Soldiers and he, ſetting themſelves to their Oars, they rowed away

way with all ſpeed toward the Cape which divided the two Fleets. At that time the unfortunate *Caratin*, who ſlept not at all, but had ſtill an eye upon the place where *Iſa* lay; by a kind of obſcure ſtar-light glimpſe upon the opening of the Clouds, confuſedly ſpyed his Miſtreſs going off: ſo that his heart judging better of the truth than his eyes, he ſet up a loud cry, and with all the ſtrength of his voice he roared out that *Iſa* was gone off. The Sentinel waked at the noiſe; and miſſing his Arms, fell a bawling, and raiſed the whole Ship. Immediately *Palſi* appeared upon the Deck with his Scimiter in his hand, and ran to *Iſa*'s Chamber; but not finding his Daughter there, and ſeeing all the Slaves in an amaze, crying and tearing their hair, he then found too late that his Daughter was gone. He bid them look where *Rodoric* was: but *Rodoric* not being to be found, he thought it not convenient to loſe any more time. He cauſed the Long Boat to be heaved out, goes into it himſelf, and cauſed his men to row with all expedition toward the Promontory which ſeparated the two Fleets, as the place to which the Raviſher of his Daughter muſt of neceſſity make. But before he went off his own Ship, paſſing by *Caratin*, the unfortunate Lover begged him earneſtly upon his knees, to take off his Manacles, and to give him leave to aſſiſt him in the recovery of the Treaſure he had loſt. But *Palſi*, in a pelting chaſe, made him no anſwer. Whereupon the deſpairing Captive flung himſelf into the Sea, with his head formoſt, and his hands bound, where he was miſerably drowned; there being no help, by reaſon of the darkneſs of the night, and the tumult in the Fleet. Thus lamentably periſhed the Amorous *Caratin*, or rather the enamoured *Alicot*; greatly to be pitied for his Youth, his Quality, and his Deſert.

In the mean time the Illuſtrious *Rodoric*, by the favour of the night, eaſily eſcaped *Palſi*'s purſuit: Who being quite out of hope, and fearing to be ſurrounded by his Enemies, returned back to his own Fleet, with a heart quite overwhelmed with ſadneſs. Where the firſt thing he did to aſſwage his ſorrow, and pacifie his revenge, was to hang up the ſleepy Soldier at the Yard's Arm, together with the Officer that ſhould have looked after the Sentinel. After this he called a Council of War, reſolving to attack the Pyrates as ſoon as day appeared; determining to periſh, rather than let them carry away ſo ineſtimable a Booty. To which reſolution all his Captains readily conſented; and returned all to their ſeveral Charges, to prepare for the Encounter next morning.

By this the Enamoured *Rodoric* being got ſafe aſhore, went up with his company a little way into the Country; but being afraid of wandring too far in the dark, and falling into the hands of ſtraggling Soldiers that might not know him in the night, and conſequently might offer inſolence to *Iſa*; he betook himſelf to a *Grotto*, which he met with in the way. In the morning, that he might prepare *Oſorio* to welcome *Iſa*, he ſent away one of the three Soldiers, that had before conveighed his Letter to *Iſa*, to find his Father, and to aſſure him of the Worth and Quality of that Incomparable perſon. The Soldier, who was called *Dracula*, readily obeyed him: and hearing that *Oſorio* was aſhore, he asked to ſpeak with the Admiral; and being brought before him, faithfully diſcharged himſelf of his truſt. At firſt he obſerved ſome motions of gladneſs in *Oſorio*'s Countenance, but preſently after appeared the Foot-ſteps of ſorrow; but afterwards the impreſſions of anger: And the Soldier eaſily obſerved, that ſomething more than ordinary, troubled his mind.

In the mean time the Sea grew ſo rough, that *Palſi* not thinking it convenient, to engage his enemies by water, reſolved to ſet upon them in the Iſland. To which purpoſe he landed all his men, and embattel'd them upon the Sea-ſhore. On the other ſide, the ſame tempeſt having altered *Oſorio*'s mind, he ordered *Sabatir* his Vice Admiral to diſembark all his men; being alarm'd by the great noiſe which they heard in the other fleet. All this while *Rodoric* held the fair *Iſa* in talk in the preſence of her ſlave and the two Souldiers which ſtayed with him. Surely, Madam, ſaid he, never flight expoſed any perſons to leſs danger then ours; Fortune having brought my Father hither with a potent Fleet to protect us. The Holy *Alla* grant, ſaid the fair Lady, that our Sanctuary be ſo ſecure as you believe it is: For ſo long as we are ſo near the Illuſtrious *Palſi*, though we are out of danger, I ſhall always be in fear. Without doubt, reply'd the Inamoured *Rodoric*, the Fleets are very near, but Pirates never come a ſhore, and therefore you fear without a cauſe. Beſides, purſued he, I am of opinion that they need not be aſham'd to flie, who have no Enemies which they can encounter without a crime: and this it is, that juſtifies our deſign; and made it proſper. Though the conſequences, ſaid ſhe, ſhould not anſwer my Expectations, yet would I never repent; and I ſhould think my ſelf happy enough, provided you were ſo: and ſufficiently recompenced, in having oblig'd you to ſhake off your chains, and recover your Liberty. No, no, Madam, reply'd *Rodoric*, 'tis not my Liberty makes me rejoyce: For if you obſerve any thing of joy in my eyes, 'tis only becauſe a ſlave that hates ingratitude, hopes very ſuddenly to pay you his Ranſome. Alas, reply'd ſhe, be not ſo full of your hopes; for though I believe your Father to be as vertuous, as you have beſpoke him; I fear you promiſe me more than you can perform, when you aſſure me that he ſhall receive me for his daughter: and I am perſwaded he had rather you ſhould be *Palſi*'s Captive, then a Lover of *Iſa*. How! reply'd *Rodoric* can my Father know what Obligations you have laid upon me, and take it amiſs that I ſhould repay them: can he forget that you have ſet his only Son at Liberty; that

you

you have confided in my word, and left your Father to follow me? and that your beauty, merit and vertue are to be preferr'd before all the Grandeur in the world? That beauty, that merit, that vertue that was always compaſſionate and pitiful toward me from the very firſt happy hour, that I beheld your lovely Countenance? Call it not happy by no means anſwered *Iſa*, for it has plunged you into many miſeries. I ſhall ever call it ſo, reply'd *Rodoric* for had I not been *Palſi*'s Captive, I had never been *Iſa*'s ſlave. They were not *Palſi*'s chains that held me ſtrongeſt. They were moſt weighty, 'tis true, but not the Fetters that moſt ſtrongly bound me: I ſhook off them, but yours ſhall I never break; I muſt confeſs, anſwered ſhe, in one reſpect you are beholding to your Misfortunes for my affection: though to ſpeak more juſtly, you are to thank your Conſtancy in that affliction for it. But how comes it to paſs added ſhe, that *Dracula* returns not? He has a long ſtory to tell my Father, which will take him up time, reply'd *Rodoric*. Let us pluck up a good heart then, reply'd the fair Lady; for I confeſs, 'tis more pleaſing to hope then to fear. With that, he took a compaſs about a great rock that confin'd his proſpect, and the Sun being riſen, he preſently found himſelf at ſo near a diſtance, that he could diſcover his Fathers Countenance. Whereupon turning toward *Iſa* with his eyes full of joy, Look yonder Madam, yonder is my Father: did not I tell you he would come to meet us, and offer you the Ranſom of my Liberty? Come then, ſaid *Iſa*, let us go and hear our ſentence either of Condemnation or Pardon. With that, they mended their pace and advanced to meet the Illuſtrious Pirate, to whom they did their obeyſance with all reſpect imaginable, & *Rodoric* firſt beginning, Sir, ſaid he to his Father, I expected no leſs from your goodneſs; But I expected more from your Courage, Surlily replyd *Oſorio*. Alas, cry'd *Iſa* ſighing 'twas not for nothing that my heart miſgave me. Ah, Sir, reply'd *Rodoric*, your Language amazes me. You ſhould have foreſeen then, anſwered *Oſorio*. Did not *Dracula* tell you, Sir, that I ow my Liberty to this generous Lady. Yes, reply'd he; but you had been more generous, had you been more beholding to your Courage. Sir, ſaid the penſive *Iſa*, his chains were too ſtrong, and he could not have broken them without my aſſiſtance. You ſhould have let him then have periſh'd in his Irons, ſince he had no other way to looſe himſelf but by Infamy, and you no other way to free him but by diſhonour. Oh, Sir, cry'd *Rodoric*, add not to the wrong you do me, the Injuſtice of condemning a Perſon to whom you are beholding for your Life and Liberty of your Son. Had Generoſity had any hand in it, anſwered *Oſorio*, ſhe would have ſet you free, and not have followed you. But, Sir, ſaid *Iſa*, Let it be either out of generoſity or out of intereſt, *Rodoric* is free; and here he is in a condition to ſerve you as he ought. 'Tis very true, reply'd he, I find he is not *Palſi*'s ſlave, but he is yours. Yes, I am her ſlave, anſwer'd *Rodoric*, and I was *Palſi*'s before. A couple of very Honourable Captivities, cry'd *Oſorio*, with a ſcornful ſmile. The firſt, Sir, reply'd the Son, was the effect of my misfortune; the ſecond, of my acknowledgement. No, no, reply'd, *Oſorio*, the firſt proceeded from your Imprudence; the other, from your folly & blindneſs. However it were, Sir, ſaid the fair *Iſa*, ſince *Rodoric* is not guilty but in point of gratitude, methinks ſo fair a crime may deſerve pardon. Your advice ſavors too much of intereſt, reply'd *Oſorio*. Yet there is too much reaſon in it, to be deſpiſed, anſwered *Iſa*; What, added *Oſorio*, would you have me bring an Infamy upon my Family, by eſpouſing my Son to the Daughter of a real Pyrate? Rather, anſwered ſhe with a noble haughtineſs, an illuſtrious, but unfortunate Perſonage; and therefore, think upon your own, before you upbraid his Profeſſion. Ah, Sir, added *Rodoric*, gueſs at *Palſi*, by *Oſorio*: and never injure a man that never did you any wrong. Peace Inſolence, replyed his Father, and make no more of thoſe mad Compariſons. You go about to render me ſo unhappy, anſwered the afflicted Son, that if I am not mad already, you will make me ſo ere long. Your Imprudence renders you ſo guilty, retorted *Oſorio*, that there is no chaſtiſement ſevere enough for your crime. Sir, anſwered *Rodoric*, will you be pleaſed to let me keep my word with this Lovely Lady; and then load me with Fetters, or puniſh me as you pleaſe, I will ſubmit without murmuring. No, no, Sir, replyed *Iſa*, never liſten to the tranſportations of his Love; but ſatisfie your hatred upon me only. You are both objects of my Indignation, replyed *Oſrio*. Rather of your Pity, ſaid *Iſa*. Neither Reaſon nor Honour will permit it, replyed he. Nature and Generoſity oblige you,—— cryed the Son. To what? ——ſowerly anſwered the Father. To permit me to pay the Debt which I owe,—— replyed the afflicted Son. What is that you have promiſed her, cryed *Oſorio*? let me have no Evaſions, but tell me preciſely.—— More than I can perform, replyed *Rodoric*; for I promiſed her your Friendſhip, and another Father in lieu of the Father ſhe has loſt. Indeed, ſaid *Iſa*, *Rodoric*'s Vertue convinced me of *Oſorio*'s. And my revenge ſhall teach you, anſwered *Oſorio*, how you were both in an errour.

Upon thoſe words he returned to his company, leaving the two unfortunate Lovers in a deſpair more eaſie to expreſs than to endure. O cruel and unnatural Father, cryed the diſconſolate *Rodoric*, I am a Lover of the Generous *Iſa*, and the Slave of *Palſi*: but could I be otherwiſe than I am, I would make you underſtand that my life ought not ſo ſlightly to be valued, that my Liberty ought to be of more importance, and that the inconſiderable Remainders of your Fortune are too poor and mean to recompence her Vertue that ſet me at liberty, and vouchſafed to follow me. Barbarous

barous Father, that could behold a ſtranger, whoſe amiable looks inſpire love and reſpect into the heart of all thoſe that behold her: a lovely Lady that forſook her Father, to redeem me from Slavery; and not return her thanks for an action ſo obliging, ſo full of generoſity: nay more than that, he received her with ſcorn, he treated her contemptibly, and reviled her with ill language. Can I be the Son of a Father ſo unjuſt and cruel? Madam, for Heaven's ſake return me to my Chains again; and ſince it is not lawful for me to correct the perſon that injures me in wronging you, revenge your ſelf upon him, in revenging your ſelf upon me. That, anſwered ſhe, would be a peice of Injuſtice in me: for you have more reaſon to blame the unfortunate *Iſa*. I would to God, you had no more reaſon to complain of my Father, anſwered he. No, no, replyed ſhe, it is I that have changed his good intentions; my misfortune is become contagious, and Heaven has decreed that we ſhould love our Tyrants. Ah! this new tryal of your goodneſs is to me a new torment, anſwered *Rodoric*. This exceſs of your Generoſity, replyed *Iſa*, cauſes the exceſs of your pains. No, no, Madam, never excuſe my Father, where he is not to be excuſed. But *Dracula*, ſaid he, did you tell my Father what I deſired you to tell him? Sir, anſwered the Soldier, I do not believe I omitted the leaſt ſyllable. Did you fully inform him, added he, of the incomparable merit of this incomparable Lady? of her goodneſs, or of her vertue, and thoſe ſtrict obligations ſhe has laid upon me? Did you tell him I could not live without her, and that nothing could ſeparate us. That's a truth of which he was too deeply ſenſible, and which obliged him to come hither, anſwered the Soldier. O Heavens! cryed *Rodoric*, what a torment it is, to wear a grateful ſoul, and yet to be forced to be unthankful. But ſince it is ſo, permit me to return to the Illuſtrious *Palſi*: ſo ſhall you be out of danger, and I out of fear; for certainly my Father dares not uſe you ill, when he knows that I am in the hands of your Father. I dare not truſt *Palſi*'s goodneſs ſo much, ſaid *Iſa*, to expoſe you to that hazard: and you are too well acquainted with the haughty humour of *Oſorio*, to expoſe me to his rigour. What ſhall become of us then, ſaid *Rodoric*. We muſt pray to Heaven for that knowledge, replyed *Iſa*. Heaven has heard your prayers already, cryed *Rodoric*; for now I thing of it, the Vice Admiral of my Father's Fleet may do us a kindneſs: Who, though he be a Pyrate, is a man of much Vertue, and all in all with *Oſorio*. He muſt be very familiar, ſaid *Iſa*, to overcome him. It is very true, ſaid *Rodoric*. However, we can but try. With all my heart, cryed *Iſa*; but I very much queſtion the event. With that they went toward *Oſorio*'s Fleet, thinking to find *Sabatin* there: but hearing he was at the Head of the Companies, they haſted thither to him, with all the ſpeed that *Iſa*'s wearineſs would permit them.

In the mean while, it being now broad day, *Palſi* began to match toward the Enemy, more and more enraged for the loſs of his Daughter: And as he went, his thoughts being loaded with his preſent misfortunes; addreſſing his Speech to *Hodia*, a Kinſ-man of his, that had accompanied him in his Exile. Since Fortune, ſaid he, firſt invented miſeries, ſhe never inflicted greater Calamities upon any perſon, than mine. *Hodia* made anſwer, that his Misfortunes were very great, but that he might have avoided them. Then *Palſi* briskly asked him, how he could have hindred his Daughter from ſetting his Enemy's Son at Liberty? or from deſerting her Father, and running away with a Captive? The prudent *Hodia* replyed, that patience might find a real excuſe for her flight. The Father then in a rage forbid him to extenuate his Daughter's crime; for though it were true that he were not *Orcan*, but the Pyrate *Palſi*, yet he was ſtill her Father. His faithful Friend agreed with him in that; but ſtill he added, that he had brought all his Misfortunes upon his own head: That the Ships he had taken and ſunk, the vaſt number of Slaves which he had laden with Irons, the Prizes of which he had unjuſtly robbed the Weak and Unwary, had without doubt incenſed Heaven againſt him; which had laid upon him all his old Calamities, and this new Affliction. The Illuſtrious Pyrate finding himſelf pinched, demanded what he had lately done, that could deſerve ſo ſevere a puniſhment; and what was his beſt courſe to take for the future? *Hodia* replyed, that the beſt way was to leave off Pyracy. The other replyed, that for a man that had been once in high Employment, it was better to command Pyrates, than to have no Command at all. To which his faithful Friend replyed, that it was better for him to command his Paſſions, than a Company of Capital Offenders. *Palſi* cryed, that was no ſuch eaſie thing to do. True, ſaid *Hodia*, but the more difficulty, the more honour, and there is nothing impoſſible to Reaſon. Deſpair, anſwered *Palſi*, never liſtens to Reaſon: And ſince all the World is my Enemy, I will be an Enemy to all the World. After that he deſired his Friend not to talk any more of things paſt, in regard his preſent Misfortunes were ſo great, as to make him forget all the reſt; having loſt all that he had to loſe, in loſing the unhappy *Iſa*, at a time when he was advancing his own Fortune to advance hers. Then he began to reflect upon the heavineſs of his calamity. Then he began to bethink himſelf, that had ſhe been caſt away in a Tempeſt, had his Ship ſplit againſt a Rock, or that the Sea had ſwallowed her up, he need not have been aſhamed to bemoan her loſs, and ſhe might have lived in his remembrance with ſome conſolation. But as ſhe had behaved her ſelf, it behoved him to hate her, whom he had loved ſo well before, and to take from her that life which he had given her. Upon that the prudent *Hodia* beſought him to believe, ſhe was his Daughter.

But

But the incenſed *Palſi* demanded of him what reaſon he had to remember her, ſeeing that ſhe had forgot him that was her Father. Then he ſwore he had neither friendſhip nor pity for her; and withal, cryed out, that he would immediately go and fight his Enemy. But *Hodia* adviſed him, before he ran himſelf into danger, to ſend and offer a Ranſom for his Daughter, as the Captain of the Enemy had offered him a Ranſom for his Son. No, no, ſaid an Officer that ſtood by, the Laws of Pyracy never allow Pyrates to reſtore, much leſs to give. But Laws that are unjuſt, replyed *Hodia*, may be broken without ſcruple. You talk like a Philoſopher, cryed the Officer. And you like a Pyrate, anſwered *Hodia*. I count it an Honour to be ſo, cryed the Officer; and were it not for the reſpect I owe to my Admiral, I would try whether you were as valiant a Soldier, as you are a bad Pyrate. Forbear, forbear, ſaid *Palſi*; to put a ſtop to the Quarrel, forbear, I ſay, contending with my Crimes and my Misfortunes, for they are both invincible. In a word, I muſt either periſh, or revenge my ſelf; I muſt either loſe my life, or loſe the guilty *Iſa*. *Hodia* finding his reaſons would not prevail: Sir, ſaid he, then innocent or criminal, I will follow you where-ever you go: and it may be before the Combat end, you will ſee that I dare venture as far as another.

In the mean time, Sir, *Rodoric*, *Iſa*, her Slave, *Dracula*, and the two other Soldiers, meeting with *Sabatir* at the Head of *Oſorio*'s Troops, *Rodoric* ran and embraced him: and addreſſing his ſpeech to him. Sir, ſaid he, as you have granted me your friendſhip, I beſeech you grant me your protection. The Vice Admiral anſwered, that Vertue being to be protected over all the world, ſhould not fail of protection from him. To which the penſive Lover replyed, that he could not protect a more vertuous perſon, than the Lady whom he ſaw before his eyes, nor a more miſerable man than himſelf. When *Iſa* ſtepping in: Sir, ſaid ſhe to the Generous *Sabatir*, I beg no other favour, but that you would oblige the Illuſtrious *Oſorio*, to let his Son enjoy the freedom which he has recovered. And I, ſaid the diſconſolate Lover, beg no other Boon, but that you would perſwade my Father, either to return me to my Chains, or to admit the Amiable *Iſa* for his Daughter. *Sabatir* anſwered, that he wiſhed *Oſorio* would be of his mind; for having been a Lover himſelf, he pitied thoſe that were in love. The fair *Iſa* replyed, that he would bewail her condition much more, if he knew but the ſincerity of her intentions. Vertue, ſaid the Generous Pyrate, cannot be concealed: ſo that unleſs a man be blinded either with Choler or Hatred, he muſt of neceſſity perceive it. For all that, ſaid *Rodoric*, my Father will not underſtand it. He is prepoſſeſſed with Hatred and Anger, replyed the fair *Iſa*, which is the reaſon he cannot diſcover it. Hardly had ſhe uttered thoſe few words, when *Oſorio* appeared. Whereupon the Generous Pyrate advancing toward his Admiral, told him, that he begged his pardon for two Offenders that were no way unworthy of it. But *Oſorio* replyed, that he required ſatisfaction of him, for ſo unjuſtly begging his pardon for them, whom he ſhould rather have driven out of the Field. *Sabatir* told him, that the reaſon why he did it was, becauſe he never abandoned Vertue nor Innocence. *Oſorio*, more fiercely tranſported than before, asked him if it were Vertue to eſpouſe the Daughter of his Enemy; or if he called it Innocence to forſake a Father, to run after a Slave. Then the Generous *Sabatir* prayed him not to condemn them before he heard them. But *Oſorio* replyed, that he would not ſo much as hear them, unleſs it were for their Condemnation. *Sabatir* asked him, what he intended to do? To puniſh *Rodoric*, ſaid he, and expel him out of my Fleet, as a perſon that is not fit to live in the world; that has fooled himſelf to love a Captive, and betray his Father. *Sabatir* replyed, that his Son was beholding to her for his Liberty. *Oſorio* anſwered, that ſhe had done him no kindneſs, but only to do her ſelf a greater: That ſhe knew him to be the Son of an Admiral; and forſook her Father, and followed *Rodoric*, to purſue her own Advancement. The penſive Lover replyed, that he was extreamly ſorry to ſee himſelf conſtrained to contradict the thoughts of a perſon, to whom he owed ſo high a reſpect; yet, ſince the ſtricteſt obligation was ever to prevail, he humbly beſought him, only to tell him how he could abandon a perſon, that had left all for his ſake? that had made her ſelf a Slave, to redeem him? *Oſorio* caſting a frowning look upon him, asked him how he knew whether it were not rather her hatred of *Palſi*, than her love to *Rodoric*, that cauſed her flight? But the fair *Iſa* made anſwer, that it was impoſſible for her to hate either her Father or him: and to juſtifie her affection to his Son, ſhe would have ſet him at liberty without following him, but that ſhe knew ſhe had forfeited her life had ſhe ſtayed behind: And moreover, that looking upon *Rodoric* as a perſon that was to be her Husband, ſhe might as well follow him, as ſet him at liberty. *Oſorio* demanded what credit there was to be given to a perſon, that was treacherous in her very Love? That had abandoned her duty, to give her ſelf over to her luſt; and layed the foundation of her Nuptials upon Impiety? To that *Rodoric* anſwered, that it was true ſhe was the Daughter of a Pyrate, that ſhe had left her Father to follow him, that ſhe had been bred among the Monſters of the Sea; but this made for him, ſince nothing but a moſt pure and celeſtial Vertue could live without corruption in the midſt of ſo much Vice; Her Innocency being ſo great, that ſhe could not endure Cruelty in her Father. Her Father's Cruelty, ſurlily replyed *Oſorio*, was no warrant for her to deſert him, for the company of a Slave. *Rodoric* made anſwer, that ſhe

had not forſook her Father to follow a Slave, but that ſhe had deſerted the Pyrate *Palſi*, to reſcue a Husband out of Slavery: for ſuch a one he was, ſince he had promiſed her ſo to be. Sons, imperiouſly replyed *Oſorio*, whoſe Fathers are living, are not Maſters of their promiſes. Yet, anſwered he, rational men are Maſters of their own Wills. *Sabatir* then putting in, told him, that the time was, he would have given all he was worth for the Redemption of his Son; and could he be ſo unkind to the perſon that had reſtored him for nothing? I would have hazarded more than my Eſtate, cryed the incenſed *Oſorio*; for you ſee I was about to have ventured my life, and to have fought for his Releaſe. Then *Iſa*, judging it a fit time to ſpeak: The Heavens be praiſed, Sir, ſaid ſhe, for having ſpared the blood of your Soldiers and your own, and for having delivered my Father from ſo terrible an Enemy. Upon thoſe words the Vice Admiral preſſed *Oſorio* to ſubmit to ſo much Vertue and Prudence. But he continued obſtinate; and demanded of *Sabatir*, whether he could aſſure him that ſhe was not a Cheat, and a Spy? But the prudent *Iſa* replyed, that a young Virgin would prove but an ill Spy; and the Captain that made uſe of her, could never be thought a good Soldier. But *Oſorio* not minding her, asked of *Rodoric*, where his great Portion and his great Kindred was, that he had got by the Match? *Rodoric* anſwered, that though it were true that ſhe had neither Friends nor Eſtate, for ſhe had left both to follow him; yet, ſince he wanted neither, there was nothing elſe to be deſired in a Woman, that was not to be met with in her. *Oſorio* frowningly anſwered, that he had failed in his obedience. The Son replyed, that he was not ignorant of the reſpect which he owed him; yet there was ſomething of duty to be payed to his own Honour, and the Generoſity of that Lady that had ſaved his Life, and Liberty. The fair *Iſa* beſought him then to be obedient to his Father, and to quit her. I neither can, nor will, replyed he. Heaven will reward your obedience, ſaid the Generous Maid. Heaven will puniſh my ingratitude, replyed the faithful Lover. He is your Admiral, ſaid ſhe. I am your Captive, cryed he. He is your Father, ſaid ſhe. I am to be your Husband, anſwered *Rodoric*. Your Father will not conſent, ſaid ſhe. But Reaſon will allow it, anſwered he. That will not ſatisfie my Vertue, ſaid ſhe; and therefore let me go and ſeek my Fortune. I will follow you over all the world, cryed he. I will go to my grave, ſaid ſhe. And I fear not death, ſaid he. No, no, ſaid ſhe, it is better to live innocent, than die an Offender. I had rather die with you, than live without your company, ſaid he. This ſhort Dialogue touched old *Oſorio* to the Quick; ſo that he cryed out, I am overcome, the Vertue of the Generous Maid has vanquiſhed me; and therefore, by the love which you bear to *Rodoric*, I conjure you to pardon me the injuſtice of my words and thoughts. Upon thoſe words the two faithful Lovers threw themſelves at *Oſorio*'s feet, returned him a thouſand thanks, and almoſt loſt the remembrance of their paſt Miſfortunes, ſo great was their preſent Felicity. This diſcourſe was no ſooner over, but the Scouts came in and told *Oſorio*, that the Enemy was advanced very near. Who thereupon, having given *Sabatir* his final Orders, turned toward *Rodoric*: and addreſſing his ſpeech to him; If you are my Son, ſaid he, you will defend your Father's life, and revenge your ſelf upon *Palſi*. Sir, ſaid he, I will follow you whereſoever you go. But as he made forward, *Iſa* holding him by the arm; And what ſhall become of me, ſaid ſhe? I will return ſpeedily again, Madam, anſwered he: and during my abſence, *Dracula*, his Companions, and your Slave ſhall attend you in a convenient place near the Ships; whither I deſire you to go along with them. How *Rodoric!* ſaid ſhe, will you fight againſt my Father? Alas! Unmerciful as you are; did I take care of your life, for you to take away the life of him that gave me mine? Have I followed you to be preſent at ſo horrible and deteſtable a Spectacle? Ah! never upbraid me with the Obligations you have laid upon me, replyed *Rodoric*: But it is not juſt for me to forſake my Father. Nor is it juſt for you to kill mine, anſwered the fair *Iſa*. No Madam, that is not my intention; I am ſo far from that, that I intend to expoſe my own life to preſerve his: I will equally defend *Oſorio* and *Palſi*; and before I will ſuffer them to ſpill a drop of their blood, I will ſpend all my own. This is all I can do at ſuch a time, when Honour and Nature require of me two ſuch oppoſite things. Oh Honour, Love, Nature, *Palſi*, *Iſa!* Oh my Father! to what a condition have you reduced me? Go then, ſaid ſhe, like a Generous Son; go and defend your Father and mine, ſo you will permit me to go along with you. No, no, Madam, replyed *Rodoric*; your life is of too high a value, to be expoſed to danger: Stay you behind, and pray to the holy *Alla* for us. And ſo adieu, ſaid he, moſt Incomparable and Divine *Iſa*. Adieu, ſaid ſhe, moſt Generous *Rodoric*, though it be almoſt death to me to ſay ſo. The two Lovers thus parting, the fair *Iſa* went toward the place where the Ship lay, with her Attendants, and her ſorrowful Lover returned to his Father; who marched directly toward the Enemy. Nor was the Generous *Palſi* leſs forward to revenge himſelf upon *Rodoric* and *Iſa*. So that it was not long ere both the Bodies met, and came to blows. In the mean time the mournful *Iſa*, not ſtaying till thoſe Misfortunes befel her that might afflict her; ingenious to torment her ſelf, fancied in her mind thoſe things to be already come to paſs, which ſhe dreaded worſe than death. Upon the leaſt noiſe that the Winds, or the Waves, or the Mariners made, ſhe haſtily turned her head toward the place from whence the noiſe came, while her beating heart trembled for fear, and was almoſt ready to die with ſorrow. Her anguiſh

anguiſh appeared in her hollow and languiſhing eyes: ſhe grew pale and diſcoloured; and her weakneſs encreaſing, ſhe fell a ſwoon upon the ſand in the moſt lamentable condition, to which the exceſs of grief could reduce the moſt miſerable perſon in the world. *Dracula*, his Companions and the ſhe ſlave, endeavor'd to give her all the aſſiſtance imaginable conſidering the Inconveniency of the place, and the extremity of her ſorrow. They beſought her, they perſwaded her to be of good chear as ſhe lay with her head in her ſhe ſlaves lap; but all in vain, It was impoſſible ſhe told them, to comfort her misfortunes, or to ſtop the courſe of her tears, with weak, imperfect and uncertain hopes, which were only the fond Arguments of their friendſhip: nor was it to be believed, that fortune which had always perſecuted her, would work miracles to preſerve her life: *Dracula* told her, that in a ſhort time ſhe could not but give over perſecuting ſo innocent a perſon. Her ſhe ſlave beſought her to comfort up her ſelf in the goodneſs of him that was the Lord of Fortune. The afflicted Lady reply'd, that he was always juſt, but not always merciful. *Dracula* made anſwer, that if he were always juſt, ſhe could not always be unfortunate. Alas! anſwered ſhe, what hope remains for me at ſuch a time as this when I expect to hear every moment of the loſs of him that is dearer to me than all the world? While they were in this diſpute, ſhe ſaw *Sabatir* coming toward her in very great haſt, and almoſt out of breath: thereupon ſhe roſe up, and going to meet him, Sir, ſaid ſhe, is my Father overthrown? has he embru'd his hands in *Rodoric*'s Blood? and is *Oſorio* living? *Sabatir* then made her a full relation of the whole fight; and told her what Noble Atchievements *Rodoric* had performed to ſave both her father and his own; how he had thrown himſelf between the two Combatants when they met, and had taken the blows which they made at one another upon himſelf, being as it were a buckler as well to the one as to the other. Then he repeated to her, how that *Rodoric* perceiving in the heart of the fight a party of the Enemy drawn off, and that they were marching directly to the Seaſide; immediately conjectured that it was done with an Intention to recover his beloved *Iſa*, and thereupon in all haſt, the conſideration of honour prevailing in him above that of Natural Affection, he drew out another party and purſued hard after them. Here the Impatient *Iſa* interrupted *Sabatir*, and paſſionately demanded of him whither *Rodoric* were Victor or no? Yes, ſaid he *Rodoric* is Victor, but his Father is Routed. For *Palſi* perceiving *Rodoric*'s party drawn off rallyed his broken Troops, and returning to the fight had utterly defeated *Oſorio*'s forces, and which was worſe, *Oſorio* was miſſing and could not be found, neither among the Living nor among the Dead: and that therefore in all probability he was taken Priſoner. The fair *Iſa* asked him, whether *Rodoric* knew this ſad news? Yes, anſwer *Sabatir*; for after he had cut in pieces the party which he purſu'd, he returned to the place where the battel was fought, and where he had left him, ſearching as well among the Dead, as among the Living, for what he deſired to find, but could not. Upon thoſe words he parted from her and returned to rally the ſcattered remainders of the field, leaving the fair *Iſa* in an equal poize between joy and grief for the ſafety of her own, and the loſs of *Rodoric*'s Father. But ere ſhe could ſettle her ſelf to make any reflexions upon what ſhe had been told, ſhe ſaw her generous Lover appear, with his ſword in his hand, and carrying in his looks a ſullen mixture of ſadneſs and Anger. After many reciprocal ſighs he acquainted her, that his father was gone to wear thoſe chains which he had ſhaken off: The fair Lady anſwered him that ſhe underſtood it already, but that which more griev'd her was, that ſhe ſhould be in ſuch a condition as not to be able to help him. The afflicted Lover replyed, that he found himſelf reduced to a ſtrange premunire, in that uncertainty wherein he was whether his Father were alive or dead; to think that nothing could be now ſo advantageous to him as to exchange Captivities. The fair *Iſa* made anſwer, that her condition was much more miſerable, while ſhe beheld her ſelf the cauſe of his and his fathers misfortunes: and was ready to repent that ſhe had ever followed him. *Rodoric* reply'd that it was true he was not ſo unfortunate being a ſlave, as now he was free, knowing his father to be a Priſoner for his ſake: how ever he conjured her not to augment his ſorrows, by giving him cauſe to think that ſhe repented of Loving him. *Iſa* made anſwer, that ſhe did not repent of her Love, but ſhe repented of the Calamity which ſhe had brought upon him. Then ſhe adviſed him to look upon her no longer as a Miſtreſs, but as an Enemy; as the daughter of a Pirate, to load her with Irons and to keep her as a Hoſtage for the Life of *Oſorio*. But *Rodoric* reply'd, That, that would be a piece of injuſtice as well to *Iſa*, as to *Oſorio*: That he ſhould love her to death and follow her to death; but yet he hoped ſhe would give him leave to ſpend the laſt drop of his blood to recover his Fathers Liberty. Then ſhe demanded of him what Courſe he intended to take? That which deſpair, anſwer'd he, ſhall adviſe me to. Well, ſaid ſhe, let your deſpair carry you where it will, Love and Nature oblige me too never to leave your Company till death. Nor could all the Arguments and perſwaſions of the diſconſolate Lover prevail to make the fair *Iſa* ſtay by the Veſſels, while he went to look after his Father. But while theſe two Lovers thus diſputed, *Palſi* as Victorious as he was, returned to his Veſſels, with leſs honor; then Melancholy; making a ſad reflexion within himſelf upon his Misfortune; and at length falling into a diſcourſe with *Hodia*, He aggravated his Misfortune, having loſt the fruits of

his design, which was to recover his daughter; and when he had resolved to vanquish or die, had done neither, and which troubled him most that it should be in the power of the Traytor *Rodoric* to boast that he had more than once sav'd his Life: and that he had rather have been his slave, then have been beholding to him for his Liberty. The prudent *Hodia* reply'd, that the Respect and Value which *Rodoric* had for him should rather make him of a quite contrary opinion. *Palfi* reply'd that he could not but look upon him as his irreconcileable Enemy that had taken his daughter from him. However, said *Palfi*, he saved your Life; That was an act of his revenge, and not his generosity: while he endeavoured to have taken him alive, and to have laden him with those Chains which he before had worn. But this was nothing, added he; he stopped the Career of my Victory, hindered me from reaping the fruit of my Victory, and recovering *Isa*, the Object of my hatred, my despite, my shame and my fury: In the midst of this discourse, they were interrupted by a Troop of Pyrates, whose commander respectfully told *Palfi*, that among all the prisoners they had taken they could find none so worthy the Honor of being presented to him, as the Captive they had brought him, For besides the comelines of his presence, the richnes of his habit, his extraordinary Valor and the great endeavours of his own men to rescue him, perswaded them, that he was some Commander of Note: So soon as the Captive, and the Person that was to be his Patron beheld each other, the one appeared at the same time to be as much astonished, as the other was surprised; for though they had not seen each other of a long time, that the toils of the Sea and the cares of their minds had much altered their countenances: Yet at length the confused remembrance of each others Lineaments was such, that *Palfi* no longer Questioned, but that *Osorio* was *Homar*, and *Osorio* was as certain that *Palfi* was *Orcan:* and then the Ancient Animosities between the *Abenzerrages* and the *Zegrie*'s convinced their hearts, that their eyes were not deceiv'd, but that they were doubly Enemies. However they being both as yet in some doubt; *Palfi* began to speak first, and beholding *Osorio* with a sowr countenance: You cannot be ignorant of the priviledges that the Victors have over the vanquish'd, and therefore take it not ill if I command you to tell me whether you are not *Homar*, the greatest Enemy of my Family? Yes, surlily answered he: But you that ask me the Question, added he, are not you *Orcan*, one of the most mortal Enemies of mine? Yes, I am, reply'd the Noble Pirate; and had I been a Prisoner, as you are, I would not have deny'd it: Another person, reply'd *Osorio*, would have conceal'd his name, but I hold disguisement to be a piece of Cowardise, not to be made use of by a man of Courage. And all that I shall say farther in the condition I am in, is only to put you in mind, that you do nothing unbeseeming your self or me, and to remember you that the Pirate *Palfi* has been *Orcan*. I have not forgot it, reply'd he; but the Pirate *Osorio* is now *Homar*, he that has carried away my Daughter by force. Your Daughter, reply'd the Illustrious slave, has vanquished me by her vertue, and your forces orecame me with Number. Therefore I hope you will be generous by Imitation, and that you will not use me as you used *Rodoric*. To shew you that your hope deceives you not, reply'd his brave Enemy, and that though I am the Pirate *Palfi*, I am still *Orcan*; I will not lay the crimes of the guilty to the Innocent: I will forget all our old differences, I will not require your Son though in Justice I might demand him, as my slave; but I only desire that which is my own, the ingrateful *Isa*, that in putting her to death, I may die satisfied with having taken that from her, which she owes me. Your hatred of her, reply'd *Osorio*, justifies my Son's Love, and shews me that I did ill to blame that, which I find so worthy of praise. I do you a kindnes in taking her from him; said *Palfi*, for she that would betray and forsake her Father, will more easily betray and abandon you. I was as much incensed against her, as you can be, added *Osorio*; I hated her as much as you ought to love her; I have as much contemned her, as now I honour her; But having observ'd her vertue and your injustice, I should be ingrateful, cowardly and cruel, if to gain my Liberty, I should surrender up into your power an innocent person; who is guilty of no other crime, then of her love to my Son. We will try, said *Palfi*, with a menacing tone, whether you will not alter your Opinion. You shall find, answered *Osorio*, that a Resolution, inspir'd by vertue can never change. Were I covetous, reply'd *Palfi*, I could require a swinging Ransom at your hands, but I demand nothing but *Isa*, to let you see, that I am generous, though injured. But being as generous as you, answered *Osorio*, I shall never restore her. Take heed, said *Palfi*, least though I have hitherto behaved my self like a Person of Honour, I do not come to act like a Pirate, for *Rodoric*'s chains may fit your legs. I never yet saw fear, but in the face of my Enemy, reply'd *Osorio*; and whoever is so bold as to threaten me, does but confirm me in my Resolution. What right have you in my Daughter? answered *Palfi*; None at all, said *Osorio*; and therefore I cannot dispose of her. But wherefore, demanded the other, do you protect her against her Father? Because, said the t'other she deliver'd my Son. But in giving him his Liberty, she betray'd me, said the other. But in helping him to his freedom, she obliged me, reply'd *Osorio*. She violated the Law of Nature; said *Palfi*; She reverenced the Laws of Vertue, said *Osorio*. Why, cry'd *Palfi*, do you prefer the Life of your Enemies Daughter, before your own Liberty. I prefer my honor before all things; reply'd *Osorio*. Well! said

ſaid *Palſi*, I preſent you with one hand your Liberty, with the other, Slavery; take your choice. My Reaſon has choſen already, replyed *Oſorio*; for I had rather wear Fetters with Honour, than wield a Scepter with Ignominy. But next to Fetters, comes the Grave, replyed the former. And next to the Grave, ſucceeds Immortal Honour, anſwered the ſecond. You will die a Slave however, ſaid *Palſi*. It is ſufficient that I was born free, anſwered *Oſorio*. I ſwear by the Holy *Alla*, cryed *Palſi*, that I will rather burn with my whole Fleet, than ſurrender you back again, ſhould I happen to loſe the day. Then we ſhall both die together, replyed *Oſorio*; and he that periſhes with his vanquiſhed Enemy, dies in the conſolation of his Revenge. In ſhort, ſaid the Father of *Iſa*; either obey me, or expect to die. In ſhort, anſwered the Father of *Rodoric*; I fear not death, I obey my Reaſon, and no man ſhall command me. Upon thoſe words, *Palſi*, tranſported with grief and fury, gave order that *Oſorio* ſhould be led to his Quarter and there chained; which was executed accordingly. After that he called for one of his Captives; and with a ſowr look, Go, ſaid he, and ſpeak to *Rodoric* fiercely, boldly, and in the language of a Victor: preſs him for his Anſwer; and remember that I expect your Return, with all the impatience of a perſon in wrath, that only ſeeks his Revenge. Thereupon the Officer went his way, while the Noble and Generous Pyrate calling to mind all his Misfortunes, he argued with himſelf how ſweet Revenge was to an injured ſoul, that it was the only pleaſure, of which ſhe could be capable: and that few Victories ſo rejoyce a Generous heart, as the ſatisfaction of the life of them that give the provocation without a cauſe. And upon thoſe grounds he reſolved to put *Iſa* to death, if ever ſhe came into his power. If Pity told him that ſhe was his Daughter, Anger urged that ſhe had forſaken him, to run away with his Slave. If he called to mind her former Innocencies, he forgat not her laſt Crime. And was convinced at length, that Heaven, Nature and Reaſon, equally obliged him to take away her life. At the ſame time he ſeemed to chaſe from his heart all remainders of tenderneſs, which he called unjuſt, becauſe it oppoſed his juſt Reſentment: and after he had effectually baniſhed it, all his care ſeemed then to be only to prepare torments for her, to whom before he would have given Kingdoms. However, that he might be in a condition not to loſe her any more if they brought her back, he haſted to the place where his Veſſels lay moored, that he might be ready to embark with her, if once he had the fatal joy to ſee her again; and withal, to try whether by new threats he could obtain that of *Oſorio*, which he had thitherto ſo obſtinately refuſed.

In the mean time *Rodoric* returned to *Sabatir* at the Head of thoſe Companies which he had rallyed together; at what time the Vice Admiral told him he had done whatever he had ordered him to do: that he had ſent a Trumpeter to the Enemy, to try whether he could hear any news of *Oſorio*; and that after he had ſharply reproved the Cowards that fled, and encouraged the ſtout Blades that ſtood to their buſineſs, he found them all equally reſolved to periſh, or recover their Admiral. To which the afflicted Son made anſwer, that he ſhould be beholding to them for his life, if by their Valour he could retreive his Father. While he was thus ſpeaking, *Iſa*, who had followed him, overtook him: and ſadly addreſſing her ſpeech to him, ſhe asked him whither her Prayers had obtained ſo much favour of Heaven, as to have ſent them any tidings concerning *Oſorio*. *Rodoric* fetching a ſigh, anſwered her no: nevertheleſs, in expectation that Heaven would aſſiſt them that went about to help themſelves, he was going about to do that which *Sabatir* and he had reſolved upon. *Iſa* then demanded of him what he was reſolved to do? To which he replyed, that he was reſolved either to die, or redeem his Father. As *Iſa* was about to anſwer, an Officer, attended by ſome Soldiers of the Out-Guard came and preſented to *Rodoric* a Stranger, who deſired to be conducted to him. *Rodoric* demanded of the Stranger, if he were ſent from *Palſi*. He anſwered very ſurlily, yes: And that he came in his Admiral's name to tell him, that the Juſtice of Heaven having made *Oſorio* his Priſoner, he was never like to ſee him again, unleſs he reſtored *Iſa*; that ſhe was the Ranſom which he expected for him: And that he had order to tell him farther, that if he offered to make any attempt to recover him, his Admiral was reſolved to put his Father to death before his eyes; and to deprive him of his Revenge, he was reſolved to, if he came by the worſt, to burn all his Ships, thereby to defeat him of his Victory. *Rodoric* replyed, that his Anſwer was not difficult to make, in regard that it not being in his power to reſtore *Iſa*, nor abandon his Father, he ſhould find a way, notwithſtanding all his threats, to deſtroy the cruel *Palſi*, that had been ſo haughty to him in his language. *Iſa* replyed, that if *Oſorio* were his Father, *Palſi* was alſo hers: and that he could not ruin him, without deſtroying her; nor ſo much as threaten him, without doing her an injury. Upon thoſe words he prayed her to pardon him all that his deſpair had made him utter, at a time when Nature and Love could not both be ſatisfied together. As ſhe was about to anſwer, *Palſi*'s Meſſenger deſired liberty to return, withal entreating him to ſend his Anſwer within an hour; conjuring him to conſult his Reaſon, and not forget that *Iſa* was the Daughter of him that demanded her, and that *Oſorio* was the Father of the Raviſher that had taken her away by force. *Rodoric* provoked with thoſe laſt words, replyed, that his weakneſs was his ſecurity; and with a low voice called him ignominious Pyrate, not to offend his own followers. Then after a long

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ſilence, the afflicted Lover addreſſing his ſpeech to the diſconſolate Lady, told her, that ſhe was not to think that in that profound ſilence he had conſulted with himſelf, whether he ſhould deliver her to her Father or no; for he aſſured her he had no ſuch thoughts; but only by what means he might procure the Liberty of his own: proteſting to her, that it was equally impoſſible for him to reſolve, whether to loſe him, or abandon his Miſtreſs. He added alſo, that he owed his life as well to the one as the other: that he owed his obedience to *Oſorio*, and his Love to *Iſa*: and that if he might but ſatisfie both by death, he ſhould be overjoyed to die. The fair Lady replyed, that he could expect no ſuccor, but from Heaven; there being no hopes of relief from any earthly means. *Rodoric* replyed with a deep ſigh, that the more he conſidered his Misfortunes, the more remedileſs they appeared: that he could not ſet his Father at liberty, without depriving her of her freedom; and that he could not ſave his Father's life, without expoſing hers to danger, which was impoſſible for him to do. On the other ſide; if he did not return her, then ſhould he himſelf be the cauſe of his Father's Captivity, and perhaps of his death; thereby he ſhould become a Parricide, and ſet the Dagger to the breaſt of him that gave him his Being. Then he conjured her to tell him, whether he had not a difficult choice to make? To which the diſconſolate *Iſa* replyed, that he asked a queſtion which was not eaſie to be anſwered: yet, that it was not the Rigor of her Father that terrified her, how violent ſoever it might be; nor that it would be any great trouble to her to ſuffer for the deliverance of his: but if ſhe might ſpeak it without bluſhing, that which moſt ſhook her Conſtancy was, that it was not in her power to do it, without forſaking her beloved *Rodoric*. He told her, that was quite from his thoughts. She replyed, that aſſuredly there was no other way; for being *Palſi*'s Daughter, it behoved her to endure the puniſhment of her Crime: and as ſhe was the innocent cauſe of *Oſorio*'s Captivity, it became her to be his Ranſom. Suffer me then, ſaid ſhe, to go and take his Fetters off, and put them on upon my own legs. *Rodoric*, almoſt diſmayed at her Anſwer, replyed, that ſhe offered him a Remedy worſe than the Diſeaſe, and which he could by no means accept of, and which he knew his Father himſelf was too generous to allow of. The Noble Lady made anſwer, that what he ſaid became a brave ſoul, but that it was a thing too baſe and mean for her to ſuffer him to be cruel to his Father: exhorting him withal, ſince they could not live happily, however, to die innocent. Which way, ſaid he, can I preſerve my Innocence? By preſerving your Father, anſwered ſhe, to whom you owe all things in the world. Thereupon ſhe conjured him to ſacrifice the unfortunate *Iſa*, to render him happy. That it was juſt, and the thing which ſhe deſired. And therefore ſhe beſought him once more, to permit her to diſcharge her ſelf of her duty, and to leave the reſt to Fortune. He told her, that would be the higheſt piece of injuſtice in the World. Then ſhe demanded of him, what courſe he intended to take? He made anſwer, that he knew not what to do; but his heart told him that he could not be ungrateful, neither to his Father, nor to her: And therefore, ſince he could neither deliver her, nor abandon his Father in Captivity, he would go ſeek out death in the midſt of his Enemies, and at the feet of him that gave him his Being. The fair *Iſa* then, with a Noble fierceneſs in her eyes, demanded of him, if he could have the heart to command his men to ſhoot where they might kill her, or his Father, or perhaps both together? And bid him beware what he ſaid; for that before he ſhould ſtain his Honour with ſo foul and execrable an act, ſhe would lay violent hands upon her ſelf. *Rodoric*, altogether in deſpair, demanded of her, whether he ſhould leave his Father's life expoſed to the Cruelty of *Palſi*, without venturing his own, to preſerve him? She made anſwer, that ſhe would go and venture her own to the fury of her Father: That it was in vain to ſeek for other Remedies, or to ſpend any longer time in Conſultation. With that ſhe conjured him again to let her go, and to remember that it was to take off *Oſorio*'s Chains. *Rodoric* conjured her to let him die, rather than hazard her life. Hereupon the Noble Lady obſerving ſuch a reciprocal Conſtancy in each other, told him, that ſhe found that her tears would but rather harden, than mollifie his heart; and that ſo long as he ſaw her, and ſhe ſaw him, they ſhould never agree upon any thing; and therefore deſired him to let her return toward his own Ships: And that he might the ſooner grant what he had ſo long denyed her, to remember that the life of his Father lay at ſtake. In brief, ſhe did return, attended by the ſame perſons that had accompanied her; but with ſuch a melancholy, as would have infuſed a ſadneſs into joy it ſelf. On the other ſide, *Rodoric* not being able to reſolve upon the loſs of *Iſa*, couragiouſly laid a deſign to ſteal out of *Iſa*'s ſight, and to put himſelf alone into *Palſi*'s hands, that *Oſorio* might ſee he had done for him all that lay in his power. *Rodoric* thus reſolved to deliver his Father, or participate of his Fetters, cheared up himſelf with this thought, that if *Palſi*'s fury ſhould tranſport him to put him to death, yet, that this would be his ſatisfaction at his death, that he had neither forſaken his Father, nor his Miſtreſs: That owing his life to his Father, he ſhould diſcharge himſelf of that debt, by laying down his life for his preſervation; and that owing more than his life to the fair *Iſa*, he had done as much as lay in his power for her. With this conſolation he was juſt preparing himſelf at the ſame time to ſhew an honourable mark of his Love, and an illuſtrious proof of his Friendſhip, when *Sabatir* came to give him notice, that *Palſi*'s Meſſenger deſired him to return his Anſwer. Aſ-

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ſure him, replyed *Rodoric*, that I will either return him an Anſwer within an hour at fartheſt, or elſe come and bring it his Admiral my ſelf: In the mean while, if you are ſtill what I have always taken you to be, tell no perſon of the Secret, wherewith I entruſt you: ſtay with the unfortunate *Iſa*, till I go and obſerve where I may beſt attack the Enemy; take care to comfort and defend her, and let not the Meſſenger go which I commit to your charge, till I have found an opportunity of performing what I intend, for fear of ſpoiling my deſign. Having ſo ſaid, he bid him farewel, not ſuffering *Sabatir* to ſpeak a word more; and took a by way, to the end he might get out of ſight with all ſpeed. But while his mind was agitated with thoſe cruel thoughts, *Hodia* had ſet free one of *Oſorio*'s men, on condition to deliver a Letter into *Iſa*'s hands. Which Letter that Vertuous Pyrate gave him at the ſame time. The Captive faithfully diſcharged his promiſe; for, returning to his own Party, he found out *Iſa*, and preſented the following Note; by her as haſtily broken open, and read.

To the Illuſtrious *Iſa*.

He that gave you your Being, is reſolved to take away your life, if ever he gets you into his power. Preſerve him from ſuch a Crime by your flight, and ſhun this Misfortune by your prudence, unleſs you will deſpiſe the favours of Heaven, while you contemn the advice which I give you; who am abſolutely yours.

Hodia.

What Madam, ſaid *Dracula*, after ſhe had read the Billet aloud, will you ſtill perſevere in your pernicious deſign of going from *Rodoric*, to put your life into your Father's hands, after an advice of this nature? Yes, *Dracula*, anſwered ſhe, I do perſevere: and though I were aſcertained of my death, I would accompliſh my deſign. But do you believe, ſaid he, that Heaven can approve ſo ſtrange a reſolution? Had not Heaven approved it, Heaven would not have inſpired me to undertake it, replyed ſhe. Have a care however, cryed *Dracula*, leſt you be not adviſed rather by your deſpair. No, no, ſaid ſhe, it is not deſpair that counſels me; for all the while I ſpoke to *Rodoric*, I felt in my ſoul a Motion ſo powerful, and which has ſo confirmed me in the reſolution which I have taken, that I cannot queſtion but I follow the Commands of Heaven, while I go to ſet *Oſorio* at liberty. But Madam, cryed *Dracula*, were it not better for him to he a Captive ſtill, than that you ſhould expoſe your Life for his Ranſom? When life is unfortunate, ſaid ſhe, it is no difficult thing to reſolve to venture it: And therefore, ſpeak no more; for I will never prefer my Repoſe before my Honour, nor my life before my duty. But, Madam, ſaid *Dracula*, you underſtand *Palſi*'s ſevere humour; and after *Hodia* has ſent you this warning, can you ever think to mollifie his flinty heart? I do not expect, ſaid *Iſa*, to mollifie his heart either with my prayers or tears; ſo far am I from dreaming ſo, that I think my death is inevitable. Wherefore will you then run, replyed *Dracula*, to meet your miſery. To ſpare my ſelf the ſorrow and trouble, ſaid ſhe, to ſee *Rodoric* conſtrained by his duty to fight againſt my Father, and to hinder *Palſi* from embruing his hands in the innocent blood of *Oſorio*. Upon thoſe words *Sabatir*, whom ſhe had ſent for before, appeared: preſently ſhe went to meet him, and beholding him with an obliging Air, ſhe begged his pardon for having taken the liberty to ſend for him, in regard it was only to reſtore him *Oſorio*. *Sabatir* made anſwer, that he made no doubt but that he would ſoon be free, did his Liberty depend upon her: But being *Palſi*'s Priſoner, and not *Iſa*'s, he could not well underſtand what infallible way ſhe had found out to looſen his Fetters. To which ſhe made anſwer, that provided he would aſſiſt her, ſhe durſt undertake to bring it to paſs. Whereupon the vertuous Pyrate having aſſured her, that he would not fail in any thing that lay in his power, the Generous Maid, with a noble fierceneſs in her Countenance, told him, he muſt aſſiſt her to get out of *Rodoric*'s cuſtody, that ſhe might be able to put her ſelf into the hands of her Father, for the Ranſom of *Oſorio*. *Sabatir* ſurprized at the magnanimity of the Propoſal, demanded of her, whether ſhe underſtood what ſhe ſaid? and whether her Generoſity did not blind her Reaſon? But the noble *Amazon* anſwering, No; he asked her once more, whether *Palſi*'s Anger did not diſmay her Courage, and whether the violence of his Temper did not terrifie her? She anſwered, that the tears of a Daughter had ſo large a power over the ſpirit of a Father, that ſhe had no reaſon to fear his Rigor. *Sabatir* however deſired her to conſider that Revenge and Anger are two violent Paſſions: And ſhe prayed him to remember, that Natural Affection might ſurmount them both. Then he asked her, whether ſhe had conſidered that ſhe could not do what ſhe ſaid, without parting from *Rodoric*, and putting him into deſpair. The charming Mourner confeſſed, that that was the moſt difficult part of all the Enterprize: yet ſhe was reſolved, hoping that *Oſorio*'s return would make amends for her abſence: and after that, ſhe would labour to perſwade her Father, to let her make good the Promiſe ſhe had given him *Sabatir* paused a while upon her laſt words, and not being entirely ſatisfied, but, ſaid he, if *Palſi* ſhould not deliver *Oſorio* upon your Return, then are we worſe than we were before,

fore. She desired him not to fear any such thing; for though his misfortunes had rendered him cruel, yet he was just to his word. *Sabatir* desired her to consider of what he had said to her, as being of very great Moment. But she with an undaunted heart made answer, that the time would not admit of deliberation: since there was no other way to deliver *Osorio*: For if they detained her, he must still remain a Captive: if they fought, it was *Osorio*'s present death. Upon those words *Sabatir* began to waver, only he was afraid that *Rodoric* would never pardon him, if he consented to her request. But she dexterously reply'd, that *Rodoric* would be rather glad of being so advantageously deceiv'd: and pressing him still farther, urged, that *Palfi* was even then *Osorio*'s Enemy and most likely to do him mischief: and for her part she believ'd it was only her fathers earnest desire to see her again; in regard he demanded no other Ransom for his Prisoner: At length *Sabatir* without any more contesting, told *Isa*, that he would yield to her Generosity; and would engage his word that if she delivered *Osorio* for his Son's sake, he should always acknowledg her for his Daughter, though his Son should be forced to return to his former Captivity to redeem him. But the generous *Isa* answered, that she expected no reward; saving only the honour of having done what it was her duty to do. Then she bid him make hast, and bring her a Convoy to Conduct her to *Palfi*'s out-guards: & to be very careful least *Rodoric* should know any thing of her design, till it was put in execution. Nevertheless, before he let her go, he ask'd her once more whether it were her positive command, or no? To which she answer'd that she conjured him by the life of *Osorio*, and *Isa*'s honour. After which, the prudent Pyrate went his way, imploring heaven to recompence so rare an Example of vertue. And then the fair afflicted Lady casting up her Eyes to the same heaven, prayed that the sight of death might not shake her constancy, but that she might be enabled to suffer resolutely, what she had the resolution to seek for. Having so done she commanded *Dracula* his two companions, and her slave, not to speak a word of her design: nor to stir from the place where they were; not doubting but *Rodoric* would take care of them, though she perished in the Enterprize. Then once more transported with zeal and passion she look'd up to heaven with a fixed eye, and an assured Countenance, and conjured the Holy *Alla* to receive her as an Innocent and voluntary Victim; that her blood might expiate the crimes of *Palfi*, and cleanse the hand that shed it. And that she might not die till she had restored to *Rodoric* the Author of his Being. She had but just concluded this prayer when that unhappy Lover, having gone about, the better to conceal himself, chops by chance upon her. So that being equally sorrowful, and equally surprised: Alas! Whispered she to her self —— look here he is —— I wish I had never met him —— yet I cannot be troubled to see him since 'tis the last time —— Let us dissemble then our thoughts, and conceal the fatal design that lies in our breast. On the other side her disconsolate lover, equally sad, yet glad that he had met with her, knew not whether he had best to speak to her or no: But at length let us meet her, said he to himself, for perhaps we may never see her again. Thus approaching each other, my dear *Rodoric* said she, Has Nature yet overcome your Love? and has your Reason yet prevailed? I should be an enemy to reason, answered he, to obey you at this time. But in short reply'd *Isa*, what have you resolv'd upon? I cannot well tell, answered he fetching a deep sigh. Oh, that the holy *Alla*, added she, would be pleased to change your mind. He is too just to do that, answer'd he. But Madam, said he, what resolution have you taken? to do my duty answered the vertuous Lady: Do you mind your own preservation, reply'd *Rodoric*, and let me alone with *Palfi* and *Osorio*; I cannot see which way you can bring to pass your just designs, said *Isa*. Heaven perhaps may do more than we expect, said he. And more perhaps than you expect, answered she. Provided it be so kind, reply'd he, as to preserve me your friendship I shall have some comfort in dying. You may loose me, said *Isa*, but you can never loose the heart which I have bequeathed you. Loose you! Madam, cry'd he; Yes, without doubt, answered she, since I am under the power of fortune and death. Heaven certainly will sooner consent to my ruin than yours, reply'd he; I do not believe it answered she, nor do I desire it. Alas! cry'd *Rodoric* how unfortunate are we! More than you can imagine, reply'd *Isa*. But all this while what answer do you give to *Palfi*'s Messenger? Have you consulted with *Sabatir*? go and advise with him once more; for as prudent as you are, you are not to be Judge and Party both in your own Cause. Having so said she was about to be gone; when *Rodoric* holding her by the Arm; I part, said he from those fair eyes with a sorrow not to be expressed, but my duty commands me. Nor does my grief torment me less to separate, but Reason will have it so. But wherefore such a sudden tempest of sighs said she? wherefore such a sudden deluge of tears cry'd he 'Tis the infirmity of my Love, cry'd she. 'Tis the extremity of my despair, said he. At length *adieu* dear *Rodoric* she cry'd with a mournful utterance, *adieu* my dear and amiable *Isa* said he, and it may be, added he to himself, *adieu* for ever, Upon these words they both parted from one another, having as much as in them lay concealed their intentions and their grief. They were no sooner separated, but *Sabatir* brought a guide and a convoy to the fair *Isa*, who, after she had given him a thousand thanks, went the next way to *Palfi*'s vessels; while *Rodoric* also shaped another course to the

the ſame place. All this while *Palſi* naturally impatient, was in a pelting chaſe, and ſtorm'd that his Meſſenger tarry'd ſo long. He complained of the ſeverity of Fortune, that ſtill continued to perſecute him, *Hodia* endeavoured to calm him withal the Rhetoric he had, and told him boldly at length, that he demanded ſuch things of Fortune, that it was not juſt ſhe ſhould grant what he asked. Upon that the Pyrate in a great rage demanded whether it were not juſt for a Father to require his Daughter from his Enemy, that had taken her from him by force. Not to puniſh her, anſwered *Hodia*. Nor would I puniſh her, reply'd *Palſi*, but that ſhe deſerves it. *Hodia* then endeavoured to perſwade him to mercy: but the other anſwer'd that mercy was a vertue only for them that were in proſperity; and told him withal that if heaven would teach him to pardon, it ſhould not puniſh him himſelf too rigorouſly. With that he commanded *Oſorio* to be brought before him, with an intention once more to try, if he could force him to alter his Reſolution. While they were gone to fetch him, *Hodia* Preach'd to him many Leſſon's of generoſity; But *Palſi* deſir'd him to forbear ſo obſtinately to conteſt with his choler and reſentment, for there was a neceſſity for him either to revenge himſelf, or to die in deſpair. By that time *Oſorio* appeared, and *Palſi* beholding him with eyes full of rage and fury, has not the weight of your chains ſaid he, yet brought your courage down, and made you alter your Reſolution? The chains I wear, reply'd *Oſorio*, not being ignominious, are not heavy enough to make me change my thoughts. Then you are reſolv'd to be always a ſlave; reply'd the father of *Iſa*. I had rather, anſwered the father of *Rodoric*, be yours, then a ſlave to my paſſions: But I had rather, cry'd *Palſi*, be a ſlave to my Paſſions, then *Oſorio's*. Nay, I will be a ſlave to my Paſſions, and you ſhall be *Palſi's*. Choler, hatred, vengeance and fury ſhall be abſolute Miſtreſſes of my ſoul, and you ſhall find, if *Rodoric* ſends not *Iſa* back, that it were better for you to be a ſlave to your paſſions, then mine. *Oſorio* was about to anſwer, when on the one hand they ſaw *Rodoric* appear, on the other the fair *Iſa*. The ſight of whom as equally ſurpriſed the two Fathers, as the two Lovers were aſtoniſh'd at the ſight of each other. O heaven! here's *Rodoric* cry'd *Oſorio*: O heaven! here's *Iſa*, cry'd *Palſi*. And why did you follow me? ſaid the Lover to his Miſtreſs. And wherefore have you follow'd me? ſaid the Miſtreſs to her Lover. Alas ſaid he, I left our forces, to preſerve you, and now I find that my departure has delivered you into the hands of *Palſi* and I am come to be a ſpectator only of your torment? Come hither then ſaid *Palſi* ſurlily to *Oſorio*, come hither and ſurrender your chains to this ſlave that betray'd me, and to this ingrateful girl that forſook me. The ſight of ſo vertuous a perſon muſt ſurely change your mind, cry'd *Oſorio*. The ſight of ſuch a cruel perſon reply'd *Palſi*; does but augment my anger, my hatred and my inhumanity; Sir, reply'd the fair *Iſa*, I know your hatred and your anger are juſtly merited: and therefore I take no care to move your Compaſſion; for I am come only to ſubmit to the torments which you have prepared for me, provided you will ſet at Liberty the perſon who would have been a father to me, had not fortune and my unhappy fate put him into your power. Never believe that the generous *Rodoric* conſented to my return; He knew not of it till he ſaw me here: and therefore what I do is only an effect of my own will. Alas, Sir, Pardon me, ſaid *Rodoric* to his Father, if I could not ſurrender my Miſtreſs for your Ranſom; but to ſhew that I reſolv'd to do as much as I could, I am come to put on your fetters, and to reſtore you your Liberty with the loſs of my own life. The rate is too dear, *Rodoric*, anſwered *Oſorio*, and I will not accept of it, at that price. Give command then, ſaid the faithful lover to *Palſi*, that my fathers chains may be taken off and put upon me. I am only guilty; for as for the generous *Iſa*, all her fault was, that ſhe pity'd others in miſery. Yes, yes, Objects worthy of my heat and fury, cry'd *Palſi*, you ſhall ſhare *Oſorio's* chains betwixt you. Take them off, ſaid he to the Souldiers, and put them on upon theſe two criminals. No, no, reply'd *Oſorio*, I will never ſuffer them to be taken off from me, to be put upon my Children. For ſince you ceaſe to act as *Iſa's* Father, ſhe muſt be my daughter: Then ſuffer me, Sir, ſaid ſhe, to give you your Liberty. Wherefore do you delay to bring me my fathers chains? ſaid *Rodoric* to *Palſi*. Wherefore do you delay to pardon theſe generous perſons? cry'd *Hodia*. Rather ask me, cry'd the furious father, why I have not yet loaded them with Irons? If the tenderneſs, you had once for me, ſaid *Iſa*, will permit me to put you in mind of it, I beſeech you never liſten to the generoſity of *Oſorio*, nor to *Rodoric's* Prayers, Let me be the only Object of your Revenge, but give them their Liberty. How Madam, reply'd the Lover, can you deſire that we ſhould be parted? Is it not better replyed ſhe for you to be happy alone, and for me to be miſerable alone? Never diſpute the buſineſs, ingrateful daughter, Imperiouſly cryed *Palſi*, for he being my ſlave, and my offending ſlave, he ſhall be puniſhed as well as you. Ah! Sir, ſaid *Iſa*, (for I dare not preſume to call you father) was it reaſonable for *Rodoric* to refuſe the Liberty which Fortune offered him? Never juſtifie me, cry'd the generous Lover, ſince it was I that carried you away; 'twas I that committed the whole fact, ſo that neither my father nor you being guilty 'tis I that only am to ſuffer. Be juſt then, Sir, and do but deliver thoſe two Illuſtrious Perſons, and you ſhall ſee me die without any ſorrow, or ſo much as bewailing my ſelf. No, no, ſaid *Oſorio*, he that gave thee thy being will never

preſerve his life by thy Ruin. And ſhe that followed you, ſaid *Iſa* to *Rodoric*, will never forſake you in danger; for ſurely we will die together. Wherefore would you not that I ſhould deliver my Father, ſaid the Lover to his Miſtreſs? Becauſe, ſaid ſhe, that I being the occaſion of his Impriſonment, it is but juſt that I ſhould be the cauſe of his Liberty. Heaven is the only cauſe of our Misfortunes, ſaid *Oſorio*; and therefore we muſt bear them without murmuring. Ah, Sir, ſaid the fair *Iſa* to her Father, never fear that *Rodoric* will go unpuniſhed; for though you give him his Liberty, you will puniſh him in puniſhing me: and the Chains which I wear will be leſs heavy upon my Limbs, than upon his. Thrice injured fool! cryed *Palſi* to himſelf what idle pity moves thee thus to delay thy Revenge? Alas, Sir! ſaid *Iſa*, conſider that Illuſtrious *Palſi* was not always a Pyrate. Remember, ſaid he, that the Ingrateful *Iſa* was not always unworthily treacherous. She has preſerved her Honour ſtill immaculate, replyed ſhe; for ſhe followed *Rodoric*, not as a Captive, but as one ſhe had choſen for her Husband. And the holy *Alla*, who reads the inſide of my heart, well knows, that when I forſook you, I forſook the beſt part of my heart; and how continually, when we were gone, we ſent up our prayers to Heaven in your behalf. No Queſtion, replyed he, but that the Battel that was between us, was an Effect of your Prayers. Had I had any deſign to have done you any miſchief, ſaid ſhe, I would not have ſurrendered my ſelf unarmed into your Power. Conſider then, beſides, ſaid *Iſa*, if there be any ſpark of pity remaining in your breaſt, whether you can, without being highly unjuſt, reſolve to ruin a perſon; who ſeeing his Father your Capive, has had ſo much reſpect for you, as not to fight againſt your Perſon becauſe you were mine? Truly, ſaid *Oſorio*, you may well perceive that this is no unnatural Son, who comes to expoſe his Life and Liberty for his Father's ſake: I conjure you then, Sir, to vanquiſh your ſelf, that you may overcome us; I mean, in Generoſity. Oh that Heaven would mollifie his heart! cryed *Rodoric*. Oh Heavens! ſaid *Palſi* to himſelf, my heart begins to be too much mollified already. If you look upon us as your Children, ſaid *Rodoric*, you cannot but eaſily pardon us: if you conſider us as your Enemies, your Compaſſion ſhould be more prevalent than your Revenge, ſince it ſo little becomes a Generous Perſon to oppreſs the Weak, when once within his power. Hear Reaſon and Vertue, ſaid *Hodia*, and give no longer Ear to Revenge and Choler. Remember, my dear Father, added *Iſa*, that the Holy *Alla* has an eye upon your Actions, either to reward or puniſh you according to your Deeds: And that it is now in your power to overcome us in greatneſs of Courage, and to overcome your ſelf too. I am overcome, my too Generous Daughter, cryed *Palſi*; your Vertue is too potent for my Cruelty; ſo that I can no longer withſtand it. If now, Sir, cryed *Rodoric*, after all this, I may obtain my Father's Liberty, load me with Chains, and invent new Torments for me, which I will undergo with thanks. I had not ſhewn ſo much kindneſs to *Iſa*, replyed *Palſi*, had I not intended you the ſame. And I am well aſſured that you would never deſire to be free your ſelf, ſhould I not with my own hands take off thoſe Chains that hold your Illuſtrious Father. Ah! Sir, ſaid he to *Oſorio*, as he took them off; You ſpoke like a Prophet when you told me, that ſo ſoon as Heaven pleaſed, the time would come, when I ſhould unloſe theſe Chains with my own hands. Upon thoſe words, thoſe four Illuſtrious perſons embraced each other with tears of joy; while at the ſame time all that beheld them poured forth tears of pity and gladneſs. Then *Palſi* and *Oſorio*, to re-double *Rodoric* and *Iſa*'s ſatisfaction, gave them to underſtand, that the right names of all the four were *Homar*, *Orcan*, *Abdala* and *Fatima*: And that, notwithſtanding their practice of Pyracy, their Extraction was ſo Noble and ſo Illuſtrious, as to have named Kings among their Anceſtors. Thoſe pleaſing tidings not only filled the two Lovers hearts with joy and content, but alſo re-doubled their love and eſteem for each other; the Equality of their Birth and Fortune equalizing their Gladneſs and Tranſportation. After that, the fair *Fatima*, who is now no longer to be called *Iſa*, gave a thouſand thanks to the Generous *Hodia* for the Letter he had written, and the important advice which he had given her. And the two Parties of Pyrates joyning together, though *Abdala* knew that *Fatima* could not have done what ſhe did without *Sabatirs* conſent; yet, judging of his intentions by the Event, he could not chuſe but embrace and love him as before.

In the mean time the two Valiant Admirals coming to conſult what they had to do, *Orcan* told *Homar*, that he had received intelligence by a Bark of *Malaga*, that the Navies of *Granada* and *Caſtile* were out at Sea; and ſo near each other, that it was very improbable they would ſeparate without Engaging. And therefore, to take the advantage of ſuch a favourable opportunity, with *Homar*'s approbation, he thought there could be no better way, than to go and joyn with their own Fleet; there being great hopes, that by ſuch an important piece of Service, they might obtain the favour of the new King *Boaudelin*; whereby they might be re-called from Baniſhment, and reſtored to their Fortunes; which *Muley-Hazen*'s Politicks refuſed them. Theſe Arguments, and ſome others of the ſame nature he urged ſo well, that notwithſtanding the Injuſtice which he had received from his Party, he reſolved to attempt his own Reſtoration by ſo Noble an Exploit.

Thereupon, the Deſign being reſolved upon between the two Admirals, they propoſed it to the Body of the Fleet; and offered them the beſt part of the Booty which they had on Ship-

Ship-board, provided they would but ſtand by them upon ſo fair an opportunity. The Pyrates, accuſtomed to Combats and Dangers, were over-joyed at the Propoſal, being none of them guilty of having much Religion. So that as ſoon as the Tempeſt was over, the two Fleets joyned; and *Orcan* yielding the Command thereof to *Homar*, as to the Eldeſt Captain, they weighed Anchor: And leaving *Calis* Road, they ſet Sail for St. *Lucar*, with a merry Gale; where they were informed the *Caſtilian* and *Granadine* Navies rode not far diſtant from each other. In ſhort, when they came to make the Mouth of the River *Guadalquivir*, they ſaw the two Fleets engaged; and that of *Granada* in great diſorder, and ready to fly. So that the Pyrates Fleet having gained the Wind, and joyned with the Mahometans, Boarded the Chriſtians with an extraordinary Valour, and put them to an abſolute Flight, after they had ſunk five or ſix of their biggeſt Men of War, and taken as many more, together with *John de Luna* their Admiral. The *Moors* filled the Skies with ſeveral loud Acclamations of Joy: And their Admiral perceiving that he was beholding to his unknown Defenders for the Victory. Went aboard the ſtrange Admiral. But he was more than wonderfully ſurprized, when he knew the faces of *Homar* and *Orcan*; ſo that his joy encreaſed with re-doubled Careſſes, which the Noble Exiles returned with equal ſatisfaction and tenderneſs. Then the Admiral told them, that he made no queſtion, but that the King would do Juſtice to their Valor, and acknowledge as he ought the Importance of the Service: Aſſuring them, that he would give ſo great a Teſtimony both of the one and the other, that he ſhould not only not be ungrateful, but highly acknowledge their Gallantry. He told them withal, that the King was at *Tarifa*: Whereupon, after *Homar* had preſented *Abdala*, and *Orcan*, *Fatima*, to kiſs his hands, he returned to his own Ship: and ſteering for *Tarifa*, was followed by the Pyrates; and in a ſhort time they came to an Anchor in the Port of *Tarifa*, whither the King went to meet them upon the report of the Victory. When the Admiral of the *Moors* was come aſhore, he advanced toward the King with the Slaves which he had taken, among whom was *John de Luna*; and holding the two Noble Exiles in each hand. Behold, ſaid he, the Arms of thoſe that have won you the Victory, and preſerved you from being overcome. Your Majeſty is beholding to them for the Fame of your Arms, and my Life. They have done Miracles, and I do my duty in letting you underſtand as much: and now what remains to be done, is only in your Majeſty's power. Sir, ſaid *Homar*, ſpeaking in the behalf of *Orcan* and himſelf, they that do no more than what is their duty, never merit ſo much praiſe; and therefore, the Generoſity of your Admiral has too highly ſet forth ours. For as we are your Subjects, though unhappy Exiles, we could not do leſs for our Prince. Oh moſt Valiant Preſervers, ſaid the King, embracing them, a Service ſo ſignal ſhall never want its Reward: notwithſtanding your Humility, I will repair the Misfortunes and injuries you received in the time of the King my Father; and you ſhall know that *Boaudelin* is not an ungrateful perſon. In ſhort, he reſtored them to their Eſtates and Commands. The Seamen were provided for in the Navy. *Hodia*, *Sabatir*, *Dracula*, and his Companions had very conſiderable Employments in the Fleet; and *Fatima*'s She-ſlave was ſet at liberty, and became Wealthy. But how impatient ſoever *Abdala* was for the compleating of all his Honours, by the poſſeſſion of ſo fair a perſon; in regard the Moors of Quality generally covet to have their Daughters bred up near the Queen, *Orcan* had the ſame Inclinations. So that notwithſtanding *Abdala*'s Reluctancy, who ſaw thereby his Marriage and his Felicity delayed, *Fatima* was placed to attend the Sultaneſs in the Quality wherein you now find her. And though *Homar* and *Orcan* are ſince both dead, and they Maſters of their own Wills, *Fatima* cannot yet be won by all *Abdala*'s importunity, to forſake the Queen.

And thus, Sir, you have the Particulars of the Lives of thoſe two Illuſtrious Perſons, wherein ſo earneſtly you deſired to be informed.

The End of the Second Part *of* Almahide.

THE
Third Part
OF
ALMAHIDE:
OR, THE
Captive Queen.

BOOK I.

ALthough the Indiſpoſition of that Perſon, who by his Relation hath undertaken to revive the Memory of the Gallant *Moors* of *Granada*, hath ſomewhat interrupted the progreſs of their recited Adventures, yet is not thereby the ſequel of this memorable Story wholly loſt; for upon the firſt happy opportunity which that Ineſtimable Bleſſing Health afforded him, reſuming his Diſcourſe where he left, he thus proceeded on in his Narration: Thoſe who had the divertiſement of the laſt Rehearſal, may remember, that the behaviour of the Second Unknown, who carried the Prize in the Combat of the Bulls, fail'd not to add a new diſquiet of mind to the King of *Granada*, and that it was not poſſible for this Prince, who was no leſs jealous than amorous, to refrain from giving evident ſigns of a ſtrong deſire to have this Vanquiſher unmaskt; ſo that although *Zarcan* his Favourite had often indeavour'd to remove this Imagination that ſate ſo heavy on his ſpirit, and made ſo cruel an impreſſion on his Soul, he could never bring it to paſs; and the troubleſome Image of this new diſguiſed Rival, perſecuted him no leſs than that of the other had done before. "I agree, *ſaid he*, I agree "with you, that this laſt victorious Perſon "is not the ſame with him who vanquiſht "before; that there may plainly be diſcern'd, "as they paſs along, ſome difference in their "ſtature, that the firſt hath ſome advantage "over the laſt: In fine, that they are aſſu-"redly, two ſeveral perſons; but ſince it is "ſo, I am ſtill the more unhappy, ſeeing I have "two Rivals in ſtead of one, and more than "one ſingle Enemy to encounter. In effect, "his *Deviſe* aſſures me of this truth, this co-"ver'd Sun diſcovers it to me, and his flames "are not ſo hidden, but that the Soul of this "inſupportable *Deviſe* proclaims it. In a "word, *Zarcan*, we are not to inform our "ſelves of one Rival alone, but muſt of ne-"neceſſity ſeek out two, and if they ſhould "increaſe to two hundred thouſand, I muſt "be forc'd to find them out to deſtroy them, "otherwiſe I ſhould not be able to live. Sir, *anſwer'd this dextrous Favourite*, "I moſt hum-"bly beſeech your Majeſty, not to be ſo inge-"nious in tormenting your ſelf, nor to fore-"ſtall your own miſery, and create feign'd "evils to your ſelf, when perhaps there are "no real ones. Your Majeſty knows that "the *Moors* are men that know how to "be Gallant, and that Diſcretion is a princi-"pal quality belonging to true Gallantry. "This *Deviſe*, Sir, concludes not what you "conclude; every Lady is a Queen in refe-"rence to her Lovers, and every Lover is di-"ſcreet if he knows how to love, provided "he be an honeſt man; ſome intereſt of Love

" which we are ignorant of, and which he " underſtands, hath oblig'd this Lover to " proceed in this manner; neither do I ſee " any thing particular in his *Deviſe*, nor in " his way of proceeding, which can poſitive- " ly be applied to the *Sultanneſs*. Ah! *Zar-* " *can*, *cri'd the amorous* Boaudilin, I fear the " eyes of a Lover are more piercing " than yours, and that my heart preſa- " ges more truly than your mouth; for " after all, how could a Lover ſhew himſelf " in his heighth of Glory, without being wil- " ling to be ſeen in that pompous eſtate by " the Object of his Love, were it not that " a ſtronger cauſe than his ambition gave him " that reſerve, and caus'd his diſguiſe? But " who told you, Sir, *repli'd* Zarcan, that this " unknown perſon has not made himſelf " known to his Miſtreſs, and that ſhe re- " mains all this while unconcern'd in his Glo- " ry? Do you believe that a Lover ſees not " clearer than with indifferent eyes; might " not a Scarff, which a Lady may chance to " beſtow upon her Knight, a ſimple Riband " ty'd by her about his Arm, or a *Deviſe*, " which perhaps ſhe might have invented, " ſerve to diſcover that to her, which he wil- " lingly conceals from all others? And ſhall " a Mask be able to make her blind to his " Diſguiſe, whoſe heart ſhe ſees? No, no, " Sir, *purſued* Zarcan, it cannot be ſo; for " when a Lover beholds, and is beheld, by " what he loves, he paſſes over all other Ob- " jects, be he never ſo ambitious. Endeavour, " I beſeech your Majeſty, to allay this new " Tempeſt which appears riſing in your " Soul, and which gives it a diſturbance, " grounded ſo little upon reaſon, and wait " with more patience and tranquility of mind, " till my addreſs and diligence have diſco- " ver'd the true Enemy you are to encoun- " ter, rather than to enter the Liſts with that " which is but a meer Phantaſm, and hath no- " thing in it of real and effectual. But *Zar-* " *can*, *repli'd the King again*, You ſee that this " addreſs is unprofitable, and that your cares " produce nothing. What is not yet per- " form'd, *repli'd the dextrous Favourite*, may " however be in a poſſibility of being per- " form'd, and I may hap'ly find out that to " morrow which in vain I ſeek for to day. Be " your Majeſty pleas'd then to continue thoſe " Noble Divertiſements which you have be- " gun to give the whole Court, and reſt aſ- " ſur'd, that during all that time, I will be " continually upon the watch. Moreover, " (as to my beſt remembrance, I have ſaid be- " fore) of all the ways which can be thought " on to procure Love, the beſt moſt certain- " ly, is that which leads to pleaſure. Love and " Joy are always inſeparable; nor was it an " empty Saying, which was deliver'd by one " of the Gentiliſt Wits of *Granada*, in this " Verſe:

Who beſt diverts, beſt knows how to perſwade.

" For indeed there is no ſuch way to perſwade " as to divert. Hereupon the King yielding to an Advice which he found ſo agreeable, reſolv'd to follow it; and in order thereun- to, began to conſult with his Favourite about ſome new Divertiſement which might poſſi- bly bring about that which he ſo paſſionate- ly deſir'd, I mean, the knowledge of his Ri- val, and the obligement of his Miſtreſs, whom all the world believ'd his Wife, though in- deed ſhe were not. But while the King was thus afflicting himſelf with the Buſineſs of his Rivals Glory. He received the Publick Ac- clamations of all, and gave abundant mat- ter of Diſcourſe and Enetrtainment to the whole City and Court, who talk'd of nothing but of his excellent Addreſs in Arms, his Puiſſance, and Valour; no wonder there- fore if this Combat and Victory of his made a ſtronger Impreſſion in the Soul of the feign'd *Leonce*, than of all the reſt of the Spectators; and though he outwardly expreſt leſs praiſe of his Actions than many others, yet he thought more of them than any; or to ſpeak more plainly, he was ſcarce a moment with- out thinking of them: He ſtill call'd to mind with what a Noble and Gallant Air he had appeared within the Barriers, the Magnifi- cence of his Equipage, the myſteriouſneſs of his *Deviſe*, his ſtout and reſolute performance, his Strength, his Agility, his Fortune, and laſt- ly, his Triumphant concluſion; and from all theſe things which he had ſo carefully obſer- ved, he almoſt concluded in his mind, that this unknown Perſon was not for him, that he was not deceiv'd in his Imagination he had formerly had of him, wich was too true. Nevertheleſs as men are generally apt to be very hard and ſlow of belief, to thoſe things which are very troubleſome and ungrateful, ſo he ſtill flatter'd himſelf with ſome hopes, and endeavour'd to remove out of his mind all diſturbing doubts; and as Jealouſie chan- geth Objects, he fancied to himſelf that this Unknown had a much better Meen, and De- portment, than that other whom he knew, and for whom this had been taken by him, that the other ſeem'd inferiour both in agili- ty and ſtrength; and that certainly it was not he, who came to vanquiſh with ſo much Glory. Notwithſtanding when he came to conſider more exactly the Agreement that was in the common Report between the Sta- ture of the one and that of the other, and to bethink himſelf withal, that this Unknown had not been yet ſeen in all this great Aſſem- bly, where his eyes had ſought him out with ſo intereſſed a diligence: " Ah! *Cry'd he*, I " find I am not deceiv'd, this undoubtedly " is *Ramire*: Yes, yes, my heart aſſur'd me of " it ſooner than my eyes, and the envy I had " for his Glory, (I who never condeſcended " to concern my ſelf for the Glory of any " one beſide) aſſur'd me it was my Rival who " triumpht, for as much as I was heartily vext " at his Triumph. Oh! how glorious is this " Rival of mine, *purſued he*, after a Victory

" ſo

"ſo difficult to gain, and ſo much above that "of mine. The running at the Ring hath "not a Fame or Glory comparable with the "Combats of Bulls; the firſt being in a manner "but a meer Sport, the other almoſt a real "War; for the one there is requir'd Addreſs "alone, for the other both ſtrength and va-"lour, if in difficulty and danger the whole "honour of an Enterprize conſiſts, then all "honour belongs to my Rival, ſince his En-"terprize took up all the danger and diffi-"culty, and mine was neither dangerous "nor difficult. But, O Heaven, *Cry'd he out*, "if our encounters are ſo different, our Pri-"zes alſo are no leſs, for by how much a "Ring is inferiour in value to a Pourtrai-"ture, by ſo much my Rival hath the ad-"vantage. As he was reaſoning with him-ſelf, Don *Fernand* and *Sanchez* came up, whereupon advancing forward to meet them, "My dear Friends, *ſaid he*, give me your con-"jecture of the Vanquiſher and the Van-"quiſh'd: For my own part, mine is alrea-"dy determin'd, Sir, *anſwer'd* Don Fer-"nand, if it be of the Vanquiſher of the Bull "that you ſpeak, I dare not, ſuch is my ig-"norance, pretend to the leaſt conjecture. On "the contrary, *reply'd the Duke* de Pegnafiel, "it is clearly my opinion, that the Duke *de* "*Infantade* was he who vanquiſht the Bull, "and *Ramire* he who defeated *Leonce*. But, "Sir, *reply'd* Sanchez, what proof have you "of what you ſay, and upon what founda-"tion do you build your Conjecture? Up-"Love, *anſwer'd he*, and the inſtinct which "this paſſion produceth in me, and in all "others who are poſſeſt with it. In ſhort it "is not in the leaſt to be doubted but that "this Rival of mine hath triumpht both over "the Bull and over my ſelf. But in that he "hath triumpht over the Bull, *ſaid* Don Fer-"nand, I ſee no reaſon for your grief. See you not plainly enough, *reply'd* Leonce, "that I am a Lover as *Ramire* alſo is, and "that the advantage of one Lover is the ruine "of another, and that the advancement of "the Duke of *Infantade*, is the depreſſion of "the Count of *Pegnafiel*. Ah! Sir, *rejoyn'd* "Sanchez, ſince you have triumpht over him "in a Combat more dangerous, you have "little cauſe to lay it to heart, that he tri-"umphs in this, which is but the ſhadow of "the other. But in the other, *reply'd the* "*Count*, I had not the fair eyes of *Almahide* "for witneſſes of my Action, and that which "is ſeen makes a more ſenſible impreſſion, "than what is underſtood barely by report. "The Sword of the Vanquiſht, which you "lay'd at her feet, *ſaid* Don Fernand, makes "your Victory out of doubt, nor ought you "to make any Queſtion, but that ſhe is more "deeply toucht with ſo glorious an Action, "than with an Action of ſo little Glory. O "my dear Friend, *reply'd he*, trifles often-"times take more with a Lady, when carri'd "on with a good Grace, than Matters of "greater importance, and the pleaſure ſuch "ſlight performances afford is the moſt pro-"per for the winning of a heart. Yes, while "they are in the Performance, *ſaid the skilful* "*Painter in Miniature*, and where a Lady is "Umpire, who is not indued with that di-"ſcerning ſpirit that the feign'd *Sultanneſs* is. "However it be, *ſaid* Ponce de Leon, *ſighing*, "the Glory of my Rival wakens me, as on o-"ther occaſions, the Glory of one great Cap-"tain would waken another; and I would "purchaſe at any rate the glorious Prize, "which the Unknown came off with yeſter-"day. If ſo doing, you might as well play "the Prodigal as not, *retorted the ſage Cap-*"*tive ſmiling*, for let the value be what it will, "you might perchance buy it a little too dear. At theſe words *Almahide* came in, and the feign'd *Leonce* advancing toward her, "Ma-"dam, (*ſaid he, with ſome ſadneſs in his eyes,* "*and ſome ſlight diſcontent in his countenance*) "I told Don *Fernand* when you were gone "into your chamber, that he who yeſterday "overcame the Bull, had receiv'd for his "pains a Reward as great as he could poſſi-"bly have receiv'd, had he conquer'd the "whole World. You are equally unjuſt "(*anſwer'd the Sultaneſs, maliciouſly ſmiling at* "*the jealouſie ſhe obſerv'd in him*) both in over-"valuing my preſent, and putting ſo ſlight "an eſteem upon the action which merited it "from me. However, Madam, take heed, "*added this Illuſtrious Jealous Perſon*, leſt you "ſhew your ſelf not very juſt, in ſo meanly "prizing what you give, and ſo highly eſti-"mating a ſimple Game of Fortune. Strength "and Addreſs of Body, *purſued ſhe*, are the "Gifts of Nature and Art, and not the "freaks of this blind Fortune, you ſpeak of; "and I wonder that any Brave Man ſhould "go about to maintain, that Glory, his "chiefeſt Ornament, proceeds rather from "her, than from himſelf. Ah! Madam, *reply'd* "*he*, I underſtand not how you come to "ſpeak of me, ſince it is not of my ſelf that "I ſpeak. And I underſtand leſs, (*reply'd* "*ſhe, now laughing out-right*) why you ſhould "take upon you the Bull, and ſet ſo violently "upon this Unknown, who came to Combat "him. I would to Heaven, *anſwer'd he*, that the "Quality you aſſign him, might ever belong "to him, and that he whom I have ſo great a "fear to know, may remain to you ever un-"known. So long as you are jealous of a "Phantaſm, *ſaid ſhe, as ſhe was going to leave* "*him*, I ſee not what extraordinary cauſe you "have thus to complain; for having created "you an Enemy in your own Imagination, "you may certainly defeat him without much "difficulty, and be but at ſmall expence of "labour for a Victory. Thus with a very loud laughter ſhe entred her Cabinet, and left the poor Count of *Pegnafiel* with almoſt as much anger againſt his Miſtreſs, as he had jealouſie for his Rival. But happily for him *Speranza de Hita* entr'd the Chamber of the *Sultanneſs*, and obſerving the vexation and grief he was in, ſhe deſir'd of him to know

the cauſe, "My dear Maid, *ſaid he*, your "Miſtreſs is always for the Fortunate, never "for the Unhappy. He that will pleaſe her, "muſt be ſure to be a Conquerour, and ne-"ver muſt hope for ſuch a favour with-"out ſuch a ſucceſs, ſo much her haugh-"ty Soul diſdains to think of any thing leſs, "than Victories and Trophies. It ſuffici-"ently denotes the Grandeur of her Noble "Inclinations, *anſwer'd this amiable Slave*, "her Sentiments being always ſuch, as never "take place in any but exalted minds. And "from this Conſequence, Sir, *purſued ſhe*, you "methinks, ſhould ever be advantageouſly "ſeated in her eſteem; ſince wherever ſhe "ſees Glory, her Inclination ſettles, and "from you Glory is continually inſeparable. "And ſometimes alſo, *reply'd he briskly*, "where ſhe only fancies, ſhe ſees it, without "giving her ſelf the trouble to diſcern be-"tween true Glory and falſe. I cannot for "for all this, *ſaid ſhe*, but think, ſhe hath "too true a ſenſe of Glory to be deceiv'd, "and the high eſteem ſhe hath for you, ſuf-"ficiently juſtifies what I ſay, without put-"ting me to the neceſſity of ſaying any "more. What you ſay of her, *anſwer'd the* "*Count*, may poſſibly hold good, as to the "day when the Ring was run at, but not ſo "clearly as to the day of the Combat of the "Bulls, when not having the ſame advan-"tage, I had not the ſame honour. Howe-"ver I dare ſay, Sir, *reply'd ſhe*, the changing "of ſides with Fortune, will never be juſt-"ly laid to her charge, nor can it be other-"wiſe imagin'd, but that finding you equal-"ly eſtimable, ſhe hath an eſteem for you at "all times alike. Ah! *rejoyn'd he ſmiling*, "Hope is always apt to flatter, I find you "will not belye your name. My name ſhall "not alter my ſincerity, *ſaid the young Cap-*"*tive*, nor ſhall this Hope, of whoſe fidelity "you ſeem to doubt, be ever found deceitful, "eſpecially, Sir, to you. *Ponce de Leon* was going to anſwer juſt as the Duke *de In-fantade* enter'd, whom aſſoon as ever he ſaw, his colour began to riſe as at the ſight of his Rival, and the diſturbance of his ſpirit appear'd in his countenance, ſo that advancing to-ward him with an Air ſomewhat conſtrain'd and diſcompos'd, "I muſt needs, *ſaid he*, give "you the ſame reproof the divine *Aminta* "gave me after the running of the Ring, and "accuſe you of your too little curioſity, for "not having ſhew'd your ſelf yeſterday at this "Magnificent Feſtival. Whatever you ac-"cuſe me of, *ſaid he with a malicious ſmile*, "aſſure your ſelf I was there, and to let you "know that I was there, and ſaw you better "than you ſaw me. Is it not true that you "were there very unquiet, and that without "ſcarce taking any notice of what was done "there, and which is more, without regard-"ing what *Almahide* her ſelf did, you turn'd "continually from one ſide to another, pri'd "into all corners of the Room, and ſeem'd "to caſt a reſtleſs ſearching eye for the diſco-"very of ſomething you would fain have "found, but could not; but with ſuch an agi-"tation of Body and Mind, as made you loſe "all that gravity, which is ſo accuſtomed and "ſo natural to you, and render'd you ſo un-"quiet and unfixt, that I my ſelf could not "have been more; I who never could pre-"tend to that Gravity and Majeſty, and who "acknowledge my ſelf too often failing in "Rules of common prudence. I confeſs all "you ſay to be true, *anſwer'd the feign'd* Le-"once, and I confeſs alſo, that I found not "what I ſo carefully ſought for; and is that "which continues to give me no leſs inquie-"tude ſince the Feſtival, than you obſerved "in me, while it laſted. If this be your "grievance, *reply'd again the Duke laughing*, "and that the ſatisfaction of your curioſity "is the thing wholly deſir'd, I adviſe you, for "as much as the *Moors* are extremely ſuper-"ſtitious, and *Granada* ſwarms with Sooth-"ſayers, to conſult ſome old *Marabou*, or "ſome knowing *Dervis*, who after he hath "made all the Ceremonies and Figures of his "Conjuration, may perhaps reſolve you "in what you deſire to know, or at leaſt "lull your Belief with ſome fine forg'd "Lyes, utter'd in an imperious Tone, and "with a fierceneſs ſavouring of Infernal O-"racle. I know not, *reply'd* Ponce de Le-"on, whether without going to conſult this "*Dervis*, or that *Marabou*, you ſpeak of, I "may not be better inform'd by you, than by "either of them, in that which perhaps I am "not utterly ignorant of; but would fain "be better ſatisfied of the certainty thereof. "I never yet thought my ſelf ſo Learned, *re-*"*ply'd the Duke again*, nor ſo much a Philo-"ſopher, as to be taken for a Magician; but "admit I were, yet not being Mercenary, "nor over-much your Friend, you may ima-"gine my *Demons* would not be ſo affable as "thoſe of a common Fortune-teller; nor "ſhould I be ſo officious to turn over my "Books, or erect my Schemes for your ſa-"tisfaction; nevertheleſs, in regard I judge "of your pain, by that which I my ſelf felt "at the Carouſel, I ſhall not refuſe you "ſome ſhare of my compaſſion, how little ſo-"ever of friendſhip I have for you: imagi-"ning me therefore a Sage Necromancer; "which I am the more contented to permit, "ſince the Inquiſition prevails not at *Grana-*"*da* as at *Sevil*, and taking my Anſwers for "no leſs than *Delphic*. Tell me freely what "you are ſo deſirous to know, that I may "ſpeedily conſult my *Grimoire*, or call to ſome "of my Airy Intelligencers for Information. "I infinitely deſire to know, *rejoyn'd the* "*feign'd* Leonce, who that Unknown is, that "triumph'd yeſterday, and bore away the "Prize, for which he was envi'd by ſo ma-"ny. I am none of thoſe common Magi-"cians, *anſwer'd the feign'd* Ramire, who "when they are about giving their Anſwers, "turn Eaſt, Weſt, North, and South, and "uſe an hundred Antique Geſtures; without

any

"any of these Jugling Tricks, I will tell "you precisely what my Familiar whisper'd "me in my Ear, namely, that the Person of "whom you desire so much to have an ac- "count is very near my stature, my Age, and "my Complexion, and that he is not more "fortunate nor wiser than my self. But to "render this description of him the more "compleat, *said the Count*, is not his name "also Don *Alvarez?* Oracles and Diviners, "*said the Duke*, are never so particular, nor "will I be the first Infringer of the Laws "and Customs of my Superiours. Therefore "pray ask me no more. The feign'd *Leonce* was going to answer the feign'd *Ramire*, just as *Almahide* appear'd coming out of her Cabinet; whereupon the last of them advancing toward her with that pleasant and free Air, which was always natural to him; "You would hardly guess, Madam, *said he* "*laughing*, who I am taken for by your "Freedman *Leonce*, least of all would you "have guess'd, I should have been taken for "a Conjurer, a sort of Person whom I should "have thought my self very little resembling "either in Meen, Shape, or Humour. I dare "avouch it for a certain truth, *answer'd the* "*Sultanness, accompanying him in laughter*, you "have not that gravity in your Meen, nor "that severity in your humour which belongs "to a Person of this Profession. Nor can I "imagine upon what he grounded his Suppo- "sition. As for me, I am so far from judg- "ing you capable of telling things to come, "that I do not believe you trouble your mind "about any thing that is past, so much you "are taken up with Objects that yield you "present satisfaction. Yet, Madam, by your "favour, *answer'd the Count*, I am sufficiently "satisfied in this, that of all the Magicians in "*Granada*, he alone is the Person that can "gratifie my curiosity; but I shall press it "no farther: the face of affairs is changed "by your presence, nor would it now oblige "me to know what before I so much desir'd. "This indifference of yours, *reply'd the Duke*, "will certainly procure you what your In- "quisitiveness could not: For truly I must "needs confess. I am now impatient to dis- "cover fully what otherwise I was willing "enough to have conceal'd; but especially "for fear this Discourse may have rais'd the "curiosity of the *Sultanness*, I shall greedily "do for her sake, what I could easily refuse "for yours; and I suppose you will readily "pardon me, as well knowing how much I "prize her above your self. I need not trou- "ble my self, *said she*, to be overcurious in a "matter which I know not whither it tends; "for unless, as well on the one side as the o- "other, you deliver your selves more clear- "ly, I shall never be able to understand "your dark Mysteries, without first turning "Magician my self, to divine what their "meaning is. That which I importun'd "him, *answer'd* Leonce, was to tell me the "name of that Unknown, who yesterday was "so highly in Fortunes Favour, and Madam, "which is more, in yours; for my mind "strongly gave me, he knew, and I fancy "yet, I am not deceiv'd. Should you find "your self at last undeceiv'd, perhaps you "would not be sorry, *rejoyn'd the feign'd* Ra- "mire, *smiling*, for I am certain, there is not "any Lye whatsoever which would not please "you better than this Truth, not excepting "those idle Stories, where with Nurses please "their Children. Now it is, I must needs con- "fess, *reply'd* Almahide, that I find a curosity "possess me no less self than that of *Leonce's*. I "have laid aside my curiosity. *said he*, interrup- "ting her, and you would oblige me much in "not being more curious than my self. This "request hath too much of arrogance in it, *an- "swer'd Don* Alvarez, nor is it for a Slave to de- "sire that his Mistress should regulate her self "by his Example. No more is it for any other "Captive, *added* Ponce de Leon, to be so bold "as to give advice to his Patroness, when "she ask'd it not of him; and it is an ex- "traordinary clemency in her, if she make "him not an Example. No, no, *said* Alma- "hide, I shall not upon this occasion be so "rigorous, in regard of the impatient de- "sire I now have to know who this Victori- "ous Person is, and though *Ramire* should "be forc'd to cast a Figure for my satisfaction, "I think I should harldly forbid him. What- "ever you think on't, Madam, *answer'd the* "*feign'd* Leonce, *heartily vext*, this would "be a very great sin, and I fear you are be- "come but a bad Christian, by having con- "vers'd so much among the *Moors*, since you "have entertain'd such a thought. However "it be, *interpos'd the feign'd* Ramire, it being "your Command, Madam, I shall proceed "to make my Conjurations; nor shall you "need to fear; for as Magicians always Com- "mand their Spirits, I will cause nothing to "appear more frightful, or of shape less Hu- "mane than my self. Yet for all that, *an- "swer'd she laughing*, how can you tell, but "that the figure you go about to raise may be "in some respect displeasing? All that I care "for, Madam, *reply'd the Duke*, is that it be "not so to you, either at present, or in any "possibility for the future; therefore be not "afraid, but turn toward me, and look sted- "fastly upon me, the Spell begins to work, "and the expected Victor is just ready to ap- "pear. He had scarce made an end of speak- ing, when putting his hand in his Pocket, he drew out the Pourtraicture of the *Sultanness*, and presented it to her view in so pleasant a manner, acting all the while the *Demon* he pretended to raise, that his Rival himself had much ado to contain from accompanying him in laughter. The delighted Fair One, as en- vious as he was at the Glory the other would attain, and jealous of the favour he had al- ready receiv'd, "Ah! What do I behold, "*cried out the Sultanness much surpriz'd*, how "came you by this Pourtraicture? I had it, "Madam, *answer'd he*, from the fairest hand

of

of the world: Or rather, *added the feign'd* "Leonce, from fickle Fortune's bounty, for "the Princeſs cannot be ſaid to have given it "to Don *Alvarez* in regard ſhe knew him not, "and little thought it was he to whom ſhe "gave it. 'Tis no matter, *reply'd the Duke* "*rallying*, for ſo long as the Unknown is "happy, Don *Alvarez* will not fear being mi-"ſerable: But, *purſued he laughing*, for all you "carry the gravity of a Senator with you, I "perſwade my ſelf, I ſuffer'd with much "more moderation the Adventure of the "Ring, than you did that of the Pourtrai-"cture. No, no, *ſaid* Almahide, you could "not be ſo quick-ſighted into your own car-"riage in that tranſaction, as you are into his "in this; but I who have obſerved you both "impartially, muſt needs tell you, that in the "Renconter whereof you ſpeak, you were "not much better ſatisfied than *Ponce de Leon* "is at preſent. I dare ſay, *reply'd he*, I look'd ſo "froward, ſo like a Male-content, and you "cannot but confeſs my grief was much more "ſociable than his. That proceeds not, *an-"ſwer'd the Count again*, either from your re-"ſpect for the *Sultanneſs*, or from your con-"ſtancie in Adverſity, but from your careleſs "and wanton humour, which prompts you "to laugh in the midſt of your misfortunes, "as others do in proſperity. And by the "Rule of Contraries, *reply'd again the feign'd* "Ramire, your natural Melancholy creates "you more affliction than your love, and "your ſighs riſe oftner from the vapours of "your ſpleen, than from the agitations of "your heart. I have told you already, *ſaid* "*the Sultanneſs*, it belongs to me, not you, to "decide this Controverſie, ſince no one "ought to be Judge and Party both; and if "I miſtake not, I have given judgment for-"merly in this cauſe. But however it be, "*continued ſhe*, *ſpeaking to the Duke*, you are "much to blame, to expoſe your ſelf to a "diſcovery, conſidering how things ſtand at "preſent, nor can I eaſily pardon you. The "truth is, Madam, *added the feign'd* Leonce, "he hath not upon this occaſion behav'd him-"ſelf with that reſpect to you as he ought, "and his vanity hath tranſported him above "his love. In good ſooth, *anſwer'd the* "*Duke*, were your Moral Philoſophy Le-"ctures, and your actions compar'd, you "ought to be enroll'd among the Sages of "*Greece*, and make them up eight in number. "It becomes you wondrous well, no doubt, "*continued he*, to tax a poor Lover for Maſ-"querading alone, after his appearance at a "Carouſel in triumphant Equipage. As if "your moſt ſerene Gravity (*purſued he with* "*the moſt pleaſing and agreeable ſeriouſneſs ima-*"*ginable*) "would have it taken for granted, "that none elſe ought to preſume to dance a "Saraband or a Pavin, and that when ever "you ſhould be making your addreſs to the "fair Eyes of *Almahide*, I ſhould be bound "all the while to do nothing but ſit ſtill like "a Fool, and admire your motions? yet be "at length better advis'd, and delude not "your ſelf, I conjure you, any longer with "any ſuch vain conceits; be wiſe in reallity, as "well as in outward appearance, neither ex-"pect, more wiſdom from me, than you are "guilty of your ſelf; for I ſhall not ſtick to "tell you plainly, That if you dance, I will "dance too; and if you Maſquerade, I'le "Maſquerade too; and if you win Rings, I'le "win Pourtraictures. But ſhould it be grant-"ed, *anſwer'd the Count*, that I have at any "time committed any Errour, it will alſo "be your part to confeſs that Errors are not "to be imitated, and that thoſe who follow "ill Examples, err no leſs than the firſt com-"mitters of faults. For as much as my merry "humour is more juſtly imitable than your "melancholy; I acknowledge what you ſay "to be true, but to diſcover to you the bot-"tom of my heart, I muſt needs tell you free-"ly, that my offence proceeds from your "good Fortune, which I judge, gave me ſuf-"ficient cauſe to repine, as believing that "the ſame hand that crown'd you, inſtead "of puniſhing you, ought to have had the "ſame indulgence for me, and to have con-"ferr'd on me the ſame favour. Ah, Ra-"mire, *ſaid the Sultanneſs*, *ſmiling*, though "Maſters have not an indulgence for all their "Slaves alike, yet are they not to be account-"ed e're the leſs juſt; nor is it for Wretch-"es to murmure, whether favour'd or ill-"treated, they ought to take all in good "part. I agree with you, Madam, *reply'd* "*he*, but yet I hope it is not forbidden them "to endeavour a putting an end to their miſe-"ry: and if a Captive be ſo dextrous as to "ſhift for himſelf when he is ſcanted in his "allowance, I ſhould think him more deſer-"ving of commendation, than of blame, and "rather to be rewarded than chaſtiz'd. Yes, "*rejoyn'd* Ponce de Leon, in a Common-"wealth where Robbery is allow'd of; but "the wholſome Laws we have here at *Gra-*"*nada* will harldly countenance you, or ſuf-"fer ſuch acts unpuniſh'd. Hold you your "peace, evil Councellour, *reply'd* Don Alva-"rez, for in giving your Verdict againſt me, "you pronounce Sentence againſt your ſelf, "ſince we are both faulty alike. If our "Crimes are equal, *ſaid the Count of* Pig-"nafiel, our actions are not ſo; and as "conduct is preferrable to force, the Di-"vine *Aminta* knows whom ſhe ought to "prefer. Then according to your Max-"imes, *anſwer'd the Duke of* Infantade, "Apes and Foxes are of greater impor-"tance than Men and Lyons, and the "fineſs of the two firſt deſerves more com-"mendation than the vigour of the two "laſt. There is no Queſtion to be made of "it, *reply'd the feign'd* Leonce *ſmiling*, for "ſtrength being but a corporeal quality, and "the conduct whereof you ſpeak, proceed-"ing from the Soul, and the Soul being more "noble than the Body, it follows neceſ-"ſarily, that Conduct is preferrable to

Strength,

" Strength, and conſequently, that my Acti-
" ons ought to be preferr'd before yours, or
" rather what I have done in appearance, be-
" fore what you have done in reallity. Ah!
" Grave Doctor, *anſwer'd the feign'd* Ramire
" *again*, beſides that you confound two things
" very different, I mean ſubtilty of ſpirit and
" agility of body, you do not perceive that
" no other Conſequence can be drawn from
" your fallacious Argument; but that the
" Count of *Pegnafiel* is above Foxes and
" Apes; ſince doubtleſs it would be a great
" injury to ſuppoſe that he can be inferiour
" to ſuch poor Animals in cunning tricks and
" devices; and were he as great a friend of
" Beaſts as *Æſop*, all the world ſhould never
" perſwade me, as much his Rival as I am,
" that he is not far more worth than an Ape
" or a Fox, though he were about to com-
" poſe far more ingenious Fables than thoſe
" of this jovial Philoſopher in favour of his
" Foxes and his Apes. All this while, *ſaid*
" Almahide *ſmiling at what ſhe found con-*
" *cern her ſelf*, I for my part declare for
" the Ape againſt the Lyon, and for the Fox
" againſt the Man, who combats either. Ah!
" Madam, *ſaid the feign'd* Ramire, in ſaying
" ſo, you ſeem to play the Fabuliſt, in imitati-
" on of that ingenious *Phrygian* I ſpoke of.
" And in fine, by the different value of the
" Prizes which we have received from your
" hands, one may eaſily diſcover the ſenti-
" ments of your heart; for comparing the
" Ring with your Pourtraicture, it will be
" ſoon decided who is moſt in favour, and on
" whoſe ſide the advantage lies. Yes, *an-*
" *ſwer'd the* Sultanneſs, but the miſchief is,
" (for I would not have your vanity puff you
" up too much) the Prize you ſpeak of was
" deſign'd for the Vanquiſher, before it was
" known whoſe the Conqueſt would be; ſo
" that by what you obtain'd, you are not ſo
" much oblig'd as you have flatter'd your ima-
" gination, ſince what I gave, reſpected not
" your particular application. Ponce de Leon,
" *reply'd he*, may comfort himſelf as much
" as he pleaſes, in believing what makes moſt
" for his advantage; but as for Don *Alvarez*,
" who is as ſlow as poſſible may be to believe
" any thing that reliſhes ill, and entertains
" the expectation of things agreeable to his
" mind with wonderful eaſineſs, he will ſtrive
" to perſwade himſelf that the *Sultanneſs* ap-
" prov'd his Victory, and that when ſhe
" appointed the Prize of the Triumph, ſhe
" believ'd him the Triumpher. Flatter
" not your ſelf, *ſaid ſhe*, with any ſuch con-
" ceit; for as I am indeed no more a Sorce-
" reſs than you are a Sorcerer, I aſſure you,
" I never divin'd any ſuch thing as you
" ſpeak of, and perhaps I imagin'd clear ano-
" ther thing than what fell out. Behold here
" Count, *ſaid then the Duke*, for your com-
" fort, *ſhewing him the Picture*, that which yet
" ſhall be my conſolation alſo, notwithſtand-
" ing thoſe laſt words, nor do I envy the
" abatement of the rigor of your deſtiny, ſo
" long as I ſhall taſte all the ſweetneſs I can
" expect, of mine. What our Oracle hath
" deliver'd, *anſwer'd* Ponce de Leon, I take
" to be of like Authority, as if it had come
" from the *Delphic Tripos*. But Oracles, *re-*
" *ply'd* Don Alvarez, ſeldom return any but
" doubtful Anſwers, by whoſe Equivocal
" ſence, a man may eaſily be deceiv'd; and as
" for me, let it be how it will, I always ex-
" pound things to my own advantage, and
" would not by any means that you ſhould be
" my Interpreter, as ſhrewdly conjecturing
" how bad a one you would prove. The
" Goddeſs then, *ſaid* Almahide, that gives the
" the Oracles muſt expound them alſo. Not
" ſo neither, *reply'd the Duke very briskly*, the
" Majeſty of Deities muſt not be ſo underva-
" lu'd, and it would be leſs becoming for a
" Goddeſs to be Umpire in this Affair, than
" for either of us two to believe what he plea-
" ſes. At theſe words, the *Sultanneſs* roſe to
go to the Circle, the two Lovers following her, and ſtudying, as they went along each of them his Epigram, and that with ſuch a wonderful vivacity and carreer of Invention, that they had finiſht them, and repeated them both in her Ear, before ſhe was enter'd into the Hall, where the Circle was to be kept; They were as follows:

The Count's Epigram.

Rival, in vain with me you ſtrive;
Here is a Face
Wherein Eternity does live;
And this ſame Ring that has no end,
Shews in its proper place,
How far my Love, as boundleſs, doth extend.

Ramire's Epigram.

No, I'le never doubt it more;
Alas! a Victor I muſt be,
For the Lady I adore,
Her Picture in my heart may ſee,
And more than that, I'le ſwear,
That ſhe her ſelf did fix it there.

" Your Opinion agrees not with mine, *ſaid*
" *ſhe ſmiling, and in a tone between ſoft and*
" *loud*; for it was to your hand, and not to
" your heart, that I made the preſent you
" ſpoke of, therefore pray let it keep its ſta-
" tion. Having ſo ſaid, without giving him time to anſwer, ſhe went and took her place in the Stage, round which the Ladies ſate in a Ring; and within a very little after, the King and all the Perſons of Quality being come, the converſation began in the manner I am going to relate. This Prince becoming every day more and more enamour'd of her, inclining his head as going to whiſper in her Ear, and beholding her with Eyes wherein his paſſion very viſibly appear'd, becauſe that being believ'd her Husband, he was not oblig'd to hide his paſſion, as the other Lovers were: " Madam, *ſaid he, in a low voice*, can

" you

" you have any thoughts of declining a place " which becomes you so well, and which you " are so worthy to possess? Can a Scepter be " too weighty for your fair hand to manage, " or a Crown be unsupportable to that Ma- " jestick Brow, which would make it shine " with greater lustre. In short, Madam, will you " refuse at once to reign over my heart, and " over my people? will you without reason " prefer the Quality of Subject before that of " Queen, and the name of Vassal before that " of King? Sir, *answer'd she very seriously,* " *and in a tone as low as he had spoken to her,* " As never any change of Fortune yet befel " me, so never found I yet any alteration in " my humour; and as my body hath always " remain'd in the same station, so my Soul " hath not yet chang'd its place. However, " *reply'd the King,* I suppose affairs may possi- " bly so fall out, that it may have reason to " change, and that among things that have as " great disproportion, it may be no difficult " matter to make a particular choice. In ma- " king a choice, *reply'd this fair Person,* I find " no great matter of difficulty; and if your " Majesty remembers well our last conversa- " tion, you will not find that this choice is the " thing so much struck at, or that I am now " to resolve what to do. But that this reso- " lution be good and well-grounded, *reply'd* " *the King again,* is of no small importance, " and what ever is determin'd ought to aim " at some advantage, that it may not be re- " pented of afterwards. All persons, *said the* " Sultanness, frame their Reason and their " Felicity, according to their own way; and " that Person may be happy in a Cottage, that " could not be so in a Palace. This may be " true, *said* Boaudelin, in a poor low spirit, " but in a heart as exalted as yours, give me " leave to tell you, I cannot believe it will " hold good. On the contrary, *answer'd she,* " the Preheminence given to Virtue above " Fortune, denotes rather Grandeur than " poorness of Spirit. But Fortune and Vir- " tue, *answer'd the King,* are not incompa- " tible, and when they meet together, ought " not to be separated. I am not of that Opi- " nion, *said* Almahide, but judge it more no- " ble to follow the last intirely, than to be " divided between them. However it must be " confess'd, *answer'd this amorous Prince,* that " great actions cannot be done but by great " Persons, and I put no extraordinary diffe- " rence between Vice and impotent Virtue, " since that the one doth harm, the other doth " no great good. For all this, *reply'd the* " *feign'd* Almahide, the difference is very " considerable, and Heaven, that judges more " equitably than your Majesty, accepts the in- " tention only. I grant it, *reply'd again the* " *King*; but this is to be understood where " nothing else can be done. Now matters " are not upon these terms between us, nei- " ther as to what concerns you nor me, since " it is in your power to do all that can be " done as well for your Grandeur, as my sa- " tisfaction, and that without giving your self " the trouble of any performance, having " nothing else to do, but barely to acquiesce " in the present state of Affairs, and not to be " accessary to the destruction of your own fe- " licity nor mine. Ah! Sir, *said* Almahide, I " have done too much already against my Ho- " nour, in compliance with the Interests of " your Majesty, and what you desire farther " of me, is neither so easie as you believe, nor " yet so just, whatever the imagination of " your heart suggests unto you: Therefore " Sir, *pursued she,* permit me, I beseech you, " after having done so much for your Crown " and State, to do something for my self; " that after having had so great a care of " your Grandeur, I may not appear wholly " unconcern'd for my own reputation; for " conservation whereof give me leave to de- " part speedily out of *Halambre*: Command " me at the same time to enter into my Tomb, " *reply'd this Prince, in a tone and posture very* " *sad,* for not being able to live without you, " I must, if you leave me, of necessity cease " to live. You said as much, no doubt to *My-* " *riam, answer'd again the Sultanness smiling,* " yet nevertheless you continue to live after " the death of this fair One. Ah! cruel wo- " man, *said the King,* why do you think so " much of the dead, since you think so little " of the living; and why are you so forward " to reproach my weakness, who have so " much reason to reproach your ingratitude? " Let us leave then both the living and the " dead to their several repose (*reply'd the* *feign'd Sultanness, still laughing, and turning to the other side*) " and for fear our discourse " should proceed to any thing of distaste, let " us forbear all farther discourse. While this Parly lasted, the suppos'd *Ramire* took great notice of the posture and countenance of the suppos'd *Leonce*, and having obsery'd there- in much of perplexity and discontent, " Tell " me truly, *said he softly, with his usual brisk-* " *ness of humour,* did not this entertainment " seem very tedious to you; and would you " not very fain have understood that which in " knowing, it may well be imagin'd, you " would have taken very little content. I con- " fess it, *answer'd the Count of* Pegnafiel; but if " I be not mistaken, I obsery'd also by your " eyes, that this converse whereof you speak " was not much more pleasing to you than " it was to me, and that you could have " wisht it had been in your power to inter- " rupt it. I also confess as much on my " part, *return'd answer the Duke of* Infan- " tade; but nevertheless as I am of a certain " Sect of Philosophers, who make profession " of mirth and jollity, as you do of pining " sadness, the very next moment after, in- " stead of vexing and tormenting my self " like you, I laught both at my self and you, " who were both Spectators alike of a Comedy " as little pleasing to the one, as the other, " and in which we our selves playd the worst " parts. I am of your Opinion, *reply'd he,*

" for

"for never did any Stage Action appear to "me either so long or so troublesome as this, "although I have seen of them at *Sevil*, both "sufficiently long and troublesome. Yet me- "thinks, *added the Duke*, you should be no "good Judge of an Actor, for as much as "you regard only the Actress. 'Tis true, "*answer'd the Count*, and if my observation "deceiv'd me not, she gave too great an atten- "tion, and her answers were somewhat too "long. You are but a raw Comedian, re- "*ply'd the Duke*, and very ignorant of your "Art, not understanding the language of "the countenance; but I who much bet- "ter deserve to be one of the Troop Royal, "although I was too far off from the Stage "to be able to distinguish what was said, yet "the seriousness of the Lady, and the discon- "lateness of the Knight gave me easily to un- "derstand, that all went not well between "them, and that both parted equally dissatis- "fied; nor was this Scene to be found fault "with, at least either by you or me, who nei- "ther of us would have wisht, that this Tra- "gi-Comedy should have had a happy end, "as it must have had, according to the Rules "of Art. In fine, *pursu'd he*, you might "have seen how they broke off the Confe- "rence very silently, that they are both be- "come as melancholy as your self; but you "were too much over-clowded with sadness, "to discern all this, by which it is evident "that a Jovial Actor hath a great advantage "over the Pensive; for as much as he is "most capable to judge of Comedians, Dram- "matic Representations, and whatsoever o- "ther Poems. While the King, the *Sultaness*, and these two Illustrious Rivals were thus entertaining themselves, all the rest of the Company likewise were every one intent upon their own particular affairs, and all the Gallants of the Court seating themselves be- hind the Ladies, whose Servants they were, were industrious to make use of this occasion, and had their several divertisements to please their Mistresses. 'Tis true, that those who had not been successful in their Combats with the Bulls, found themselves very much at a loss: the shame of their not having been able to vanquish, extremely perplext their spirits, and took away much of the life and freedom of their converse. Among others Prince *Mousa* appear'd in great confusion before *Zelime*, and having remain'd a long time si- lent, "Madam, *said he at last with a trembling* "*voice*, I die for vexation, that you saw me "in the conflict, and beheld me not a Victor: "but the swiftness of the Bull was the only "cause I was not; for had I been able to ap- "proach, I had doubtless overcome him. Sir, "*answer'd she with a malitious smile*, although "it may seem sufficiently strange, that a per- "son of so well a proportion'd body should "not be as dextrous and agile as an Oxe, yet "I shall make no difficulty to excuse you; for "in fine, the Prize was not destin'd for the "Course, and it being more likely for a Ca- "valier to be tir'd than for any of those sturdy "Slaves that use to go on foot, the business "amounts to no great importance. Ah! in- "humane person, *reply'd he*, your excusings "are affronts, and your compassion cruelty; "but I expected no better in this Incounter, "and the evil which surprizeth not, is so much "the more supportable. Bear yours then "accordingly, *answer'd she again*, which you "may the more easily do, by how much you "know best your self what you have meri- "ted. I do not take upon me to think so, "*said the Prince*, but if nature hath not made "me so active as others, blame her and not "me, who in this thing am altogether blame- "less I know not where the blame lies, "*answer'd she smiling*, and therefore not know- "ing where to place it, 'tis upon your ac- "count that I must charge whatsoever hath "hapned. While they were thus discour- sing, the Gallant *Abyndarrays* entertain'd the Noble *Aldoradina*; and as he knew by ex- perience of what was past, that she was a Person of great goodness and justice; he turn'd the whole matter of his discourse into raillery, and looking upon her with a smi- ling countenance, "Take notice, Madam, "*said he*, that a flying Horse is a wonderful "convenient thing in such kind of Ren- "counters; and that since *Pegasus*, there hath "not been seen the like with mine. I con- "fess (*answer'd she in like manner smiling*) the "strange swiftness of yours surprizeth me, "yet doe's it not any whit displease me, "because it hath freed you from a great deal "of danger, and me from a great deal of in- "quietude. You are too favourable, *said he*, "*replying*, thus to treat an unfortunate man, "who hath been forc'd to save himself by "flight, and who had he been victorious "could not have merited from you that good- "ness which you shew him after his dis- "grace; yet rest your self assur'd withal, "Madam, that my Horses wings have sav'd "you a Servant, who perhaps will never be "hereafter vanquisht, especially whenever "he shall concern himself in your Service or "your Reputation. It is an easie matter to "judge of what is to come by what is past, "*answer'd she*, and the vanquisht Person of "whom you speak hath so often been a Van- "quisher, that the successful Combats he "hath elsewhere made, will easily expiate "his Adventure in the *Carrousel*, and the "Bulls, wherein at least he hath come off "with much honour, though not altogether "with Victory. During this converse be- tween the valiant *Abindarrays* and the amia- ble *Aldoradine*, *Galiana* was accosted much af- ter the same manner by *Zelebin*, whose at- chievements having succeeded neither very well nor very ill in the Combat of the Bulls, "Madam, *said he smiling, with a good grace*, I "expect from you neither Elogy, nor Satyr, "since the mediocrity of my performance "merits in my opinion neither great praise, "nor great dispraise: wherefore I judge the

"prudenteſt way is not to mention it at all, "for fear of ſpeaking either too much or too "little, though the laſt is the ſafeſt. As I always "love to do rather more than leſs, than I "am oblig'd, *anſwer'd ſhe with a ſmile accompanying his*, I will not take your Counſel, "and if I praiſe you not for having come off "well in the Combat, I will at leaſt praiſe "you for having endeavour'd to come off "well; for I doubt not in the leaſt, but your "intention was good, and that is a ſufficient "ſatisfaction to me. Ah! Madam, *reply'd* "*he*, your expreſſions, I fear, are too large to "be ſincere, conſidering the ſlender account "I have given of my Combat, and finding "that it deſerves not a real Elogy, you paſs "to another extreme, and make a fine and "delicate Paſquinade, which would put the "moſt vain-glorious perſon out of counte-"nance, that is not us'd to ſuch affronts. "Since you are ſo little pleas'd with what I "ſay, *ſaid ſhe ſtill laughing*, let us proceed no "farther in a ſubject, wherein I can no more "pleaſe you in what I ſpeak, than you have "me in what you have perform'd. At theſe words *Zelebin* ſtood mute, through ſorrow and vexation, and the malicious *Galiana* laught at his anger, as ſhe had done before at his Combat. Mean while *Abenamin*, whoſe frighted Horſe had leapt over the Barriers of the Field, as that of *Abindarrais* before-mention'd, addreſſing himſelf to the fair *Lindaraxa*, "Madam, *ſaid he, with a ſmile which* "*had in it a mixture of confuſion*, if what befel "my horſe had hapned to me alone, I ſhould "even have died with ſhame; but whereas "the Horſe of *Aldoradine*'s Lover was as "light heel'd as mine, it gives ſome allay to a "diſgrace which hath hapned common to me "with ſo illuſtrious a Cavalier, and ſo high-"ly eſteem'd by all the world. You do well, "*anſwer'd ſhe*, to comfort your ſelf with that, "which had it been my caſe, I could not ſo "eaſily have done; and might I adviſe you, "you would do well to remount your flying "Steed, and betake your ſelf far enough off "from a place where you cannot appear well "without ſhame. And I muſt needs tell you "plainly, *added ſhe*, that if inſtead of one "Companion of your misfortune, I had ſeen "whole Squadrons in the air, it had been ne-"ver the more ſatisfaction to me; nor can I "have any great eſteem for ſuch a doughty "Squire, as ſhall be always laying the fault "upon his Horſe. Having ſo ſaid, ſhe turn'd her back, and would not give him leave to ſpeak any more; inſomuch that this unfortunate Lover could have wiſht that this ſkittiſh Animal had broke his neck, though it had been to the danger of his own. The unfortunate *Amat* reflecting upon his ill ſucceſs in the Combat, and no leſs ſenſible of the humour of *Cadige*, would not venture to ſpeak to her at all; but this hot-ſpirited woman broke that ſilence for ſpite, which the poor afflicted man durſt not do for ſhame; and beholding him with eyes full of anger & diſdain, "Had your Bull, *ſaid ſhe, in a ſcoffing tone*, "been as big as an Elephant, and even equal "to a Whale, I believe he might eaſily have "eſcap'd your wounding, and would have "had as much reaſon to have been afraid of "his ſhadow as of you, who if a Caſtle had "ſtood in your way, might haply have miſs'd "it; ſo dextrous and quick-ſighted a Cava-"lier you are: but I need not have been ſur-"priz'd, *purſu'd ſhe furiouſly*, for what you "did at your running at the Ring, might "very well have given me a foreſight of what "you would do in Combating the Bull. Ah! "Madam, *anſwer'd he*, I had not done ſo ill, "but out of an eager deſire of doing too well. "Try then, *reply'd the malicious* Cadige, if by "aiming to do ill, you can hit upon the more "lucky contrary of doing well; for aſſured-"ly your good meanings are never like to "proſper; and it may well enough be di-"ſcerned, that in theſe Rencounters you "you would do better if you could. *Alamin*, who had perform'd little better than *Amat*, was little better treated by *Darache*, than the other had been by *Cadige*, and the equality of their Misfortunes made them receive a like treatment from their Miſtreſſes. As for *Zais*, who was overturn'd with his Horſe, he was more favourably treated by his; for *Zaide*, as ſhe was of a ſweet and mild Nature, contented her ſelf with telling him, That ſhe had as much fear to ſee him fall, as joy to ſee him living, and as of grief to ſee him vanquiſh'd. "There is a noble "humanity, Madam, *anſwer'd he*, in what "you ſay, and the pity you have for my "Misfortunes, is a ſentiment both worthy of "the greatneſs of your Soul, and of the "greatneſs of my Love. *Orthogule* and *Orchamez*, who had had very near the ſame Fate, found the ſame compaſſion in the Breaſts of *Axa* and *Alicola*, whoſe Lovers they were; and had the good fortune to receive conſolation from them from whom they expected reproaches: But it was not well with *Abenarax*; for as he had come off a yet worſe Combatant than the two formerly mention'd, ſo *Zelindore* treated him with more ſharpneſs and rigour than they had been treated by their Ladies; ſo that her Lover learnt from his uſage, what is generally found true in the world, namely, that Favour and Misfortune ſeldom meet; and that the Vanquiſh'd have few regarders. *Almoraby*, who had ſucceeded no better than the reſt in the Field, ſucceeded no better with his *Zambrina*, who treated him with a cruelty more unparallell'd than his Misfortune had been. All the reſt of the valiant *Moors* that had been in the Combat of the Bulls, were either well or ill treated by their Miſtreſſes, according to the proportion of their ſucceſs or misfortune: For as theſe fair Creatures are generally Lovers of Glory and glorious Actions, ſo they own or diſown their Servants Adventures, as they are proſperous or improſperous, and accordingly are either ſatisfied or diſſatisfied with

with them. But as none had got so much Glory as *Abdala*, except this Unknown, who won the Prize, so no one else was so highly extoll'd; and though he himself reckon'd as if he had done nothing, because he had not wholly triumph'd; yet *Fatima* told him, "That she judg'd not of things by the event, "since Success proceeded not always either "from Conduct or Valour, but oftentimes "from a *capriccio* of Fortune. The feign'd *Leonce* turning to the feign'd *Ramire*, "But "you so applauded Victor, *said he smiling, and with a low voice*, how comes it to pass, "that all this while you do not enjoy the "sweet fruit of your Victory, and devote "your self to the entertainment of her who "hath given you the Prize, as all the rest of "the Gallants entertain their ador'd Ladies. "I take Example from the Sage Count of "*Pegnasiel*, *answer'd the Duke*, and regulate "my self by his prudent Conduct; and as he "gained the Ring without discovering him-"self, so by his good leave, I shall take the "privilede to remain the undiscoverd Guar-"dian of the Picture. But why, *reply'd the* "*Count*, will you condescend to any such "thing as Gravity, when as you have so often "upbraided me with it as a fault. Because, "*answer'd the Duke again laughing after his* "*usual manner*, the jollity which becomes a "young fool, would be ridiculous in an old "fool; so that being elder to day than I was "yesterday, you need not wonder that I ap-"pear another man, and am become grave "and wise like your self, contrary to my for-"mer custom; for after all, though I do not "think there is any great pleasure, nor any "great Glory in a starcht formality, you must "give me leave upon this occasion to follow "your Example, though in a matter of no "great consequence, whatever difference "there is between your temper and mine, and "whatever force I put upon my self. Be-"sides, it is your own Interest that I should "be conceal'd, since if the Vanquisher of the "Bull were known, much more would the "Runner of the Ring be; the equality of "their condition conducing to the conjecture "of their success. Therefore as I have of-"ten endur'd your Majestick gravity, vouch-"safe to endure mine a little, when as mine "will not last very long. I am sure we shall "find you in your serious Majestick posture, "a long time after mine is over, your incli-"nation tending that way, whereas mine is "far enough from it. All this while you ne-"ver consider, *reply'd the Count again*, that "all things constrain'd have a very ill grace "with them, and that as jollity would scur-"vily become me, so seriousness would you "as ill, and that you could not advantage-"ously be seen by the *Sultaness* in this con-"strain'd posture. No, no, *said the Duke*, the "business will not go so, I am of that sort of "Painters that understand marvellously well "how to Copy, and to make you sensible "thereof, look upon and see, if in matter of "gravity you can possibly outdo me. In say-ing so, he put himself into such a posture, as forc'd the feign'd *Leonce*, as grave as he was, to laugh, and made him almost believe, he saw himself in a Looking-glass, so well his seri-ous humour was imitated by this pleasant per-son, who by how much the more serious out-warldly, was so much the less in reallity. Mean while the King, whom the Answers of the *Sultaness* had cruelly nettled, abandoning himself to the transports of his jealousie, af-ter he had been silent a long time, at last be-gan purposely to speak aloud of the late Com-bat of the Bulls; and beholding *Almahide* with a forc'd smile, "For my part, *said he in* "*a scornful manner*, I have observ'd some-"thing very ridiculous in this Unknown Per-"son's way of vanquishing; and as oft as I "represent him to my fancie, bestriding that "Animal, and taking him by the Horns, I "have much ado to forbear laughing at him, "and his Victory. Are you of that Opini-"on, *whisper'd the feign'd* Leonce, *smiling to* "*the feign'd* Ramire? Yes, *answer'd he*, just "as you comply'd with the Opinion of this "—— King, when he entertain'd you so "well after your Course at the Ring. I can-"not be perswaded for all this, *said* Almahide, "but that his strength and his conduct were "such, that they deserv'd no small praise, and "render'd him not unworthy the Prize "which he receivid. Are you of this Opi-"nion too, *said now (to be even with him) the* "*Duke to the Count?* I hope you comply with "what hath been deliver'd by so great a "Queen. Yes, *answer'd the feign'd* Leonce, "just in the same manner as you comply with "what hath been said by so great a King, "which I look upon to be as —— as it "seems to you to be —— This may pass, "*added he*, for an Observation pleasant e-"nough, considering it is spoken by me; and "for once you may lay aside your own hu-"mour in complaisance to mine, as I have for-"merly laid aside mine in complaisance to "yours. But however, *said the Sultaness*, "*pursuing her former discourse, and casting a* "*little glance upon the feign'd* Leonce, I give "my suffrage for him that carried the Ring "against the Vanquisher of the Bull, as pre-"ferring Address before Strength. How a-"grees your Opinion now, *said the Count to* "*the Duke*, with that of the *Sultaness*. She "may for all this, *reply'd he*, not be the same "person you take her for; and the look she "glanc'd upon me, is of more importance "than all her words. Deceive not your self "with vain Imaginations, *return'd the other*, "for I could not perceive, and it is no easi-"matter to elude the eyes of a jealous Rival, but "that her look was upon me, not upon you "At least you fancie so, *answer'd the feign'd* "Ramire, and that is sufficient to render you "happy; since melancholy persons are al-"ways apt to fancie great things to them-"selves. As for me, *said the King*, I have no "great Opinion of either of them, and I

" believe they have no great opinion of them-
" ſelves, ſince they are ſo willing to remain
" conceal'd. In ſpeaking of me, *ſaid the*
" *Duke ſofily to himſelf, and laught*, for if he
" had a favour for me equal to the Opinion I
" have of my ſelf, I ſhould ſoon be a *Grand*
" *Viſier*. I am ſo much more modeſt than
" you, *ſaid the Count*, that if I had that Opi-
" nion of my ſelf, I ſhould not dare to ſay
" ſo. You have a kind of diſſembled pride,
" *ſaid the feign'd* Ramire, whereas my vain-
" glory is accompani'd with ſincerity. Me-
" thinks, *ſaid* Abindarrays *to the King*, there
" might be drawn from this carriage of this
" Unknown, and from what your Majeſty
" hath obſerv'd upon it, the Subject of a ve-
" ry agreeable Converſation, if in examining
" which of the two were the trueſt Lover,
" the timerous or the bold, every one were to
" give his Judgment. For my part, *ſaid the*
" *King*, ſo far as I am capable of being a
" Judge in this Controverſie, I find no ſuch
" great matter of doubt or difficulty, as to
" occaſion the neceſſity of any long diſpute;
" for in ſhort, as I am the firſt that enter in-
" to the Liſt of this Controverſie, I appeal
" to the Company, whether it be not a cer-
" tain truth, that Fear is a cold and timerous
" paſſion; and that as Rivers partake of the
" nature of the Spring, from whence they
" flow, ſo this cold ſtupidity of the Soul (if
" we may ſo term it) which makes men al-
" ways fear and tremble, is rather a mark of
" the weakneſs of their temper, than the
" force of their love; whence we may con-
" clude, that thoſe who dare but little, can
" love as little. Sir, *anſwer'd the Sultanneſs*,
" I am of an Opinion directly oppoſite to
" yours, and hold that on the contrary, the
" venturouſneſs of the bold proceeds rather
" from the exceſſive heat of the blood, than
" from that of their paſſion; that their ea-
" gerneſs, is rather a ſign of their Inclination,
" than a proof of their tenderneſs, a meer ef-
" fect of their humour not of their love. In
" fine, that their temerity concludes no more
" but this, that the more they dare, the leſs
" they love. And indeed, *added the Princeſs*
" Moraima, if Reſpect be a Quality eſſential
" to this noble Paſſion, he that loſes his re-
" ſpect makes it appear he knows not how to
" love; for ſince it ought to be founded up-
" on the high eſteem which a man hath of the
" perſon whom he loves, it follows that
" where no reſpect is, there is likewiſe no
" love, for reſpect and love are things which
" ought to be always inſeparable. But if the
" Lover, *anſwer'd* Cadige *briskly*, ſhould ſo
" inviolably obſerve this reſpective ſilence, as
" to remain as mute as a fiſh, and fear ſhould
" make him perpetually hold his peace, it
" would be requiſite his Miſtreſs ſhould learn
" the Art of Divination, to know whether
" he lov'd her or not, at leaſt while the Knight
" ſtood mute, the Ladies part muſt be to ſpeak,
" and court him to love her, to ſpare him
" the labour, of ſaying, Madam, I love you;
" and this would be a marvellous conveni-
" ence for thoſe reſpectful Sages in whom
" boldneſs would be a crime. Ah! fair and
" cruel *Cadige*, *ſaid* Abindarrays, *in anſwer to*
" *her*, it may be eaſily diſcern'd what you are,
" by what you ſay, that you are more lovely,
" than knowing how to love, ſince you are
" ignorant that love hath no need of words
" to make a diſcovery of it ſelf; that there is
" a certain mute Language more Eloquent
" than the beſt of ſpeaking, and that the Eyes
" expreſs themſelves to the heart much better
" than the tongue can do. Yes, yes, a lan-
" guiſhing and paſſionate look, which raiſeth
" the very Soul up into the Eyes, a ſigh, which
" riſing from the very bottom of the heart,
" reſts and expires upon the Lips; a ſweet
" and reſerv'd Melancholy, a continual care
" to ſerve and pleaſe, a blind obedience, an
" eternal complaiſance, a never ceaſing di-
" ligence and officiouſneſs, a magnificent
" and liberal nature, even to prodigality,
" and above all, a reſpect, even to adoration:
" Theſe things, I ſay, cauſe love to be better
" and more agreeably underſtood than all the
" confident diſcourſes of theſe bold Lovers
" can poſſibly do. But, *ſaid* Cadige *replying*,
" after this trembling Lover ſhall have made
" all his ſowr faces, and his fair one, as we
" muſt ſuppoſe her, ſhall have done all that
" is to be done on her part, things would ever
" be at a ſtand, unleſs, as I ſaid before, you
" will have the Lady to lead the parts, and
" utter her mind, which indeed I judge to be
" a thing very much againſt *decorum*, and
" which I ſhould never conſent to my ſelf.
" For my part, *ſaid the feign'd* Ramire *ſofily*
" *to the feign'd* Leonce, I am of *Cadige*'s mind.
" And I, *anſwer'd the Count of* Pegnafiel, of
" the mind of *Abindarrays*. Let us attend
" then, *added the Duke*, and hear which of the
" two ſhall receive the Sentence of Condem-
" nation, the Bold or the Fearful: to be ſure,
" if I were to be judge, the firſt ſhould clear-
" ly have the better of it. All the Reaſons
" of *Abindarrays*, *ſaid the King*, ſhall never
" make me alter my Judgment, and to fortifie
" my Opinion the more with a very conſide-
" rable Example, Conſider I beſeech you,
" whether the ſame Temperament that makes
" a man reſolute in love, makes him not alſo
" ſtout in War; and on the other ſide, whe-
" ther the fearful in the laſt, are not ve-
" ry likely to be Cowards in the firſt. So that
" as the quality of a brave Man in Arms ought
" to be reckon'd inſeparable from that of a
" Lover, the Bold ſhould conſequently be
" preferr'd before the Timerous, and he
" judg'd the moſt capable of loving, as ha-
" ving been moſt expos'd to dangers. Your
" Majeſty for all that muſt give me leave to
" tell you, *reply'd* Galiana, that you ſeem a
" little to confound the Diſpute, and to take
" one Quality for another, to attribute that
" to fear, which belongs more peculiarly to
" reſpect, to impute that to temerity, which
" indeed proceeds from Reaſon. In ſhort,

" pur-

"*purſu'd ſhe*, where there is true love, and "the belov'd Object in preſence, oft-times "the braveſt of men is ſeen to tremble, who "hath made an hundred others to quake for "for fear; nor is it a ſhame on ſuch an occaſion "for theſe Conquerors to look pale, whoſe "ſight whole Armies have dreaded. Love "never appears more ſtrong than in thoſe "generous Slaves, that dread their Miſtreſſes. "And therefore, *added* Aldoradine *ſmiling*, "when we ſpeak of a reſpectful Lover, we "do not intend a dumb Statue, or a ſenſleſs "Idol; and it is one thing to encounter the "raſh, another thing to aſſault the reſolute. "True Courage hath its bounds beyond "which it is not permitted to go, and ſo "long as theſe bounds are not exceeded, all "things remain in good order, and the da-"ring perſon is not to be accounted criminal. "However *Aldoradine* ſweetens the matter, "*ſaid the Duke to the Count*, ſhe is of the ſame "opinion with the King and my ſelf, rather "than with you and *Abindarrays*, who with-"out doubt digeſts ill, for all his Philoſophy, "what his Miſtreſs hath ſaid. Her Opinion, "if it be ſo, *anſwer'd* Ponce de Leon, is "never the more approvable, nor will his "error find any more followers than yours. "For my part, *ſaid* Lindarache, I am for the "Reſpectful againſt the Confident. And I, "anſwer'd *Axa*, for the Bold againſt the Ti-"merous. *Zayda*, *Daraeba*, *Zelima*, and my "ſelf, *ſaid* Zelindore, agree in Opinion with "the Queen. After ſuch a plain Declarati-"on as this, *ſaid* Zelebin to the reſt of the "men, we have nothing to do, but to de-"clare in favour of the Ladies whom we "ſerve, and to conform our ſelves to their "ſentiment, be it what it will. I am then "for the bold men, *ſaid the King ſmiling*. "And I for the reſpective, *added the Queen*. "I am of the King's ſide, *ſaid* Ramire *to* "Leonce. And I take part with the Sultan-"neſs, *anſwer'd the Count*. Let us rather "ſtand Neuters, *reply'd the Duke*, *holding him* "*from going away*, for I had rather change "ſides than leave you alone a Retainer to her.

At theſe words the Ladies all roſe up, each of the Gallants making ſemblance of going after the head of that Party in whom he was intereſted, and that with the moſt of Gallantry, and the beſt grace in the world. But the King who was deſirous to protract the Converſation, and that eſpecially for the lengthening out of that pleaſure he enjoy'd in the ſight of *Almabide*, made a ſign with his hand, that none of the Company ſhould yet leave their places; and reſuming the diſcourſe where he left, "No, no, *ſaid he*, let "us fight in Order, and not break one ano-"thers Ranks, nor the whole body of the "Circle, for I deſire to gain, *added he ſmiling*, "a well-order'd Battle, without deſigning to "put the Combatants on either ſide to a rout. "That will not be done, Sir, ſo eaſily as you "ſuppoſe, *ſaid the Sultanneſs*, for when you "come to judge of the Battle, by the Skir-"miſh, you will ſoon find that you cannot "promiſe your ſelf an eaſie triumph. It is "no great matter, *reply'd again this amorous* "*Prince*, I that am accuſtom'd to gain Victo-"ries, take the leſs pleaſure in thoſe that are "gain'd too eaſily; and to ſhew you that I "engage in this Combat without fear, and "that I expect a happy ſucceſs, I am going "in perſon to give the firſt charge, and as "deſirous to ſingle the chief of my Enemies, "I addreſs my ſelf to you, and demand of "you, which you think to be of neareſt con-"cernment to any one, to be injur'd by a Ri-"val ſuperior to him, or one beneath his "Quality? As the *Granadine* women are no "Amazons, *anſwer'd ſhe ſmiling*, your Ma-"jeſty may be pleas'd to take notice that I "intend not to Command in Perſon, but to "commit the charge of the Army to my "Lieutenant-General, and that the Prince "*Mouſſa* is the Perſon on whom I have de-"termin'd to confer this grand Employment. "Contented, *ſaid the King*, maugre the ine-"quality of our Conditions, and the Digni-"ty of a Crown, let your Commander in "Chief but advance his Troops, and he ſhall "be gallantly receiv'd, and quickly find with "whom to parly. I know not, Sir, *ſaid the* "*Prince* Mouſſa, whether I ſhould not be "judg'd guilty of High Treaſon, in daring "to appear in Arms againſt my King, though "indeed this War is not likely to be very "bloody; but the honour the Queen hath "done me is ſo great, that I have not the "power to refuſe it, or ſo much as to defer "a Combat, which will bring ſo much glory "to me, whatever my fortune be, either to "vanquiſh or be vanquiſh'd. And now ha-"ving firſt lor'd my Arms in token of re-"ſpect before my Maſter, I go to take the "field, and ſeek all the advantages I can a-"gainſt ſo formidable an Enemy; commen-"cing the ſkirmiſh with this aſſeveration, "that in a matter of ſo difficult a choice, I "had rather of the two that this favour'd "Rival, whoever he be, were a leſs honeſt "man than my ſelf, than be oblig'd to avouch "that he is an honeſter man. And indeed, "*purſu'd he*, it is no ſmall conſolation, in the "midſt of ſo great a miſery, to be able to lay "the blame of our inſucceſs upon the Ladies "inconſtancie and want of judgment, rather "than be forc'd to impute the cauſe to our "own defaults, much leſs to the perfections "of our Rival. Reaſon is at hand on this "occaſion to ſuccour the unfortunate, and "leads from grief to choler, from choler to "ſpite, from ſpite to contempt, from "contempt to indifference; for in fine, he "that is moſt eſteem'd is moſt lov'd, and "he that is moſt lov'd, cannot be miſe-"rable; ſince he paſſeth from trouble to "tranquility, from travel to repoſe, "from pain to indolence. Yea, even the "ill choice of a beloved Object affords "cauſe rather to laugh than weep, it heals "the diſtemper which it cauſeth, comforts

"him

" him whom it afflicts, and the ſhame of the " inconſtant is the ſovereign remedy of the " unhappy. But when the merit of the Per- " ſon preferr'd before him ſeems to authorize " the Crime of the other's infidelity, when a " univerſal approbation ſeems to juſtifie the " injury he complains of, when we are forc'd " to acknowledge to our ſelves in ſecret, that " our being ſlighted proceeds from our infe- " riour worth, to that of the perſon preferr'd; " this is the utmoſt degree of ſorrow, this is " the greateſt of Misfortunes; and I know " not whether there be any other remedy be- " ſides Poynjards, Precipices, or Poyſons: " where there is no cauſe of contempt, there " is no cauſe of hatred, much leſs of total de- " ſertion; ſo that we ceaſe to be happy, with- " out being able to ceaſe to love: which " makes me conclude, that it is better to be " ill-treated by a Rival beneath one's ſelf, than " by one ſuperiour in worth or quality. I am " of an Opinion directly oppoſite to yours, " *ſaid the King in anſwer to the other*; your E- " loquence I admire, but it rather delights " than perſwades me. For I hold clear con- " trary, that in an Adventure of the ſame " nature you mention, the only conſolation " of the generous Unfortunate muſt be de- " riv'd from the worth or greatneſs of the " Perſon preferr'd before him; that what " moſt excuſes the infidelity of the one, ſweet- " ens the grief of the others Misfortune; " that what makes the one criminal, ought in " reaſon to give the other repoſe. In ſhort, " whoever is overcome by an enemy ſuperi- " our to him in ſtrength; as he hath no cauſe " to be aſham'd, ſo he hath little cauſe to be " afflicted: the impoſſibility of vanquiſh- " ing, comforts thoſe who cannot be Victors. " For when they have done as much as they " are able, all people are inclin'd to pity, none " to blame them; but it is far otherwiſe with " thoſe who are defeated by a weaker Ene- " my than themſelves, who ſuffer thoſe to " trample them under foot, who ought to be " ſuppliant at their feet, their reproach is " more proclaim'd than their Adverſaries " glory. They loſe not only their good for- " tune and their Miſtreſs, but their Reputa- " tion alſo and their Honour; they are not " only regarded as miſerable, but as infa- " mous, and no leſs worthy of the ignomi- " ny they ſuffer than unworthy of any mans " pity; the meanneſs of him that ſurmounts " them, makes them the more ſenſible of their " own; they deſpair, they bluſh, they die with " confuſion; and of all the anguiſhes that a " Soul can be capable of ſuffering, I judge this " to be of the firſt rank; Wherefore I con- " clude, contrary to your Judgment, that it is " better to ſee preferr'd before us a Rival grea- " ter or more worthy, than one beneath us in " merit or in quality, ſince the ſhame being leſs, " the diſcontent ſhould be leſs alſo. The " King hath made a Panegyrick, as it were on " purpoſe for you, *ſaid the feign'd* Ramire *to* " *the feign'd* Leonce. But he hath alſo made " your Elogy, *reply'd the Count of* Pegnafiel, " and ſeems to have as high an eſteem of you " as of me. But that which comforts me, *ad-* " *ded the Duke of* Infantade, is, that what- " ever thoughts he hath of me, they are his " not mine, which laſt I hold to be much the " better. I know not, *purſu'd he*, whether " or no you are of my mind, but this I know, " that I ſhould be very ſorry if you were; " for as humility depreſſeth the heart, you " would not dare to love *Almahide*, if you " thought your ſelf unworthy, which would " be a very great advantage for me. On the " contrary, *anſwer'd the Count*, as all the Vir- " tues have a kind of aſſociation among each " other, my Modeſty will be found no obſta- " cle to my Courage. You are then too vir- " tuous by half, *reply'd the Duke briskly*, and " your faults would pleaſe me much better " than your perfections. But, Sir, *ſaid then* " *the Sultanneſs to the King*, beſides that the " condition of the Unknown, as to his Gran- " deur or Meanneſs is not ſo unknown as he " himſelf; if his Fortune be mean, yet if his " Merit be great, he ought not to be deſpis'd; " for it would be but a ſlight cognizance of " Virtue, to place it beneath Fortune. This " Diſcourſe, *ſaid Don* Alvarez *to* Ponce de " Leon, I ſuppoſe pleaſeth you no more than " it pleaſeth the King. But it pleaſes me " *added he*, enough for us both, and your " Melancholy redoubles my joy. I confeſs, " *ſaid the Count*, the words ſounded ſome- " what harſh in my Ear, but her Eyes, whoſe " Language I underſtand very well, have " made amends for the errour of the tongue. " At leaſt you perſwade your ſelf you under- " ſtood them, *anſwer'd the feign'd* Ramire, " and if a man believes himſelf happy, he is " ſo. Well, Madam, *ſaid* Boaudilin, *after* " *he had a little rous'd himſelf*, when all is " done, I ſtick to my own Opinion ſtill, not- " withſtanding all my Brother's Eloquence, " I ſtill maintain, there can be nothing more " weak than for a man to hide himſelf; and " he that dares not triumph after his Victory, " confeſſes tacitly, that he had indeed no right " to triumph. The *Sultanneſs* went about to reply, when the Princeſs *Moraima* took the Diſcourſe upon her; and whereas ſhe ob- ſerv'd ſome alteration in the Kings coun- tenance, that ſhe might a little divert the Converſation, ſhe ask'd this Prince, which of the two he thought the moſt unhappy, him that durſt not diſcover his love, or him that in the diſcovery of it, ſhould be ill treated. " Ah, my Siſter, *anſwer'd he* " *ſighing*, why do you bring in Queſtion a " thing ſo little doubtful, and what com- " pariſon can you find between two perſons " ſo differently unfortunate, between two " things which ſo little reſemble each other? " The truth is, there is no proportion be- " tween them, and one of the unfortunate " perſons you ſpeak of may almoſt be called " happy, being compar'd with the other; for " indeed ſo long as there is uncertainty,

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"there is hope, and ſo long as there is hope, "there is a kind of ſweetneſs, though mixt "with bitterneſs; the one renders the other "the more ſupportable: there is fear, but yet "there is hope; there is a doubt of Misfor- "tune, but there is no certain diſgrace; and "the uncertain eſtate of a Lover, as it cannot "be call'd perfect felicity, ſo can it be call'd "compleat diſgrace; beſides, as the mind of man "more readily inclines to believe things agree- "able than things diſtaſtful, and we are much "more apt to flatter than afflict our ſelves; e- "very one follows as much may be, that natural "inſtinct that leads to pleaſure; every one "reſiſts as much as may be, whatever is capa- "ble to deſtroy it, and ſtudies charily to pre- "ſerve it as a moſt choice Treaſure. Inſo- "much that for one moment that we give to "the fear of what afflicts, we give whole "days to the hope of what we chiefly deſire; "ſo that there is no doubt but that on the "occaſion whereof I ſpeak, the ſatisfaction "is longer than the endurance, and conſe- "quently theſe uncertain perſons have far leſs "reaſon than thoſe who have not ſo ſweet an "interval of comfort. Moreover ſo long as "the deſtiny of a Lover is uncertain, a thou- "ſand Examples of things that have hapned "come into his mind, which help to allay "his anxieties, and render them more ſup- "portable; he remembers that foul weather "laſts not always, that after ſtorms comes "calm and Sun-ſhine; that ſhips ſometimes "have been driven by ſtreſs of weather upon "their own Ports; he knows that there are "certain happy hours, certain favourable mo- "ments which nothing can reſiſt; and ſome- "times by the knowledge he hath, or ſeems "to have of thoſe fortunate Aſcendants "which bring Victories and crown the Victo- "rious; he waits for them, he ſeeks after "them; he conſults the Stars, and fancying "himſelf already in his triumphal Chariot, "becomes very near as lofty, and as exalted "in his mind, as if he were really triumphing. "But it is far otherwiſe after the Oracle hath "pronounc'd it, and the anſwer given "proves not favourable; for in this miſera- "ble condition, the doubt becomes a cer- "tainty, the fear of the evil gives place to the "evil it ſelf, all hope forſakes us, and with "that hope all our pleaſure, and we remain "indeed in ſo deplorable a ſtate, that we be- "come Objects of pity to thoſe that hate us, "and ſtand in need of the compaſſion even "of our Enemies: Yes, yes, thoſe dreadful "words which deprive us of hope, would "with far leſs cruelty deprive us of life. And "theſe conſiderations eaſily bring me to this "Concluſion, That he who dares not diſco- "ver his love, is incomparably leſs unhappy, "than he who finds himſelf ill-treated in "the diſcovery of it. For my part, Sir, *ſaid "then Prince* Denoc, *who had all this while "been ſilent*, If I may contradict your Maje- "ſties Opinion without loſing that reſpect "which I owe you, and which I am ready "always to render, and may ſpeak my "thoughts freely, I am clearly of another "mind, and that for theſe Reaſons. Firſt, "it is certain that the mind of man is unhap- "pily ingenious to its own miſery and tor- "ment; it always repreſents things to be "much more terrible than really they are; "makes ſmall things great, and aggravates "all the circumſtances of pain and miſery, "contributing more to our ſufferings than "the evil which occaſion'd them; whereas "when our miſery equals the belief that was "entertain'd of it, we ſtrive to vanquiſh and "ſurmount; for it is in this extremity that "the Soul makes her laſt efforts, ſeeking "that in her ſelf which ſhe finds not elſe- "where, and finally breaking thoſe Chains "which ſhe can wear no longer with- "out ſhame, ſince ſhe muſt have worn "them without hope: But it is not ſo with "him that loves without daring to diſcover "his love; for as on the one ſide he avoids "ſpeaking that to his Miſtreſs which gives "her any cauſe of anger, ſo on the other "ſide he wants the opportunity of ſpeaking "what might give eaſe to his Malady, the "incertainty of his condition puts his heart "upon the rack, and which is the worſt, the "exceſſive pains he ſuffers, find no reme- "dy; if hope flatter him for a while, fear "puts him again immediately into deſpair; "he knows not what to believe, nor what "he ſhould not believe; as his Tongue is "mute to her he loves, ſo he knows not "whether her Soul would not have been "deaf to his words ſhould he have ſpoke; "he knows not whether his ſigns or amo- "rous looks be underſtood or not, and whe- "ther her Soul be not as blind as deaf; he "knows not but that all his ſighs are loſt, all "his tears unprofitable, all his cares imploy'd "in vain; in ſo inſupportable a doubt he ſuf- "fers more than I am able to expreſs, ſince "no man is able to expreſs ſuch ſufferings, but "he that hath endur'd them. What ſhall I "ſay more? Sir, As the declaration of any "ones love is the moſt nice, dangerous and "difficult Affair that belongs to this paſſion, "inſomuch that a man fears to do that which "of all things in the world he moſt deſires "to have done; and this fear is a pain that "renders him uncapable of all pleaſure: So "on the contrary, when this danger is over, "this difficulty remov'd, when this Se- "cret ſo dangerous to be diſclos'd, is once "diſclos'd, the Soul finds it ſelf diſcharg'd "of a very great burden, the heart is "eas'd of a moſt vexatious trouble, the "ſpirit is diſengag'd from a moſt terrible in- "cumbrance, ſo that the ſweetneſs of being "eas'd of ſuch a preſſure is not to be equall'd; "for to repreſent things as really they are, "how harſh, how ſevere, how ſlighting, "how cruel an anſwer ſoever he happens to "receive, how formidable ſoever his may "appear after declaration of her mind, he "is rather happy than miſerable, and hath

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"leſs reaſon to complain than before. In "ſhort, as your Majeſty hath obſerv'd, the "end of a Tempeſt is the beginning of a "Calm, and Ship-wracks often caſt us upon "a ſecure Haven. The repulſed Lover hath "thoſe happy hours, thoſe favourable mo-"ments, to dream of, which you ſay no-"thing can reſiſt; and flattering himſelf with "the hope of ſeeing Fortune change, and for-"tifying his hopes with thoſe Examples you "ſpeak of, he is not ſo unfortunate as your Ma-"jeſty affirms; and this induces me to con-"clude contrary to your Majeſties ſentiment, "That he who dares not diſcover his love, "hath more to complain of than he who is "ill treated in the diſcovery of it. I ſmile "at this Opinion, *ſaid the Duke of* Infanta-"da, *ſoftly to the Count of* Pegnafiel, and I "approve boldneſs too much, to condemn it. "Yet hath it not ſo well ſucceeded, *anſwer'd* "Leonce *ſmiling*, that you need ſo much to "declare for it. Neither hath timerouſneſs "done you ſo much prejudice, *reply'd* Ra-"mire, that you need ſtand for it with ſo "great heat. For my part, *ſaid the King of* Gra-"nada, whether it be out of Reaſon or Self-"conceit, I ſhall not recede from my firſt Po-"ſition; and whether it be that I have real-"ly prov'd what I ſay, or that Imagination "only gives me confidence to think ſo, I "ſtill perſwade my ſelf in ſpite of all the "power of the ſubtleſt and moſt ſpecious "Arguments, that what I have ſaid is true; "and that whatever hath been alledg'd a-"gainſt it is not true. Every one to their "mind, Sir, *reply'd the feign'd* Sultanneſs, "but ſtill I dare maintain, that your Judg-"ment and mine are not the ſame. It is a "long time, Madam, *reply'd he again, depreſ-"ſing his voice*, that things have been in this "poſture between us; and if what you ſay "ought to afflict me, yet it ought not to ſur-"prize. This depreſſion of his Voice, *ſaid* "*the Duke to the Count*, pleaſes me not o-"ver-much, and it ſhould indeed pleaſe you "as little; and if I durſt, I ſhould freely ſay "to this Prince, as the Judges ſometimes ſay "to the Pleaders at the Bar, Speak louder. I "ſhould not adviſe you to that, *anſwer'd* Ponce "de Leon, no more than I would follow any "ſuch Counſel my ſelf; for aſſuredly we "ſhould be made to ſpeak louder, though we "are no Lawyers; and I think it is better "for us to hold our peace. Let us hold our "peace then, *ſaid the Duke*, ſince the *Sultan-"neſs* is ſilent as well as we; for indeed it "would make over well for us to anſwer "for her. However I have been the occaſi-"on of this Diſpute, *ſaid the Princeſs* Mo-"rayma, I muſt needs confeſs, I remain yet "unreſolv'd, nor can I well determine in my "mind, which of the two unfortunate Per-"ſons ought to have the precedence. I am "not ſo unreſolv'd, *anſwer'd* Cadige, but "conſtantly maintain the timerous to be more "unfortunate than the bold. And I the bold "much more unfortunate than the timerous, "*reply'd* Abindarrays; for having fail'd in his "reſpect, he knows that he is as culpable as "miſerable, and this knowledge redoubles "his pain. Behold here a Lover as Philoſo-"phical as your ſelf, *ſaid the feign'd* Ramire "*to the feign'd* Leonce, and I am perſwaded "you have both ſtudied in the ſame Acade-"my. I believe ſo too, *reply'd the Count*, for "Love and Reaſon have been our Maſters. "I am for the reſpectful Lover, ſaid *Galiana*. "And I for the bold, *anſwer'd* Zelibin. Long "live the Lover that knows how to hold his "peace and ſuffer, *ſaid* Zelindora. Long "live he that dare ſpeak, that he may not ſuf-"fer, *anſwer'd* Orcamene. In fine, *ad-"ded the King, riſing up*, by the diverſity of "Opinions, I foreſee a likelihood of coming "to Arms; wherefore ſince the ſeaſon is fit "for War, let us to morrow begin the Cam-"paign, and go and paſs a day or two in the "Gardens of *Generalife*, where we ſhall pitch "a field of Battle, that will not be unplea-"ſant. All the Company applauded the Kings deſign, and the Queen riſing up, and breaking the Circle, every one began to think upon an Equipage agreeable to each of their fancies, deſigning to appear with all the ſplendor imaginable in this noble Cavalcade. Meanwhile the *Sultanneſs* retiring to her apartment, ſhe was accompani'd by the Duke of *Infantade*, the Count of *Pegnafiel*, and her faithful ſlave, *Speranza de Hita*, who turning to the two firſt, and beholding them with eyes as fair as penſive, You ſee well, *ſaid ſhe*, that there is no convenient abiding for you any longer here, that danger increaſeth every moment, and that you cannot well tarry here any longer, without hazarding your own lives and my Reputation, which ought to be no leſs dear to you, if it be true, that you have any friendſhip for me, as you perſwade me, and as I think my ſelf oblig'd to believe. Wherefore, *purſu'd ſhe ſighing, and turning her eyes toward* Ponce de Leon, withdraw your ſelf from danger, and me from diſquiet; and without deferring any longer, do quickly what is neceſſary to be done, put your ſelf into ſecurity, and me into repoſe, by returning to *Sevil*; for ſo long as you continue in this place, there will be no being here for me. Ah! Madam, *anſwer'd the feign'd* Leonce, *fetching a great ſigh*, your Providence is more cruel to us than our Fortune can ever be, and the care which you have of our lives, is worſe a thouſand times than our death can be to us. As the Count hath ſpoken in my behalf, *ſaid the Duke*, it is but juſt that in pleading for my ſelf, I ſhould alſo plead for him; ſo that I muſt needs tell you in reference to the one as well as to the other, that your fear hath too large a proſpect into the future, and that it is not fair upon the pretence of avoiding an imaginary evil, to bring us into a real evil. The truth is, *purſu'd he*, many things may poſſibly happen, which yet never do happen; ſo that whoſoever ſhall thus give way to the timerous

rous apprehenſion of all things that may poſſibly fall out, muſt reſolve all his life-time to go in perpetual fear of his life, and to be always unfortunate, whether ever any misfortune befal him or not. To conclude, the Heavens I grant may fall, the earth may be turn'd toptie-turvy, the Sea may overflow the Earth, yet for all this we ſee the Heavens are not fallen, the Earth keeps her conſtant place, the Sea obſerves its due bounds, Nature ſtill ſubſiſts in the midſt of all thoſe threatning dangers. Leave off therefore this dull diſcourſe, more ſutable to the ſerious Count of *Pegnafiel*, than the jolly Duke of *Infantade*, and conclude that we ought not to depart, and we on our parts will reſolve not to ſtir, as being too punctual to fail in our duties. Alaſs! *ſaid the feign'd Sultanneſs*, you make a jeſt of that which is not proper to be made a jeſt of, and laugh at an Adventure which perhaps will cauſe me to ſhed tears. As for me, Madam, who am not a perſon ſo inclining to raillery, *ſaid* Ponce de Leon, I aſſure you upon more ſerious conſideration, that your fright is not rightly grounded, that what you apprehend can never be, no more than what you would have us do, can ever be yielded to. The truth is, *added* Don Alvarez *laughing*, a Freedman and a Slave would appear ſuch improper Perſons to be the Rivals of a King, ſo unlikely to run at the Ring, or Combat the Bulls, that if the Prince be not a Magician, he will never gueſs that either of us have Combated or run, and will rather ſeek all the world over for us than in *Halambre*. In the mean time, *reply'd the fair* Almahide, all your Reaſons will never be able to perſwade; ſo that if you cannot free me from miſchief or danger, you ſhall never hinder me from fear. Since your fear is ſo great, *reply'd the Duke again*, it is your part alone to overcome this fear, and it may be in your power to deliver your ſelf from it; for in that part of the Park where we meet to morrow there are certain Woods, to which poſſibly at one time or other the King may retire, thither would I follow, and with my Cymiter hid under my Coat, ſet upon him and —— him, and ſo by opening you a free paſſage out of *Halambre*, deliver you from all your diſquiets. Ah! Duke, *cry'd out the Count*, if this be a buſineſs both poſſible and fit to be allow'd of, it belongs to me to perform, ſince I am permitted to wear a Sword, and you not. I ſhould not ſcruple to take leave of my ſelf, *anſwer'd the feign'd* Ramire, without ſtaying for the neceſſity of having it given me; and ſince I never fled from *Ponce de Leon*, you may well think I give my ſelf ſufficient aſſurance of never flying from *Boandilin*, who is ſhorter by almoſt a foot, and hath not a preſence capable to ſtrike half ſo much terror. But to deal frankly with you, as my nature is to be leſs ſcrupulous than your ſelf; if you will undertake to perform what I intended, I will reſign to you the whole ſhare of the Glory, and content my ſelf with a half ſhare of the Action which ſhall accrue from thence. Ah! Ponce de Leon, *ſaid the Sultanneſs, looking upon him*, you cannot deſtroy the King without offering violence to Honour, not only in regard you were indebted to him before for your Life and Liberty, but becauſe he alſo lately oppos'd the *Muſti*, when he demanded of him your life. Ah! Madam, *anſwer'd he*, what a Leſſon do you read me, and what a ſtorm are you raiſing in a Soul which of it ſelf is not ungrateful. And for your part, *ſaid* Almahide *next to the Duke of* Infantade, *caſting a ſlight look upon him*, you are alſo to remember, that if *Ponce de Leon* owe his Liberty to the King, no leſs do you yours. For as much as this Prince made you ſhake of your Irons, and deliver'd you out of Priſon; ſo that in effect, you no leſs than the Count of *Pegnafiel* owe him your life alſo; ſince he ſav'd as well the one as the other of you out of the hands of your Enemies; ſo that indeed neither of you can take away his life, without being the aſſaſſinates of Honor it ſelf; nor can you deſtroy Honour, but at the ſame time you muſt alſo deſtroy the eſteem I have of you. Preſerve the one therefore that you may preſerve the other, and attempt nothing neither of you which may render you unworthy of the laſt. Let him live then, *reply'd the feign'd* Ramire, provided we be not oblig'd thereby to depart from hence; yet I muſt tell you, Madam, the zeal wherewith you defend his life, ought indeeed to incite us to take it away, were we as jealous of him as we are of one another. I do not forbid the Action, *reply'd again the feign'd Sultanneſs*, as he is my Lover, but as he is my King. This diſtinction is ſomewhat nice, *ſaid* Ponce de Leon, nevertheleſs it muſt ſerve to content us, whether or no it give us full ſatisfaction. However it be, *reply'd* Don Alvarez, the Mahumetan muſt not die, provided the Chriſtians have leave to ſtay, and may be permitted to follow to morrow to the *Promenade*, that they may be witneſſes themſelves of all paſſages that concern them. By *Alla* (for we will ſwear after the mode of the Country) the *Spaniards* ſhall give no Quarter to the *Moors*, but utterly break the Truce with them: Although it is not for Slaves to impoſe Laws upon their Maſters, *reply'd the Sultanneſs ſmiling*, yet my clemencie ſhall condeſcend to what you demand of me, at leaſt for a certain time, after which reſolve to retire without murmuring, for fear I revoke your Pardon and my Grace. She had no ſooner ſpoke theſe words, but ſhe withdrew into her Cabinet, and theſe two Illuſtrious Rivals yielded to her Commands, and went their ways. But while this Converſation was carried, the Prince *Audella* and the Principal Perſons of the Faction of *Zegris* made another Cabal, which had no leſs of Embaraſſment in it; for being met at the houſe of *Mohavide*, the Chief of that Faction, and reflecting upon the ill ſucceſs of their Enterprize, and upon the Kings Anſwer, to which they

had not yet made a Reply; their long ſilence at firſt ſeem'd the preparation to a large ſtream of diſcourſe, and though the ſhame of their miſcarriage, for ſome time, bridled it in, yet anger at length prevailing above grief, and the violent temper of *Mohavide* joyning with the importunate remembrance of his defeat and wound, he firſt broke the ſilence; and addreſſing himſelf to the *Muſti* in a ſorrowful, fierce, and terrible tone, accompani'd with a Look anſwerable to Voice, "I cannot under-"ſtand, *ſaid he very haughtily*, what you "ail'd, after having made ſo good a begin-"ning, to make ſo ill an end? Why you made "no anſwer to the King, when you had ſo "many things to ſay in anſwer to him? Why "you ſtood ſo mute at a time, when you "ought to have muſter'd up all your Elo-"quence. In ſhort, *purſued he*, had you had "a deſign to ruine our buſineſs, you could not "have done it more effectually, than by do-"ing what you have done; or had you re-"ceiv'd Salaries from your Enemies, you "could not have employ'd your diſcretion "more weakly, nor your duty more crimi-"nally. In a word, we have more cauſe to "complain of you than of Fortune; nor is it "poſſible for you to excuſe your ſelf from the "blame of a moſt horrible miſcarriage. I am not for all this convinc'd, *anſwer'd the Muſti*, but that it was very obvious for me to commit this fault (if at leaſt it deſerve that name) and perhaps had you been in my place, you might have been as much, if not more perplext than my ſelf, as eaſie as you ſuppoſe that Affair to have been, which I found ſo difficult, and as high an Opinion, as you have of the ſtrength of your own wit. For after all, did the King ſpeak any thing but was very reaſonable, or could we oppoſe his reaſons without ſhewing our ſelves very obſtinate and irrational: He commended our zeal for Religion, and the State, he told us, it was far from his deſire to give us any cauſe of complaint, and that in proceſs of time he would make us ſenſible of it. He confeſs'd likewiſe that to judge of things by outward appearance, it was a thing blame-worthy, to treat an enemy ſo well, but for Reaſons of State which he ought not at preſent to divulge, he thought it not expedient to take that courſe which we deſir'd; that nevertheleſs to take away all cauſe of offence how ill grounded ſoever, and make his people not ill ſatisfied with his Conduct, he promis'd as ſoon as thoſe Reaſons to the contrary, which were beſt known to himſelf, and which we were ignorant of, would permit, he would remove this Chriſtian; conjuring me, and you alſo, in the mean time to ſet our hearts at reſt, and to rely upon his prudence and his word. To all this, what could I reply? What could your ſelf have reply'd? Am I of that intimate Counſel with this Prince as to be able to charge him with any ſiniſter proceeding? Do I know the Secrets of State ſo well, as to diſcover whether we are cheated in this affair or not? or could I dive into the depth of State-Intrigues, would it ſtand with the reſpect I owe my King, to affront him publickly, by reproaching him with an intention to cheat? Beſides, *added the Muſti*, grant I could juſtifie the doing of all this, would it be fit for me of all others to do it? Would it become my profeſſion? Would not ſo bold an undertaking be leſs inſupportable from the mouth of a Warriour, than from the mouth of a Religious Perſon? You cannot but yield, if you conſider things rightly, that if there be any failure, it is on your part, and that you commit a ſecond Crime, in being ſo forward to tax me with the firſt. 'Tis true, 'tis true, *cry'd out* Mahandin, our ſlackneſs is more culpable than his; for our Profeſſion requires we ſhould be bold; whereas the ſtrictneſs to which he is confin'd, obliges him to be rather cautious and wiſe. I agree with you, *ſaid* Mahardon, and muſt needs add moreover to what he ſaid before, that though *Mohavide* held his peace as well as he, it was our duty to have repair'd that fault, and not to have been ſilent too. For my part, I bluſh, *purſu'd* Mahardon, and cannot imagine what ſpirit of ſtupidity poſſeſt us to be ſo dull and ſottiſh. Well, *reply'd* Mohavide *foaming at the mouth with rage*, let it be agreed on all ſides to yield that we have been very ſlack, and have done nothing worthy of our ſelves, but let it turn to this effect, that the ſhame of what is paſt, may make us behave our ſelves more nobly for the time to come, and to put an end to the long diſſentions that have been between the *Abencarrages* and the *Zegris*; we muſt reſolve either to deſtroy them, or periſh our ſelves; we muſt either die by their Arms, or they by ours. I beſeech you, *ſaid Prince* Audalla, *with great humility and tenderneſs*, let us not do that to our ſelves which our Enemies cannot do to us; let us not contribute to our own deſtruction, we, I ſay, whom in ſo many Ages they could never yet attain to Conquer, much leſs to deſtroy. (I ſpeak all this as a *Zegri*, ſince, though I am not really one, yet as they are engag'd in my Intereſts, ſo am I in their Party) but inſtead of quarrelling with them, or ſetting upon them to no purpoſe, let us rather find out a way to deſtroy them without deſtroying our ſelves, and at the ſame time act both boldly and wiſely. All the whole Company applauded what Prince *Audalla* had ſaid: Even the terrible *Mohavide* oppos'd not the deſign, though he conſented with regret, ſo exceſſive was his choler. Thus this Aſſembly broke up with a firm reſolution to ſeek out ſome new way for the deſtruction of theſe *Abencarrages*, and the ſatisfaction of that immortal hatred which the *Zegris* had for them, and eſpecially for the ruine of that noble Freed-man, who by his Conqueſt over them had given them ſo much ſhame and effuſion of blood. On the other ſide their generous Enemies having heard of this their laſt attempt againſt them, by uſing their power, with the King, met likewiſe ac-

cording to their Example, at the house of *Abendarrays*, the head of the *Abincarragian* Family, where also the principal Persons of those other Families that were tied to the Interests of this, fail'd not to be assisting with their presence and advice; among others *Morayfel* was the first that appear'd, as well by reason of the strict band of Friendship which had been always between him and these valiant *Moors*, as because the mischief intended against this brave Freedman, who had been of his Domesticks, and whose exile or destruction they so much aim'd, seem'd more nearly to concern him than any of the rest. Assoon as they were all met, the Illustrious Son of *Caraman* beginning the Conference. "My Noble and Generous Friends (*said he, after he had made his Obeysance with great respect*) "*Zegris* will be always *Zegris*, that "is to say, a loose idle sort of people them-"selves, and malicious against those who "have real Worth and Valour; these men be-"cause they cannot bring about their Designs "by honourable ways, have recourse to Ar-"tifices and Tricks, unworthy of all that "make profession of Honour and Virtue, and "becoming only such as are endued with nei-"ther; but our happiness is, that it succeeds "with them accordingly, and I hope as their "malice which is so natural to them, can-"not change, so their destiny will be un-"alterable also, that they will ever remain "as low in shame, as we shall rise high in "glory, and that they will always appear the "conquer'd Party, truckling under us Con-"querours. You your selves are doubtless "sufficiently convinc'd as well from what "you have already understood, as from what "I can relate, of what they very lately at-"tempted against us in the Person of the Va-"liant Freedman, to whom the Illustrious "*Morayfel* give his liberty; nor do I doubt "of your resenting equally with my self, so "pernicious an Enterprize, and less of your "standing by me in my resolution not to "leave so great an injury unpunish'd, so great "an injustice unchastis'd. For though the "King hath been very just to us, he hath not "been severe enough to them; whence I "conclude, that what he hath omitted to do, "it is our part to perform, that is, to destroy "those infamous Enemies, which his exces-"cessive clemency hath been so willing to "save: And thus having declar'd my own "thoughts freely to you, I desire likewise to "know what yours are, to the end, that ha-"ving weigh'd both, I may follow that "course which shall seem best to me, whether "yours or mine. He had no sooner made an end of speaking, but *Morayfel* seeing the whole Company looking upon him, as submitting with joynt consent their common Affair to his management, both in respect of the Gravity and Experience of his Age, and his high Quality, as being Father-in-law to the King, made Answer to the generous Lover of *Aldoradine* in these Terms: Brave *Abindarrays*, *said he, after he had render'd him the usual complement*, there is no person knows better than your self, both the sloth and remissness of these *Zegris*, and the hatred they have ever had for the *Abencarrages*, and as well the ancient as the late Testimonies they have given thereof. In like manner we are all well satisfied, of the difference between their Courage and ours, we have had too frequent Experience not to know it; but withal we must consider there are certain junctures of time, wherein we need not defer our Victory, nor give our Enemies so much time as to fear us, and make their weak resistance, but rather reserve our valours for greater occasions; let it suffice that we make them repent of their so unprofitable a Crime, and having triumph'd already without engaging in a Battle, let us not throw away our next Triumph in a fight that would be so inglorious: indeed if we had no other Enemies to fear, we should shew but little Courage in declining combat with them; but we have Enemies much more formidable, the *Castilians*, if it were proper to say we fear any, are a more reasonable Object of our fear, and it would be a great imprudence in us, if by hazarding the effusion of our own blood with theirs, we should go about to lavish away the best blood of the Kingdom of *Granada*, and thereby become accessaries to the delivery of the Kingdom to these more formidable Enemies: Let us take heed that we ingage not in a design which may have dangerous Consequences attending: Let us wait for a more favourable conjuncture for the destroying of these feeble Enemies, least we fall into the hands of more powerful ones; let us content our selves with their shame, without hazarding our own Glory, which is too considerable to be hazarded upon so slight an occasion. My Sentence therefore is, that without preposterously running upon any new design, in regard of the troubles we may chance thereby to bring both upon our selves in particular, and upon the State in general. Let us content our selves to offer some new affront to these Scaperloitering people, after those many old injuries they have done to us; and to that end let us go and give the King thanks for maintaining his Justice towards us against their violent desires, and assure him, That in preserving of this enfranchis'd Person, who was my slave, he hath oblig'd thousands of Freemen, whom he will find always ready to lay down their lives for his Service, and express their thanks for this his equitable proceeding, with the expence of their blood. All the Company subscrib'd to what *Morayfal* had propos'd; and even *Abindarrays* himself quitting his own, sufferr'd himself to be sway'd by his maturer judgment; and thereupon it was agreed on with an unanimous consent to follow his advice, which was as resolutely and suddenly put in execution, for that very hour they went to *Halambre*, and *Abindarrays* addressing

dreſſing himſelf to the King in the name of all the reſt, told him, That as the Thrones of Kings are moſt ſurely founded upon Juſtice, he had taken a right way to eſtabliſh his Throne for ever, by doing Juſtice ſo exactly; that to protect the Weak againſt the Mighty, was the Action of a truly magnanimous King; but to protect his innocent Enemies againſt his culpable Subjects, could be the Action of none but a Hero, whoſe Glory was to be immortal. He told him moreover, that as what the *Zegris* had deſir'd, was only in prejudice to the *Abencarrages*, ſo the *Abencarrages* were able to juſtifie themſelves againſt the malice of the *Zegris*, by a thouſand important Services they had done his Majeſty, and were ſtill ready to render him, at the price of their Lives and Fortunes, as oft as occaſion ſhould offer, or his Majeſty honour them with his Commands. The King gave this Addreſs both a ſerious attention, and very favourable Anſwer; but yet that he might carry himſelf as evenly as might be between two ſuch potent Factions: he told them at laſt, the better to moderate affairs, That he was inclinable to favour the one or the other Party, according as he found moſt Reaſon on this or that ſide, and therefore only ſo much the more to the *Abencarrages*, by how much he judged the Advantage on their ſide, but that both the one and other Party of them would very much oblige him, if they could diſpoſe themſelves to ſuch a conduct of their paſſions, as not to reflect reproachfully upon each other, and that he heartily conjur'd them. Having ſo ſaid, he diſmiſs'd them very well ſatisfi'd with his Goodneſs and Juſtice, and ſhut himſelf in his Cabinet, the better to meditate upon his own diſquiets, which he could not remove; however he compos'd the differences of others, and at the ſame time to contrive how he might order that gallant Equipage, he intended to appear in the next at the *Promenade* he had deſign'd, endeavouring to make it as agreeable as he could to the fair *Almahide*, that if poſſible he might take her heart with pleaſure. And it ſeem'd that Heaven engag'd in his Intereſts, and favour'd his Enterpriſe; for as ſoon as the darkneſs of the night was diſpell'd, and had given place to the riſing Dawn, *Aurora* appear'd above the Horizon, more fair and glorious than ever the Poets or Painters repreſented her, and ſtreak'd the Air with a thouſand different Colours, ſprinkled all about with Beams of Light, which wonderfully added to their beauty; here you might ſee Shade intermingle with light, Carnation with the golden Yellow, Flame-colour with pale Blew, and all ſo curiouſly interchanging and ſucceſſively appearing one after the other, that no Object in the world could ſo charm the eye, except the ſight of that moſt magnificent Star, which ſoon after follow'd, for it appear'd that day with ſo much pomp and luſtre, ſuch ſparkling Rays and Streams of Light, that the greateſt Pomp and State of Kings would appear but mean in compariſon of that rich ſplendour which the Sun ſpread upon the Hemiſphere by degrees, ſtill as he roſe higher and higher; he likewiſe diſpenc'd his beauties to all the reſt of Nature, the Meadows, the Fields, the Woods ſhone with a more delicate and agreeable Verdure now, than at other times, the Rivers and the Fountains ran ſtreams of purer Cryſtal, and as Mirrors to that fair Star, fully repreſented all his glories, thouſands of liquid Pearls ſparkled a pure Embroydery upon the Herbs and Flowers, and *Zephyrus* with a ſweet and gentle Gale murmuring among the Leaves, temper'd the too indulgent heat of the Sun. All the Flowers diſplaying their Buds at the ſight, this fair Morning ſo enricht the Earth, that it ſeem'd to diſpute with Heaven for Beauty, Luſtre, and Magnificence. The Birds ſaluting the riſing day, and mingling their joyful Notes to ſo many raviſhing Objects, created a Harmony, which the Soul, no leſs than the Ear, and ſhot delight into the very Heart it ſelf. And if Nature appear'd this morning in her brighteſt Glory, no leſs did the Court of *Granada*; for all the men of Quality appear'd at the Court of *Halambre* all in Huntſmens Habits embroyder'd with gold and precious Stones, with Turbants over-ſhadow'd with Plumes of a thouſand different Colours, with golden Trumpets hanging by their ſides in moſt curious Scarffs, ſtately rich Cymiters, and in their hands long Javelins, enricht with Emeralds, Rubies, Saphirs, and Diamonds; nor were their Lacqueys much behind in richneſs of Apparel, ſhining little leſs than their Maſters in the luſtre of Gold and Gems; but though every one had as great a care as might be to ſet forth, and each one ſtrove to out-vie the other, yet the King appear'd among all theſe Knights like the Sun among the reſt of the Stars, and might eaſily have been gueſt by any that had not known him, to have been the Supreme of all this goodly Train of men, which as gallant as it appear'd, yet that of the Ladies ſurpaſs'd them, for they were in the Habits of Nymphs, ſo noble and ſo rich, ſo well made and ſo well deſign'd, that their Gold and Gems were the leaſt remarkable things about them; they had all of them on their heads Caps of Cloath of Gold, adorn'd with Herons of Gold; Plumes and Enſignes of precious Stones, their Quivers full of Arrows, all ſhining with Gold and Diamonds hung by their ſides in Scarffs of Cloath of Gold and Silver, no leſs Gallant than Magnificent; their Bows were of Ebony, adorn'd with Gold and Turquois-Stones, more rich than formidable; their Steeds were alſo clad with moſt glorious Trappings, and had Scarffs inſtead of Bridles, no leſs gliſtering the reſt of their Furniture; but above all ſuch, as *Diana* is figur'd among her Nymphs, ſuch appear'd *Almahide* among the reſt of theſe fair Huntreſſes; and as ſhe ſtruck with love or admiration all, ſo ſhe fill'd with jealouſie all the

the Women by her excellent Beauty, which as glorious as her Apparel was, ſhone yet far brighter. All this Gallant Troop being met together, march'd in order out of *Halambre*, and croſs'd the Town of *Granada*, every Lady having her two Cavaliers that led her Horſe by thoſe rich Scarffs, which ſerv'd inſtead of Bridles: Thus as they rode along, moſt of them ſounded their Horns, the pleaſant noiſe whereof drew people from remoter parts, as the ſplendid ſight of the *Cavalcade*, which attracted admiration from all Beholders, gather'd about them in multitudes, thoſe nearer at hand; being paſt through the City Gates, they took the direct way towards the Gardens of *Generalife*, with no leſs Order than State. Meanwhile the Illuſtrious Freedman, and the Generous Slave, follow'd by *Fernand*, went before in one of the Queens Coaches, *Speranza de Hita* and the other Captives that were Maids of Honour to *Almahide*, went by themſelves in another. *Roderic de Narve* alſo, after leave obtain'd, went to ſee this grand Solemnity, attended by his Guards; the King indeed being not unwilling he ſhould ſee all the Magnificence of the *Moors*, to the end that ſpeaking advantageouſly of them in his own Country, he might thereby advance their Reputation in the world. Being arriv'd within a quarter of a League of this Noble Country-Houſe, there they found rendezvouz'd all the Kings Hunt, the Chief Officers whereof were magnificently attir'd, and had Coats of plated Silver, upon which they ſounded an hundred wild Tunes: The Cry was compos'd of *Barbary* Dogs, all milk white, and for ſhape the handſomeſt in the world; they had long necks and long muzzles, wide and open noſtrils, which made their Scent the more acute; Ears long and large; their Backs ſomewhat riſing; their Hams long, but ſomewhat crooked at the end great Chine, and large Hanches, ſhort Buttocks, a thick Tail turning, up hair ſhort compactly ſmooth and gloſſy, plump fleſhy Legs, and Feet like Foxes, and opening their Mouths with a ſtrong and ſhrill Cry, about their Necks they had Collars of red Velvet embroyder'd in Gold, with the Cyphers of the King and Queen, joyn'd together. As this Venatory Troop ſtood orderly rang'd into a Body, there ſtept forth from amongſt the reſt the Grand Maſter of the Kings Hunt, who advancing toward their Majeſties of *Granada*; after he had made his moſt humble Obeyſance to them, he preſented at the end of his Lance, kiſſing it as he preſented, a a Paper neatly folded up, into the hands of the *Sultanneſs*, in which having open'd it, ſhe found theſe Lines:

Not the force of all our Arms,
Can defend us from your Charms:
Men purſue, but always They
That give the Chace, become the Prey.

But an Honour 'tis howe're,
Vanquiſh'd at your feet to lie:
And your Captives, when they hear
Their Sentence, without murmuring die.

For alaſs! when once a Dart
Shoots from your Majeſtick Eyes;
Though it were a Royal Heart;
In, without controul it flies.

And when once they feel the Wound,
To ſeek for Cure 'tis in vain:
Fools, that ſeek it, for renown'd
They periſh, by your Beauty ſlain.

As ſoon as the *Sultanneſs* had read theſe Verſes, which ſhe alſo highly commended, The Noble *Cavalcade* march'd to the Park-Gate, where twelve Cornets waited their Arrival; they were clad like Satyrs, but ſo cover'd all over with Scarffs of Cheſnut-leaves, that whatſoever of indecent us'd to be repreſented in thoſe Figures was hid, and by their ruſtick Harmony, gave them a world of divertiſement. In concluſion, after they had play'd divers very agreeable Tunes, very proper to that ſort of Inſtrument, one of thoſe rural Demi-gods preſented the Incomparable *Almahide* with theſe following Verſes:

Lovely Queen, as ſweet, as fair,
We have nothing here prophane;
Though Diana *ſhould appear,*
You alone we entertain.

If thoſe darting Beams of yours
Have inflam'd our young deſires:
'Tis but only to behold;
For we burn with modeſt fires.

Here is nothing to affright
Your fair Virtue ſo ſevere;
But your Beauties we adore,
As if Pan *himſelf were here.*

We your Victories will ſing,
Fatal unto many a King.
And theſe Eccho's ſhall reſound,
The Conqueſts by your Beauty crown'd.

The *Sultanneſs* receiv'd thoſe Stanza's with no leſs civility than the former; and they that preſented them, after ſhe had civilly return'd them her thanks, went before her: they march'd before, playing upon their Cornets as they went along, and conducted her and the reſt of the Gallant Company to a ſpacious Arbor, or rather verdant Hall, roofſt over head with the curious interwoven Branches of ſtately Trees, where there was prepar'd a ſumptuous and Princely Treat, which invited every one to light, and make choice of whatever delicacie beſt courted his appetite, out of the moſt exquiſite variety imaginable. Mean while the rural Muſick playing, and continuing to play as long as

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the Banquet laſted, gave additional pleaſure to all the Illuſtrious Company: no ſooner was the Banquet ended, but the Knights helping up the Ladies again on their Horſes, and then mounting themſelves, the Dogs were uncoupled, and let looſe after the Deer, which being quickly rous'd by the ſound of the Horns and Trumpets, gave them notable play, inſomuch that the Dogs were ſometimes at a fault; however the chace was ſo ſmartly purſued, that he was at laſt run down, and the Ladies by the skilful conduct of their Squires coming all in juſt at the time, had the divertiſement of beſtowing each her Arrow upon the poor Beaſt as he fell, which hapned to be by the corner of a Wood, near a clear Fountain. As ſoon as the Dogs were call'd off by the Horns ſounding a retreat, this Illuſtrious Company took their way immediately towards the Caſtle, paſſing the time away in diſcourſe, ſome concerning the Chace, others of their Loves: Not to mention the pleaſant ſituation of this Palace, the whole Frame of the Building was both ſtately and uniform, and every room and Cabinet thereof richly ſet forth with Paintings in *freſco*, rare Statues, and all the Ornaments of Architecture, and all the Paintings ſo well deſign'd that every Figure ſeem'd to ſtand out like a ſolid Body, ſuch Art and Induſtry had the Painter ſhewn, as excellently skilful in proportion, the due ordering and diſpoſal of Light and Shade, and all the Myſteries of Perſpective. Alighting at the Caſtle-gate, they were all firſt conducted into a ſtately Hall, to which they aſcended by ſeveral ſteps, which made the acceſs more Noble: It was hung all over with Cloath of green Tiſſue, grounded with Gold, a rarer piece of work. Over the Chimney which was very large and magnificent, was a moſt admirable Chimney-piece, a Frame of curious carv'd work, within which was painted a large Eagle, whoſe wide extended Wings gave a delighting overſhadowing; and the better to ſympathize with the nature of the place, which is the uſual receptacle of fire, the Artiſt had made uſe of Poetical Fiction, and repreſented this noble Bird as the Bird of *Jove*, that is, with Thunder in one of his Claws, and that ſo bright, and as it were enflam'd, that it ſtruck a kind of delightful dread to all that beheld it; upon the back of the Eagle was the fair *Ganimed*, ſo lively expreſs'd, that the very fear he had in his Countenance plainly appear'd; he held the Eagle by the Tail, who look'd back upon him ſo attentively, that the Boy ſeem'd to have leſs fear of falling, than the Bird had of care, leſt he ſhould fall; underneath were painted ſeveral little Boys, who looking up toward *Ganimed* with their Eyes, and openining their Arms, as if they had a fear of his falling, and were ready to catch him if he fell. Take the Piece altogether, it was ſo well deſign'd, and rarely drawn, that it was impoſſible for the Art of Pencil to do more. In other parts of the Room there hung ſeveral Pieces, no leſs excellent than that already mention'd; in one whereof was deſcribed the Face of the Earth all ſmiling, and flowry as in the Prime of the Year, or Spring-ſeaſon, with a Company of young Cupids in ſeveral Poſtures, ſome playing and caſting Flowers at one another; ſome ſitting, ſome lying all along, others rambling and loytering about, ſome running, others wreſtling, but all of them alike fair and plump, and endued with the moſt amiable Features imaginable; in another Apartment was a Company of Nymphs dancing, which Action was expreſs'd ſo to life, that the Eye was pleaſantly deceiv'd, and the imagination charm'd into a Belief that they were really dancing and leaping; the Wind ſeem'd to play with their Treſſes, and by making their light Garments fly up wantonly to diſcover their almoſt naked Bodies; moreover they ſeem'd to this violent Exerciſe a moſt pure Vermilion Tincture, which gave addition to their natural Beauty, with which one amongſt the reſt muſt be ſuppos'd the Miſtreſs of a Shepherd-Swain, who leaning his back againſt a Tree, took wonderful pains to pleaſe her with the Muſick of his Oaten-reed, puffing up his Cheeks like a Bag-pipe with his eagre ſtraining, whilſt his fingers ſeem'd buſily to move up and down from ſtop to ſtop; not far off two or three Satyrs peept out with their head from the corner of a Rock, behind which they hid themſelves to behold the Nymphs dancing. The next was a Night-piece, all over-ſpread with a perfect reſemblance of the ſhade and obſcurity of the night, giving an obſcure and glimmering proſpect of a Country-Land-skip, wherein was diſcern'd the fair *Endymion* lying aſleep on a Rock, with his head careleſly laid upon his left arm, and a little behind *Diana* attentively looking upon him, from whoſe Countenance the bright Beams that proceeded ſeem'd to give light to all that was to be ſeen of this admirable Piece. Another preſented *Jupiter* in the ſhape of a Bull, carrying away *Europa*, and taking his beloved Prey on his back, ſhe all the while ſtretching forth her arms toward the Land with a ſorrow which was ſo lively expreſs'd by the Painter, that it was impoſſible to look upon her, and not be mov'd to pity; nor leſs moving were thoſe grievous Complaints and Lamentations her Companions ſeem'd to ſend after her from the ſhore. Not to inſiſt too long on the particular deſcription of thoſe other rare Pictures that adorn'd this noble Room, as that of *Orothya's* being raviſh'd away by the rude and cold hand of *Boreas*, whoſe burning heat of love for this lovely Nymph, was not to be extinguiſh'd by all his Froſt and Ice. That of *Cephalus* his being ſnatch'd up into the Air by *Aurora* in a Roſie-chariot, ſprinkled with the Rays of Gold, the moſt glorious that mortal Eye ever beheld; and drawn with Horſes of an *Iſabella*-colour, mixt with a tincture

tincture of Gold, and caparizon'd with yellow and red Flowers mixt together. That of *Atalanta*, clad in all the Glory of her hunting Equipage out-running *Hippomenes* in an appointed Race, yet cheated out of a Victory she could not have miss'd, but for tempting golden Apples he threw in her way. It is also not to be forgotten that the richnels of the Fancie, the choice material and fashion of the Vasa's, and all the rest of the Furniture, were in their way correspondent to the excellencie of the Pictures, and all becoming the Grandeur of so Princely a Room. As soon as the King and Queen, and all the Persons of Quality had laid aside their Darts, their Horns, their Bows and their Quivers, they all took their places in that Order and *decorum*, and were serv'd in that state, that nothing could be more Noble and Illustrious. At the upper end of the Hall, on the one side sate the King and *Sultaness* upon an Ascent in the nature of a Throne, and under a Canopy of State; on the other side, but somewhat lower, the Princess *Morayma*, *Galiena* Kinswoman to the Queen, and the Prince *Muley* had their places; each side of the Hall was flank'd from one end to the other with a long Train of Ladies and their Attendant Knights, whose great care it was to perform their utmost Services to the Ladies, on whom they waited, and the readiness, diligence and variety of their services render'd them acceptable, even to the most nice and difficult to please; besides this particular Attendance, there were above an hundred Slaves richly apparell'd, who were appointed to wait upon the whole Company, among whom the feign'd *Ramire*, as he had the noblest Employ, so was not the least diligent and officious therein, being chiefly to wait upon the Queen, and now and then to attend the Kings Command. The feign'd *Leonce*, though his Office was to entertain *Roderic de Narva*, was no less officious to wait upon the Queen, than the other; and he perform'd his Office to *Narva* so much the worse, that he might acquit himself in his other Imployment the better; however this Great General, who was not unacquainted with his passion, took no notice; for as he was not ignorant himself of the power of Love, he judg'd of the Cause by the Effects. All the while the Feast lasted, the Kings Musick added the pleasures that affect the Ear to that of the Taste, and joyning Voice to Instrument, charm'd the whole Assembly with several most delightful Airs: No sooner was the Company risen from this repast of double pleasure, but they pass'd out of this stately Hall into a Gallery, yet more stately; it was magnificently built, all of Marble, the Roof whereof was divided into guilded Compartiments of half Relief, in the midst whereof were plac'd with Symmetry, and at equal distances rich Cartouches, and within the Cartouches golden Cyphers on each side of the Gallery in every Interval, in the spaces between the Windows were plac'd upon Pedestals of green Jasper, two fair Statues of white Marble, for Workmanship incomparable; the Figures of these Statues were Cupids, which held each of them in one hand a great Branch of Palm of the green Jasper likewise, which according to the nature of this Tree, crooking and bending round, form'd large Arches, the beauty whereof was increas'd by the opposition of the white Marble, which appear'd shining behind; just in the middle of each of these Arches were plac'd Pedestals of black Marble with Cornishes, and upon them Statues of white Marble of all the Kings of *Granada*, from the Conquest of this Kingdom to *Boandelin* the present King. Upon every Pedestal of black Marble, were plac'd answerable to the three faces that were in view, three Images of imbossed work of half Relief, expressing three of the principal Actions in the life of each of these three Princes. All these things together appear'd so ravishing, that this Gallery seem'd one of the most glorious Structures that ever Architecture invented or Sculpture adorn'd, at the upper end of this Gallery, just opposite to the door that gives entrance, was plac'd a large Ascent, cover'd with rich *Persian* Tapistry, grounded with Gold, border'd with Pains of Cloath of Gold, and fring'd about with golden Fringe; here it was that the King, the the *Sultaness*, and all the Ladies of Quality were in the heat of the day, and pass'd the time in some agreeable or divertising Conversation, the men of Quality placing themselves behind the Ladies, and behind them the feign'd *Leonce*, the feign'd *Ramire*, *Speranza de Hita*, and divers other Slaves, both of the one and the other Sex, who that they might lose no time in the Service of their Masters and Mistresses had din'd before them, and so likewise had *Roderic de Narva* done, that he might lose nothing of divertising a Progress and so charming a Conversation; As soon as their *Granadine* Majesties were seated, after a profound silence at first for a while; the King beginning the Conversation by whispering, it continued so by his Example successively from one to the other; but this the King did, that he might have the advantage of secret discourse with the *Sultaness*. "I "know not, *said he*, Madam, whether I "shall be less unhappy in the Country than "in the Town, and whether your cruelty "will permit me a free enjoyment of the "pleasures this place affords. Sir, *answer'd she*, if that be really true, which is taken for a common Maxime, namely, that none can give that to others, which they enjoy not themselves; it will be difficult for me in the midst of so much Melancholy, as I am possest with, either to give divertisement to my self, or any one else. "Methinks for all "that, *reply'd this amorous Prince*, that vexa-"tious thoughts, or trouble of mind should "hardly be admitted in the Gardens of *Ge-"neralife*, and that they must needs have a

"great

" great load of diſcontent that can ſink un-
" der it in a place ſo inrich'd with Art and
" Nature. I grant, Sir, *reply'd ſhe again*, that the delight of the place may ſomewhat qualifie the exceſs of grief or trouble, but it will be found a hard task to reconcile joy and grief together, or to take away the natural Antipathy of two ſuch Contrarieties. " Since
" they cannot be reconcil'd, *ſaid the King of*
" Granada, the beſt way is to let them alone,
" and there being an abſolute neceſſity of ba-
" niſhing the one and retaining the other, it
" is moſt reaſonable we ſhould retain that which is moſt agreeable. I will not diſpute that any farther, *added the fair* Almahide; but the Queſtion is, Which is the moſt agreeable, ſo neceſſary to be retain'd; for as there is nothing ſo ſweet to a Melancholick man as Melancholy, there is no doubt but he will prefer it to all that joy hath of moſt charming.
" But this ſtrange humour, *anſwer'd the King*,
" proceeds rather from his Diſeaſe than his
" Reaſon, and a Perſon of ſuch a temper
" hath more need of a Phyſitian than a Coun-
" ſellour, of the application of Medicines,
" more than of moral Precepts. Phyſitians and Remedies, *reply'd the Queen*, are only good for thoſe who are deſirous to be cur'd.
" They are not fit for me then, *ſaid he*, for I
" deſire always to be ſick. You quit your own Opinion, *anſwer'd ſhe*, for mine; and as I complain not, ſo you have as little cauſe to complain. " My Caſe and yours, *reply'd* Boau-
" dilin are not the ſame; for I ſuffer under
" a Malady which is inflicted upon me, you
" only that which you bring upon your ſelf. But I do not believe, *reply'd the Sultanneſs again*, that I have neglected any thing that might contribute to your health, not being of thoſe over-complemental Phyſitians, who deſtroy their Patients by their flattering them, and concealing from them the true Cauſe of their Diſeaſe. " I grant it, *ſaid the King*, but
" on the contrary, you are of the number of
" thoſe cruel Phyſicians who put Poyſon in
" their Medicines, and, who which they pre-
" tend to endeavour the recovery of their
" Patients, take the only way to haſten their
" end. However it be, *added ſhe ſmiling*, ſince you are come hither for change of Air, which is commonly the laſt Remedy which Phyſitians preſcribe, hinder not the deſired effect, by indulging to melancholick thoughts, and giving your ſelf the free enjoyment of the pleaſures of the time and place; let the ſad alone in their ſadneſs, and let the merry enjoy their mirth; for whatſoever is conſtrain'd is troubleſome, and Liberty, though in evils, is little leſs ſatisfactory than the Cure it ſelf.
" I am of your mind, *ſaid he*, but it is ſo
" long ſince Liberty and I have been Compa-
" nions, that inſtead of aſſiſting one ano-
" ther, we ſhall harldly be able in a long
" time to renew our acquaintance. Ah! Sir, *anſwer'd the Sultanneſs*, your Majeſty hath a greater memory than you were aware of.
" And you more cruelty than I will ſpeak, *reply'd this afflicted Prince*. While this particular Converſation laſted between theſe two, the feign'd *Leonce* drew his Watch two or three times out of his Pocket to ſee what a Clock it was. And as the feign'd *Ramire*, who ſtill obſerv'd it, took ſpecial notice of it: I believe, *ſaid he with a malicious ſmile*, you have made ſome Aſſignation with ſo much impatience, that you wait upon the motion of time, or elſe a man would take you for a Watch-maker that were obſerving the Movements of your Watch, to ſee whether it were true or falſe. 'Tis true *anſwer'd the Count of* Pegnafiel *ſmiling in like manner*, this hour ſeems very long, and I am perſwaded my Watch goes too ſlow, for there muſt needs be above an hour paſt, ſince the ſtyle of my Watch meaſur'd out that ſpace. But, *purſued he*, I am much deceiv'd if the time hath not ſeem'd long to you as well as to me, and this is not the firſt time that I have been able to retort upon you what you twitted me in the teeth with. All this is true, *reply'd the Duke of* Infantada, and I confeſs that this kind of Dialogue which is underſtood by no body elſe, doth not at all divertiſe me; but I am of that humour, that if I am caſt down one moment, the next I am reviv'd again as much; ſo that herein chiefly conſiſts my happineſs above yours, that you are always melancholy, I always jolly, and what I cannot obtain of Fortuue, that I gain of my own Temper; nor doth it ſignifie much, whether I have juſt cauſe to be content, ſo long as I am not ſenſible of any to the contrary. While all this paſs'd among theſe amorous Perſons, every one beſides minded his own particular Affairs, and ſerving himſelf of this occaſion, endeavour'd to make the beſt uſe of his time he could, by an agreeable converſation, *Zaran* only excepted, whoſe favour with the King contributed more to his Ambition than his Love; and who not being able to find out a way to ſatisfie his Maſters eagre deſire of diſcovering who thoſe two perſons were that had won the Prizes, in the running of the Ring, nnd the Combat of the Bulls, was tormented with a reſtleſs diſquiet of mind; ſo that without concerning himſelf at all in that ſecret Converſation, the which was carried on by whiſpering, imploy'd all his time, all his care, and all his force and vigour in obſerving continually the actions and looks of the whole Company, as hoping from thence to gain ſome direction by which he might the better dive into this myſterious Secret; but whatever care and pains he took, they were all alike fruitleſs; and when he came neareſt in conjecture to what he ſought, that conjecture carri'd the leaſt probability in it, which made him utterly careleſs of drawing any advantage from it; for the great diſproportion he ſaw between a Slave and a Queen, broke all his meaſures, and ſo amus'd him, that he could not conjecture what he ſaw. Mean while the feign'd *Sultanneſs* judging not without reaſon, that the King's ſilence would

would not last very long, and that infallibly he would give her a second charge, and desirous to prevent him as much as she could, she went on aloud with the Discourse, where it last broke off: I see, *said she with a smile full of Charms*, the Conversation stands in needs of quickning, since it begins to languish. Wherefore, *pursu'd she*, that I may at once give you an occasion both to inform me, and to divertise your selves; Give me leave to ask you (for I am not much experienc'd in such Arguments) which of the two heightens the passion of Love, A Ladies favours, or her moderate disdain. To my thinking, *said the King*, Reason should resolve this Doubt, and answer your Question: for how can any one receive a favour, how slight soever it be, & not pay an acknowledgment? and how can any one pay an acknowledgment without redoubling his tenderness, and increasing his love? He must be very stupid or ungrateful, he must neither understand the price of Favours nor his own Duty: in a word, he must neither love his Lady, nor his own Honour, that behaves himself accordingly; for can any thing be more certain than that the only Object a Lover aims at is his Ladies favours? What other end can a man propose to himself from the beginning of his passion, or how can he omit any thing that he can imagine capable to serve him in the obtaining of those favours? or how can it be possibly imagin'd, or suppos'd that a thing so ardently desir'd, sought with so much care, so much pains, such diligence, such inquietude of mind, should not after it is once obtain'd, augment that passion which gives a resolution to the undergoing of all this? But the like cannot be said of those disdains whereof the Queen speaks, for how little soever they are, the Soul is so very sensible, and the heart so infinitely tender, that it cannot but have a very quick and nice resentment of whatever is offer'd it, whether good or bad; and as a man therefore cannot bear an Injury without some sense and apprehension, so is it also difficult to love that which hath offerr'd the injury. Disdain and Contempt are of so near a resemblance, that it is an easie matter to mistake the one for the other; and as no generous heart is oblig'd to bear the last; so instead of making him love more, it may chance to make him cease to love at all. But I confess, *added this Prince sighing*, it hath not always this effect, yet it is enough that it ought to happen so, to make me conclude as I do, That a Ladies favours conduce more to the increasing of her Lovers Passion, than her moderate Disdain. As for me, *said the suppos'd Queen*, if it were fit for me to speak much in a Subject which I understand so little, my Opinion would be quite contrary to yours; for to be plain, Sir, if I mistake not, I have heard you say, that Desire is the life of Love, and the ceasing of this Desire causeth Loves expiration: The truth is, the inquietude which accompanies this passion of Desire in rousing up the Soul; rouseth up Love, and by touching the Heart to the quick, redoubles the ardour of Desire, so long as the thing desir'd is not possess'd, a man doth all that he can to gain the possession of it: moreover it is fanci'd to be much greater before it is enjoy'd, than it is found to be after the enjoyment; and as often as it deceives us pleasingly, it takes the greatest of its glory from our Errour, and passeth for no less than what it is esteem'd to be. Besides, as the mind of Man is naturally proud, it esteems most that which resists it most, and is agog to overcome that which hath not been overcome by another; so that seeing always what to desire, he hath always what to love; all Obstacles serving rather to excite, than to abate his passion. In truth, there is no need the Disdain I speak of, should be excessive; it is requisite to put bounds to it, to draw from it the wisht effect: and provided it be so, I shall believe what I maintain to be infallible: But far otherwise is that which you avouch, for when no more is desir'd, there is no more love; and as difficulties cause the heat of love, easie fruition extinguisheth it; continual pleasure comes in time to be no pleasure, and the lively sense of pleasure is lost. In truth, Experience confirms what I say, a man may behold the greatest Beauty in the World, and not be sensible whether she is so or not; if he have her always in his sight, she may come in time to be scarce distinguish'd from the homelier sort; the Eyes are cloy'd, the Soul is lai'd asleep, the Heart grows hard, and she that that would be always lov'd, must have a care she be not always seen; just so it is with favours; for when Ladies oblige too much at first, they oblige too little at last; whereas when they understand well how to make use of a noble Pride, Slaves never become Tyrants, they never leave off their Chains, their excess of favours never brings them into contempt. And hence it is Sir, that I for my part conclude against your Sentiment, that a Ladies rigour, provided it be moderated, increases the passion of her Lover, more than great favours can possibly. I confess, *said the Duke of* Infantada *softly to the Count of* Pegnasiel, I should not well know how to give judgment in this Controversie, having never receiv'd any Favours, and the Lady you know of, having never shew'd this well govern'd rigour toward me. One would think for all that, *answer'd the feign'd* Leonce, by your obstinacie in continuing to love her, that the cruelty of this Lady hath been so excessive. Whether you believe so or not, *reply'd the suppos'd* Ramire, I wish at least you had cause to believe so. But to set that aside, I can draw no other Consequence from your discourse but this, That so long as a Knight is constant, his Lady must needs be kind; a vanity which might be born in a man o my humour, but by no means in one of your gravity. The Count was just going to answer the Duke, when immediately he found himself

ſelf oblig'd to be ſilent, to give attention to *Abindarraxs*, who was going to ſpeak. For my part, *ſaid the Gallant Moor*, at the firſt beginning of an amorous Addreſs, I ſhould be for this well govern'd diſdain againſt continual kindneſs. That is to ſay, *anſwer'd the Prince* Mouſſa, you would alter your Opinion as your Ladies favour ebb'd and flow'd. You are an ill Interpreter of anothers thoughts, *reply'd* Aldoradine. And you very dextrous to diſguiſe yours, *reply'd again* Galiana, for never any Lady could ſo well change from kind to cruel, as you can preſently change your humour. However it be, *added* Zelebin, I ſhould think it better to be conſtrain'd to the quitting of love than the quitting of life, for in honour a man would be oblig'd to die, if his Lady ſhould continue inflexible. You love your life too well to be a generous Lover, *ſaid* Zelimus, and it muſt needs be very pleaſant to you, that you eſteem it ſo much. For my part, *ſaid* Mahomad, who have no averſion to a bitter ſweet, I confeſs, a noble anger pleaſeth me, and too much indulgence ſeems ſomewhat too glutting. This kind of Palat, *anſwer'd* Abenamin, would be very properly apply'd to a Cherry or Citron; but in reference to a Miſtreſs, your *Guſto* and mine will never agree. And ſtill it may be as well queſtion'd *reply'd the Princeſs* Morayma, whether your *Guſto* be the right; for I do not find that Roſes be they never ſo beautiful, are any whit the more acceptable for the prickles that accompany them. For certain then I ſhould never have pleas'd him when I was young, *added* Semahis *very fiercely*; but on the other ſide, I ſhould have had this advantage, that exceſs of my favours would not have glutted. That your diſdains however, *anſwer'd* Lindarache, have not ſlain *Morayſel* is evident, ſince at preſent he yet remains very well. Yet he hath been been very ſick, *reply'd he ſmiling*, and if he is not dead, it is becauſe few men die of grief. For my part, *ſaid* Abdala, provided cruelty be accompani'd with mirth, I can make a ſhift to undergo it without any great difficulty. Your meaning is, *reply'd* Fatima, for I underſtand by half a word, that I am both merry and cruel. As for me, *ſaid* Amat, I am oblig'd by my own experience to believe, that the beſt courſe a Lady can take to gain true love, is not to love at all, and to treat her Servant ill at all times alike, for ſuch hath been my deſtiny. At leaſt I do not think, *added* Cadige *briskly*, that your neat Courſes at the Ring, or your dextrous Combats with the Bulls, are valu'd for ſuch wonderful pieces of Service; nor do I think any extraordinary Rewards need be thought on for the gratifying of them. Among your Verdicts, *ſaid* Alamin, I fancy the moſt rational of all hath not yet been brought in play, which in my Opinion is this, that there is no Univerſal, either on the one ſide or the other in this Affair, that hath been ſo much controverted; for the good or bad ſucceſs of a thing depends upon the Lover's either patience or aptneſs to reſent. It may alſo depend upon a Ladies either Airy and Gallant, or groſs and ruſtick way of Diſdain, the one renders her very charming, the other very inſupportable. As I am of a nice and delicate ſpirit, *ſaid* Zais, and naturally ſoft and gentle, ſo I confeſs, if my Chains were not gentle, they ſhould not be very ſtrong, and above all, the equality of humour occaſions the continuance of my Paſſion. According as the common Opinion goes, you make no great Panegyrick for your Miſtreſs, *ſayd* Zayde, for with the generality her goodneſs paſſeth not for a Perfection. But this is too great an errour to be embrac'd, *ſaid* Orthogule. Whether it be an errour or not, *reply'd* Axa, it is not ſo little embrac'd as you imagine. I am not for it however, *added* Orcame. It may be, I am, *reply'd* Alicola. I declare for *Alicola*, *ſaid* Zelindore. And I for *Orcame*, *purſu'd* Abenarax. I am of your Opinion, *ſaid* Almoraby. And I quite contrary, *anſwer'd* Zambrinna. So then, after a great Diſpute, *ſaid the King*, we find our ſelves upon even terms. Perhaps, Sir, you have not well examin'd the ſuffrages, *anſwer'd the Sultaneſs*, which if you had, you would not, if I am not miſtaken, have judg'd your Party to be the ſtrongeſt. It is at leaſt the juſter, *reply'd this Prince*, and in that reſpect, we ſhould rather weigh the ſuffrages than count them. However it be, *ſaid the ſuppos'd* Leonce *ſoftly to the ſuppos'd* Ramire, I am not of the Opinion of the *Sultaneſs*, and judge it very requiſite that a Lady ſhould begin at firſt with a little rigour. I ſhould likewiſe very much approve of that courſe, *reply'd the feign'd* Ramire, provided it were addreſs'd to you and not to me. In the mean time, the Princeſs *Morayma* ſeeing this Diſpute inſenſibly growing toward an end, and well knowing that the Queen was not very well pleas'd to have it end ſo, having a deſign to oblige her, and at the ſame time to fruſtrate the deſigns of the King her Brother, ſhe raiſ'd a freſh Subject, and renew'd the Diſcourſe in this manner. The age I have arriv'd to, *ſaid ſhe ſmiling*, gives me occaſion to ſpeak of a thing, which otherwiſe perhaps it would not have come into my mind to have ſpoken of, in regard the Pride which ever attends Beauty would not have ſuffer'd me to think of ever bringing it into Controverſie; but as the difference of age cauſeth an alteration of our Opinions and Inclinations, and ſince I ſee no body here concern'd in this Affair except *Morayſel* and *Semahis*, I ſhall preſume upon their pardon, for calling to remembrance any thing that may reflect diſadvantageouſly upon what may have befallen them in their youths, and demand of all in general, and of each in particular, Whether or no there is not an Obligation in honour, that he who hath once lov'd a Lady when ſhe was fair, ſhould love her after ſhe ceaſeth to be ſo? Ah! Madam, *ſaid* Semahis *laughing*,

you

you seem to go about to sowe the Seeds of a Divorce between me and *Morayſel* in laying so exactly before him the deformity of my age; but I am too well assur'd of his fidelity, to be jealous, and shall not for all this suffer the least disturbance in my repose. But the truth is, *continued she still laughing*, you must needs have some hidden design, since enjoying yet so much youth and beauty, you make your self merry with rallying upon a Person whom Age hath overtaken. Ah! Madam, *answer'd* Morayma *laughing very heartily*, a *Venus* who hath three or four little *Cupids* always playing about her, is so taken with the prettiness of the Children, that the Mother is forgot. But Madam, *continued she*, you force me, whether I will or no, to wander from my Argument, which therefore to come back to again, I say, that those who are first in this Controversie, maintain that what a Person hath once thought amiable, ought to be always so in his esteem: That Love is an intellectual Passion, which dwells not in the Superficies, nor can be confin'd to the Beauties of the Body, but enters into the very Soul it self; that as this Soul is immortal, so the Passion which springs from thence must needs be immortal also, to render it self worthy of its Original; that the beauty of the Body is only the Object of the Eyes, that of the Mind the Object of the Soul; that this last Beauty not being subject to those changes, as the other is, ought not to be treated after the same manner; that as it subsists always, and even in the ruines of the first, so it cannot be abandon'd without inconstancy, nor forgotten without levity; that it is a very great Errour to think that Beauty alone can make Slaves, since Statues, how beautiful soever, were never known to have that effect; and that Love infallibly proceeds from a certain internal Ray, which puts it self forth, and leaves behind it tracks of its light and power; this being so, it follows, that that which hath been once ought to be so always, since Virtue never decays with Age, like beauty, nor can Merit be buried in the ruines of a Face: That all this while some allowance may be given to the change of some one particular humour, one single act of infidelity; but that when a thousand of Promises are violated, a thousand Oaths falsified, they are to be look'd upon as no other than so many Sacriledges; not only inconstancy is then to be imputed, but also perfidiousness, stupid negligence, and whatsoever is more low & sordid; & that therefore to avoid such crimes as these, whoever hath had a passion for a Lady, while she was fair and beautiful, is oblig'd to continue to love her when she is no longer so. But those that take in hand the other part of this Controversie, affirm on the contrary, *pursu'd* Morayma, that all things in the world have, and ought to have their limits, and the Cause ceasing, the Effect by a necessary Consequence, must also cease; that Beauty is the Object only of the Eyes, and by consequence the only thing to be belov'd; that those other intellectual Beauties, have something in them of *Chimera*, but little effectual; that as a Lady being once dead, there would be no reason to accuse her Lover of infidelity, for loving another after her death, so whilst living, she would have little reason to complain after her Beauty were once gone, since he could never hope to see that again, though he should see her never so often; for that her poor Beauty being dead to the world, and never to revive again, she becomes as different from what she hath been, as she was then different from any other Creature, there being nothing, except to Be, and not to Be so opposite to each other, as Beauty and Uglineſs; and for these Oaths and Sacriledges which I spoke of, they cause no great scruple, for never did perjur'd persons fear less the Thunder, with which they have been so often threatned. Consider then, my Noble Auditors, whether of the two you are better pleas'd with, those eternal Loves so lately mention'd, or these which last no longer than the flowers of Beauty, which gave them Being, keep them alive. As for me, *said the Count of* Pegnafiel *softly to the Duke of* Infantade, I think you doubt not, but that I am for the faithful Lover. I should be glad I had cause to doubt of it, *answer'd the Duke*, for never did the fidelity of a Lover trouble me so much as yours. To what purpose, *continu'd he*, should I dissemble? I am clearly of the mind that this decrepit Love, this diseased morose Love, this lame and deformed Love hath nothing in it of delightful or gallant. And indeed to give the truth of things as really they were, there was none but the Duke of *Infantada* that could be said to be heartily down-right and sincere, all the rest disguis'd their real thoughts, suffering themselves to be carried by the Stream, that is to say, by Custom; and though there was none of the men but in his heart was ambitious to receive his Ladies favours, yet the generality out of compliance declar'd for the Cruel against the Kind, or to speak more plainly, against themselves. The same may be said of the Ladies, who resolv'd to be severe without proposing to themselves any design. Such a Tyrant is Custom, and so difficult a thing it is to resist this Tyrant. Now as the Example of the Princess *Morayma* had given courage to the Divine *Almahide*, who sought nothing more than to lengthen out a general Conversation, to prevent a particular one, she took up the Discourse, and addressing her self to this great and Noble Assembly, after having given a particular respect to *Morayma*, as to a person whose fore-going Discourse she knew had been design'd to oblige her: For my part, *said she*, the more I proceed to speak of this Passion, the less I am able to comprehend it, so strange it is in its Cause, so strange in its Effects, and so altogether unconceivable, and always producing most surprising Events;

ſo that whether the Story I am going to relate, be true or only imaginary; be pleas'd to give attention to it, for it will not be long, and afterwards give me your Opinions upon it: A Lover feign'd love to another Lady beſides his Miſtreſs, and for no other end but to encreaſe her love by jealouſie; this affront, as ſhe took it, caus'd her in reality, as he had done in appearance, to take off her love from him, and beſtow it upon another; he came afterwards to viſit her again, ſhe utterly refus'd his viſits. Now it may be very well demanded, Which of theſe two was moſt to blame. For my part, *ſaid the King*, I believe the Lady to be moſt in fault, and the Lover to be the leaſt culpable: For to be ſhort, it is the Intention only which makes an Action either Criminal or Juſtifiable; it is by that we ought to judge of all Proceedings, nor can we paſs judgment according to the Event of things, without great injuſtice, for this would be to regard things only as they depend upon Fortune, when there is nothing ſo fallacious in the world, nothing ſo capricious, turning Reaſon and Order upſide-down in all Affairs, as ſhe pleaſeth. It would be therefore very prepoſterous, and ſutable to the nature of Fortune her ſelf, to conclude, that whatever hath ſucceeded well, ought to have ſucceeded well; and whatever hath fail'd, ought to have fail'd. And for proof of this ſo generally known a Truth, who is not ſenſible that this poor Lover had as good Intentions as ever any Lover had, & far more worthy of commendation, than of blame? He had render'd her a thouſand Services, & a thouſand Teſtimonies of his Love, had ſuffer'd a thouſand Injuries, had indur'd a thouſand Torments, and his inviolable Fidelity, had made him take all in good part, rather than do any thing againſt his Love; many that had been in his Caſe would have behav'd themſelves in another manner, and would inſtead of a Revenge in appearance only, have reveng'd themſelves in good earneſt, and by a real Inconſtancy, have puniſht a real cruelty; but his Fidelity was more exact, and he better knew how to love, than to take any ſuch rigorous courſe, he contented himſelf with feigning not to love her, whom he lov'd above his life; he only hid his Paſſion for a time, with intention to have made it appear again greater and more vigorous than ever, as ſoon as his innocent Artifices ſhould have ſucceeded: Mean while this unconſtant Creature following her natural humour of levity, no ſooner had diſcover'd this little preparation of War, but furiouſly taking the Alarm, ſhe quarrels, ſhe forſakes him, ſhe begins to love another, and at the time then, ſhe begins to tax him of infidelity; ſhe begins to be unfaithful her ſelf, and ſhe had not lov'd him, yet in gratitude ſhe ought not to have quitted him ſo ſoon that lov'd her ſo well, and who was a Perſon honeſt enough to have merited from her more aſſuredneſs and more conſideration; but ſuppoſe he had been culpable, ought ſhe to have regulated her Actions by what ſhe concluded to be ill in him? Is unconſtancie a fit Pattern for imitation? If it be a Crime in the Servant, can it be thought a Perfection in the Miſtreſs? Can ſhe applaud her ſelf for that which ſhe condemns in another, and if the appearance of a Crime be to be blam'd, how much more ought the real Crime it ſelf? Ought ſhe not at leaſt to have examin'd more carefully a buſineſs of this importance? Ought ſhe not firſt to have conſider'd, whether it were a thing, before ſhe had determin'd, that was true; and after ſhe had found it, had it not been handſomer in her to have deteſted, than imitated the Crime? Yes, without doubt, and ſuch a diſcreet and juſt way of proceeding had been much more for the Honour of this Lady, than ſhe could poſſibly imagine the way ſhe took could be; but her injuſtice enlarg'd its bounds, and extended it ſelf yet farther; ſhe not only too lightly condemn'd this unfortunate Lover, not only committed that crime her ſelf of which ſhe accus'd him, which he never committed, not only miſjudg'd his intentions, and over-valued her own Merit; but when he had open'd her Eyes, and convinc'd her both of his Love, and his Innocence, and the truth of his Intention; She nevertheleſs repuls'd him, innocent equally, as if he had been a Criminal; and rather than quit her own Crime wherewith ſhe plea'sd her ſelf, ſhe was contented he ſhould continue in his. Give Sentence, then moſt equitable Judges, in favour of an unhappy and forſaken Lover, who hath committed nothing againſt Love, but through exceſs of Love, and whoſe very Crimes deſerve a recompence. It is for a Woman to defend a Woman, *ſaid the Princeſs* Morayne, & though I have a Crown'd head to deal with upon this occaſion, yet it ſhall not daunt me, how formidable ſoever he appear. It concerns as much the Glory of my Sex in general, as the Intereſt of this Lady in particular, and I ſhould ſhew my ſelf not ſo ſenſible as I ought, of this Concernment, if I did not undertake the defence how difficult ſoever it were. My Enterpriſe, Sir, is bold, but it is withal great, and I cannot but come off with Honour in the attempt, being to conteſt with a King of *Granada*. In ſetting my ſelf therefore to anſwer you, I ſhall come up cloſe to each particular of your Argument, and endeavour not to loſe one jot of ground, nor wander from the matter in hand. Firſt, Sir, of whom muſt he whom you defend, complain, if not of himſelf? Who oblig'd him to do what he did? Was it any Counſel given, or was it an effect of his weakneſs, or his malice? The matter is plain, and out of doubt, it clearly appears to have been the later. In ſhort, to ſpeak the very truth of the action, he feigns the feigning of a new Love, and will needs return when he finds he cannot ſucceed in his deſign; if he had been more ſucceſsful, his Fable would have been

a Hiſtory, inſtead of making a ſhew of love, he would have lov'd for good and all; but becauſe he was not receiv'd according to his merit, all the Juſtice we can imagine due to him is, that his Hiſtory reverts again into a Fable, and not having been able to deceive his laſt Miſtreſs, he would willingly re-deceive the former, and diſſemble better than he had done before. For the reſt, Sir, I ſee no great reaſon for the proclaiming ſo loud the Services he render'd her, or why he ſhould have your good word ſo much for the deformity of his Action; for beſides, the Lady whom he forſook, neither agrees to the multitude, nor the importance of his pretended Services; grant they were real, they muſt yet have prov'd unprofitable to her, after ſo bad a Concluſion; for at the breaking off of Love, all that had been done before comes to nothing, it continues not on to the end, an equal and perſevering humour, whether in ſervice or in ſuffering, is the true Character of a Lover. But what is moſt remarkable in this unfaithful Perſon is, that after having ſpoken of his love, he ſpeaks of his anger, and endeavours thereby to fright her; ſo that it may be ſaid of this revolted Slave, That he carries thunder rather in his hand, than chains on his arms; he, who not having been able to bring himſelf to love, took no care to bring himſelf to fear, for as fear is inſeparable from love, it is no wonder he had no more love, ſince he had no more reſpect; but if his Actions have been unjuſt, his Diſcourſes are no leſs irrational; For why ſhould this Lady hide her paſſion for another, when as ſhe had never been engag'd with him? As his own confeſſion makes appear, he thence draws all the ſubject of his Complaint, and all the force of his Reaſons: Beſides, we are not oblig'd to love all thoſe that love us, much leſs thoſe, who after pretence of love forſake us; for, where never any thing was promis'd, there is nothing owing, and where no love hath been, there can be no inconſtancie. To be ſhort, Sir, we have no need of making any ſtrict Examination, for he confeſſeth more than we deſire to know; he commits a folly, and thinks thereby to merit great praiſe; but the neateſt conceit of all is, the Counſel which he gives to this Lady to break of with him, whoſe love he hath accepted too, to return to him who loves her not, and whom ſhe can never heartily love again; he thinks all men ſurely like himſelf, that they can quit and re-aſſume, and like a Garment, put on, or put off a Paſſion at a pleaſure: Judge then, Madam, *ſaid ſhe to the Queen*, which of the two is moſt to blame. In my Judgment, it is the Lover, *anſwer'd the Sultaneſs*, him I find the guiltieſt beyond compare. I ſhall not make uſe of this Warlike Stratagem, *ſaid the feign'd* Ramire *to the feign'd* Leonce, and I incline to believe that to perſevere in loving and ſerving will be the better way. You would for ought I ſee, be counted at laſt as wiſe as another man, and I fear if you come once to be ſo, you will in the end be overwiſe. It is a Misfortune however, *reply'd the Duke of* Infantade, which the Stars never portended me, for I believe that among all the Conſtellations of Heaven, there is not one that threatens me with wiſdom. In condemning this poor Lover, *interpos'd the King again, ſpeaking to the Sultaneſs*, your aim is chiefly to condemn me, and it is only through my want of Eloquence, that this Affair hath been manag'd ſo ill, and that my my Siſter triumphs over me unjuſtly. On the quite contrary, Sir, *reply'd the Princeſs* Morayma, it hath been only by the force of Reaſon that I have been able to oppoſe you; wherefore my Arms have been the more conſpicuous. For my part, *ſaid* Galiane, I confeſs that upon the ſame occaſion I ſhould have taken the ſame courſe, and that ſuch a deſign of deceiving me would be very dangerous for him, that ſhould go about to uſe it. For the truth is, it is too great a piece of Arrogance in any man to dare to take upon him the making his Lady jealous with deſign to try her, wherein though he might haply promiſe himſelf a good ſucceſs, it would be at the beſt a hazard; and the ill that probably might come of it, too great for any wiſe man to venture. In truth, *added* Cadige, I would fain ſee that man that ſhould attempt by ſuch a courſe the fortifying of my love towards him; if it ſhould ſucceed with a witneſs; for never was any deceiver better pay'd for his Cheat, than he ſhould be for his. Yet I know a man, *anſwer'd* Amat *ſighing*, who I doubt will be forc'd to Eſſay ſome ſuch ſtrange kind of Remedy, for having unſucceſsfully made uſe of all others, there will remain at laſt for him to try. It will be better for him, *reply'd ſhe*, to reſign himſelf over quietly to death, for unprofitable Remedies are ſecond evils, which do but augment the firſt. I aſſure you, *ſaid* Zayda, the Misfortune of this Lover would make me pity him, and provided his intention appear'd clear and honeſt, I ſhould think rather of a recompence for him than a puniſhment. I ſee there are Virtues, *ſaid* Axa, which rather to be applauded than imitated, are and which I ſhould rather chuſe to ſtand in admiration of, than ever be willing to follow. I am of your Opinion, ſaid *Fatima*, I ſhould never deſire that any one ſhould guide me towards Friendſhip by ſuch an odd conceited way. In ſhort, *added* Abdala, it is an eaſie matter for a man to deceive himſelf, while he goes about to deceive another, that is to ſay, to fall into hatred, when he thinks to hunt after love. But dangerous Remedies are for great Diſtempers, *anſwer'd Prince* Mouſſa, and Death it ſelf on theſe occaſions is the only Remedy for the extremity of evil. While this Converſation was thus carried on, the Sun being got pretty low in his deſcent, and the heat of the day being over, the King, to give as much variety of Divertiſements as he might, propos'd to the *Sultaneſs* a walk into the Gardens; and ſhe readily approving the

the motion, they both roſe up from their Seats together, and were follow'd by all this Gallant Train into one of the pleaſanteſt places of the world, there to ſpend the reſt and pleaſanteſt part of the day. Theſe Gardens of *Generalife* having a long time had a Fame and Commendation throughout the whole Earth, it would be injurious in this place, wholly to omit a deſcription of them; for although the Art of Parterres and Ruſtick Ornaments hath been much alter'd, and is thought to have been much improv'd ſince the time they were firſt contriv'd, yet ſince Antiquity had its Beauties and Curioſities of Art, as well as the Modern times, I am deſirous as far as my skill will reach, to preſerve to future Ages ſome Idea of this Noble Place. The Ground-Plot behind the Houſe, made together with that ſide of the Building, whoſe windows look'd into it a perfect ſquare, the other three ſides being of the ſame largeneſs with this Rear, which made up the fourth, and along each of them a Brick-Wall, ſpread all over with *Filirea*, ſo that they look'd like the three ſides of a ſtately Palace, which ſeem'd to be of green Jaſper, but ſo High and ſo Magnificent, that nothing was ever ſeen more beautiful or more great; Architecture and Sculpture had never Ornaments ſo rich, but that the Art of the Gardiners had here admirably imitated; Friſes, Corniſhes, Chapiters, Feſtons, Curves, Cartouches, Cranes of Beliers, Vaſes, Montures, Denticles, Boules, Pyramids, and all other Ornaments of Architecture invented by the *Greeks* and *Tuſcans* were to be ſeen in moſt excellent Order, Proportion, and Beauty; but that which principally ſet forth this delightful place, was three rows of Niches one over another, and cut through the Hedges of Woodbine, exactly according to the thickneſs of them, on each of the three ſides of this wonderful Palace, ſo as that all along you might ſee ſhining through that gloomy green the whiteneſs of three hundred Marble Statues, half of Men, half of Women, interchangeably one by another, the rareſt and moſt artificial, that Sculpture had ever produc'd, ſince the Age of *Phydias*, *Lyſippus*, and *Praxiteles*. All about within this Square (and which took up the greateſt part of it) ran a large Garden-Plot of dwarf-Myrtle, whoſe Compartements were ſo elaborately interwoven, and carried on with ſo much exactneſs and proportion, that it charm'd the Eye of every Beholder. Directly in the Center of this Garden-Plot was an admirable Fountain rais'd of white Marble; round about were twelve Cupids plac'd upon twelve Sea-horſes, who out of their mouths ſpouted water fifty foot high up into the Air, which Spouts fell back towards their open Ciſterns with ſo much noiſe, and rais'd ſuch a froth, as when Ships at Sea are driven upon Rocks by the wind. All the walks that went along the utmoſt ſides of the Garden-Plot, and the Alleys which cut through it, were all ſtreight, long, and proportionably large, and border'd with Dogs and Hares made of Wood ſo marvellouſly well deſign'd, and ſuch a life of Action in their poſture, that all the variety of Game in Courſe or Chace might here be diſcern'd. Croſſing from the Houſe over this firſt Garden-Plot, you entr'd through a Gate made in the oppoſite wall into a ſecond Garden not much inferiour to the firſt; for juſt entring in you had immediately the ſight of a fair Mount, and on the top of it a ſtately Grot faſhion'd into a large Nich, all compos'd of ſeeming Iſicles, Petrifications, Marcaſites, Cryſtals, Corals, and all ſorts of curious Shells, which made a moſt beautiful and rich Enamel. A Triton of white Marble ſeem'd to ſuſtain this glittering Concave upon his ſhoulders; he held in one hand a Trompet, and in the other a Table of black Marble, wherein appear'd ingraven in Letters of Gold theſe Lines following:

Fair Grotto thus adorn'd,
By Nature and by Art ſet forth,
If I may judge thy real worth,
Great Croeſus *would have ſcorn'd*
His pompous Treaſuries,
Had he this Wonder ſeen, that all his Pomp outvies.

Before this Grotto was a Statue of Braſs, much bigger than the life, repreſenting the River of *Nile*: It was almoſt hid by the ſweet Canes, the Roſes, and the Sedges that grew about, much after the manner as is expreſs'd in one of the Machines of the Carouſel. The Head and left Arm of this Statue lean'd upon ſeven Magnificent Urns, all enricht with little Figures, which repreſented aquatick Fables. From theſe ſeven Urns iſſued ſeven great ſpouts of water, with a pretty pleaſant purling noiſe, which charm'd the Ears, no leſs than the liquid Cryſtal raviſh'd the Eyes. A little lower were 7 Crocodiles of white Marble, which receiv'd all this water into large Baſins of the ſame material, and through their Throats caſt it back lower into the braſen Veſſels of ſeven other Crocodiles of the ſame Metal, who alſo in their turns convey'd it to others of Marble, and they again into others of Braſs, and ſo ſucceſſively from the top of the Caſcade down to the bottom, with a noiſe that reſembled ſeething or bubbling water: But without in the void place beneath, there were four and twenty Rocks of white Marble, advancing each higher than the other at equal diſtances, and each of them caſting forth four and twenty Spouts of water, which made a pretty frolick of Art, extrordinary delightful to behold. Among theſe Rocks, inſtead of Knots, there interwinded among each in ſeveral Compartiments, Alleys of Laurels, Palms, Cypreſſes, Cedars, Pomegranats, Oranges and Citrons, all which made a ſhade no leſs odoriferous than ſpecious, for it caſt forth a perfume beyond the richeſt of Pomanders whatſoever.

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It was among these delightful shades, and the murmur of these pleasant Fountains, that this Illustrious Company chose to seat themselves upon one of the richest Carpets of Herbs and Flowers that ever the Earth produc'd, there to contemplate at leasure upon all the Wonders of this so charming Place; but scarce had their *Granadine* Majesties taken their Seats, and commanded all the rest of the Company to do the like, when *Abindarrays* gave interruption for a while to the pleasure of the Eyes by that of the mind; for he propos'd a Question which divided their Opinions, and likewise made every one of them have enough to do to answer him. His Demand then was, Whether a Lover that had been absent a very long time, and not having written to his Mistress for fear of the miscarriage of his Letters, should for so doing, or rather so omitting, deserve Recompence or Punishment. For my part, *said the Sultaness*, I declare for the first; for indeed, in my Judgment, a true Lover ought not to bring in competition his own proper satisfaction with the Honour of his Mistress. If he be perswaded that his love ought to be kept secret, and that the discovery of it may be prejudicial, he ought rather to die than write, at least, if he know to love. 'Tis certainly as far as I imagine, a very great consolation to an absent Lover, to let her whom he loves, to understand those grievances which absence causeth him to suffer; but it must also be no less a comfort to him to think that he hath done nothing but what he ought, hath nothing to reproach himself with in so nice an affair. In short, it would be too great a piece of imprudence to expose himself to this peril, in a matter of such importance, for a thing so little considerable. Nay, to go farther, I absolutely maintain, That he cannot be said to love, that hazards the doing a prejudice to her whom he pretends to love; and that it will be found, if we will examine the bottom of their hearts, that these indiscreet Lovers, love only themselves, and that they must needs have very low thoughts of a Ladies Virtue, who can forget how much she considers her Reputation, how much she prefers it above all things, even above her pleasure, nay, above life it self; so that I conclude, that the discreet Lover who writes not at all deserves rather Reward than Punishment; and that on the contrary, he that cannot forbear writing deserves to be punish'd not rewarded. For my part, Madam, *said* Cadige *boldly*, I must needs confess I am clearly of another mind from what your Majesty hath declar'd, and I cannot agree that that man should have too much wisdom, who indeed ought to have none at all: These so well consulted proceedings you stand upon, are more becoming a Philosopher than a Lover, a wise Man, than one out of his Wits; for such ought he to be, who takes upon him to love, if the general Opinion be true. In short, this profound reasoning argues too much flegm, too much frigidity of blood; for that to reason well, and love ill is one and the same thing, is a Maxime not to be disputed. As Tranquility is an infallible Mark of the Souls repose; so Transportment is an evident Sign of the violence of a mans Passion; he that speaks of a speculative, speaks of a wise man; but he that speaks of a transported man speaks of a Lover. Besides, can any man be ignorant of what may be effected by absence to the prejudice of love? and not being ignorant, should he endure to expose himself to be forgotten, which is the infallible effect of absence? To love with such discretion is it not the same thing as luke-warmness in love? Or rather is not to love in this manner the same thing as not to love at all? As for what your Majesty hath said concerning the Honour and Reputation of a Lady, I am of your Opinion without quitting my own, nor doth yours destroy mine in the least. To say the truth, I agree with you, that it behoves him that loves, to have a special regard to the Honour of her, by whom he is belov'd; But is there no fore-sight and care in Love? or indeed can a man love without it? Are Secresie and Love two things incompatible? or rather ought they not always to go hand in hand together? But you will say, it is too much to hazard: True; but when we speak of a Lover, we speak of one that has Courage, and he that has not Courage, is not a Lover, or at least is very unworthy to be one. And since, (to speak the very truth, and not flatter our Sex), if a Lover, be he never so ready, with all his Complaisance, all his Cares, all his Devoirs, all his Respects, all his Services, shall yet have enough to do to fix the levity of our humour, what ought he not to apprehend, if he should suffer himself to be blotted out of our Memory by absence and oblivion? He who seems to give us an Example by seeming to forget us out of the strict observation of this wonderful discretion, in which there is so little love. For these Reasons it is, Madam, that I maintain against your Majesties Opinion, that this discreet Lover deserves rather to be punish'd, than rewarded; and that the vent'rous Lover is he who deserves rather to be rewarded than punish'd. As Husbands and Lovers act after a different manner, *said the King smiling, and looking upon the Sultaness*, and that the Complaisance of the first goes not altogether so far as that of the other, give me leave, Madam, with your favour to tell you, that your Opinion is not mine, and that I am clearly of *Cadige*'s Judgment; for I find that there can be no reason in the world for any one when he is a Lover, to act in the same manner, as when he was no Lover; that there is an excess in this discretion; that all excess is vicious, and what is vicious is to be exploded. In truth, two things so divers, as Indifference and Love, ought not to admit of the same manner of proceeding; for

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if day and night reſemble not each other, as little can theſe two things be thought to have a reſemblance together. All this while, *ſaid the Princeſs* Morayma, I confeſs I am of the ſame Opinion with the *Sultaneſs*, and cannot but affirm, that the diſcretion of the one, would pleaſe me incomparably more than the diligence of the other. 'Tis moſt certain, *ſaid* Semahis, that all the world over almoſt all people have a different apprehenſion of things one from another, and every one thinks his own Judgment better than another man's; for I declare, that the careful and diligent Lover, would pleaſe me better than the diſcreet, and that I ſhould very eaſily forget a man that ſhould once forget me. But Diſcretion, *anſwer'd* Abindarrays, and Forgetfulneſs are not the ſame thing. But they ſo nearly reſemble, *reply'd* Galiana, that one may very eaſily be taken for the other. Yet however the difference is ſo great, *added* Aldoradina, that it were good for a man to examine them well, before he give himſelf over to be ſo groſly deceiv'd, and to commit ſo great an injuſtice. I ſhould think for all this, *ſaid* Fatima, that it were better for this ſo over-diſcreet Perſon to conſider before-hand the danger to which he goes to expoſe himſelf, or not to expoſe himſelf at all; for it is not for others to excuſe what he may have committed through imprudence. I would do then what I ought to do, *anſwer'd* Abdala, and leave the reſt to misfortune. Oh! that I were aſſured (*ſaid the Count of* Pegnafiel *ſoftly to the Duke of* Infantada) that you were of *Cadige's* mind. And, oh! that I were alſo certain, *reply'd the feign'd* Ramire, that you were of the Opinion of *Abindarrays*, for hitherto you ſeem two Philoſophers of two very different Sects, conſidering the inconſtancy he hath ever been addicted to, and the obſtinate conſtancy you profeſs. I deny it not, *reply'd again the feign'd* Leonce. Nor do I envy you, *added the Duke*, for boldneſs is the Virtue which beſt ſuites with my humour. And Indiſcretion, *anſwer'd the Count*, the Vice which moſt diſagrees with mine. But Conduct may remedy this Vice, *reply'd the feign'd* Ramire, and ſo long as a man fails not therein, he may ſecure to himſelf the grand Good he aims at, without expoſing himſelf to any inconvenience, and by this means the Wiſeman and the Lover may be united into one and the ſame Perſon. Thus was the Noble Company divided, while Reaſon was equally lay'd claim to on both ſides; and each Party ſtrove to draw the other to their Opinion, as the beſt: But at laſt, a Period being put to this Debate, their Majeſties aroſe, and follow'd by all the reſt of the Company, return'd towards the Green-hall, where they were firſt receiv'd; at the Entrance whereof they were attended by a Man and two Women richly habited, the firſt like *Vertumnus*, one of the Garden-Deities, the other attir'd like *Pomona* and *Flora*, they held each of them a large Porcelane Baſon full of Fruits and Flowers, and ſung each of them a Stanza of a Tripartite Song, the Muſick whereof was very agreeable; *Flora* concluding after this manner:

My delightful Borders yield
The choice Enamel of the Field;
Yet though waſh'd with morning Dew,
Not ſo pure nor bright as you:
And although they ſeem ſo fair,
Here the Serpent lies; beware.

If it be ſo, *ſaid the Sultaneſs ſmiling*, we muſt neither venture to taſte the Fruits, nor ſmell to the Flowers; ſo that we are beholden to theſe Deities for being ſo kind as to give us caution of the danger we were running into, and ſaving us from ſo perillous an Ambuſcade. As ſoon as ſhe had ſpoke thoſe words, they all entred the Hall, where a moſt ſumptuous Banquet awaited them, compos'd of choice Fruits and Sweet-meats, ſet out with intermingled Flowers ſo incomparably, that Magnificence and Curioſity, which here equally appear'd to diſpute the Prize. The Company being all ſate down to this delicious Collation upon Seats of Turff, the three Garden Deities began again to ſing, and continued ſinging, during all the time the Banquet laſted.

Gentle Zephyr, whence proceed
Every Gardens chiefeſt Graces,
Sweetly breath about theſe places;
When thy ſighs the Bloſſoms ſhake,
Say, 'tis for theſe Ladies ſake.

Pretty Am'rets, here diſplay
Your golden Wings, and wantonnize,
In the Sun-ſhine of thoſe Eyes:
For thoſe Roſes are the Throne,
That your Cupid ſits upon.

In the Grotto's more retir'd,
Where the Mighty Peleus, *fir'd,*
Lovely Thetis *overcame;*
Far leſs Beauty there did tame
Th' unruly Hero in his flame.

The Concluſion of the Song ran in the mind of one of that noble Company, after that Banquet was ended; and calling to remembrance the Names and Adventures of all thoſe Goddeſſes which were at the Nuptials of *Peleus* and *Thetis*: And the rehearſal of their Proſperities or Misfortunes, put the Queen in mind to demand of the Company, Which of the two they thought contributed moſt to Love, the Mirth and ſportive Humour of *Peleus*, or the tears and mournful poſture of the Fair one. For my part, *ſaid the King*, I am of the Perſwaſion, that Sport and Jollity ought to be inſeparable Companions to Love; and that they become it much better than Lamentations, Complaints, Sighs, Sobbings, and Crys can do. For neceſſarily, *continu'd he*, as theſe laſt are more proper to move pity than the former; ſo thoſe muſt needs more

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eaſily excite love than theſe: Sadneſs ſhuts up the heart, joy opens it, tears beget compaſſion; and mirth and laughter inſpire love and pleaſure: Moreover finding that the ſorrows of this afflicted fair One are not for our ſakes, we concern our ſelves but little in the complaints ſhe utters, in the tears ſhe pours forth; and regard them only with a ſimple expreſſion of pity. But far otherwiſe it is with the merry jovial Beauty, whoſe jolly and brisk humour is the Soul of Converſation, and inſpires an Air of mirth and pleaſure into all Companies where ever ſhe comes. For, as generally all people are apt to flatter themſelves with the belief of their own merit, ſo every one willingly perſwades himſelf that he hath a ſhare in that joy which he ſees ſparkle in her Eyes, ſhine in her Countenance, and flow from her Diſcourſes; ſo that there being nothing ſo proper to incite a man to love, as the belief of his being belov'd; it neceſſarily follows, that the mirth and pleaſant humour of a fair Lady is much more conducible to love, than that heavy, mournful aſpect, which ſadneſs and diſcontent muſt draw upon her Countenance. Since your Majeſty is pleas'd, *anſwer'd* Abindarray's, to allow that freedom we take in delivering our Opinions, how much differing ſoever from thoſe of your Majeſty, and not to look upon that liberty, as inconſiſtent with the reſpect we owe, I ſhall not doubt of pardon, in taking the boldneſs to declare, that my ſentiments are clearly oppoſite to what hath been juſt now deliver'd by your Majeſty. To ſpeak freely therefore what I think: It ſeems to me, Sir, that theſe brave jolly Laſſes, who are ſo brisk and crank, always talking, always laughing, always revelling in jocundry and mirth, are ſcarce likely to inſpire a paſſion into any ſerious Lover; or perhaps to give themſelves leiſure to think of that or any other ſerious deſign: Probably enough, the ſight of them may pleaſe not a little; as a man may take pleaſure to behold a handſom Border in a Garden, a delightful Fountain, a ſmiling Meadow, a pleaſant River, a ſtately Foreſt, high Rocks, a clear and lovely Evening, or a ſplendid Morning; and farther than that the pleaſing carriage of theſe external laughters, will never produce love; pleaſe they may, but never captivate. And as it is apparent, that they deſign nothing more than the diverſion of themſelves and others, and that their temperament renders them uncapable of receiving any ſolid impreſſion, or induring ought that might give them any trouble or diſquiet; ſo it is not likely they ſhould ever give that to any one elſe, which they never ſeek after themſelves, ever cauſe another to find that which they themſelves deſire not to meet with; they are glad to ſee the Company laugh and be merry, the Company laughs and is merry; no other ſatisfaction they propoſe, no other ſatisfaction is produc'd; they have no real Object of their love, they are lov'd as little as they love. But it is far otherwiſe, Sir, with thoſe lovely Votareſſes, thoſe charming Mourners that have ſo much tenderneſs in their hearts, as to pour forth Tears and Complaints. Their Tears are like ſo many precious Pearls, more to be va'ued than thoſe the Orient produceth, and of greater worth than all the Diamonds in the World. The beautiful ſhade of their ſorrow, and the ſoft whiſpers of their ſighs paſs inſenſibly from the Eyes and Ears into the heart, and give love an entrance with them. Pity diſpoſes this heart to another Paſſion. It leads unperceivably from Compaſſion to Amity, from Amity to Love, by a kind of downhill motion, which the Soul is not able to withſtand, whilſt it abandons it ſelf to joy, even in the very midſt of ſorrow. Beſides, as it is well known that a Melancholy temper is no leſs proper to entertain a tender paſſion, than to infuſe it, and that on the contrary, theſe jovial Perſons are abſolutely as uncapable of receiving it, as of giving it. Whence I conclude, and I think not without ſufficient reaſon, that Mirth and Laughter in a fair Lady are much leſs obliging than her ſerious tears and ſighs. Not to diſcommend *Abindarrays* his Philoſophy, *ſaid the ſuppos'd* Ramire *ſoftly to the ſuppos'd* Leonce, I am clearly not of his mind; for I hold that love is a Child who ought to be always laughing, and whom weeping becomes not in the leaſt. I doubt, *anſwer'd* Ponce de Leon, the jovial Duke of *Infantada* would not be for a ſorrowful beauty. I make no difficulty to conjecture, *reply'd again Don* Alvarez, that the grave Count of *Pegnafiel* would not be for a merry one. For eſteem proceeds from reſemblance, and nothing but what is very ſerious, can be reſembled to him. For my part, *ſaid the Sultaneſs*, my natural inclination prompts me to give judgment in behalf of the Melancholick. And mine, *anſwer'd* Fatima, to vote in favour of the other ſide, and to wiſh, that the merry may triumph over the ſad. I am ſo acquainted with tears, *ſaid the fierce* Semahis, that I know not their force. And I ſo well acquainted with tenderneſs, *ſaid the prudent Princeſs* Morayma, that I cannot be ignorant of their power. For my part, *added* Cadige, if I find that love can be imparted no way, but the ſad and mournful way, I ſhall never impart it as long as I live. Misfortune attends thoſe that love a Lady of your humour, *reply'd* Amat; for they muſt needs lie very obnoxious to occaſions of ſorrow and complaint, that always ſerve a laughing Miſtreſs. The truth is, *ſaid* Zaida, Pity and Mirth go ſeldom together; whereas on the contrary we ſhall ſeldom find Melancholy and Love aſunder. At leaſt I am certain, *ſaid* Zais, I ſhould never love her, whom I ſhould ſee always to laugh; and cannot think that a paſſionate Soul can ever aſſociate with a ſpirit altogether void of Paſſion. You conſider not well what you ſay, *reply'd Prince* Mouſſa, for Mirth is a Paſſion as well as Grief, and I underſtand not why you ſhould go about to exclude it out of the number of

the paſſions. But, Sir, *ſaid* Zelima, do you know this paſſion ſo well as to be able to define it? or do you think it capable of being defin'd, being ſo little known as it is? He was juſt going to anſwer, when the King, the Sultaneſs, and the whole Court roſe from their Seats, and went to walk in the firſt Garden by the gloomy light of the Moon and Stars; for Night had newly taken the room of the departed Day. No ſooner were they enter'd, but this Prince beckning off *Almahide* privately ſome few paces from the reſt of the Company, began to whiſper in her Ear, and having fetcht a deep ſigh; I know not, *ſaid he*, Madam, how it comes to paſs, that declaring your ſelf ſo poſitively as you do in favour of the Melancholic, you yet ſo obſtinately refuſe your favours to me who am always ſo; in regard I ſhould think, that whereas the ſad and penſive are ſo well in your eſteem, I, who am of that number, ſhould not altogether diſpleaſe you. Thoſe, Sir, *anſwer'd ſhe*, who ſuffer voluntarily have no reaſon to complain, and whatſoever a man inflicts upon himſelf, he ought not to lay the blame on any one elſe; but to take it wholly to himſelf. But this is far, *reply'd he*, from being my caſe, for if you were as willing as I to have my ſufferings redreſt, my condition would be as happy as now I find it uneaſie. I do not think for all that, *reply'd ſhe again*, that I have omitted any thing wherein I could ſerve you toward the re-eſtabliſhment of your repoſe. Or rather indeed, *purſued he*, you have not omitted any thing that might help to accompliſh the deſtruction thereof. But Sir, *anſwered the Sultaneſs again*, Methinks the ſincere freedom I have always us'd ſhould rather deſerve your commendations, than your reproaches; rather your thanks, than your complaints. It hath been too abundant, *reply'd this Prince*, a little leſs of your ſincerity had render'd my ſufferings more ſupportable, and your proceedings toward me ſomewhat more humane. I thought for all this, *reply'd again the Sultaneſs*, that I had done ſome things which ſhould not have permitted you to doubt of the zeal I have for your ſervice, and alſo ſuffer'd ſome other things which ſhould have taken from you all pretence of queſtioning the zeal I have for your repoſe. Nor do I indeed, *ſaid he*, doubt the one or queſtion the other, but ſtill, I muſt needs ſay, I find you as bad a Miſtris, as I approve you a good Subject; and had rather be a happy Slave than an unfortunate Monarch. 'Tis upon this account, *reply'd ſhe*, that I have undergone ſo many difficulties, and if you are not a happy Monarch, your Majeſty well knows, the fault is none of mine. Alas! whoſe then? *demanded this amorous Prince*, ſince you with one word alone might both render my felicity compleat, and your ſelf as fortunate as you could in reaſon hope to be. Ah! for the laſt, *anſwer'd this conſtant Lady*, it is in my power alone to inſtate my ſelf in this good fortune whereof I ſpeak; and you give your ſelf a little too much aſſurance of that whereof you have but an uncertain ſurmiſe. Would to Heaven, *anſwer'd the King of* Granada, I were no leſs uncertain who were the Victors in the Carouſel and the Combat of the Bulls, or at leaſt that I were of your Council. You could not be my Confident in a thing which I know not, *reply'd* Almahide, but if I were a little better acquainted, *purſued ſhe, with a diſdainful ſmile*, with the humour wherein I find you, I ſhould not exclude you my Council. Nor ſhould I exclude you from mine, *reply'd the King again*, in a matter that concern'd the State; but I ſhould hardly conſult you in a matter wherein your counſell would be ſo little faithful to me. Conſul then only Reaſon, and your Virtue, ſaid the Queen. I ſhall rather follow what my Deſpair and Love dictate to me, *anſwer'd the King*, And as I obtain nothing of you, I ought not to be rul'd by you in any thing relating to this affair. At theſe words the ſuppos'd *Ramire*, leaning toward the ſuppos'd *Leonce*, to whiſper him in the ear, I like, ſaid he, laughing, but ſhaking his head, thoſe publick diſcourſes that concern the whole company, much better than theſe particular private converſations; and never did any conference reliſh ſo ill with me as this. It cannot diſpleaſe you ſo much, anſwer'd *Ponce de Leon*, but it pleaſes me as little; and were I Maſter of the Ceremonies in Converſation, I ſhould prohibit all theſe private conferences. This was gallantly enough ſpoken of ſuch a grave perſon as you are, reply'd *Don Alvarez*, and for that little time we have to tarry together, your ſerious humour ſhall prevail, and you ſhall ſtrip me inſenſibly of all my jollity. As they were proceeding on in their diſcourſe, the company prevented them; for juſt at that inſtant they began their march out of the garden, and return'd into the Hall where they had dln'd, which was made ſo reſplendent with lights, and the table covered with ſuch magnificence, that this ſecond repaſt ſtill ſurpaſs'd, if it were poſſible, the former. All the while it laſted, one of the Queens Maids of Honour, who ſung incomparably well, accompanying her voice with a Theorbo, which ſhe touch't with moſt admirable skill, after the Moreſque faſhion, entertain'd the company with a long recitative Air, wherein all that Muſick hath of tender, charming, and paſſionate, was here expreſs'd; and if the Air took marvelouſly with its variety of exquiſite harmony, no leſs did the words with their moving, and ſweetly amorous expreſſions. It was an Elegy, which being ſung by a woman, repreſented alſo a woman ſpeaking; and this decorum ſet it off the more naturally and with the better grace. But becauſe it was long, I will only repeat the four laſt lines, that have relation to the diſcourſe.

It is enough that I ne're ſaw Cleander,
And yet affect him with a love moſt tender;
'Tis a hard caſe, and yet it muſt be ſo,
Alwayes to love, yet ne're the perſon know.

Scarce had this skilful Songſtreſs finiſht this harmonious recitative air, when the King leaning toward the fair Sultaneſs to whiſper in her ear, I fear, Madam, ſaid he, you rob your life of much ſatisfaction in not following the generous reſolution which this paſſionate Lover took, and that you are well enough contented not to ſee him whom indeed I could heartily wiſh you never ſhould ſee. But Sir, anſwer'd *Almahide*, ſo long as I continue to love, though I ſhould never ſee the party lov'd, you would gain no great matter thereby; Nor do I ſee what alteration of fortune would be in the face of your affairs, if what you declare ſhould happen. Oh, unjuſt perſon, reply'd this amorous Prince, how great an error are you in, if you believe what you ſay! and how little do you underſtand the degrees of grief, if you think it to be the ſame thing not to be lov'd by one who loves no body elſe, and to be hated by one whoſe inſenſibility is not general to all, but particularly injurious to ones ſelf! Theſe two caſes indeed are ſo different, that they admit of no compariſon; ſo very diſproportionate, that the firſt of theſe aggrievances, the other being remov'd, might be taken almoſt for a pleaſure. In ſhort, purſued he, the good fortune of one Rival is the utmoſt affliction of another, all the cruelty and diſdain of a Lady, all her inſenſibility are not comparable to that cruel preference which by making one man ſo happy makes another ſo miſerable. You have at leaſt this advantage, reply'd again maliciouſly the ſuppos'd Sultaneſs ſtill laughing, that your eyes are not offended, nor your jealouſie augmented by any favours this beloved Rival you ſpeak of receives in your preſence. On the contrary, made the King anſwer, the more ſecret ſhe is for him, the more cruel for me, and the impenetrable myſtery of this ſecret intelligence ſufficiently denotes the greatneſs of her cunning, and my misfortune. But, Sir, return'd this ſuppoſed Queen, continuing her laughter, which of theſe two Victors is it that I love, the firſt or ſecond? or do I love them both together? for that would be worth the knowing for the rarity of the thing, as being altogether without example. I know not, inhuman Creature as you are, reply'd he, but I know well enough you love not me, and that is ſufficient to render me the moſt unfortunate of all men, and the moſt worthy of compaſſion. This ſecond Dialogue, ſaid the ſuppos'd *Ramirus* ſoftly to the ſuppos'd *Leontius*, pleaſeth me much better than the firſt, and this Husband methinks ſhews himſelf but little a Gallant, that ſpeaks and behaves himſelf in this manner to none but his Wife. If all Husbands ſhould do the like, anſwer'd the Count of *Pegnafiel*, they would perplex abundance of people, and make them utterly to ſeek in the taking of their Meaſures. O excellent Scholar of mine, *reply'd the Duke of* Infantada, You begin to ſurpaſs your Maſter, ſo that for the ſhort time it is like to continue, I ſhall be the grave man, and you the facetious: which indeed muſt be taken for a wonderful Metamorphoſis, and more incredible than any of *Ovid*'s; which both have had and have merited ſo great a reputation in the world. By that time he had pronounc'd thoſe words, the Feaſt being quite ended, the King, Queen, and all the reſt of the company roſe from the table, and paſs'd out of this great Hall into a Parlour yet more ſtately, and more pompouſly ſet forth with lights; where a Ball was in preparation, and the Inſtrumental Muſick already come and placed in their aſſigned ſtation. As ſoon as their Majeſties had taken their ſeats, all the reſt began in order to take theirs, and within a while after one or other as the fancy took, came forth and danc'd either ſingle or with the Mates they choſe; and when in pairs they were generally ſo well matcht that there appear'd an equal grace and proportion in their dancing. Mean while the Duke directing his diſcourſe to the Count, Mr. *Freedman, ſaid he, very pleaſantly*, be adviſ'd by me, if you pleaſe, not to dance over your Pavan again, for certainly the dancing of it, now that you have put off much of your gravity, will nothing near ſo well become you as before. You take wonderful care of my reputation, *reply'd Ponce de Leon*, and I do not doubt but you imagin well enough what kind of obligation I have to you. Be it how it will, *reply'd Don Alvarez*, if the Freedman dance, the Slave will dance alſo. By this time, their *Granadine* Majeſties having made an overture of carrying on the Ball, all the gallant *Moors* and the reſt of this noble train danc'd ſeveral dances together, in moſt exact time and meaſure; while each particular perſon expreſt in dancing a ſingular grace and ſpirit; which dances being ended, the whole company divided; one part whereof continued the Ball by a certain ſerious dance which the *Granadines* call the *Zambra*, the other went and plac'd themſelves about the aſcent where the King and Queen were ſeated, in order to an agreeable converſation, which was begun by the gallant *Aldoradine*, who with a handſome grace and gentile ſpirit, demanded of this illuſtrious ſociety, Whether a Lover who finds his Miſtreſs kind in outward appearance, though ſhe prove cruel at laſt, is to be thought happy or miſerable, deſerving of pity or envy? As thoſe who believe themſelves happy are ſo, *ſaid the Sultaneſs*, I am verily perſwaded that thoſe perſons who enjoy theſe pleaſing dreams have no reaſon to complain, being Objects rather of envy than of pity; for as to them there is no difference between real and imaginary felicity, they enjoy the ſight of the ſame beauty, they taſt the ſame pleaſure, and

ſo long as ſo ſweet a dream laſts, their ſatisfaction is ſo great, that it need not be brought into queſtion; but that they are compleatly happy, and may very well be contented with their condition. And ſome there are who maintain that as long as dreams laſt, the ſoul is in ſome ſort diſingag'd, and as it were untied from the corporeal matter, and his imagination ſo much more nice and delicate than at other times; that that Idea of beauty which is thus repreſented to it, is incomparably more perfect than that groſs terreſtrial beauty which he ſees with his corporeal eyes; and there is no doubt but the raptures he is poſſeſt with during theſe lucid intervals, the delight he enjoys in the midſt of theſe happy dreams are without compariſon tranſcendent to whatever pleaſures a real object can produce. Whence we muſt ſtill conclude, that he who is lull'd in theſe pleaſant dreams is rather happy, more deſerving of envy than pity; nay, though this ſame Miſtreſs of his ſhould prove as cruel to him waking as ſhe appear'd ſweet and pleaſant to him in his ſleep. Ah, Madam, *ſaid the King*, if this happy ſleeper were to ſleep always, and this pleaſant inchantment were never to end; if this raviſhing phantom which ſo charms his ſoul were to be always in his ſight, always before the eyes of his mind; what you maintain might have ſome appearance of truth; but as there is no perſon who leads not a greater part of his life waking than ſleeping; ſo there is none who perceives not, as ſoon as the operation of this pleaſing charm is over, that pleaſure in Idea is no real pleaſure, and that the imaginary are but the ſhadow onely of true and ſolid pleaſures, and by conſequence underſtands not by experience that a kind Miſtris in a dream is not ſo much to be deſir'd, as a really cruel Miſtris is to be fear'd. Beſides, to convince you from your own very words, if it be true as you ſay, and as I believe, that the ſoul unimpriſon'd from the body ſees things more perfectly and injoys them more ſenſibly, it follows neceſſarily, that when this charm of ſleep comes to be diſſolv'd, this ſoul by the privation of the extream happineſs which it had attained, finds it ſelf more unfortunate than it was before, by falling as it were from heaven to hell, and from glory into miſery; and by conſequence theſe pleaſant dreams cannot come into compariſon with real misfortunes, nor kind phantomes with cruel verities; which, let any perſons ſay what they pleaſe, cannot but make a man unhappy. Methinks, *ſaid the ſuppos'd* Ramire *to the ſuppos'd* Leonce, a man of your humour and ſpirit ſhould be of the ſame mind with the *Sultaneſs*, and that ſuch a Quinteſſence of Philoſophy as this ſhould well ſuit with that force of imagination which is proper to a melancholy man, who wholly abandons himſelf to what his fancy leads him. But having a ſtrong belief, *anſwered* Ponce de Leon, that you are more ſenſible than any other of the felicity which conſiſts in dreaming, I was apt to think that you would have been of her party, and I confeſs it ſurpriſes me much that you are not. Ah! indiſcreet Lover as you are, *reply'd the Duke of* Infantada, ſince in reproaching me with my misfortune you obliquely vaunt of your own happineſs: and I ſhall tell *Almahide* of it: for being your Rival, I am excus'd from being your Confident, nor am I bound to keep your ſecrets. The Quality you take upon you will render you ſuſpected, *reply'd again the Count of* Pegnafiel, and cauſe you not to be believ'd. However, *ſaid the Duke*, Truth is ſtrong, eſpecially when defended by a man ſo far from a Mute as I am, for while your ſlow diſcretion is marching gravely up and down to ſeek advantages, my active ſpirit carries the places of importance and triumphs before yours be ready to give the onſet. That which you now utter, *anſwered the ſuppos'd* Leonce, gives me warning to make better uſe of my diſcretion, than to have need of your briſk forwardneſs: and I ſhall deſire to know of the *Sultaneſs*, whether her heart be that important place which you have won ſo eaſily? and if it be from thence that you have rais'd thoſe triumphal arches you ſeem to boaſt of? The truth is, *reply'd the ſuppos'd* Ramira, the equality of the ſtate of our affairs rather requires that we ſhould both equally forbear to ſpeak to her, and you may do your ſelf a prejudice in proceeding otherwiſe than I adviſe. For my part, *ſaid the diſcreet Princeſs* Moraima, *proſecuting the former diſcourſe*, I put no great difference between illuſion and this real felicity, for one being but the viſion of a perſon aſleep, the other the dream of a perſon awake, they are both but meer *Chimæras* and incompatible with reaſon. My Morality, *ſaid* Abindarrais, is not, Madam, ſo auſtere as yours, for, I confeſs, I have other thoughts of the happineſs of Love, yet ſo as that I would not be put off with ſhadow for ſubſtance, the image of beauty for beauty it ſelf, nor ſhould be ſatisfied with what were not real and ſolid. I reſolutely declare, *anſwered* Semahis, that I ſhould not be leſs exaſperated againſt this raſh dreamer, who would make himſelf thus happy without my leave, than againſt the moſt audacious perſon awake, that ſhould go about to poſſeſs himſelf of me by force. Your anger however would not be very juſt, *reply'd* Moraiſel *ſmiling*, for none can chooſe to dream of what they pleaſe, nor can be tax'd of any thing done againſt their will. It is true, *added* Cadige, but as no body knows whither the follies of this mad man might carry him, I ſhould puniſh him for having had the boldneſs to mention them. This ſeverity would alſo be againſt Juſtice, *ſaid the ſad* Amat, for we never puniſh mad men, and in regard nothing but what proceeds from the Will can be accounted a Crime, therefore the ſevereſt Laws that ever were made, never ordained any puniſhments for perſons void of Reaſon, ſince there it is that the Will is accounted to re-

reſide. Let us leave this Controverſie undecided, ſaid *Galiana*, for it would take up too much time to determin it, if ever it could be determin'd, and to entertain your Minds with a queſtion more agreeable; ſuffer me to take my turn, and to ask of you wherein you believe the chief pleaſure to conſiſt, in loving, or in being belov'd? This queſtion ſeems to me more difficult to reſolve than the other, and I confeſs I find my ſelf much more intangled than before; For to ſay all that can be ſaid, On the one ſide I imagin, that there cannot be a more raviſhing pleaſure, than to love infinitely a beauty which appears infinitely lovely; as our delight is wholly taken up therein, ſo we alſo find therein what may abundantly ſatisfie our delight; Our eyes having no other thing to deſire, have no other thing to look after; our heart fill'd with this pleaſure, cannot conceive any greater, and our ſoul plung'd into an abyſs of joy, feels that which cannot be expreſt by any but him that hath experienc'd it, nor fall into the imagination of any that never lov'd. One nod, one glance of the eye, one ſingle geſture, one word, one tone of the voice from her who is ador'd, ſhowers down a heaven of happineſs upon him who adores her, and it is not in the leaſt to be doubted, but that every ſuch little favour ſo advances him that he contemns the felicity of Kings, and believes the glory of the greateſt Conquerours to be far ſhort of his. From all which it might well be concluded, that there is more pleaſure in loving than in being loved. But on the other ſide, there is ſo great ſatisfaction in perceiving that we are belov'd, that the knowledge thereof when it is once certain, gives us ſuch ſweet tranſports and fills the heart ſo amply with content, that it is a very nice and difficult point, whether or no this condition may not poſitively be affirm'd to be the higheſt degree of felicity and pleaſure the ſoul can attain to? In ſhort, ſo long as a perſon onely loves, but is not aſſur'd of being lov'd, there is hope indeed, but ſtill there is fear, and while fear and hope, which are two unquiet, doubtful, and uncertain paſſions, reign together in one heart, pleaſure cannot have any real quiet and tranquillity there, and where this tranquillity is not, I am perſwaded there is never any true pleaſure. Beſides, *purſued* Abindarrais, as the mind of man, to ſpeak of the generality, is naturally haughty, proud, and addicted to glory, it ſeems to me moſt probable, that finding at the ſame time his glory and his ſatisfaction, wherewith to content his deſire, and ſatisfie his ambition, he will have reaſon to conclude with me, after he hath well weigh'd the matter, that there is more pleaſure in being belov'd than in loving, there being as much certainty in the one as uncertainty in the other; and that whereas all doubtful felicity is imperfect, the happy eſtate of being belov'd is ſo far to be eſteem'd perfect as it is out of all doubt. Not to diſſemble, *ſaid the ſuppos'd* Ramire *to the ſuppos'd* Leonce, I believe I ſhould be more happy in being belov'd than I am in loving; but for you that are a ſpeculative Lover, and that love your beautiful Ideas little leſs than your Miſtris, and ſcarce prefer her favours above your own lofty Meditations; I dare boldly aſſure my ſelf, I ſhall never have you of my party, ſince the glory alone of loving a tranſcendent beauty, and the pleaſure of dwelling wholly upon that contemplation, will ever prevail with you above all things. I confeſs what you ſay of me to be true, *anſwered the Count of* Pegnafiel, and add moreover, that ſince true love ought to be without intereſt, we are bound to place our ſupreme felicity in loving, and that alone ought to fill our ſoul with ardor of affection, joy, and ſatisfaction. Since it is ſo, *reply'd the Duke of* Infantada, pray grant me but one thing which would be to you wholly uſeleſs and ſuperfluous, but to me both ſatisfactory and profitable; that is, give your free aſſent that the Sultaneſs may love me, ſince you can eaſily diſpence with not being lov'd, ſo long as you have the ſatisfaction of being a Lover. Or rather, *reply'd again* Ponce de Leon, give not your ſelf the trouble to diſpute the buſineſs with me any more, ſince it appears by what you have ſaid that you can ſo eaſily excuſe your ſelf from loving, and reſt contented onely with the happineſs of being lov'd. I am perſwaded for my part, *ſaid the King*, that the ſupreme felicity of a Lover conſiſts neither in loving or being belov'd alone, but in both together, and that ſo long as theſe two main parts of love are ſeparated, there can be no perfect content or happineſs. I think, *ſaid Don* Alvarez *ſoftly to* Ponce de Leone, this *Moreſque* Philoſopher argues better than the *Caſtilian*, and therefore I ſhall go near from henceforward, quitting both my own Principles and yours, and inſtead thereof following his, to endeavour by loving, to make my ſelf belov'd. And I ſhall not fail, *added the ſuppos'd* Leonce, to hinder you as much as in me lies from being what you aim at. For ſince you lead me ſo good an Example of changing my Sect, I will once in my life imitate you. Pardon me, Sir, I beſeech you, *ſaid* Almahide *to* Boaudilin, that my judgement is ſtill ſo contrary to yours, for it is impoſſible for any one to make me believe but that whoever in loving propoſeth to himſelf any other ſatisfaction than barely to love, is a lover rather of himſelf than of his Miſtris, and deſerves not to be lov'd at all. The Sultaneſs is a Heretick, *ſaid the Duke to the Count*, for the regard the Lover hath to himſelf ariſeth from the regard he hath to his Miſtris; and it being ſuppos'd that where Love is, there is alſo Eſteem, he ought not by ſeeking her love to be thought to merit her diſdain. I am of the Queens mind, *ſaid the Princeſs* Moraima, for if it be true that in Love the Lover is oblig'd wholly to lay aſide himſelf, and to be one and the ſame in intereſt

tereſt with the perſon lov'd, he ought to have no regard but to her onely, and it is to be eſteem'd but a brutiſh paſſion that admits of any other object whatſoever. There are a great number of Brutes then in the world, *ſaid the ſuppos'd* Ramire *to the ſuppos'd* Leonce, for there is ſcarce a man upon Earth that loves, who pretends not to ſomething more than the meer title of a Lover, and I dare ſay, that notwithſtanding all your ſtrict Morals, and all the unintereſtedneſs of your love, were the bottom of your heart ſounded, there would be found there ſomething very like, if not the ſame with what is to be found in mine. Your humour and mine for all that have very little reſemblance, ſo that I cannot think it poſſible that your opinions and my principles ſhould ever unite. Whereas ſome there are, *ſaid the King*, who affirm, that Variety is that alone which renders Nature ſo beautiful, ſo capable to afford univerſal pleaſure and delight; Permit me therefore, Madam, *purſued he, ſpeaking to the Queen*, to the end our converſation may be alſo ſo much the more various, to change the ſubject of our diſcourſe, and to demand of thoſe that hear me, whether of the two they judge to be the moſt powerful, Love or Time? I make it no matter of doubt at all, Sir, *ſaid* Mahomad, that the firſt of them is the moſt powerful, for his Empire hath prevail'd through all ages paſt, and likewiſe will for certain to all ſucceeding generations; extends over all Nations, over all Ages, Sexes, Temperaments, and Conditions, over Brutes, as well as Men: Nay, even over the very Inanimates themſelves, which are not exempted from feeling his power. Witneſs thoſe powerful Sympathies which divers have, as the Loadſtone for the North, Iron for the Loadſtone, Chaff for yellow Amber, ſeveral Flowers for the Sun, the Male Palms for the Female, the Vine for the Elm, the Ivy for the Wall, one Mandrake for another, and divers other things that are in Nature, which will not ſuffer me to doubt the infiniteneſs of the power of Love to be without all compariſon. In ſhort, *purſued he*, Is there any thing that comes near the Sovereignty of this invincible Paſſion? which hath equal predominancy over Kings as over Subjects, regards all alike, the Scepter and the Crook, the Princely Palace, and the Shepherds Cottage, triumphs over the Valiant and Heroick, as over the Weak and Feeble, reconciles the Enmity of Families, changes Hatred into Love, ſurmounts the diverſity of humours, and reunites that which Nature ſeem'd to have condemn'd to everlaſting Diviſion: Inſinuates unperceivably into the Heart, inſenſibly gets poſſeſſion of the Soul, reigns, tyrannizeth, inſpires with Fear, with Hope, with Reſpect, with Deſire, with Joy, with Grief, with Anger, and with Jealouſie; there is not any power or faculty of the Soul or Body which this imperious Paſſion doth not over-rule, and make her ſelf Miſtreſs of. What ſhall I ſay, Sir? She incites men both to great Virtues, and to great crimes, and makes Actions either good or bad, as ſhe pleaſeth, mocks at Cuſtoms and Laws, and tramples under foot as well the one as the other. She is a Sorcereſs, who deceives the Senſes, and caſts ſuch a miſt upon them, that we oft times take the ugly for the fair, the miſhapen for the moſt excellently made, the ſhallow for the moſt accompliſht, and a very Woman for a perfect Goddeſs; ſhe placeth a thouſand Beauties where there is not one, hides a thouſand Defects where there is not one Perfection to be ſeen: and by her inchantments makes us believe we ſee things which we ſee not at all. And in brief, Sir, to conclude with one Miracle, more aſtoniſhing than all the reſt, ſhe transforms the Lover into the Miſtreſs, and the Miſtreſs into the Lover, uniting two Hearts into one; while at the ſame time they poſſeſs two diſtinct Bodies, and brings the Soul to that paſs, that ſhe ſeems to animate the Body rather with Love than Life; From all which miraculous proceedings I muſt needs conclude that Love is more powerful than Time. It is not to be deny'd, *ſaid Morayſel*, but that you have the art of raiſing up things to the higheſt pitch, and are indued with an Eloquence not eaſie to be reſiſted; but how powerful ſoever you have been in the ſetting forth of Love, Time will be ſtill Time; that is to ſay, the Maſter of all, the univerſal vanquiſher of all things. 'Tis Time who both ſets up Kings and deſtroys them, who exalts Thrones, and tumbles them down, who founds Monarchies, and afterwards blots out the very name and memory of them. 'Tis Time which lays level with the ground proud Palaces, pompous Villages, and ſtately Tombs, and at laſt ſo ſwallows them up, that ſcarce any tracks or footſteps of their ruines remain to be ſeen. 'Tis Time which alters the whole face of the World, which raiſeth up Mountains where Plains have been, and places Rocks in the room of Woods, which makes Republicks of Monarchies, Monarchies of Republicks, crumbles Marble into Duſt, and conſumes even the maſſy ſtrength of Iron, which brings Victorious Armies to the ſame paſs as thoſe that have been defeated, which devours the greateſt Nations and moſt flouriſhing Kingdoms, as well as their potent Kings; and age after age ſucceſſively in their continual revolutions. But to come at laſt to that which more directly relates to the cauſe which you defend. See we any one ſo flouriſhing in Youth, whom Time brings not to wrinkled Age? any one ſo fair and lovely whom he renders not deformed? any love ſo faithful or fervent which he puts not an end to? Give leave then to a man of gray hairs to maintain from his own experience, that Time is more powerful than Love. You ſhall not for all that, draw me to your party, *ſaid the King to* Morayſel, ſince there are thoſe conſtant and faithful

Paſſions

Paſſions againſt which Time can never prevail, and which will make Love ever triumphant over him. All men ſay ſo, *anſwer'd the ſuppos'd Sultaneſs*, and it may be, *added ſhe ſmiling*, you have not done that your ſelf, which you ſay you will do. Be ſincere, *ſaid* Ponce de Leon *to* Don Alvarez, and confeſs freely, whether if *Almahide* were not ſo fair, the Duke of *Infantade* would not be ſo amorous, and whether time would be quickly ſtronger than Love. Be you alſo ingenuous, *anſwer'd the ſuppos'd* Ramire, and confeſs without any diſſimulation, Whether if the Sultaneſs were lean and ugly, you would not yet ceaſe to make love the Vanquiſher of Time, but would give me cauſe to laugh at you, for continuing to love one that would be no longer amiable. I do declare the ſame, *reply'd the ſuppos'd* Leonce, ſince the principal Object of my Paſſion is not the Beauty of *Almahide*, as great as it is. And I on my part, *reply'd again the Duke*, ſtand to what you conjecture; ſince being no Philoſophical Lover, I love only what I find to appear beautiful. Wherefore Monſieur Philoſopher, you may contemplate if you pleaſe, the hidden Virtues of Women, as others do thoſe of Plants, Stones, and Metals; but as for my part, I that am not ſo learned, nor have any deſign of being ſo, love only thoſe who are fair; and no longer than they continue fair; and if the Sultaneſs her ſelf were otherwiſe, I ſhould no longer be your Rival. Theſe words were no ſooner ſpoke, but the Converſation broke off, being interrupted by a pleaſing Maſcarade which entred, wherein while the Muſick play'd, a certain Captive came and preſented firſt their Majeſties, and afterwards the whole Company with certain Verſes; which being read, ſix *Turkiſh* Tabors, and as many Fifes began to beat and play ſeveral warlike Tunes, which were able to inſpire Courage into the moſt fearful; and during the inciting Muſick of theſe Military Inſtruments, there came forth as from a Scene, ſix Knights all in ſilver Arms, curiouſly carv'd after the Antique manner, with Bucklers of the ſame, the braveſt in the world, and holding each of them in the right hand a Half-pike of Ebony pointed with ſilver, and having large white Feathers hanging down behind their Helmets; they march'd in order round the Hall with ſuch a Grace and ſuch a becoming fierceneſs in their looks, as attracted the looks and eſteem of all the Company; after that they rank'd themſelves in a line at one end of the Hall directly over againſt the Scene; but with ſo Souldier-like a behaviour, ſo bold and reſolute a poſture, that no Generals of Armies could have comported themſelves with a nobler Grandeur. Soon after, the Inſtruments changing their Tune, a ſecond Entry appear'd, compos'd of ſix other Knights all clad in Arms of Gold, with Bucklers of the ſame on their left hands, and half-Pikes of Cedar pointed with Iron in their right, and Plumes of yellow Feathers tipt with Gold, reclining backward from their Helmets; theſe alſo went their round about the Hall, and that with yet greater applauſe than the former; and then in like manner as thoſe had done before, rank'd themſelves at the other end of the Hall, juſt oppoſite to their Adverſaries. After which, both Parties made a ſhew of charging each other; but without advancing far, it being only to give the Spectators the more time to conſider and admire their handſome Meen and Addreſs, and the richneſs of their Arms. After the Tabors and Pipes had play'd the three Tunes, they began to charge each other with ſuch a bold Fury, that they ſtruck a certain kind of terrour with delight into all that beheld them. Then all the twelve together beat their Pikes againſt the oppoſite Bucklers, with ſuch exact and equal time and meaſure, that they made at once a very pleaſing both ſight and ſound, and afterwards retreating back ſome paces, return'd to the charge with equal fury as before; and at length beat another Muſical Time, by ſtriking and clattering their Pikes upon each others Arms, then mingling one among another, they made ſeveral pleaſant Figures, which were the better diſcern'd by reaſon of the diſtinction of their gold and ſilver Arms, and ſtill the blows they gave and receiv'd obſerv'd the ſame meaſure which the ſame Inſtruments intimated to them. This feign'd Combat having thus continued for ſome time: In concluſion, the Knights in the ſilver Arms falling back by little and little, and retreating in ſome diſorder, the others purſued the Victory, threw them down, and diſarm'd them; and with the Cuiraſſes, Cimiters, Helmets, Bucklers and Pikes which they took from them, they in an inſtant erected a Trophy before the Scene, which made a very Noble and delightful Object, on each of which the ſix Victors plac'd themſelves, appearing like men whoſe minds were elevated with all the gallant Pride, which Victory could inſpire into them. This done while other Inſtruments more ſweet than the former, play'd a fourth Tune, ſix Nymphs, attir'd in Cloath of ſilver, edg'd with Gold, and all other ſumptuous Accoutrements ſutable, came & made the 4th Entry; & immediately the 6 Knights, beholding them with raviſhment and admiration, threw down their Bucklers, Pikes, and Cimiters, and began to expreſs by their gate and their geſtures, their raptures and aſtoniſhment. The Nymphs on their ſide made them underſtand by their ſeveral ſigns and geſtures, that if they had ſo great a kindneſs for them, as they made ſhew of, they ſhould not need to doubt a favourable entertainment, and preſently plac'd themſelves in a row on the right ſide of the Hall, as their Gallants did on the left. After which, while the Inſtruments play'd a fifth Tune, there immediately appear'd from the Scene a fifth Entry, which was a Cupid with his golden Bowe and Arrows in his hand, and follow'd by twelve other leſſer, carrying Chains

and

and Fetters of Gold; theſe thirteen interchang'd one with another into ſeveral pleaſant Figures, in the midſt between the Nymphs and the Knights, and by ſeveral pretty Actions teſtified their deſire to have them in their power; which done, the firſt Cupid diſcharg'd a golden Arrow at the heart of every Knight and Nymph, and thereupon the leſſer Loves came inſtantly and manacled them with the Fetters they carried, and afterwards erected a Trophy of the Knights Arms, near that which they themſelves had erected of the Arms of their Enemies. But at laſt, the twelve Loves being all ſnatcht on a ſudden on the other ſide of the Scene, and the Inſtruments having begun to play the ſixth and laſt Tune of the Maſcarade. The ſix Knights and ſix Nymphs with the firſt Love at the head of them as Captain, danc'd all together a kind of Grand Ballet, in which was ſhew'n all the curious diverſity of Figures and Interchanges that could be devis'd on ſuch an occaſion for Pleaſure and Divertiſement: But among theſe ſix Knights and Ladies, although they all danc'd admirably well, *Abenamin* and *Lindarache* were they that far ſurpaſs'd: The firſt had ſuch a particular grace with his half Pike in his hand, and in his Carriage ſo free, ſo noble, and ſo fierce, that he occaſion'd *Roderic de Narve*, who beheld this dancing with extraordinary pleaſure, to tell Don *Fernando* who ſate near him, that he wiſht it had been the Adventures of this Gallant *Moor*, that he had firſt recountred. Sir, *anſwer'd this diſcreet Captive*, your Excellency hath made no ill choice; for there is ſomething ſo extraordinary and ſo gallant in the Adventures which you deſire to know, that I aſſure my ſelf, the recital of them will not at all diſpleaſe you, and therefore I here promiſe the accompliſhing of your deſire as ſoon as ever we are return'd to *Granada*. They could not well proceed any farther in their Diſcourſe; for beſides the hindrance given them by that loud peal of Praiſes which the whole Company beſtow'd upon the Maſcarade, the Ball ſoon after terminated in a Princely Collation, which being ended, they all retir'd to the ſeveral Apartments prepar'd for them, the Princeſs *Moraima* having taken great care to order thoſe of the King and Queen, as likewiſe her own, in the ſame manner as they were at *Granada*, both for the care ſhe had to give quiet and repoſe to the mind of the feign'd Sultaneſs, and for the ſatisfaction of her own Virtue, of which ſhe was ſo ſcrupulous and tender. Mean while, as this enamour'd Prince omitted no occaſion of endeavoring to pleaſe the divine *Almahide*, an excellent piece of Muſick was prepar'd, which before the night was wholly ſpent, gave a pleaſing diſturbance to her ſleep. The Harmony conſiſted of Voice and Inſtrument, the Vocal paſſionately uttering theſe words in a moſt moving, ſenſible and amorous ſtrain.

The Serenade.

Veil in a Cloud ye leſſer Stars,
Your twinckling luſtre of Nocturnal Light;
For here appears
With richer Rays, a Sun more bright.

And thou fair Cynthia, *that ſo well*
Knew'ſt how to ſhun the rude Acteons *ſight;*
Once more conceal
Thy Beauties from a Sun more bright.

Thou glory of the Eaſtern Skie,
Whoſe Roſie bluſhes chaſe away the night;
Aurora, *fly*
The luſtre of a Sun more bright.

And thou withdraw fair God of day,
Thy duller Beams from hence with ſpeedy flight:
They muſt give way
To our new Sun, a Sun more bright.

A Thouſand Cupids *round her flie,*
When waking ſhe ſupplies the world with light;
Yield now they cry,
All other Beauties to a Sun more bright.

The Duke of *Infantada*, and the Count of *Pegnafiel* being lodg'd within the hearing of this Muſick, and Love not permitting them to ſleep any more than the King, they miſs'd not one Syllable of the Verſes ſung by theſe Muſicians; inſomuch that the firſt of them addreſſing his Speech to the other, I wiſh, ſaid he, that this Aſtrology-Lover, who wanders ſo much among the Planets and other Stars, were with his *Jacobs*-Staff in his hand, gazing upon the Stars of the Antartick Pole, that we might be left to our repoſe to ſleep quietly in this Hemiſphere; for I confeſs his Muſick hath not been diverting to me. I here agree with you, *anſwer'd the feign'd* Leonce, for though I hate neither Verſe nor Muſick in themſelves, yet I took no great pleaſure either in his Poetry, or his Song. I know not, *reply'd the feign'd* Ramire, whether our Sultanneſs would have been of our mind, for that Poetry muſt needs be very bad which pleaſeth not that Lady, who knows it was made for her; and the Muſicians muſt have had a very great cold that could fail of pleaſing her with what they ſung. We ought to hope however that ſhe is not pleas'd therewith, and that ſo mean an entertainment hath not been able to ſeduce into a liking ſo great a Spirit, and ſo piercing a Judgment as hers. I will not be oblig'd to anſwer to any ſuch hopes, *anſwer'd again Don* Alvarez, rather I would not willingly it ſhould be according to your hopes, ſince I fear you would have too great a ſhare in her diſlike of the Harmony, and I too ſmall. Had you rather, *reply'd again the Count*, that this *Moriſh* King ſhould be happy? No doubt of it, *continued the Duke*, for as I regard him leſs than you, his joy would give me little ſorrow,

row, his good fortune little diſpleaſure, his tranquillity little diſturbance of mind, and his triumph, little either anger or ſhame. Your ſincerity, *anſwer'd the feign'd* Leonce, requires the like from me, and obliges me to confeſs to you in like manner, that the felicity of the *Granadine* would be much more ſupportable to me than that of the *Caſtilian*; and the matter being between *Boandilin* and *Don Alvarez*, the leſs compleat man would carry it with me. I think for all that, *reply'd* the feign'd *Ramire*, there is a little too much Malignity in what we diſcourſe, but ſince ſuch a compos'd perſon as you can digeſt it, well may ſo hot-ſpirited a man as my ſelf ſwallow it down without any great remorſe. While theſe two illuſtrious Rivals were thus taken up in diſcourſe, it was become broad day light, and as if this ſo fair a Morning had been deſign'd by the King for the pleaſure of a flight, as ſoon as the Sun had had time to dry up that little dew which the cool fraiſheur of the night had let fall upon the graſs, that the Spaniels might have no hindrance either in their courſe or ſcent, the noiſe of the Dogs, and the ſound of the Horns awakened all this Noble Company, and gave them notice that it was time to riſe, that no precious hours might be loſt in the paſſing away of ſuch a pleaſant ſeaſon, and in ſo pleaſant a place. Nor was this notice in vain, for thereupon they all made haſte to get ready; and after a ſhort, but ſumptuous breakfaſt, which ſerv'd very well at that time inſtead of a longer repaſt, and which was attended with no other Muſick ſave that of the Horns and Spaniels, they all came down into the Court, where all the Officers of the Falconry waited on horſeback, rank'd in a row along the hedge ſide, in Caſſocks of Hare-ſkin very gallant and rich. But juſt as they were helping up the Sultaneſs upon her Steed, an Eagle, well train'd, and well reclaim'd, and which they had prepar'd on purpoſe, came down from a high tree where ſhe ſate, and lighting upon the head of the Incomparable *Almahide*, let fall upon her hands a paper which ſhe held in her beak; which, when the lovely Queen had open'd, ſhe found therein theſe Verſes;

The King of BIRDS, *to the Queen of* WOMEN.

Madrigal.

I that on Heav'ns Monarch wait,
And his Thunder bear in ſtate,
Am come to Earth for new ſupplies
Of Lightning from your brighter Eyes.
But when he views the dreadful fire,
All the World will then admire;
For, I fear me, they will ſee,
When they upward look,
The Thundering Deity
At her feet lye Thunder-ſtrook.

After the feign'd Sultaneſs had read this Madrigal, all the Noble Troop marcht forth of the Caſtle, and through the Park into the adjoyning Plains; where, while they rode along with the Spaniels beating up and down before them, the Falconers taking the long varvels, the geſts, and the hoods from the birds, put off from their fiſts a caſt of Hawks, which preſently ſoar'd aloft into the clouds, and for ſome time remain'd wholly out of ſight; but after a while, the Dogs having put up a Covy of Partridges, the Falconers having made it known to the Hawks by a certain ſign, one was ſeen immediately to come ſhooting down directly like a falling Star, with the head downward, the wings clapt cloſe to the body, and having made his point, to take and mount up again at the ſound of certain notes; mean while, another ſhooting down in his turn, mounted up afterwards at the ſame ſound; thus as they ſucceſſively and alternately deſcended and remounted one after another, one of the two whoſe turn it was to deſcend, pitch'd down, and ſeiz'd upon the Partridge, deſign'd juſt at the feet, as the maiter was artificially contriv'd, of the Sultaneſs's horſe; after which, the Falconers calling in the other Hawk with the Lure, gave them their reward, and retriev'd them to their fiſts. This done, to diverſifie theſe pleaſures the more, the gallant train was entertain'd with a flight at the Pie, and another at the Crow, and after, upon the banks of a very pleaſant Lake, they had the divertiſement of a flight at the Heron. By this, the Sun being advanc'd pretty high, and the heat of the Day grown ſomewhat incommodious, the Noble Company found it expedient to haſten back to the Caſtle of *Generalife*; whither being return'd, they ſoon had recourſe to the cool ſhade of that High-arch'd Arbor already mention'd. Here, after they had repos'd and refreſh'd themſelves for ſome time, the Converſation was renewed by *Fatima*; whoſe jolly humour ſought nothing more than to divertiſe her ſelf and others, and who therefore put the queſtion, whether any cheat or fallacy were to be allow'd of in Love? Since it is not thought fit to be us'd towards indifferent perſons, *ſaid the King*, nay, even ſcarcely toward Enemies, how can it poſſibly be judg'd allowable when we addreſs our ſelves to an object that is ſo cordially belov'd and dear to us above all the World? Beſides, the truth is, *added the Queen*, foraſmuch as there can be no impoſture in this affair without the breach of a thouſand promiſes, and the violating of a thouſand Oaths; it is not to be accounted ſimply a Crime, but even a Sacriledge, and he that commits it is not ſo properly to be diſdain'd, as abhorr'd; and rather worthy of a Thunderbolt than a light chaſtiſement. For my part, *ſaid the feign'd* Ramire *ſoftly to the feign'd* Leonce, I look upon theſe Moral Maxims as too ſtrict; for, as in War, a Captain or General may uſe po-

licy, without any fear of the imputation of Cowardiſe, and may get his advantages by an Ambuſcado, or any other Warlike Stratagem, without diſhonour; I hold, that in Love alſo we may lawfully (to uſe the old Proverb) piece the Foxes tail to the Lions skin, and overcome by ſubtilty when we cannot by force. You are not then, *anſwered the Count of* Pegnafiel, of the mind of that great man who would not ſteal a Victory. I am not indeed ſo ſcrupulous, *reply'd the Duke of* Infantada, nor do I think the Maxims of a Hermit are proper for a Conqueror. Methinks, *ſaid the Princeſs* Morayma, Reaſon obliges us to affirmwith the Sultaneſs, that ſincerity is neceſſary in Love, for he that can deceive muſt never love for fear of being deceiv'd: he hath reaſon from his own example, to believe all the World to be a cheat, as being in continual fear: nor can he truly, as I ſaid, love any thing, for fear of not being belov'd again. In my mind, *ſaid* Fatima, theſe things are not well diſtinguiſh'd, but rather too much confounded one with another; for if by this word Deceit, we mean Infidelity, it ought not onely not to be permitted in Love, but abſolutely forbidden: and ſuch a kind of Lover deſerves nothing but hatred. But when ſome little fallacies are us'd onely for the gaining of Love, I judge that a crime of this nature is not unworthy of pardon; and the ſhew of being angry with him that commits it is ſufficient, without being really ſo. I think it, for my part, the ſureſt way, *ſaid* Abindarrays *ſmiling*, for any one that uſes a deceit, to do it ſo cunningly that no body can perceive it; for what harm can a cheat do that is not diſcern'd? Why ſhould that pleaſure be forbidden to any one that takes it away from no body elſe? Obſerve here an Opinion, *ſaid* Aldoradine, proper for one that hath had 600 Miſtreſſes, but to render it the more juſt, it is fit that matters be adjuſted on both ſides, that he who would deceive ſhould alſo be deceiv'd, provided it be done dextrouſly and unknown; for ſince his ſecret Crime gives him no remorſe, there needs to be as little on our ſide, ſince our Inconſtancy is as little known. He ſhould not come off at ſo eaſie a rate, *added* Cadige, if his cheat had been addreſt to me; for my Diſdain ſhould have taught him, that Fallacy was not to be allow'd in Love. The truth is, *reply'd* Amat, by the uſage faithful Lovers receive at your hands, it it is eaſie to gueſs what Impoſtors are to expect; and your Equity is viſible as well as your Injuſtice. Behold a Tribunal, *reply'd the Sultaneſs again*, where no body is condemn'd, where the Cauſe goes on no body's ſide; where all the proceſſes are undecided, and all the queſtions remain doubtful; wherefore to reform the preſent proceedings of this Court, I am of opinion, it were beſt to bring on another Cauſe, that may be more eaſily decided. In Obedience then to your Majeſties pleaſure, *ſaid* Zays, I make my Motion, taking the liberty to propound which way Love is beſt conſulted for, whether by imparting it to a Friend, or keeping it ſecret? This caſe needs leſs diſputing than the other, *ſaid* Almahide, for in my judgement Love is a thing not to be reveal'd to any one; that is, I ſay, a ſecret that ought to be kept inviolable, and the diſcloſing of it to be accounted a Crime. It is a buſineſs of that nature, that it can admit of no Confident, for the admitting of a Confident in Love, is ſo far from preſerving it, that it tends rather to the deſtroying of it; and that indiſcreet Lover that takes this courſe is worthy of nothing but hatred. For truly that Paſſion ſeems to me to be very faint and feeble that ſtands in need of any prop; and he muſt have very little judgement that can hope or imagin, that any other perſon can manage his intereſts more diſcreetly than he himſelf. Can he that knows how to love have a heart to expoſe ſo raſhly the honour of her whom he loves? Is it not well enough known that the greateſt part of mankind are Deceivers? that there is nothing ſo variable as the mind of man, and conſequently no Friendſhip ſo firm which may not be ſhaken; no tie or obligation ſo ſtreight which Time canot break, or rather, which it doth not almoſt perpetually break? Why ſhould we then truſt a matter of ſuch importance to the boſome of one that may poſſibly, if he be not ſo already, prove perfidious, and become an Enemy, and turn to our prejudice what with ſo little prudence, and ſo little fidelity, we committed to his truſt, It is a common ſaying, and, in my mind, a very wiſe one, that we ſhould live with Enemies as thoſe that may become Friends; and with Friends, as thoſe that may become Enemies, for thereby we keep our ſelves ſecure, and free from offence; and hazard not the incurring of any miſchievous or unhappy adventure. Beſides, ſo long as we are Maſters of our own ſecrets, we are not at the mercy of any one elſe: but when we have parted with them, we deprive our ſelves of that liberty which it is impoſſible ever to recall again. Neither indeed is the ſecret ours, nor ought we to reveal it without the conſent of the party intereſs'd. Moreover, who diſcerns not that this criminal admiſſion of a Confident, proceeds rather from the Vanity of him that does it, than from any neceſſity of doing it? he opens his heart with the deſign onely of divulging his good fortune, and making it known that he loves and is belov'd; augmenting his own glory at the coſt of her honour, who was ſo unwiſe as to throw away her favour upon him: and thus involving himſelf in accumulated crimes, he is ſo far from preſerving his Love, that he goes the way infallibly to ruine; and inſtead of a faithful Lover, proves an utter Enemy, and Capital Offender. I am apt to think for all this, Madam, *anſwer'd* Alamin, that this extraordinary reſerv'dneſs and ſolitude which admits of no Converſation

tion or confidence, tends rather to the abatement than increasing of Love. Smother'd flames soon die, the obscure Images of things are soon lost, Love suppress'd languishes by degrees, and in time is wholly lost. Whereas on the contrary, by entertaining discourse of the belov'd Object with a true-hearted discreet and faithful friend, he cannot but find a wonderful pleasure and content, as having so fair an opportunity frequently to mention, and to hear frequently mention'd those Virtues and Perfections, which otherwise he would only have had the bare satisfaction of contemplating and admiring. He hath in such a Friend a Counsellor, an Adviser, a Comforter and Director upon all occasions; and one who rather helps to confirm, than weaken his Passion, so long as he stands firm, he encourages and applauds his constancy; if he waver, he checks and reproves him; and by this means his love becomes as immortal as his satisfaction. And then to imagine that there is no faith, no sincerity, no honesty among men, is as far from appearance of truth, as from truth it self. There being Examples to prove the contrary, to overthrow that belief, and justifie my Opinion. In short, there was never any Age, nor scarce any Nation that hath not brought forth, and sometimes in abundance such Noble and Heroick Souls, as are capable of a generous, discreet, and firm Friendship. And particularly the whole world speaks loud the Names, and rings with the Glory and Renown of *Theseus* and *Pirithous*, *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, *Pylades* and *Orestes*, *Titus* and *Gesippus*, and 1000 others no less famous than faithful Lovers, whose Reputations will never die. Besides, as there is no day so fair but may sometimes be overcast with Clouds, no Sea so serene and calm, but may now and then be subject to Tempests; so is there no love so exactly accordant, no humour so equal, no reciprocal Friendship so fixt and well settled, but that it may sometimes be interrupted and disturb'd by the murmurs, complaints, reproaches, angers and quarrels of Friends and Lovers. Now, Madam, when any of these Interruptions fall out, if there should be no discreet and affectionate Friend found to interpose in so imperious and turbulent a Passion, matters would infallibly be soon brought to an absolute rupture, and an utter separation happen between two persons once united: And then again, if Jealousie should get possession of both, or either of their spirits, spread her Venom, and infuse her Serpents into their hearts, in case the unfortunate enjealous'd Lover had not some Confident, some intimate Friend, to whom to unbosom himself, and to disclose the pitiful estate of his Soul, and particularly to discourse with concerning those cruel *Chimæra's* which are produc'd in his deceiv'd Imagination, all mistakes and false apprehensions of things would be aggravated, and many things fancy'd that never were; and this unhappy Soul, this unfortunate Lover, thus destitute and given over to his misleading Counsels, would circulate from grief to anger, from anger to fury, from fury to rage, from rage to despair, from despair to hatred, from hatred to contempt, to the utter abandoning of a passion, which otherwise with the Counsel and Assistance of such a Confident, as might have been made choice of, might have been render'd immortal. But suppose nothing of all this should happen (as it is not very likely and scarcely possibly, Jealousie being no more inseparable from Love, than the shadow from the Body) if it should chance that the morose and troublesom humour of a Father, or the suspicions of a distrustful and humoursom Mother should hinder her Daughter from having any correspondence with her Lover, and forbid her from ever seeing him, and that two unhappy Persons in such a terrible Conjuncture should have no faithful Friend to convey Letters, or carry Messages between them, it must of necessity follow, that either they would die with grief, or that by degrees, not seeing one another any more, nor having any secret intercourse together, they would by degrees become strangers to each other, and their Love languish and fall off, till at last it came to nothing. And therefore, Madam, I shall conclude, That Love is better preserv'd by being imparted to another, than by a solitary confinement to the breast of the Lover. Ah! Madam, *said the King to the Sultaness*, give me leave to differ from you in Opinion, though it is not without some difficulty and reluctance that I disagree with you in any thing. The will is free, Sir, *answer'd she*, and there is no Sect so bad but it finds many followers that engage in it. For my part, *said the Princess* Moraima, I am neither for the one side or the other, and if all were of my mind, there should be no need of a Confident, and as little of reserv'd secresie, the occasion of both being taken away, and these serious follies should occasion little disturbance, whether kept secret or imparted. For my part, *said* Cadige, he that should once discover any secret of mine, should never discover any more; so strict an order I should take with him for the time to come. Alas! *answer'd the said* Amat, it might be a very indifferent thing to you, whether you allow'd your Lover Confidents or not; for so long as you never confer any favours, he will hardly be able to discover that to another, which was never discover'd to himself. I confess, *said* Fatima *smiling*, I should think a little of the Confident would do a great deal of good, since it helps out in many difficulties, and carries on Affairs with the more courage and chearfulness. I am of your mind, *said* Zayde. And I am very glad you are so, *answer'd* Zais, since therein you agree with me. I suppose, *said the feign'd* Leonce *to the feign'd* Ramira, you are of the same Judgment too; for a man that loves so much to be talking, would have a great deal of

pain to ſtifle all his Concernments within his own Breſt. O diſcreet Lover, *anſwer'd the Duke*, for all your great Taciturnity, you can talk your ſhare too as well as others; I am not ſo blind, but that I can perceive well enough that *Fernand*, *Sanchez*, and *Speranza de Hitta* are employ'd to negotiate your Affairs, and to theſe perſons you are not altogether mute, whatever you are to others. Certain it is, *ſaid* Abindarrays, that much may be ſaid *Pro* and *Con* in this matter, but having well weigh'd all that hath been ſaid on both ſides, I find reaſon enough to Vote for the Confident. Whence we may infer, *reply'd* Orcam *laughing*, you have had about five or ſix hundred Confidents, in regard you have had no leſs than five or ſix hundred Amours, and every one of theſe having probably had theirs, no doubt but matters have been carried very ſecretly. However it go with this Queſtion, *ſaid* Abenarax, it puts me in mind of another no leſs conſiderable; for as Confidents are not neceſſary but during the abſence of the Party lov'd, I propoſe which of the two infuſeth moſt life and ſpirit into great Actions, the preſence of the Lady, or the remembrance of her? This is a Queſtion in my Opinion, *ſaid Prince* Mouſa, the leaſt doubtful of all that have been been hitherto demanded, and as ſmall as my wit and capacity is, I believe it will prove no great task to me to anſwer it, and that in very few words: For indeed, how freſh and lively ſoever the memory of the lov'd Perſon is, how ſtrong an impreſſion ſoever it makes in the heart of her Lover, and how great a deſign ſoever he may have to gain her eſteem, it muſt of neceſſity be however, that the preſence of the Lady who influenceth all his Actions, is by far more efficacious and powerful than to think of her can be when abſent. The truth is, *added* Zais, it were enough to make the moſt ſlothful and effeminate Perſon valiant, to conſider he fights in the preſence of his Miſtris; and certainly the moſt fearful Perſon would become ſtout and hard, having for witneſſes of his Actions the Eyes he adores. And ſuch is the power of Goddeſs-like Beauty, that it even inſpires life into Statues of Braſs and Marble. From all which I conclude, That preſence animates more than bearing in mind. 'Tis ſo far from that, *reply'd* Orthogule, that thereare a 1000 other ways of gaining upon the ſpirit of a Lady, as Neatneſs, Magnificence, Liberality, Care, Aſſiduity, Services, Complaiſance, Divertiſements, Praiſes, paſſionate Diſcourſes, Regards and Sighs, which without danger and more eaſily can do that which great Actions cannot perform without great dangers and great difficulties; wherefore in my mind it is moſt natural according to common Reaſon, to take the ſhorteſt and eaſieſt courſe, and to avoid the longeſt and moſt difficult. But on the contrary, when an abſent Lover hath reaſon to ſuſpect all things that can give him cauſe to fear, as the levity of women, their natural inconſtancy, the oblivion which infallibly follows abſence; and more than all all that, the preſence of a Rival that knows to take his advantages, and to ſerve himſelf of the occaſion, he hath the advantage to oblige Fame to ſpeak of him and for him, when he cannot ſpeak himſelf; and to keep awake the Memory of him by the noiſe of his Actions in the heart of his Miſtreſs. And thus I conclude againſt your Opinion, for bearing in mind againſt perſonal preſence. I am for the laſt againſt the other, *ſaid* Orcam. And I for the other againſt the laſt, *reply'd* Abenarax. And I, *added* Almoraby, for both, for I believe their power to be all alike. The Preſence of the lov'd Object, *ſaid the King*, is certainly very powerful, and for my part, I think there is nothing can equal it. And thereby, Sir, *ſaid the Sultaneſs ſmiling*, you give us to underſtand that you would not hazard much for an abſent Miſtreſs, but engage her you ſerv'd to be always a Spectatreſs of your Atchievements. The Kings Opinion, *ſaid* Abindarrays, ought to prevail above all the reſt. That of the Queen, *anſwer'd* Zelebin, may in my Opinion, diſpute it with the Kings. I find it for all that, *ſaid* Abenamin, a difficult matter to reſolve, and I confeſs plainly, I know not what to determine in this Controverſie. A ſmall matter then I ſee perplexes you, *anſwer'd* Abdalla, for it ſeems evident enough to me, that what is really ſeen muſt needs be more palpable to the Senſe, and affect more than the ſtrongeſt Imagination can do; and that a preſent Object prevails far above an abſent *Idea*. For my part, *ſaid the Princeſs* Morayma, whether I am preſent at the performance of great Actions, or only have them truly repreſented to me by relation, I am equally ſenſible, and this makes me believe, that thoſe likewiſe who atchieve them, behave themſelves with the ſame courage, whether they ſee the Perſon they love or not. The truth is, *ſaid* Galiane, he that could do more in his Miſtreſſes abſence than her preſence, would be as mean a Lover, as a Heroe; and if I were his Miſtreſs, he ſhould receive at my hands but few Laurels, and as few Palms. As there is nothing *continu'd* Lindarache, which more entitles a man to the Quality of a Lover than his approving himelf a gallant man in Arms; I am of your Judgment, but then he that ſhould leſs approve himſelf a brave man in my abſence than my preſence, would make me conclude, that he lov'd me, better preſent than abſent, and indeed, which is the ſame thing, that he lov'd me not at all; for he that begins to love leſs, may be be ſaid to love no more, the abatement of love being the direct way to the utter loſs of it. I confeſs, *ſaid* Fatima *ſmiling*, thoſe whom I ſee make a deeper impreſſion in my mind, than thoſe whom I do not ſee; and as to be juſt, we muſt obſerve an equality; I ſhould not think it ſtrange that a man ſhould perform leſs gallantly when he ſaw me not,

than

than when he ſaw me. I vow, *ſaid* Cadige, ſuch a prudent Lover ſhould never pleaſe me, for I ſhould expect my *Idea* in his Imagination, ſhould render him as valiant a performer as if I were preſent my ſelf. He ought to be valiant at any rate, *ſaid the diſconſolate* Amat, and ſeek after death, that he may find that repoſe in the Grave, which your cruelty will not allow him among the living. As you pretend to the Quality of a Heroe, *ſaid the ſuppos'd* Ramire *to the ſuppos'd* Leonce, I am very well aſſur'd, it is your chief aim that all your Actions ſhould appear Heroick, and that being no leſs in love with the ſhadow or Imaginary *Idea* of *Almahide*, than her real ſelf, you would not ſtrike one blow of a Sword, leſs in her abſence than her preſence: But for me that never hope to be a Demi-God, and pretend no farther than to the Gallantry of a man, with ſubmiſſion to the fierceneſs of *Cadige*, I ſhould chuſe to act with leſs heat and fury at a diſtance from *Almahide*, than in her ſight. Without pretending to the reputation of a Heroe, or a Demigod, *anſwer'd the Count of* Pegnafiel, and contenting my ſelf with that of a meer man; I own willingly what you have pronounc'd of me, and acknowledg that having my mind and heart wholly taken up with *Almahide*, I ſhould endeavour to behave my ſelf all alike at a diſtance from her, as in her preſence. Give me leave to doubt it, *reply'd the Duke of* Infantade, and the better to convince my incredulity, Go and ſeek out ſome Adventures far off from *Granada*, and while you are buſie in acquiring Honour by your great Atchievements, leave me here three or four years with *Almahide*, where I will promiſe to act nothing at all in the mean time. Bethink your ſelf whether I have not made you a moſt advantageous proffer? As all that an Enemy ſaith, *reply'd* Ponce de Leone *again*, ought to be ſuſpected; excuſe me if I follow not your propoſal, and give me leave to prefer your intended Idleneſs, before thoſe glorious acquiſts your Oratory goes about to perſwade me to. Let us then leave all things to the event, and wait till we ſee how deſtiny will diſpoſe of us. While thus theſe Noble Perſons argued the buſineſs in their ſeveral turns, and gave their Verdicts according to the diverſity of their ſeveral Opinions, the Sun being pretty well declin'd, and the hour approaching which invited either to bathing or walking; the King having made the Overture, roſe up with the Sultaneſs, and leading the way, was follow'd by all the Company out of the Palace, into a large and moſt rich Meadow, whoſe Verdure exceeded that of Emeraulds, edg'd about with rows of Trees, the faireſt and moſt beautiful the Sun ever gave growth to. This Meadow was all over-ſpread with flocks of ſheep and every one bedeck'd all over with Ribands of divers Colours, and withal ſo milk-white, ſo large, ſo fat and plump, that it might eaſily be ſeen, they were kept rather for pleaſure than profit, they were guarded by a company of Dogs, of an excellent breed and ſhape, with rich collars about their necks, but the chief Overſeers of this fair Flock were divers Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, that ſate here and there among them with their Crooks in their hands, and their Scrips by their ſides, all neatly and richly habited, and playing on ſeveral Muſical Inſtruments; ſome on the Bag-pipes, others on the Hautboys, ſome on their Oaten Reeds, others on their Flageolets, and all together making up a pretty wild and ruſtick Harmony, the pleaſanteſt of that kind that could be heard. But to ſhew that this was not the utmoſt skill in Muſick, that this rural Society could produce, there was at laſt choſen out from among them a Conſort of eight or ten Voices that ſung to the Queen a Song, conſiſting of ſeveral Stanzas.

Know ye not where Love was born?
This, fair Ladies, was the place
Which the Infant firſt did grace;
Where true Lovers never mourn,
But Innocence doth ſtill reſort,
More freely than at Court.

Near within our Territories,
Comes that Poyſon of the Brain,
Which the Fancy fills with Stories,
And the Heart torments with pain;
Jealouſie I mean, you know,
Which is the Reaſons foe.

Ladies, then come all ſo fine,
To our Bowers of Eglantine;
And among theſe fragrant Flowers,
Come and ſport away your Hours,
Where the Scepter that Commands,
And Sheep-hook both ſhake hands.

After the Song was ended, this Illuſtrious Company taking ſeveral turns about that pleaſant Paſturage, in their ſtately Caleſhes or Chariots prepared for them, at laſt ariv'd upon the bank of the River *Darro* (for that of *Genil* which was on the other ſide of the Park was too ſhallow to bath in) where there appear'd, as it were, a Cottage of Laurel, whoſe interwoven branches ſhewed an admirable imitation of all the ornaments of Architecture; this greater Cottage which was deſign'd for the Queen, had about it ſeveral others of a leſs ſize allotted to the Ladies of her train. As ſoon as the whole Court had alighted out of their Caleſhes, there was ſeen riſing up out of the Water, from the middle upward, a *Triton*, with his green locks and large green beard, holding in his right hand a Trumpet, which was a great wreathed ſhell, with which he in ſtrange manner ſounded forth theſe following Verſes;

Faireſt Queen, Granada's *Pride*,
And of all the World beſide;

The Ocean's Monarch in his Court,
Will not hear the leaſt report
Of any other's praiſe but Yours.
For your Beauty that allures
Gods and Men, has quite enchain'd
Him that do's the Sea command.

Neptune *that ne're ſaw, but hears,*
When your Beauty is but nam'd,
All on fire melts into tears.
And a Wonder paſt compare
(While the frighted Tritons *ſtare)*
Through the deep is ſtreight proclaim'd,
Thus to ſee the Sea inflam'd.

At theſe words, this feign'd *Triton* plung'd himſelf down again into the Water, and roſe up at ſo great a diſtance from thence, that he was not ſeen again, for he was one of the beſt Swimmers and Divers in the World, ſo that this device took exceedingly with the whole Company, and was prais'd and admir'd as one of the rareſt and gallanteſt contrivances they had ſeen. Even the feign'd *Ramire* and the feign'd *Leonce* were forc'd, contrary to their uſual cuſtome, not to ſhew themſelves diſpleas'd with it, ſo that the firſt of them ſaid pleaſantly to the other, he wiſht it had been his good fortune to have taken this ſpeaking Fiſh before the arrival of the Sultaneſs, to prevent her being taken with thoſe Maritime Verſes wherewith he himſelf could not chooſe but be ſomewhat ſurpriz'd, as having never underſtood before that the Tritons were Poets. Since *Proteus* was a Prophet, *anſwer'd* Ponce de Leon, *Triton* might as well be a Rimer; and truly upon this occaſion, he ſeem'd to my apprehenſion no bad one, whatever he ſeem'd to yours. While they were thus diſcourſing, the King having conducted the Queen into her Caban, or arbory Cottage, entred his Caleſh again, and attended with all his noble train of Noblemen, went a mile farther, where a Caban like that of the Queens was prepar'd for him, and about it the like number of leſſer Cabans for the Noblemen that attended him. Here, while *Almahide* and her Ladies were left free to the privacy of Bathing on her ſide, the King and his Company did the like on theirs. Some time after the Bathing was over, *Abindarrays* having made haſte to dreſs himſelf, entring the Kings Caban, the King no ſooner ſaw him, but he told him very obligingly, That the advantageous Character he had receiv'd of two late Poems he was ſaid to have compos'd, gave him a great deſire to ſee them, and that therefore he conjur'd him to give him that ſatisfaction. Your Majeſty by laying this Command upon me, *anſwer'd this Illuſtrious* Grenadin, will ſoon find cauſe to repent of ſo ill grounded a curioſity, and certainly it muſt be ſome ill prepoſſeſt Friend or malicious Enemy who hath troubled your Majeſty with ſo ſlight and trivial an affair. No, no, *ſaid the King*, your humility ſhall not ſerve your turn. I know too well what *Abindarrays* can do, to doubt what he hath done; wherefore let us, if you pleaſe, lay aſide our Proſe, and wholly give attention to Verſe. Hereupon the Noble *Moor*, having no more to do but to obey, drew a Paper out of his Pocket, and began to read the firſt of the two; which when he had done, A Swan which ſings ſo well, *ſaid the King ſmiling to the Illuſtrious* Abindarrays, merits no doubt to have a great care taken of him, and to be kept in clear and ſerene waters, where he may lack nothing, and this the Heroe promiſeth the Swan; but the great content your firſt Poem hath given me, redoubles my deſire, and makes me impatient to hear the ſecond; ſo that you muſt needs oblige me in this requeſt alſo, and not delay the compleating of my ſatisfaction. Sir, *anſwer'd* Abindarrays, your Majeſty pays too dear for ſuch a trifle by the eſteem you have expreſt of it. But ſince it is your Majeſties good pleaſure to hear me recite the ſecond alſo, I am ready to do it, that I may have the honour of obeying you more than once: But firſt I muſt inform your Majeſty, that this ſecond Work is a kind of anſwer to the firſt, and that there is ſome ſort of connexion and correſpondence between them. Then the Gallant *Granadin* began to recite the other. Upon the Concluſion whereof, As both theſe Works are of equal Excellence *(ſaid the King to the Gallant* Abindarrays) ſo they deſerve equal commendation, and have equally oblig'd me to you; and therefore doubt not of that acknowledgment, the real teſtimonies whereof you ſhall ſoon receive: For I confeſs, that I am ſo much pleas'd with this Gallantry of your Wit, that all the great Actions you have perform'd in the War, never gain'd you a greater eſteem with me. Sir, *anſwer'd* Abindarrays, as all the Services I can render your Majeſty are no more than what my duty obliges me to, ſo whatever I obtain of your Majeſty, I ſhall owe clearly to your grace and favour, without the leaſt pretenſion of any merit of mine. No, no, *reply'd this Prince*, it is not fit I ſhould be ungrateful, becauſe you are generous; content your ſelf with your own Honour, and give me leave to look to the preſervation of mine. This Gallant *Moor* was juſt going to return another anſwer, when the King having made an end of dreſſing himſelf, went inſtantly out of his Caban, and re-entring his Caleſh, attended by all his Noble Train in theirs, he took his way towards the Caban of *Almahide*, juſt as ſhe having quitted her Caban alſo, and taken her Seat in her little Triumphant Chariot (for ſo it might be call'd, ſo glorioufly painted and gilded it was) and follow'd by all their Ladies in theirs, was coming to meet him, ſo that theſe two Illuſtrious Cavalcades met at equal diſtance from their Cabans, and as this place had been long ſince deſign'd for the Bathing place of the Kings and Queens of *Granada*, there was fram'd exactly in the Mid-way between theſe

theſe Cabans with moſt admirable Artifice, which the *Moors* learnt of the *Indians*, a place of wonderful curioſity and delight. It was a ſpacious ſquare, bounded every way with Firs, whoſe branches bent back, and winded about the Trunks, made a repreſentation of large wreathed Columns, with ſtately Capitals, the Baſis whereof conſiſted of ſmall Trees of the ſame kind, whoſe growth was purpoſely hindred, by keeping the tops of them perpetually lopt. From the Baſes of theſe Chapiters there went out long crooked Branches, which being continued along from the one to the other, form'd as it were Feſtons, which ſeem'd to tack all the Columns together. On the two oppoſite ſides of the ſquare which were towards the two oppoſite ſides of the ſquare, which were towards the two oppoſite Cabans grew large Palm trees, four along each ſide, whoſe tops bending over from one to the other Arch-wiſe, made two very noble and great Portico's. In the very Center of this Magnificent Incloſure, which appear'd like a glorious Circuit of green Jaſper, ſtood a large Birchen-tree of an extraordinary heighth, from which the Branches that were extended every way into a perfect round from the body of the tree, fram'd as it were a circular Dome rarely arched over, and having twelve openings, ſerv'd inſtead of windows, and all inricht on the outſide with Niches, Friſes, Corniſhes, and other Ornaments of Architecture, which ſo long as the flouriſhing Seaſons, and the Verdure of the Leaves laſted, made the faireſt Object that Art could poſſibly offer to view, and bring into Compariſon with the chiefeſt works of Nature. Underneath the Windows a kind of Balcone was made to jut out, or rather Gallery, for it was continued quite round, within this admirable Structure, the Baliſters whereof were of the ſame Wood with the reſt, but the Floors of the Dome and of the Gallery were divided into Compartiments compos'd alternately of Cedar and Ebony, which appear'd wonderfully rare and beautiful; from the Windows of this Gallery the eye was preſented with a moſt pleaſant proſpect of Rivers, Meadows, Mountains, Plains, and a pretty remote Landskip of the proud City of *Granada*: this delightful Room had on thoſe two Quarters which look'd toward the Royal Cabans, two Portals curiouſly enricht with Ornaments made of enterwoven Branches; and on the other two Quarters which were anſwerably equidiſtant from theſe, the Baluſtrade had two oppoſite out-lets, which with two oppoſite pair of Stairs, gave deſcent down to the ground, on each ſide whereof were two rows of Baliſters painted green, and carv'd into Foliage of Cheſnut entaſſel'd one over the other, and as it were wreath'd about from the top to the bottom with Ribands, which ſeem'd to tie all theſe Leaves together, at the bottom of each pair of Stairs: It hapned that juſt at the ſame time the King and Queen arriving with all their Train, met from their ſeveral contrary Stations, and alighting from their Caleſhes, aſcended the Stairs, and enter'd into this magnificent Arbour, where they found ſeveral Tables cover'd and ſerv'd with all the variety of Sweet-meats, and delicious Fruits that could be devis'd for a Princely entertainment; the Trumpets and Cornets alternately playing all the while the Collation laſted. As ſoon as it was ended, this Illuſtrious Company deſcended from this Palace-like Arbour, and all their Caleſhes being ſent away, they found their Horſes ready attending ther coming with all their hunting Accoutrements, their Trumpets, Darts, Bows, Arrows, and rich Quivers, in which pompous Equipage they took their way back to *Granada* in a moſt pompous and orderly march, equally ſatisfied with the pleaſantneſs of the weather and the ſeaſon, the moſt artful and delightſome contrivances of the Palace and Gardens of *Generalife*, the curioſity of the bathing Places, the agreeable Converſations, the gallantry of the Maſcarade, the ſumptuouſneſs of the Entertainments, the rareneſs of the Muſick, and the ingenuity of the Poetry, which was ſo gallantly and with ſo much ſpirit and addreſs intermixt among all the reſt of the divertiſements; and above all with the Kings Munificence, which had appear'd ſo ſplendid upon this occaſion: And now as the Sun was drawing near to his Quarters in the Weſt, the evening of their return was no leſs pleaſant than the morning of their departure had been; and for ſome time after this Royal Star had paſs'd the Horiſon into the other Hemiſphere, he left behind him long traths of his Light, in which Vermilion and Gold, intermingled with the white of Alabaſter, and the green of Emerauld, till on a ſudden a dusky brown came and intruded it ſelf by degrees among theſe brighter Colours, and at length inſenſibly effac'd them, and introduc'd darkneſs in the room of Light, ſilence in the ſtead of the ſweet noiſe of the Birds, the brightneſs of Moon and Stars, ſucceeding to that of the King of Stars, a freſh and deliciouſly cool wind, like that which waits upon the morning, came to allay and temper the violent heat of the day, and that all-healing moiſture, which uſually falls at evening, dropt new life into the Plants, and water'd all the Plains, which appear'd at this time, as if beheld through a Cypreſs Veil, and as it were in an obſcure and confus'd Landskip, all which concurrences render'd this nocturnal Journey not unpleaſant, while of this Illuſtrious Cavalcade, every one being conſorted according to deſire, enjoy'd the charming pleaſure of a particular Converſation uninterrupted, excepting the unhappy *Amat*, who finding nothing but pride and cruelty in *Cadige*, was no more ſatisfi'd in the Converſations and Entertainments of this Journey, than he us'd to be at other times. Being arriv'd at the City Gate, they were met by an hundred Slaves,

Slaves, who waited their coming, and each with a lighted Flambeau in hand, attended them through the City, to which the loud Muſick of the Cornets and Trumpets ſounded them a chearful welcom, mixt with the acclamations of the People. At the *Halambre*, where they all lighted, the King, who thought himſelf in no happier a condition than *Amat*, took his leave of the Sultaneſs, and parted ill enough repaid for all the pains and charges he had been at; but having more cauſe to complain both of his Miſtreſs and his deſtiny. However, this hindred him not from putting in practice one piece of Gallantry more: for on the top of the Stairs, which led her up to her appartment, there attended her twelve Slaves, with ſix Baskets of Vermillion guilded, of an extraordinary ſize, all full of white perfum'd Wax-Candles, and upon the firſt of them a Paper folded up, containing certain Verſes, adviſing Love not to play in the flames of the Queens Eyes, leſt he might periſh like Butter-flies, that burn themſelves to death in the fire. Pray tell the King, *merrily ſaid the Sultaneſs to theſe Slaves*, I do not beleive there can be any great matter in theſe Butterflies, whereof he ſpeaks; at leaſt I ſuppoſe he knows well enough what courſe to hinder himſelf from being burnt. Having ſo ſaid, ſhe paſs'd on ſtill laughing, and being entred into her Chamber, ſhe took leave of the Ladies that attended her, upon a very plauſible pretence of wanting repoſe, as indeed the Pleaſures of the Country are always accompani'd with ſome weariſomneſs and indiſpoſition; for the recovery and refreſhment whereof, it is convenient ſome ſeaſonable reſt ſhould follow: but ſcarce was the Company gone out of the Room, when the Duke of *Infantade* addreſſing himſelf to the Sultaneſs, with his accuſtomed freedom, Madam, *ſaid he (with an Air and Tone, which contrary to his natural humour, had ſome ſhew of ſeriouſneſs)* your Gardens of *Generalife* are too beautiful, your *Moors* have too much Wit, their Gallantry is too fine, their Magnificence too great, and to ſpeak the truth freely, the Count of *Pegnafiel* and my ſelf are very much diſcontented, becauſe you are no more. The truth is, *added* Ponce de Leon, it is impoſſible we ſhould be light-heartted, ſeeing you ſo little Melancholy as you are; and whatever Opinion I have had of Verſe; I muſt needs confeſs thoſe that have been preſented in theſe late Entertainments, have rather given me an averſion for Poetry, than augmented my eſteem of it. You are both of you ſo unjuſt and fantaſtical, *anſwer'd the Sultaneſs ſmiling*, for thus picking a quarrel againſt Verſe, that you deſerve as well the one as the other of you to be forbidden, ſpeaking to me any more in Proſe. Ah! Madam, *reply'd* Don Alvarez, if you could make me mute, who am by nature too full of talk, you would work no leſs a Miracle, than in making a dumb man ſpeak: for I queſtion whether the firſt be not very near as impoſſible as the laſt. For my part, *added the feign'd* Leonce, though it is not altogether ſo intolerable to me to hold my peace, yet in being forbid to ſpeak, I ſhould be no leſs unhappy; for ſince I ſhould then have more leiſure to conſider the delicacy of your humour and ſpirit, which renders you ſo ſenſibly taken with all ingenuous Divertiſements, I ſhould be ſo much the more capable of grief, and if I durſt ſay ſo of anger. Ah, raſh Slaves, *ſaid the fair* Almahide *laughing*, It ſeems then you take upon you to be Judges of my pleaſures, or rather you condemn that innocent humour of mine, which makes me behold with delight ſtately Buildings, pleaſant Gardens, Fountains, Rivers, Meadows, Woods, Paintings, Statues, Poetry, Muſick, Balls, Maſcarades, and other ſuch-like Divertiſements, of which to be an inſenſible Beholder or Hearer, is only to be a ſtupid Block, and to be utterly void of all true *Guſto* and Underſtanding. No, no, Madam, *reply'd the feign'd* Ramira, We are not ſo unreaſonable as you repreſent us, had you been only no farther concern'd than only as to what the Eye and Ear had been affected with, your Complaint had been juſt, and ours unjuſt; ſince all theſe things are no way inconſiſtent with the ſweet and melancholy Reſervedneſs, which ſadneſs may inſpire: But, Madam, you appear clear another kind of Perſon, I have ſeen you eat as if you were come out of a beſieged Town, where there had been a long ſcarcity of Proviſions, you have all along ſlept as if you had taken juyce of Poppy or Opium; and ſince all this could not be but with ſufficient tranquillity of mind; I cannot but with regret conclude, that you ſuffer'd all this while no great inquietudes. But what great advantage, *anſwer'd* Almahide *ſomewhat ſharply*, would you have drawn from ſeeing me diſquieted, if my diſturbance had not been for you. The feeding of my thoughts with ſo pleaſing a fallacy, *reply'd the Duke*, and perſwading my ſelf that it was for me. For as you are Miſtreſs of your own will, I have power alſo to be Maſter of mine; and as you do what ſeems beſt to you, ſo I alſo believe what is moſt agreeable to my deſires; and thereby render my ſelf happy, when others cannot. You have a knack beyond all others, *reply'd again the feign'd Sultaneſs*, but ſince you can make your own felicity your ſelf, why do you trouble others about it, craving that of them, which by your own confeſſion you can have without them? Becauſe, *ſaid the feign'd* Ramira *very pleaſantly*, you are fairer than I, and therefore I had rather receive favours from your hand than my own. The truth is, *ſaid the Count of* Pegnafiel, you need not have been at any more trouble to have broke off this Hunting-match, than to have feign'd a little Meagrim, and might alſo thereby have ſav'd us from a more violent Headach. And I think I am not of a humour ſo little divertiſing, *added the Duke of* Infantada, but that I could have made you as much

Paſtime,

paſtime, as a Deer in the Woods, or a Partridge in the clutches of a Hawk. Peace, raſh Freed-man, and you bold Slave, *anſwer'd* Almahide, *laughing*; and unleſs you have a mind I ſhould leave you, and return again to the *Promenade*, ſpeak no more of this matter. I will hold my peace then Madam, *reply'd* Ponce de Leonce. But ſo ſhall not I, *reply'd again* Don Alvarez, for as I came hither to ſpeak, I ſhall find it a much more difficult thing to be ſilent than to talk. While this diſcourſe was held in the Sultaneſſes Chamber, the King was very ill at eaſe in his, and finding it very late, he took a ſudden humour, hurried on by his reſtleſs impatience, to go and viſit the Queen, and attended with a ſmall train, went directly to her apartment: Where when he came, Madam, *ſaid he*, *making his obeiſance*, I fear my viſit is at this time ſomewhat troubleſome, and that ſleep would be more welcome at preſent than my company, ſince the hardſhip of your journey requires repoſe. Sir, *anſwer'd the feign'd Sultaneſs*, I have doubtleſs need enough of ſleep, but your converſation is ſo agreeable, that it will eaſily take from me the tedioufneſs of waking longer. Half this Complement would have ſerv'd, *ſaid the feign'd* Ramira *ſofily to the feign'd* Leonce; and the end pleaſeth me leſs than the beginning. However, *reply'd* Ponce de Leone, *Almahide* did but what well became her, and what decency requir'd. Yet I could heartily have wiſht, *reply'd again* Don Alvarez, that ſhe had been a little leſs exact obſerver of decorum; at leaſt that ſhe would have been yawning every moment, and feign'd her ſelf ſleepy, for the better pretence of ſending away this Mooriſh King to Bed, whoſe company here I do not much care for. While theſe two Illuſtrious Incognito's were thus diſcourſing together, the King, Queen, and Princeſs *Moraima* took their Seats, after which all the reſt of the Company placing themſelves in order, there began a new Converſation, wherein the King leading the way, Madam, *ſaid this amorous Prince*, I believe you cannot but agree with me in this, that as in parting from the Town, we find the Country extraordinary pleaſant, ſo when we leave the Country, the Town receives us no leſs ſatisfied, which makes it manifeſt, that variety is the very ſoul of pleaſure. Indeed, Sir, *anſwer'd* Almahide, your judgement in this matter ſeems to me not in the leaſt to be diſprov'd, ſince the change and diverſity of pleaſure, muſt needs be allow'd a very great pleaſure it ſelf. So then, by her own confeſſion, *ſaid the feign'd* Leonce *to the ſuppos'd* Ramira, ſhe loves change, and novelty is very agreeable to her humour. I wiſh, *reply'd* Don Alvarez, ſhe ſpeak what really ſhe means; for as to my intereſts, her inconſtancy would avail more than her fidelity, provided I could make my advantage thereof. So that I am reſolv'd to applaud her love of change, though you ſatyrize againſt it never ſo much. For my part, *added the Princeſs* Moraima, being ſufficiently aſſur'd, that all which the world calls pleaſure, is but a meer Chimæra, if I were to diſpoſe of my condition of life, according to my own inclination, I ſhould never be inclin'd to change; but bidding farewel for ever to the noiſe and tumult of the Court and City, ſhould wholly give my ſelf up to repoſe and ſolitude, and the pleaſant retiredneſs of the Fields and Woods. Ah! Madam, *ſaid* Fatima, beſides the tedioufneſs and trouble of travelling, one that loves to talk as I do, and to hear her ſelf anſwer'd, knowing that the ſpruceſt and moſt flouriſhing Trees have no tongues, nor are capable of ſpeech, would find no great content or happineſs among the ſilent Woods and deſart Forreſts. If the Country, *ſaid* Abindarrays, were inhabited by thoſe of the Court, it would be doubtleſs very pleaſant living there; but ſince there is little acceptable Company to be met with in the Country, I ſhould be better pleas'd with a journey from the Country to the City, than from the City to the Country. That is to ſay, *anſwer'd* Aldoradine, *ſmiling*, if they could afford you five or ſix hundred handſome Ladies, for you to court one after another, or perhaps all together, you would be as well contented there, as at *Grenada*, where you have this accommodation. Ah! Madam, *reply'd this gallant Moor*, if you once violate the Treaty, and treſpaſs upon that Act of Oblivion, which hath been formerly agreed on between us, I ſhall truſt you no more for the future, and moreover look upon my ſelf, as clearly acquitted from the obligation of keeping my word, by reaſon you are no more exact and regular in the keeping of yours. Since Abindarrais, *ſaid the Queen*, has had ſuch variety of Miſtreſſes, and for that the fortune of himſelf and Family, has not been always at an equal ſtay, I would fain know of any of them, whether of the two ſorts of Lovers gains moſt upon a Ladies affection, the fortunate Lover, or the unfortunate. Although there are but few of that fair Sex here, *reply'd the King*, yet it is ten to one but that at leaſt one of them, if not more, is of the number of thoſe whom *Abindarrais* hath lov'd; ſo that indeed, Madam, it belongs principally to her to ſolve this queſtion: but ſince diſcretion obliges her to ſilence, I am ready to take her part upon me, and deliver, what I ſuppoſe, would have been her ſentiment, had ſhe thought convenient to reveal it. My opinion therefore is, that as ill fortune renders a perſon moroſe and male-content, ſo it renders him leſs capable of being belov'd. For as Melancholy and ſadneſs are infectious, ſo it muſt needs follow, that an unfortunate man inſtead of pleaſing and diverting his Miſtreſs, makes her ſad and melancholick like himſelf: And whereas the inclination of almoſt all Women, carries them on to pleaſure and mirth, they cannot but have more hatred than love, for thoſe down-caſt

reſerved Lovers, who afford them not that ſatisfaction which they expect, but rather deprive them of what they ought to give them. To be ſhort, theſe miſerable perſons, inſtead of thinking on their Miſtreſſes, ruminate continually on nothing but their Misfortunes, and are ſo far from rendring themſelves acceptable to them, by their pleaſing company and diſcourſe, that they render themſelves tedious and unpleaſant, by their dull and ſtupid ſilence; as alſo by that profound ſtudy, which makes them appear like ſenſeleſs Statues, or men aſleep, not hearing, or not giving an anſwer to what is ſpoken to them, ſo deep are their ſouls plung'd in the conſideration of their Misfortunes. Beſides, this Misfortune which perpetually troubles their minds, makes them peeviſh and careleſs of all civility; inſomuch that all Ladies being naturally imperious, and looking for great obſervance, will ſoon grow indifferent toward thoſe, whom they find to fail in their reſpect toward them; and not throw away their hearts upon thoſe peeviſh Male-contents, who refuſe to pay them thoſe ſubmiſſions and oblations, which they hold ſo dear, and look for above all things. What ſhall I ſay moreover of that neceſſary care, which being brought upon them by their troubles and croſs affairs, takes up the greateſt part of their time, as vexation upon ill ſucceſſes takes up the reſt, forcing them to retire into ſolitude, to bewail their Misfortunes, and deviſe what remedies they can againſt them for the future: So that if Induſtry and Diligence be no leſs important, for the gaining of a Ladies favour, than the winning of a fortified Town, what can theſe drowſie and unactive Lovers expect or hope for? beſides, as the greatneſs of their Misfortune, renders them indiſpos'd, ſo their Poverty makes them uncapable of that great Virtue of a Lover, Liberality. They are always ill clad, and negligently dreſt; they give no Serenades, no Balls, no Collations, make no Courſes of the Badgers, no Combats of the Bulls, they compoſe no Verſes, nor invent no Devices to the Honour of their Miſtreſſes, but like ſo many Ghoſts or walking Skeletons, ſeem rather viſiters of Tombs and Charnel-houſes, than frequenters of gallant and pompous Aſſemblies; and to conclude, as thoſe that are poor find few friends, becauſe they are not able to oblige any, ſo theſe poor deſpicable Lovers, for the ſame reaſon, have no body to ſpeak advantageouſly of them; but on the contrary, as contempt is inſeparable from poverty, they become the ſport and laughter of inquiſitive and cenſorious Perſons, who take all advantages to render their actions as ridiculous as they can; and by how much the leſs value they put upon themſelves, are ſo much the leſs valued by others. But it is not ſo with the Fortunate: for as all the world courts Fortune and Succeſs, ſo the rich and happy Lover, eſpecially if he be liberal, obliges every one to be his Friend, every one ſets forth the Praiſes of her whom he loves, every one extols the choice he hath made, and ſhe her ſelf ſeeing the general Opinion her Lover hath, redoubles her own; as on the other ſide, the diſeſteem which the Miſtreſs of the unhappy Lover obſerves caſt upon him by all, makes her apt to fail in hers alſo: Moreover, if troubles make a man melancholy, ſad, & moroſe, on the contrary good Fortune makes him complaiſant, briſk, pleaſant, and ſociable in Converſation, which laſt Qualification no leſs attracts love, than the others incline to hatred. And theſe I think are ſufficient Reaſons to induce me to believe, that the fortunate Lover will in all likelihood find better acceptance with his Miſtreſs than the unfortunate. If I may be ſo bold, *ſaid the Princeſs* Morayma *to the King*, as to diſpute all your Majeſty hath alledg'd in this Argument, I ſhall not doubt but to make it ſoon apparent, that I have the advantage on my ſide. For it cannot be deny'd, Sir, *reply'd ſhe*, that Pride is inſeparable from Riches, whence it will follow, that this fortunate man you ſpeak of, muſt needs be uncapable of thoſe reſpects, thoſe ſubmiſſions, and thoſe complacencies you aſcribe to him, and that rather on the contrary, he will have ſo much vanity as to think it honour enough to his Lady, that he vouchſafes to take notice of her, expecting little leſs from her, than what in juſtice he ought to render her. Judge then, Sir, whether this haughty carriage is any proper courſe of gaining love, or whether it be not much rather the readieſt way to incur an abſolute averſion. Morever, your Majeſty knows very well, that all rich men are not liberal, but for the moſt part quite contrary ſordid, and covetous: but grant they were all generous perſons, what advantage could they draw from thence? For if a Lady be really virtuous, ſhe will never condeſcend to receive conſiderable Preſents, and for all thoſe other trifles your Majeſty hath mention'd, ſhe muſt needs have very poor and low thoughts of her heart, that ſhould condeſcend to part with it upon ſuch eaſie terms; ſhe muſt, I ſay, be a very great lover of Gold, Jewels, and rich Embroidery, of Balls, Badger-courſes, and the like, if ſhe ſhould beſtow that eſteem upon them, which ſhe ought to have for Virtue only. Now this Virtue is not always accompany'd with Fortune; true Merit and great Riches are not always ſeen to go hand in hand; the appellation of a rich man and that of an honeſt man belong not always to one and the ſame perſon, and it ſtands very much to reaſon: For as Perſons that are born to Wealth and Honour, are ſure to be flatter'd from their very Cradle, they conſequently no ſooner begin to live, than they begin to be deceiv'd. No wonder then if they have little mind or regard of ſeeing that which was never ſhew'd them, or have little love for that, the goodneſs whereof they were never taught to underſtand. From their ignorance proceeds their contempt of what they ought highly to eſteem and adore:

More-

Moreover, that Commendatiou of aſſiduity which your Majeſty gives them, is ſo much the leſs belonging to them, by how much their Wealth enables them to allow themſelves all manner of Pleaſures (unleſs by chance their Avarice ſometimes puts an obſtacle in their way) and continually divides them among their ſeveral deſigned Recreations: To day they are for a Hunting-match, to morrow their Company is expected at a Feaſt, one while they are concern'd in a Ball, another while a Muſick-meeting attends them; and ſometimes they muſt take the Air, and all this while their Miſtreſs hath the leaſt ſhare of their time, of their Company, of their Care, and of their Love. Sir, as Plenty and Delight always accompany them; and as Mirth and Jollity ſeem not very conſiſtent with the heat and violence of a zealous Paſſion, I ſee not how theſe jovial Companions can be accounted paſſionate Lovers, who never lov'd any thing but themſelves and their Pleaſures; who ſeeking more to be lov'd than to love, are utterly unworthy of the firſt, and deſerve no other meaſure of love than what they give. And whereas your Majeſty perhaps will ſay, That as they are fortunate, they are applauded by all, and ſo the likelier to gain love; I rather think quite contrary, that their Wealth renders them obnoxious to reproach and calumny, as well becauſe Envy is inſeparable to Grandeur, as becauſe Grandeur very rarely makes uſe as it ought of its riches and its power. But with the unfortunate Lover it is not ſo, ſince thoſe who gave him birth, or took the charge of him, conſidering him as naked, and ſtript of the goods of Fortune, endeavour in recompence to enrich him with Virtue, and the goods of Education, and not being able to make him a great man, ſtrive to make him a good man, which in my mind is much better. And as the merry and jovial humour appears thus unapt for love, ſo on the contrary the melancholy temper will prove the only Object capable thereof, ſince it is in the heart and ſoul of one of this laſt Qualification only, that love makes any deep impreſſion; of all other Paſſions he is ſenſible of none ſo much as that; he abandons himſelf entirely to it, and for it abjures both all other Paſſions, and all pleaſures whatſoever. No wonder therefore if he ſucceed in love, when others cannot; ſince as the old ſaying is, *That the way to be lov'd, is to love*; he knows better how to love than they. And as for Riches and Poverty, they have a quite contrary effect, to what your Majeſty hath affirm'd of them. For great Poſſeſſions have much buſineſs attending, and thoſe that are not cumber'd with them, are beſt at leiſure to dedicate themſelves wholly to their Love and their Miſtreſs. Nor will your allegation for the Elegancy of their Habit ſtand you in much better ſtead; for though the poor Lover cannot appear ſo rich and glorious, yet his Garb may be no leſs neat and well choſen; and to a Lady who approves with Judgment the curioſity of fancy in his Apparel may be no leſs pleaſing than all the others Gayety and Magnificence; there being another kind of ſpirit, and ſomething of more Gallant in attire, than to carry about one a Goldſmiths-ſhop, or be covered with Gold and Silver. In ſhort, there is a certain grace and gentileneſs in Clothes, which renders them more becoming, more natural, and to which the wearer owes more his Gallantry than to the Lapidary, for enriching them with Pearls or Diamonds; and ſo much as Nature is above Art, ſo much is Graceful and Becoming to be preferr'd above Magnificent; and by conſequence, ſo much the more worthy to be lov'd. And if your Majeſty have err'd in your judgment concerning Gallantry in Apparel, ſo alſo no leſs in believing that the unfortunate Lover cannot be liberal; ſince on the contrary, he is in truth infinitely more liberal than the rich; for as much as this laſt gives out of his abundance and ſuperfluity; whereas the firſt giving, even to prodigality, from his neceſſities, ſo much out-do's the other, as he exceeds his own ability. In a word, a rich man is many times no leſs covetous when he gives much, than the poor man is liberal in giving very little; ſince what the firſt do's, is not ſo much out of a Principle of Generoſity, as a kind of conſtraint upon his Nature, and perhaps not without ſome inward regret after he hath done it. Nor is it a real truth, though a common ſaying, *That poor Virtue is altogether deſtitute of Friends, and diſeſteem'd by all men*: How great ſoever the Corruption of our Age is, it is not come to that paſs; for we ſee oft-times Panegyricks made upon the unfortunate, and Satyrs againſt the fortunate; and Wealth diſobligeth by the Pride that attends it, as much as the Humility that waits upon Poverty, gains good will; for the Noble-minded Unfortunate, acting nothing of baſe, low, or unworthy of himſelf, yet is affable, courteous, obliging, and full of reſpect; all which things as they are in themſelves Praiſe-worthy, ſo they are not diſpleaſing to Ladies. To be ſhort, Sir, Poverty and Misfortune cannot fail of that pity and compaſſion which are natural to our Sex; whoſe tears are no leſs plentifully pour'd forth for the misfortunes of others, than their own; and whoſe tenderneſs bears a great part in the afflictions of others; and as the Unfortunate attract compaſſion from them, ſo their own Inclinations change that compaſſion into Amity, and in the end into ſomething of more tender. For my part, *ſaid the Sultaneſs*, I confeſs, I am of the temper that makes good what you have ſaid, and declare, that for any one of my Friends, the greater the misfortunes were, the greater ſhare he ſhould have of my pity. For this time at leaſt, *ſaid then the feign'd* Ramira, *to the feign'd* Leonce, you cannot ſay, you have all the advantage: For as a Slave is more unfortunate than a Freed-man, it is not to be doubted, but that

Almahide hath ſpoken for me, and that ſhe loves me more than you; ſo that it becomes ſuch a Heroe as you are not to indure to ſee your ſelf leſs lov'd than another; and if you would be advis'd by me, you would do well to forſake her, in revenge of ſuch a contempt. But it will not be amiſs to take ſome time of deliberation, *reply'd* Ponce de Leone *laughing*, and to conſider a little, whether I ought not firſt to be well aſſur'd, that the ſuppoſed Queen puts you in the number of her friends, which I much doubt of. I perſwade my ſelf however, that I have too well merited to be liſted in that number, to make any doubt of it, whatever you do. Wherefore not to give her the trouble of explaining her ſelf any farther. It ſufficeth that I believe my ſelf to be of that number, nor do I deſire to know more. The Queens Opinion, *ſaid* Aldoradine, is too juſt & rational not to be approv'd of, and commiſeration of the Unfortunate, too well becoming, and too natural to our Sex to be condemn'd. However, *reply'd* Fatima *laughing*, I ſeem to my ſelf to come very near to a Condemner, for I have ſo vehement a paſſion for Mirth and Laughter, that I have much ado to forbear hating thoſe who oblige me to tears and ſadneſs; and that Lover that ſhould not treat me with Balls, Collations, taking the Air, and ſuch like Entertainments, would make as ſlow advances in his love, as ſlender impreſſions in my heart. Without doubt, *ſaid the Count of* Pegnafiel *to the Duke of* Infantade, you would treat ſuch a Lover in the ſame manner, if you were a fair Lady, and if *Almahide* would be rul'd by you, ſhe muſt alſo do the like. I confeſs, *ſaid this illuſtrious Slave to the generous Freed-man*, if the Sultaneſs would be advis'd by me, the jolly perſon ſhould carry it far before the ſerious; for when all is done, your wiſdom is not ſo acceptable as my folly. But, *ſaid* Abindarrais, after all theſe arguments *pro* and *con*, about the Fortunate Lover and the Unfortunate, I would fain know alſo, which of the two is moſt available, whether to love a Lady that ſets too low a rate upon her beauty, or one that hath too high an opinion and confidence of it? I am perſwaded, *anſwer'd the King*, there is ſcarce any one to be found of the firſt ſort; For as in all other reſpects, we ſee generally that all people are inclinable to make the moſt, and think moſt advantageouſly of whatever is in themſelves, ſo likewiſe it is to be obſerv'd in reference to beauty, there being no Woman ſo ugly, who doth not think her ſelf fair, or at leaſt amiable, which is one and the ſame thing, ſince both the one and the other attract Love. Pardon me, Sir, *reply'd the feign'd Sultaneſs*, for I have ſeen more than once, where there hath been this diffidence we ſpeak of, and an utter deſpair of ever being able to conquer, whatever oaths have been made, or praiſes attributed to the parties by their Lovers. Granting this to be a truth, *reply'd again the Princeſs* Moraima, I am of opinion, that this trembling, and deſponding Lady is ſo much the leſs to be endur'd, and more worthy of contempt than Love; For it argues a lowneſs of ſpirit in her, to have ſuch mean thoughts of her own merit, beſides the vexation and trouble it muſt needs give to her Lover, to ſee himſelf perpetually contradicted, and the lie as it were given to what he ſpeaks ſincerely, and for a real truth. But yet for all that I aſſure you, *ſaid* Fatima, I am of the mind, that theſe proud perſons, who have ſo good an opinion of themſelves, and believe all that can be ſaid of them to be their due, are hardly more ſufferable than the others; and though I am not apt to have too mean thoughts of my ſelf, but on the contrary, prize my beauty at a ſufficient rate, yet, I confeſs, if I were a Man, I ſhould ſooner ſerve one diffident of her ſelf, than one over-confident and vain-glorious, for whom I ſhould have but a very ſlender value. In ſhort, *purſued* Aldoradine, the pride of theſe haughty arrogant Ladies is inſupportable, the beſt of ſervices that can be render'd them is all too little, nothing leſs than to be ador'd will ſerve their turn, and which is worſt, when all is done, the adorer himſelf ſhall be but ſlightly regarded. Nor Balls, nor Ballets, nor Comedies, nor Serenades, nor Collations, nor Preſents, nor double diligence, nor the moſt reſpectful Services oblige them: when you have done all, you have done nothing, for as they believe themſelves the only amiable perſons in the world, they know not how to love any but themſelves; they find in themſelves wherewith to ſatisfie their whole ambition, and placing all their glory and felicity in themſelves, they nothing attribute either of honour or felicity to them that ſerve them. From all which I conclude, that it is more available to ſerve a Lady that repoſes too little, than one that confides too much in her beauty. I judg for all this, *reply'd* Abindarrais, the opinion of the Princeſs *Moraima*, to be the moſt approveable; for beſides that, whatſoever blames our choice, condemns our judgment, and whatever calls in queſtion our words, taxes our honeſty; ſuch an unpleaſant conteſt as this equally deprives of hope the diſtruſtful and the diſtruſted; ſuch a melancholick entertainment is far more likely to extinguiſh than to cheriſh Love; and this conſideration obliges me, contrary to my cuſtome, not to be of your Opinion, but to believe that it is better to love a Lady who relies too much upon her Beauty, than one whoſe too little confidence undervalues it. I am of *Abindarrays* his Judgment, *ſaid the King*. And I of *Aldoradine*'s Opinion, *anſwer'd the Queen*. For my part, *ſaid the feign'd* Ramira *ſoftly to the feign'd* Leonce, I am for the humble rather than the proud. And I for the proud rather than the humble, *anſwer'd* Ponce de Leon. I wiſh then, *reply'd the Duke to the Count*, that both of us might have our deſires, that is to ſay, that *Almahide* might be proud to you and humble to me. Then the King

King taking up the Diſcourſe, That I may find work for others, *ſaid he*, as I have been put to it my ſelf by ſome of theſe Diſputes, give me leave to propoſe to all this Company, who hath the greateſt ſatisfaction, he that receives a great favour of his Miſtreſs, or he that renders her an eminent piece of Service. I confeſs, Sir, *ſaid the Sultaneſs*, the Queſtion you propound is not without ſome difficulty, but as danger makes men valiant, and thoſe who are entangled in a Labyrinth, redouble their diligence, and uſe their utmoſt endeavours to get out. So muſt it be my task to uſe my utmoſt dexterity to diſingage my ſelf from thoſe Streights which inviron me; and to anſwer your Majeſties demand, as pertinently as I am able: Be pleas'd, Sir, therefore, to take notice, that thongh a woman is not ſo well experienc'd in the thoughts of men in this Point, as to reſolve any thing poſitively, and without ſome uncertainty, yet nevertheleſs nothing hinders, but we may imagine, that it is moſt aſſuredly a great ſatisfaction to a man to receive a conſiderable favour from his Miſtreſs; for if a Picture, a Ring, a Riban, a kind Word, nay, one ſingle Glance, touches ſo ſenſibly the heart of him that knows how to love, what effects ought the grant of a more particular favour to produce in his ſpirit, what raptures of joy and delight ought his Soul to be poſſeſt with, upon the receiving of ſuch a favour? In ſhort, all the world loves Honour, and as it is a great thing to vanquiſh, ſo it is a wonderful pleaſure to be a Victor. So that as theſe favours, whereof I ſpeak, are the certain marks of Victory, and the things whereof Love makes his trophies. It needs not be doubted but that herein chiefly it is, that a Lovers felicity conſiſts, hence it is that the greateſt pleaſure imaginable redounds to him. Beſides, es, as theſe particula rmarks of good will and tenderneſs are the true & moſt proper Objects which a Lover propoſes to himſelf, as ſoon as ever he begins to be a Lover; and as indeed there is nothing throughout the whole circuit of Nature, which ever arrives at its deſigned end, and attains its aim and ſcope without extraordinary ſatisfaction; not ſo much as the very ſtones, which when they arrive at the Centre, ſeem to be ſatisfied with their repoſe: It muſt not be queſtion'd, but that an animate Creature hath a lively and vigorous ſenſe of that, which an inanimate only ſeems to be ſenſible of. But yet all this while, as I would not be thought to take ſhadow for ſubſtance, or ſuffer my ſelf to be miſguided with falſe lights, ſo I would not willingly deceive others with appearances of truth, inſtead of realities; therefore I declare this not to be my true Opinion, and ſhall endeavour to make it no more yours; for when all is done, if we love truly, can there be imagin'd a greater dellight, a more ſenſible pleaſure, a more perfect ſatisfaction, than to perform conſiderable Services to the perſon belov'd? So long as the Lover prefers his Miſtreſs before himſelf; ſo long as ſhe is dearer to him than he to himſelf; can it be doubted, but that her eſteem touches him more ſenſibly than her favours? and that he takes more delight to ſerve her, than to ſee himſelf favour'd by her, without having deſerv'd it by his Services? Moreover, as I ſaid before, Honour is the ſole Object of great Souls, and cannot admit the competition of thoſe obſcure pleaſures which ſecrecy ſoon buries in Oblivion. The brave report of a brave action, when an eminent Service is render'd by a Lover to his Miſtreſs, is far above all thoſe trifles in which common Souls take ſuch pleaſure. In a word, if the particular favours receiv'd at her hands, are marks of her tenderneſs; the important Services render'd by her Lover, challenge her eſteem, and oblige her infallibly to love him better. For great Merit produceth great Love, great Love great Satisfaction, which induces me to conclude, That it is more pleaſure to a Lover to render an extraordinary Service to his Miſtreſs, than to receive an extraordinary favour from her. Ah! Madam, *ſaid* Abindarrays, if the reſpect I owe your Majeſty would permit me the liberty of delivering my thoughts freely, I ſhould not be of your mind; for though your Opinion hath ſomething more of Grandeur and Gallantry than mine: Yet with your Pardon, Madam, I think it not altogether ſo rational, & I ſhall endeavour at the ſame time to prove my Argument, and ſubmit my Judgment. The truth is, Madam, you certainly take one paſſion for another, that is, you take Ambition for Love; and Vanity for Tenderneſs: For without doubt, he that performs a great Service, regards in the performance his Miſtreſs leſs than his Honour, and his Renown more than his Pleaſure. Yes certainly, there is more of Pride than of Love in what he Acts; and he ſeeks more the ſatisfaction of the Publick than of himſelf; and if this great Service of his had not been to be attended with the tickling noiſe of Fame, and popular Applauſe; he perhaps would not have perform'd it. It is upon ſuch-like occaſions, that we are apt to miſtake one thing for another, and to attribute that to Love, which proceeds only from a ſimple deſire of Honour. Now, as it is impoſſible that this deſire which hath no other Object than a brave and glorious *Chimæra*, can have that force in it as a real felicity, which hath nothing in it, but what is more ſolid, and whoſe benefits are obvious to ſenſe; it is moſt certain, that there is no compariſon between them, or at leaſt there ought to be none. But, Madam, your Majeſty hath in effect ſav'd me the labour of proceeding any farther to prove this truth, you have put Arms into my hands to inable me to fight againſt you, the force of your Eloquence is come to the aid of my weakneſs, and I have nothing more to triumph in, than that you have given me the opportunity to make uſe of your own words

words to my advantage. You have maintain'd, Madam, that it is a very great ſatisfaction to receive a conſiderable favour from a Miſtreſs, and that ſince ſmaller favours touch ſo powerfully, greater favours ought to make a more ſenſible Impreſſion: You have ſaid moreover, that as all people love honour, ſo all take delight to ſee themſelves victorious, and that particular favours being undeniable teſtimonies of victory, cannot fail of giving very great ſatisfaction. You have alſo gone about to induce us, and we have eaſily been induced, to believe that a Ladies particular favours, being the only object which a Lover propoſes to himſelf, it is impoſſible that in receiving them, he ſhould not at the ſame time receive very great ſatisfaction and delight. Permit me now, Madam, to be thus far of your belief, and not to fail of my reſpect, by not failing of my ſubmiſſion, in zealouſly maintaining an opinion which you your ſelf have eſtabliſht; to look upon what you maintain'd at laſt, as only a ſportive exerciſe of your wit, and to conclude with you, according to your firſt aſſertion, which is the more rational, that the pleaſure of receiving a great favour from a Miſtreſs, is greater than that of rendring her an important Service. At leaſt, *ſaid the King*, I am of that Judgment; for I imagine, that I enjoy upon ſuch an occaſion ſo great a ſatisfaction, as is not to be equall'd. But I, *reply'd the Princeſs* Morayma, ſet far above it that of ſerving conſiderably the perſon belov'd, for as the Lover ought to reſpect and favour her above himſelf, ſo he ought to be more ſenſible of her intereſts and good fortune than his own. For my part, Madam, *ſaid* Fatima, were it only as a Maxim of State, and to keep up good Order and Policy, I ſhould always be of your opinion, for if it were otherwiſe eſtabliſht, men inſtead of thinking of doing ſervice, would only think of being paid for doing nothing, ſo that theſe droniſh Slaves would become Maſters of their Miſtreſſes, reap without having ſow'd, and triumph without having combated, things utterly againſt reaſon, and which would put all into diſorder and confuſion. The truth is, *added* Aldoradine, this opinion is not to be condemn'd, and to every generous heart, (with pardon to *Abindarraez* be it ſpoken) it cannot but be more pleaſant and delightful to oblige than be oblig'd. But with your favour, Madam *Aldoradine*, *ſaid the feign'd* Ramira *to the feign'd* Leonce, I am not of your opinion, and though I ſhould be very glad to be able to ſerve her whom I love, yet I ſhould alſo be no leſs glad to receive my recompence. In a word, as this kind of Love which aims not at reward is Heroick, I leave it to a Heroe, without pretending to the pleaſure of a demi-god; and contenting my ſelf only with that of a meer man. I willingly accept of it, *anſwer'd the Count of* Pegnahel, and not having the boldneſs to dare to pretend to recompences, I ſatisfie my ſelf with the honour of ſerving, and the joy of being able to do it. To ſhew my ſelf yet more humble and leſs ambitious than you, *reply'd the Duke of* Infantade, I leave to you all the honour you aſpire to, and with a humility altogether extraordinary, ſhall content my ſelf with thoſe favours and thoſe pleaſures which you deſpiſe, and which I eſteem. Ah! *ſaid* Ponce de Leon, 'tis rather my ſelf whom I deſpiſe, and what I have ſaid, rather proceeded from my reſpect, than is any effect of my pride. For my part, *reply'd again Don* Alvarez, I am not ſo humble as you, and that I may fortifie my hopes and confidence the better in aſpiring to theſe favours and theſe pleaſures, I perſwade my ſelf that I merit them. After this there being a pretty long ſilence among all theſe Illuſtrious Speakers; they fell at laſt to a lower Tone, and as it were whiſper'd a kind of Converſation one among another. The King taking the opportunity of their Example, and making uſe of this occaſion, with a Voice ſomewhat lower than the reſt, Madam, *ſaid he to the Sultaneſs, fetching a deep ſigh*, I have obſerv'd, that in all the Diſputes which paſs among us, there is ſcarce any Perſon of the whole Company, who is not at one time or other of my Opinion, excepting your ſelf, who as it were by an invincible averſion have never been of it. But, Sir, *anſwer'd* Almahide *ſmiling*, I have the ſame thing to object againſt your ſelf; for you have as little agreed with me in judgment, and I think with your pardon, that without reſpect to the Throne, Crown, or Scepter, it belongs rather to the Knight, than to the Lady to ſhew his complaiſance, and to ſubmit his judgment. I confeſs it, Madam, *anſwer'd this amorous Prince, ſighing again*, but deſpair and reſpect are ſcarce ever ſeen together, and misfortune and diſcontent are ſcarce ever aſunder. That I grant, *reply'd the feign'd Sultaneſs*, as the King of *Granada* is not one of thoſe perſons that hath much cauſe to complain, this pretext excuſeth not; and if the Title of King did not place him above the Laws, he would be without doubt culpable, how innocent ſoever he might think himſelf. Alas! *reply'd* Boaudelin, this King whereof you ſpeak, is more miſerable than the meaneſt of his Subjects, and there is no ſlave that would change his Fortune with his, if he knew all the rigor he undergoes, and felt all his pains, his Irons are leſs weighty than mine, and his condition more ſupportable. Break then, Sir, *ſaid ſhe*, theſe ignominious Chains, which are no leſs diſgraceful, than incommodious, and remember that as it is not for Slaves to be Kings, ſo it is not for Kings to be Slaves. Ah! unjuſt woman, *reply'd he with much ſadneſs and affliction of ſpirit*, it might be much eaſier for you to preſerve a Crown, than for me to quit my Chains; and certainly if you hated not the King in a high degree, you would not have ſo ſtrong an averſion to the Royal Dignity, you would not chuſe to be a Subject

ject rather than a Queen, you would not prefer Meanneſs before Grandeur, and your unknown Perſons before a Prince, who is known to all the world. But the hatred and contempt you have for me, cauſeth you to take ſo bad a part, and to make ſo ill a choice, though I merit neither the one nor the other. It is a long time, Sir, *reply'd the ſuppoſed Sultaneſs*, ſince I told you, that nothing of all this made me refuſe ſo great an honour; that I ſufficiently underſtand the value of it, and know what reſentment I ought to have; but, Sir, I muſt needs tell you again, after I have told you ſo much already, that all I can poſſibly do is to make this juſt acknowledgement; and your Majeſty hath too much to deſire that of me, which I am not able to perform. O God, *reply'd the King*, where find you this cruel impoſſibility, which oppoſeth your content and my joy; which deſtroys you and ruines me; which would deprive you of a Crown and me of life; and which renders *Almahide* ſo inhumane and *Boaudelin* ſo unfortunate? I find it, Sir, *reply'd again the feign'd Sultaneſs*, in your grandure, in my meanneſs; in your intereſts, in my deſtiny; and in the preſent eſtate of my mind, all invincible obſtacles, and which by conſequence neither you nor I ſhall ever be able to ſurmount. Ah cruel and unjuſt! *ſaid he, all raging and deſperate as he was*, this laſt obſtacle is that only which you mean, this alone is that which oppoſeth my happineſs, there is nothing but this alone which cauſeth your cruelty and my misfortune; if this were not in your Inclinations, I might hope to ſee my ſelf in your heart. But I will vanquiſh, *purſued he*, (or I will periſh my ſelf) this cruel obſtacle, which puts me into deſpair, and ſince I have unfolded theſe obſcure and ambiguous words, wherein you endeavour'd to wrap it, (for what can be hid from the piercing eyes of a Lover?) though Heaven and Hell ſhould conſpire with you to hide from me theſe inviſible enemies, who deſtroy my happineſs and perhaps yours, I will diſcover them, I will deſtroy them, or I will deſtroy my ſelf, for ſince I cannot obtain to live with you, I will chooſe to die; and he that dies reveng'd, dies not without ſome conſolation. Sir, *anſwer'd ſhe*, with an undaunted magnanimity, ſince you have now thus threatned me, let me tell you again, as I think I have already told you, that I am not to be frighted with theſe menaces; that a Daughter of *Semahis* cannot but have too reſolute a ſoul, to be ſhaken with ſo ſmall a matter; and that if any thing were capable to do it, it muſt be rather ſubmiſſion than pride. Well, Madam, *reply'd the Prince, tranſported with grief for fear he had offended her*, I will make you a ſubmiſſion not uſual for Monarchs to make, I will throw my ſelf at your feet and beg your pardon; you ſhall have the advantage to ſhew mercy to him, that uſeth to give it to others; but for Gods ſake take not from me all hope, unleſs you will that I run headlong into deſpair, and if you cannot afford to ſpeak comfort to me, at leaſt ſpeak nothing to me of diſcomfort and cruelty. I will be ſilent then, Sir, *reply'd ſhe again*, for having call'd to mind that I am your Subject, I muſt take heed alſo that I forget not you are my King. Toward the cloſe of this Parly, the feign'd *Ramira* leaning toward the ear of the ſuppos'd *Leonce*, To make this converſation, *ſaid he, very pleaſantly*, laſt a little longer, it would be a very fit queſtion to propoſe to *Boaudilin*, after ſo many others already diſputed, Whether or no civility does permit a man to whiſper out ſo long a diſcourſe, in the midſt of ſo great an Aſſembly? and whether it were a priviledge among the Moors, to be Gallants inſtead of Husbands to their Wives? I ſhould ſcarce adviſe you, *reply'd* Ponce de Leon, to propoſe this queſtion to the King of *Granada*, for fear he ſhould anſwer you with this other demand, Whether you underſtood the reſpect due from a Slave to his Maſter, and inſtead of expecting your reply, ſhould command you to be impal'd. Although the counſel of Enemies ought to be ſuſpected, as *Virgil* and I have obſerv'd, *reply'd* Don Alvarez, *laughing*, yet I think it will not be amiſs to follow yours, and to impart theſe kind of affairs to none but your ſelf, for fear of being brought to make a ſpeech in the face of the whole world; and which would be a worſe puniſhment to a man of my humour, to be forc't to hold my tongue for ever after. By this time the King riſing up, Madam, *ſaid he, to the Sultaneſs aloud*, (leſt his diſcontent ſhould be taken notice of, and divulg'd to his diſadvantage,) I fear I have kept you up from your ſleep and reſt too long, after your wearineſs with this days journey, therefore I now take my leave, and wiſh you a happy repoſe; while I, *purſued he in a lower tone*, go to wake out the night with affliction and deſpair, and bathe my Bed with my tears. To this Almahide *anſwer'd, only with a profound reverence*; after which this Prince went out of her Chamber, and immediately after him all the reſt of the Company. Whereupon the feign'd *Ramira* no ſooner ſaw *Almahide* alone, but advancing toward her, and addreſſing his Speech to her with his uſual brisk and jolly air; Madam, *ſaid he*, if you intend I ſhould obey you, and accept of the liberty which you have ſo many times offer'd, and return to *Sevil*, you muſt reſolve to continue no longer to play at this pretty little Game, which we call among us, *A word in the Ear*, for I declare to you plainly, I can no longer endure it. The truth is, *added* Ponce de Leon, it is very inſupportable; and only to be endur'd by them that have no kindneſs for you. Ah! raſh fools, ſaid Almahide *laughing*, you are without all contradiction the wicked'ſt Slaves in *Granada*, and the moſt audacious, inſomuch, that as it is the ſame thing, either to keep or loſe you, having already given liberty to the one, I am ready alſo to give it to the other; and therefore

fore I take you at your word, and desire you to surrender up your Chains and Fetters. No, no, *reply'd the Duke of* Infantada, not so fast, lest we should repent of our bargain, and that we may not fall into disaster, Let us take five or six years to deliberate upon it, as a business of this nature requires. For it is the least time that can be taken to resolve an Affair of so grand an importance as this. Yes, Madam, *said the Count of* Pegnafiel; this is the least time can be taken, and if you please to satisfie us herein, we shall take it for a great favour, and be willing to rest contented, in regard of the difficulty of the transaction, and the almost impossibility of resolving. However it be, *answer'd the supposed Sultaness*, if you lose your respect, you will cause me to lose my kindness; and I shall let you understand by the roughness of your chastisement, that though I am born a *Granadine*, I am also somewhat of an *African*. For my part, *answer'd the feign'd* Ramira, Your gentleness is to me more formidable than your cruelty; I fear more your looks than your words; your *Granadine* eyes more than your *African* anger, though it were deriv'd from all the Tigers and Lions of those parts. But after all, Madam, your Interest is concern'd more than ours in these low voic'd Dialogues, where the spectator of the Comedy hath no share; for it is so uncommon a thing, so little the custome of the World for Women and their Husbands to converse thus together, and to love so tenderly, that should it continue thus but a while longer, something of the Truth would infallibly come to be suspected; that is to say, your disguise would come to be discovered, which if ever it should come to pass, adieu Crown and Scepter, adieu Queen and Royalty. Seriously, Madam, *added the feign'd* Leonce, there appear'd so much of Passion, so much of ardor, so much of concernment in the Eyes and all the actions of your King, that it is a very easie matter to know him to be a Lover. So then *reply'd* Almahide *smartly*, you conclude that a Lover and a Husband are incompatible; and I shall indeavour when time and place serve, not to forget what you have taught me. Ah! poor Leonce, *said then the Duke, laughing*, you are intangled in your own Arms; which inconvenience for fear of incurring I will not speak what I think, though what I think were the same which you have said; So that for once at least the airy flashy Persons will prove more reserv'd than the sage and grave; and the sage less reserv'd than the flashy. No, No, *reply'd she*, there is as much to be gathered from your silence as from his words, I understand you as well as I understood him, and to treat both the flashy and the sage alike, *added she, still smiling*, pray go both of you and retire. Having so said, as *Ponce de Leon* was going to justifie his last words, and *Don Alvarez* to laugh at him for his justification, she commanded them out, and calling her Women about her, betook her self immediately to her bed. Mean while *Fernand de Solis* not having forgot at *Granada* the Promise he made at *Generalife* to the Illustrious *Roderic de Narve*, fail'd not the next day in the afternoon to repair to the apartment of this generous Prisoner; who also himself retaining very well in Mind this obliging promise, civilly demanded, as soon as ever he saw him, the performance thereof. Upon which, this discreet Captive assuring him that he came to that very purpose, after the General had taken his seat and caus'd him to sit down by him, he began this following relation.

The History of ABENAMIN *and* LINDARACHE.

YOUR Excellency hath remain'd too long among the Moors, not to have observ'd that those two potent and formidable factions of the *Abencarrages* and the *Zegris*, divide between them all this fair Kingdom of *Granada*, and what you have seen acted by them not long since before the Walls of the *Halambre*, may give you sufficiently to understand, that all the Noble Families, and almost all the People, follow either the one or the other Party. Now, Sir, by this Universal Division, the Ancestors of *Abenamin* and *Lindarache* were also divided; for the Father of that Valiant *Granadin*, who was call'd *Alboyalde*, and who died not long since, was of the House of the *Abencarrages*, who, as you know well, derive their descent from the Kings of *Morocco* and *Fez*; and the Father of that fair Lady, who was call'd *Lucan*, was of the House of the *Zegris*, of whose descent from the Kings of *Corduba* you are also not ignorant. But since you cannot but have taken notice that *Darache* and *Lindarache* are Sisters, it is fit you should know also, for your more perfect understanding of the entire connexion of the following Discourse, that they are Sisters only by the Father's side, and that this last being by a second Marriage, her Mothers Name was *Abenede*, a Lady incomparably more rich than *Lucan's* first Wife, as being the sole Heiress of the most considerable House of the whole Kingdom. All this while, Sir, though *Abenamin* and *Lindarache* were both born at *Granada*, they never knew one another, both in regard the hatred of their Parents had hindred them from having any acquaintance or society with each other, during their Infancy, and because the solitary and timorous humour of *Abenede*, and her aversion to the tumult and noise of the Town, especially by reason of the continual broils and skirmishes between these two fierce factions, had induc'd her to retire into the Country with her two Daughters, to a very strong House of hers which was call'd *Malecene*, situate about ten or twelve

twelve leagues from *Granada*, while *Lucan* was at Court, or in the Army, where his quality and profeſſion requir'd his Reſidence. Now, Sir, the implacable hatred of the deſcendants of the Kings of *Morocco* and *Cordubа*, having ſtirr'd up the flame of diviſion throughout the whole Realm, there appear'd every where in the Country a univerſal face of War, and the Inhabitants were up in Arms, and among the reſt *Alboyalde* and *Lucan*, as they were of the braveſt and gallanteſt of the Moors, ſo they were the firſt on Horſe-back, the firſt that highly ſignaliz'd the Zeal they had for their Party. The young *Abenamin*, who was at that time about nineteen or twenty years of age, fail'd not to follow *Alboyalde* on all occaſions, that he might ſhew himſelf worthy to be the Son of ſo generous a Father, who had acquired ſo much glory. One day it hapned that theſe two gallant men, going each of them out upon a Party, at the head of a hundred or a hundred and fifty Horſe apiece, (the young *Abenamin* following his Father) encountred each other near *Alama*, where their enmity and their valour having brought them to handy-blows, caus'd the greateſt and the bloudieſt conflict that had been fought among the Moors, during all the Civil Wars, in which the equality of number, courage, and conduct on both ſides, hung the fortune of the Battel in ſuch equal ſcales, that it may very well be doubted, whether the Victory would have fallen to *Alboyalde*, had the valiant *Lucan* had none but him to have combated. But a Coward did that, which ſo many valiant men could not do; and Treaſon accompliſh't that, which Gallantry and Courage would hardly have begun. For toward the concluſion of the Fight, one of thoſe that came in the rear, believing without reaſon that he had juſt cauſe of complaint againſt him, for denying him his Daughter, to which he was judg'd far inferiour in Fortune and Eſtate, and hoping to bring about his deſign more eaſily after his death, than during his life, taking advantage of this occaſion in the hurry of the Fight, when no body heeded what was done by another, but every one look't to himſelf, and minded his own buſineſs, came behind him, and thruſt him through the Body with a Pike, inſomuch that he fell down half dead under his Horſes feet. But though the treachery of this Coward ſucceeded, it was for all that not un-perceiv'd by a Slave of *Lucan*'s, who had all along follow'd his Maſter. However, this Slave when he ſaw his Maſter half dead, and the perſon that gave the mortal thruſt to be a Man of quality, and conſiderable among his Party, he had the cowardiſe to paſs by in ſilence ſo baſe an action, and by cauſing it to go unpuniſht, render'd himſelf no leſs criminal than he that did it. Mean while, with the fall of this Commander in Chief, fell the fortune of his Party, for this diſaſter having taken away all courage from his Men, *Alboyalde* and *Abenamin* ſoon made an end of that conqueſt, which before they had enough to do to gain, their enemies being put to diſorder and rout, and in the end to ſhameful flight, leaving the Vanquiſher Maſter of the Field, of the ſlain, of the dying, and of the priſoners, among whom was found this Coward, who had aſſaſſinated *Lucan*, and who was call'd *Oliman*. But, Sir, as among all true gallant men, all anger ceaſeth with the Combat, and all hatred and enmity with the life of the Enemy. The valiant *Alboyalde* and the generous *Abenamin* no ſooner ſaw themſelves victors, but they immediately felt compaſſion in their hearts, as well the one as the other, ſo that approaching *Lucan* very civilly, whom they found ſtill breathing, Illuſtrious Enemy, *ſaid* Alboyalde, In the condition wherein I now ſee you, I no longer diſtinguiſh *Zegris* from *Abencerrages*, and if it were as much in my power to reſtore you to health, as it is to give you liberty, you ſhould ſoon be cur'd of your wounds, for ſince I cannot be an enemy to virtue, I cannot be an enemy to you. Invincible Alboyalde, *anſwer'd the valiant* Lucan *with a feeble voice*, Your valour and your civility convince me alike of the injuſtice of my Party, ſo that though I have liv'd a *Zegri*, I am reſolv'd to die an *Abencerrage*; ſeeing to take part with virtue is one and the ſame thing as to take part with you, whom whoever hates, cannot be a Lover of vertue, Sir, *reply'd* Alboyalde, If I ſaw you in ſuch a condition that you could indure to be carryed to *Malacene*, I would take care for your ſafe conduct thither this very moment, but finding you to my great grief uncapable of ſuch a journey, and my Houſe of *Orce* bring much nearer to this place, I intreat you to believe that you may command there intirely and be as much Maſter as my ſelf. Ah! Sir, *reply'd again* Lucan, after ſo great a Civility offer'd, I ſhould be as much your Priſoner as well at *Malacene*, as at *Orce*: and I ſhould guard my ſelf more carefully than you could poſſibly guard me. Wherefore cauſe me to be carried where you pleaſe. For where ever I am I will be yours: and were I in a condition to make an eſcape, I ſhould be as much your priſoner upon honour as now, ſince I could not fly without being a coward and I could not be a coward and be *Lucan*. Then *Alboyalde* obſerving that the wound that he had receiv'd had been given him behind (for he ſaw it by the Pike-head which was yet in his body) Ah! Infamous Perſon, *cry'd he*, whoever thou art, that lieſt skulking among ſo many brave Men, I ſwear by *Alla*, that if I knew who thou wert, thou ſhouldſt not eſcape even in this very Field, a juſt recompence of this noble act of thine, and thy death ſhould teach all others like thy ſelf, never henceforth by Treaſon to attempt the life of ſo renown'd a Perſon. Whoever he be, *anſwer'd* Lucan, I owe very much to him, ſince I owe to him the honour of your friendſhip, and I pardon him my death, for having been the occaſion of

gaining me ſuch an advantage. At theſe words the Coward *Oliman* chang'd colour from pale to red, trembled, and was all of a cold ſweat, diſcovering a wonderful diſorder of ſpirit by his diſtracted countenance; but in regard this illuſtrious wounded perſon, wholly took up the eyes and care of all the Company, this treacherous wretch had yet a while the good fortune, to keep conceal'd his horrour of mind for this abominable act. Mean while the Chirurgions of *Alboyalde* being call'd, drew out the weapon out of the wound; but there was nothing enough remarkable in it, whereby to make diſcovery who the owner was, that had made uſe of it to ſo deteſtable a purpoſe. This painful operation was endur'd by the generous Patient, with ſo great a conſtancy of mind, that it drew tears from his Vanquiſher, and almoſt caus'd his Murtherer to relent, how inſenſible ſoever he had been in his cruel aſſaſſination. *Lucan*'s wound being thus ſearcht, was judg'd abſolutely mortal; however thoſe that were appointed to look to him, omitted not ſtill to uſe their utmoſt care and endeavours: And *Alboyalde* and *Abenamin* having ſpeedily caus'd a kind of Litter to be made, with garments faſten'd to Lances, caus'd this illuſtrious wounded perſon to be lay'd thereon, and ſo to be carried upon the ſhoulders of four Souldiers that went a foot, whom four others were appointed to relieve; ſo to take their turns ſucceſſively, till they came to *Orce*, where he was put to Bed in the beſt apartment of the Houſe, and lookt to with as much care, as he could poſſibly have been in his own Houſe. Nor was the treacherous *Oliman* deny'd his ſhare in theſe civilities and reſpects, which, ſince his cowardiſe and treachery remain'd undiſcover'd, were paid to a perſon of that quality, which he was known to be of. During the ſpace of twice twenty four hours, in which *Lucan* remain'd alive, *Alboyalde* and *Abenamin* ſcarce left him one moment, neither night nor day, taking ſo great care of him, and giving him ſuch tender and obliging teſtimonies of their friendſhip, as would have rooted out all hatred from the heart of a Tiger, and ſeated love in the room thereof. On the other ſide, the generous *Lucan* was ſo ſenſibly toucht, that perceiving himſelf grow weaker and weaker, and his end to be drawing near, he deſir'd *Alboyalde*, *Abenamin*, *Oliman*, and that Slave of his that had been taken with him, and who was call'd *Ordogne*, to come near his Bed-ſide; and then cauſing himſelf to be rais'd up in his Bed, and ſtriving with his utmoſt force to ſpeak, he addreſs'd his Speech to the firſt of thoſe abovemention'd, and turning his languiſhing and half-cloſed eyes toward him, Heaven, who ſees my heart, and knows the utmoſt ſecrets of my ſoul, *ſaid he, with a low and trembling voice*, knows very well, that there remains not within me the leaſt ſpark of that great fire, which hatred had kindled in the bloud from whence I ſprung, and that your virtue hath utterly extinguiſht that mortal enmity, which hath continued for ſo many ages. But ſince I perceive that death is going about to take from me the means of being able in my life-time, to give you any certain proof of the reality of what I ſay, I have thought of a way, whereby I doubt not but you will be ſufficiently convinc't thereof. After I am laid in my grave, you know, Sir, *purſued he*, that my Wife is the richeſt of any Subject in the whole Realm, and that I have but one Daughter by her, who is call'd *Lindarache*, who will alſo ſhare in what Eſtate I have of my own, with *Daraché*, whom I had by a former Wife, and by conſequence, this younger Sifter will be much richer than her eldeſt Sifter, and, which is more, will ſurpaſs in wealth all the rich Heireſſes of *Granada*. But you likewiſe be farther aſſur'd of what perhaps you yet know not, that *Abenede* hath ever had too great an affection for me, to be able to love any one beſide after I am dead, ſo that upon this reſolution of hers of never marrying again, and conſequently of never having any more Children, it will of neceſſity follow, that *Lindarache* will have no equal in riches from theſe Coaſts of *Europe*, even to the utmoſt bounds of *Africa*. Now, Sir, I will imploy that little ſtrength which is left me, to write to my dear and virtuous *Abenede*, as the laſt requeſt of a dying man, to recommend to her the marriage of the Illuſtrious *Abenamin* with our Daughter, provided you and he ſhall think it a match not unworthy of you. And to let her know that this is my laſt Will, and not to be deny'd by her, without violating that affection and reſpect which ſhe hath always profeſs'd to me, a thing, which I aſſure my ſelf, ſhe will never offer to do. This Slave, *ſaid he, ſhewing them* Ordogne, ſhall deliver my Letter, and the brave *Oliman* whom you here ſee, ſhall teſtifie that this is my laſt deſire, and that he ſaw me die with a firm reſolution to have this match effected. It belongs therefore to you Generous *Alboyalde*, and to you Illuſtrious *Abenamin*, to let me know, whether you are agreed to what I have deſigned for you, and whether an *Abenzerrage* can love a *Zegri*, as a *Zegri* loves at this day an *Abenzerrage* above all others. Ah! Sir, cry'd out *Alboyalde* full of admiration at ſo great a virtue, *Abenamin* is no longer my Son, if he receive not you for his Father, and I ſhall diſown him, if he have a heart ſo hard, as not to have the ſame love for you as I have, and ſo ſtupid as to refuſe an advantage ſo conſiderable to him. If upon no other account, I ſhall be thought unworthy to be your Son, *reply'd* Abenamin, I ſhall eaſily preſerve the honour of being ſo; ſince being not altogether without Reaſon, how little ſenſible ſoever I am of Intereſt, I have a ſufficient ſenſe of Honour, and upon this conſideration, the valiant *Lucan* may well believe, that I cannot but be infinitely concern'd in the honour of your alliance. Oh! my Son, *cry'd he, reaching*

ing forth his arms toward him, and embracing him, I die now without regret, ſince I die your Father, and I render thanks to the holy *Alla*, for that happy deſtiny which in procuring my death, makes me able at the ſame time to give you my Daughter, whom I love above my life. Then after they had embrac'd *Alboyalde*, calling for Pen, Ink and Paper, notwithſtanding the pain it was to him, and the importunity of thoſe about him to forbear, by reaſon of his weakneſs, he wrote theſe words:

To the Virtuous *Abenede*.

I *Die, thinking of thee, my Deareſt, for my laſt Moments are wholly taken up in thoſe delightful Cogitations. True it is, you have ſufficiently known my love, not to be ſurprized, and I alſo know yours well enough to imagine what you will think of it. But, my faithful* Abenede, *you will be much more ſurpriz'd when you underſtand that* Lucan *dies the friend of* Alboyalde, *and yet more to find your ſelf importun'd by me to ſee* Lindarache *eſpous'd to* Abenamin, *as the only Huſband deſigned for her. Wherefore if this be ſurprizing to you, it is however no leſs juſt; the choice which I have made being ſo fit and honourable, that a greater Teſtimony of love and kindneſs could not have been expreſs'd to his Wife and Daughter, by*

Lucan.

He added alſo in the *Poſtſcript*, a very tender remembrance for *Darache*, recommending her to the Retinue and Attendance of the Queen that was to be, which deſire of his was accordingly perform'd. Having made an end of his Letter, turning to *Ordogne* his Slave, I commit into thy hands, *ſaid he*, giving him the Letter, this my laſt Will, which as a buſineſs of higheſt Truſt and Concernment, I refer to thy care and fidelity; and for a recompence of ſo important a Service, I give thee thy Liberty, and withal, taking it off his finger, this Diamond Ring of a ſufficient value to make thee a Fortune: Deliver therefore this Paper into my Wives hands, and teſtifie for me how true a Lover of her thou ſaw'ſt me die. Having ſo ſaid, he turn'd towards his Aſſaſſin, and reaching out his hand to him very obligingly, Generous *Olyman, ſaid he*, ſince Fate hath made you the ſole ſharer with me in Captivity, be witneſs of the Requeſt which I carry with me to my Grave, and teſtifie to my dear *Abenede*, that you ſaw me end my life in the embraces of the brave *Alboyalde* and the valiant *Abenamin*, as indeed he did, for he died embracing at the ſame time both Father and Son, and with as much ſign of joy in his Countenance as there was of grief to be diſcern'd in the Countenances of his two Illuſtrious Enemies, or rather now more perfect Friends, than ever mortal Enemies before. How the heart of the Tigre *Olman* was mov'd at ſo mournful a Spectacle, may be judg'd by the cruelty of that horrid Act, which had brought the bewailed Perſon to that condition, whom *Alboyalde* and *Abenamin* no ſooner ſaw dead, but having paid their Tears to their Grief and Loſs, they caus'd the Body to be embalm'd, and laid in a Funeral Herſe cover'd with black, as ſolemn as magnificent; and ſoon after diſpatcht away *Ordogne*, both with *Lucan*'s Letter and laſt Will; and with Letters from themſelves to the Widow, and the two Daughters, touching the Death and Burial of the valiant *Lucan*; but without mentioning any thing of the Will, both as a thing unſeaſonable at ſuch a time of mourning, and as judging that matter ſufficiently toucht upon already in *Lucan*'s Letter. Then turning to the traiterous Murtherer of *Lucan*, Brave *Oliman*, *ſaid* Alboyalde, you are now a Freeman, and all I deſire of you for ranſom is, that you teſtifie to the living the laſt Will of the dead. Generous *Alboyalde*, *anſwer'd this perfidious perſon*, doubt not but I ſhall act in this Affair like my ſelf, and ſhall ſoon let you ſee, that ſuch a perſon as I am, will always be the ſame, and never vary from my firſt principles. And indeed he prov'd what he ſaid, for as he had always been a treacherous Coward and a deceiver, ſo he will be found again in the ſequel of this Hiſtory. This mournful Herſe being drawn with ſix black Horſes, adorn'd with trappings of the ſame colour, took its way for *Malacene*, follow'd by *Oliman*, and *Ordogne*, attended with a Convoy of twenty Knights in Mourning. But they were ſcarce an hundred Paces from the Gates of *Orce*, but the Traytor ſtay'd a little behind, and addreſſing himſelf to *Ordogne*, whom he caus'd alſo to ſtay with him an inſinuating and obliging manner, Dextrous Slave, *ſaid he*, thou holdeſt thy fortune in thy hands, and inſtead of that trifle which thy Maſter gave thee at his death, and wherein he ſhew'd ſo little liberality, there offers it ſelf now an opportunity of making thy condition incomparably better, and of gaining to thy ſelf a Friend infinitely more generous. Sir, *reply'd* Ordogne, it is ſo natural to all men to deſire Riches, and for the obtaining of them to ſeek to oblige Perſons of your Rank and Merit, that you need not doubt of my readineſs both to ſatisfie my own Ambition, and perform your Commands. Wherefore, Sir, you have no more to do but to name the means, whereby I may haſten to the atchievement of two things which are both ſo agreeable to my humour. Then *Olyman*, as one Impoſtor is always apt to abuſe another, pleaſing himſelf with that freedom of ſpeech wherewith

the Slave had deliver'd theſe laſt words, went on with his Diſcourſe, and in a tone ſomewhat lower than before, Thou haſt too much Wit, *ſaid he*, not to have obſerved that the approaches of death took away *Lucan*'s Reaſon, before his Wounds had quite depriv'd him of life, and that his feaver caus'd him apparently to dote, and conſequently to ſpeak, to write, and to deſire things utterly extravagant, utterly inconſiſtent with Juſtice and right Reaſon. To be ſhort, *purſued he*, this weak, dying man had forgot that immortal hatred which hath liv'd for ſo many Ages between the *Zegris* and *Abencerrages*; he never remembred that this hatred coſt him his life, and thoſe to whom he ſo irrationally deſign'd his Daughter, were the Perſons that made it their buſineſs to give him his death; ſo that without conſidering the ſhame and infamy which he went about to throw upon his Memory, and all his Poſterity through all future Ages, he fooliſhly left in Will, that *Lindarache* ſhould be eſpous'd to *Abenamin*, that his Enemies ſhould be made his Heirs, that *Abenede* ſhould quit her Prudence, as he had done his Reaſon. But *Ordogne*, it is now in thy choice either to hinder the effecting of a Deſign ſo little Rational, or to periſh in the refuſal. For after the Propoſition I am going to make, there is no *Medium*, but a neceſſity either of the one or the other. Now, as I believe thou haſt too much Wit to make an ill choice in a matter where a good choice is ſo eaſie to be made, I ſhall not doubt of thy ready performance of what I ſhall propoſe, as neceſſary to be done for thy advantage, as well as mine, which is, to deliver into my hands thoſe Letters of *Lucan*, *Alboyalde*, and *Abenamin*, which they deliver'd into thine, that tearing them to pieces, I may everlaſtingly obliterate the Contents of them to the knowledge of *Abenede* and *Lindarache*. At theſe words, the nimble-witted Slave reaſoning with himſelf juſt at the very inſtant what uſe to make of what *Olyman* ſaid to him, he reſolv'd at laſt being nothing mov'd either with his threats or promiſes, to endeavour to preſerve his own advantages and to ſerve himſelf of what he had in his power, and of what he knew of the horrible fact of this perfidious Perſon, according as he ſhould find himſelf treated by him; ſo that *Ordogne*, though he was not much more virtuous than *Oliman*, yet he was at leaſt much more dextrous and ingenious. So that interrupting him briskly, and carrying an outward ſhew of great joy in his Countenance, Sir, *ſaid he*, *very confidently*, what you ſo much deſire of me, is already done; for I no ſooner ſaw my Maſter dead, but condemning in my heart ſo ill deſign'd an Alliance, I took the Letters and threw them into the fire, and with them ſoon caus'd all thoſe great deſigns they contain'd, to vaniſh into ſmoke. At this Diſcourſe *Olyman* ſeem'd a little ſurpriz'd, and not knowing well whether to believe him or not; Methinks, *ſaid he to the crafty Slave*, in thus burning the Letters, thou didſt expoſe thy ſelf to a great deal of hazard. For ſince I ſaw them deliver'd to thee, if I had told *Abenede*, thou couldſt not but have incurr'd much blame and prejudice, nor can I ſee what reaſon thou hadſt to believe I would not tell. Whereupon the confident Slave ſtill taking more courage to himſelf, *anſwer'd him with a ſmile*, Do you believe then, Sir, that all Slaves are deaf or blind, that they underſtand nothing, but are ignorant of all things? However, Sir, if you pleaſe, let *Ordogne* be excepted, and believe that he both ſees and underſtands, and that not being ignorant of your pretenſions for *Lindarache*, he burnt theſe Letters partly for your ſake, as judging your Marriage with this Lady much more reaſonable than that which this half dead man was ſo idly going about to make; and I was juſt going about to tell you what I had done, when you call'd me to diſcourſe with me about this Affair, preventing but one moment the reſolution I had taken before. However ſwear to me, *anſwer'd* Olyman, that what you tell me about theſe Papers is true. I ſwear to you by all that I adore, *reply'd the Deceiver*, and he might very well ſwear ſo, for ſuch ſort of people adore nothing. Since it is ſo, then *reply'd* Olyman, I have hitherto ſucceeded in my deſigns better than I my ſelf could have imagin'd; and that we may proceed as happily as we have begun, hearken a little to me, and reſolve to follow my Orders. There are ſeveral things, *purſued this cowardly Aſſaſſin*, which as ſoon as we are arriv'd at *Malacene*, it will be requiſite for thee to tell *Abenede*; but tell them with ſuch confidence, ſuch probable circumſtances, and ſuch appearance of grief in thy countenance, that ſhe may not doubt of the truth of thy words. Firſt tell her, that thou ſaweſt *Abenamin* wound *Lucan* behind with an unparallel'd cowardiſe and treachery; whence it will certainly follow, that both Mother and Daughter will mortally abhor a Match with the ſuppos'd Aſſaſſin of a Husband and Father both in one Perſon, and that in ſo baſe a manner, whatever Mediation or Endeavours ſhall be made for it. But in all this uſe thy utmoſt Eloquence, be exact in every Circumſtance, boldly atteſt every thing with an Oath, and above all things have a care thou contradict not thy ſelf, or be found tripping or faltring in any particular. Secondly, to increaſe yet more the averſion and horror which *Abenede* and *Lindarache* are to have for *Abenamin*, tell them that *Lucan* in all probability died not ſo much of the wound it ſelf given, which though great was not found mortal, as of the Gangrene infus'd into it by Poyſon, for the ſurer diſpatch of him, as may be eaſily conjectur'd from the terrible convulſions he fell into a little before he died. Thirdly, which is the moſt important buſineſs of all, tell them, that as I had the good fortune to ſave *Lucan* his life twice in the

the Combat,he was ſo ſenſibly touch'd therewith, ſo obligingly acknowledg'd it, and conceiv'd ſo great a friendſhip for me, that to give me effectual Teſtimonies thereof before he died, he ſeveral times told me, that he bequeath'd *Lindarache* to me, and teſtifi'd his earneſt deſire I ſhould eſpouſe her; commanded thee to acquaint his Wife and Daughter, that this was his laſt and peremptory Will, and that he required them to fulfil it. Laſtly, that at his death he ordered thee to tell them, that he conjur'd them to endeavour by all means poſſible to revenge his death upon his baſe Aſſaſſin. And thus *Ordogne*, thou haſt in thy hands the means to make me and thy ſelf happy, and that without any thing of difficulty. There is requir'd nothing but boldneſs to bring the buſineſs about, and thou neither loveſt my repoſe, nor thy own fortune, neither my life, nor thy own,if thou acteſt not punctually, as I have adviſ'd.Sir, *anſwer'd this crafty Slave*,if you acquit your ſelf as well of your Promiſes, as I ſhall do of my Inſtructions, all will be well, and we ſhall have cauſe to be well enough ſatisfied with one another: Fear not, *added he ſmiling*, that I ſhall forget any of the Leſſons you have taught me, or that in matter of cheating, the Scholar will ſhew himſelf unworthy of ſuch a Maſter. At theſe words, *Olyman* very much overjoy'd, embrac'd him tenderly, and renewing his former Promiſes, aſſur'd him, he ſhould have no cauſe to complain of him or his Liberality which ſhould ſoon teſtifie his grateful acknowledgment of all his Services. *Ordogne* for his part was no leſs ſatisfied to ſee what his dextrous Addreſs was likely to ſqueeze out of one of ſo mean Principles as he appear'd to him to be, as alſo to think he had it in his power to revenge himſelf and chaſtiſe the other, if either his Poverty or his Avarice ſhould cauſe him to fail in his word, after ſo important a Service. Mean while, as it was no great Journy from *Orce* thither, they ſoon arriv'd at *Malacene*, where *Abenede* who had already heard the ſad News of her Husbands defeat and impriſonment, from ſeveral of the Fugitives, who betook themſelves to *Lucan*'s Caſtle for refuge, was found upon the Draw-bridge by *Olyman*, together with *Darache* and *Lyndarache* in a very ſorrowful, diſconſolate, and afflicted poſture. But the moſt fatal News was yet to come, and of that ſhe needed no other Meſſenger, than her own eyes. For immediately after ſhe ſaw the Funeral-Hearſe arrive by ſeveral Perſons in mourning, the ſight whereof ſtruck her with ſuch a doleful apprehenſion of her loſs,that not able any longer to ſuſtain the burthen of her ſorrow, ſhe fell into a ſwoun between the arms of thoſe two fair Perſons her Daughters; out of which to recover her, as ſoon as her women running to her aſſiſtance had carried her in, and laid her on a Bed, all means poſſible were us'd. But ſhe was ſo long e're ſhe could be brought to her ſelf, that thoſe about her had almoſt given her over for dead. In the mean time, the perfidious *Olyman* having caus'd the body of *Lucan* to be taken out of the Hearſe, and laid in the Hall,cover'd with the uſual Mourning Ornaments, a great number of lighted Tapers about him, and ſeveral *Dervices* to attend him, went up into the Chamber, where lay the afflicted Lady whom affliction had rendred ſenceleſs, even of her own miſery; and after he had tarried there for ſome time to give the better colour to a new Cheat,which he had in his Head,he call'd for Pen and Ink, and wrote a Letter to *Alboyalde*. After which he went down and deliver'd it to the Souldiers, and making *Abenede*'s affliction his excuſe for their abrupt and uncivil diſmiſſion, ſo poſſeſt them with the deſperate rage of *Abenede*, and her intentions of miſchief againſt them, that haſt'ning with their Hearſe out of the Caſtle, they made all the ſpeed poſſible to recover *Orce*, where finding the valiant *Alboyalde*, they gave him *Olymans* Letter, wherein he read theſe Contents, which did not a little, nor without reaſon, ſurprize him.

To the Generous *Alboyalde*.

LUcan's *Letter hath not met with its wiſh'd ſucceſs, no more than yours, both the one and the other having ſuffer'd the fury of the flames to which they were condemn'd. Equally in vain alſo prov'd all I could urge in your behalf. The furious deſpair of* Abenede *tranſported her ſo far, that ſhe ſwore ſhe would ſooner cut her Daughters Throat than beſtow her on* Abenamin. *No leſs averſion likewiſe was teſtified by* Lindarache *than by her Mother; wherefore the greateſt demonſtration I can give you of my acknowledgment of your civility in giving me my Liberty, is to counſel you as a Friend, never to think any more of this pretended Marriage, which is not to be hop'd ever to be brought to effect; however it is not without much regret that of ſuch ungrateful News, the Meſſenger falls out to be*

Olyman.

In regard *Alboyalde* was a man of a high ſpirit, and had not yet concern'd himſelf in this Affair, he was little or nothing mov'd at the News of this repulſe; and as *Abenamin* had the ſame greatneſs of Soul, and had never ſeen *Lindarache*, he was not much more affected with it than his Father; in ſo much that ſoon after *Spain* having a Truce with the *Moors* of *Granada*, for three years, they in the mean time made a Voyage into *Africa*, with-

without any farther thoughts either of this fair Lady, or what had been in agitation about the Match. But, Sir, before I proſecute any farther this Voyage which *Abenamin* undertook, it is requiſite that our Diſcourſe return to *Malacene*, and that we obſerve the proceedings of the perfidious *Olyman* there. As ſoon as he had diſmiſs'd the Souldiers, he went up again into *Abenede's* Chamber, juſt as coming to her ſelf out of her long ſwoun, ſhe burſt into a flood of tears, and fell into a violent paſſion of grief and lamentation, which ſhe ſent forth in an hundred out-cries, ſobs, ſighs, and groans, which ended in this ſad Complaint, Oh! my dear and beloved *Lucan*, the better part of my Soul, in what eſtate return'ſt thou to me? how haſt thou deceiv'd my expectation? who was preparing to receive thee coming back in another kind of manner. Ah! my honour'd Husband, are theſe the Trophies which at thy departure thou mad'ſt me hope to ſee at our next meeting? Are theſe the Marks of thy Victory, theſe Funeral Ornaments, wherewith I ſaw thy Hearſe all covered? How flattering is Hope? How deceitful Fortune? How various and uncertain the ſucceſs of War? How little Reaſon is there in Valour, thinking always to triumph, becauſe it hath perhaps obtain'd ſome few Victories? O, the fatal deſtiny of valiant men! how many tears art thou like to coſt me, unleſs I have fortitude enough to die? O implacable hatred of *Zegris* and *Abencerrages*, how unfortunate have you render'd me? how dearly ſuffer I for your rage? In a word, I am Husbandleſs, who had the beſt of Husbands; and you my Daughters Fatherleſs, who had the beſt of Fathers. Our loſs is ſo great and our miſery ſo unſpeakable, that the only conſolation left us is dying, to accompany him in death; to deſcend into the grave with him; to mingle our aſhes with his; to ceaſe to be, becauſe he is no more. At theſe words the exceſs of grief caus'd her to fall again upon her Bed in a ſwoun, in which ſhe remain'd for ſome time as void of motion, as if ſhe had really been what ſhe deſir'd to be, dead as her Husband was. But, as ſhe came again to her ſelf, her weakneſs and ſorrow hinder'd her not from taking notice of *Oliman*, *Ordogne*, and thoſe Souldiers who had ſav'd themſelves by flight; upon whom looking with eyes full of rage, deſpair and grief, O Cowards, *cry'd ſhe*, Are ye not aſham'd to live, ſeeing that your Leader is dead? Ought ye not to die confounded, at the thoughts of having ſav'd your ſelves by flight? With what face dare ye to appear before a Woman, whoſe Husband ye have ſo cowardly abandon'd? O! unworthy of the Name of *Zegris*, and ſhame of your own Party, ſince ye have endur'd to ſurvive your flight before the *Abencerrages*, render me what by your means I have loſt, or ruine and deſtruction be your let for ever. At theſe words the perfidious *Oliman*, whoſe main deſign was to deceive *Abenede*, as he was a deceiver of all the World beſides, with a feign'd ſorrow in his eyes, and making a ſhew of endeavouring to ſuppreſs his diſſembled tears, addreſt himſelf to her in theſe words, Madam, *ſaid he, in a moſt ſubmiſſive and languiſhing tone, and at the ſame time fetching a deep ſigh*, If we had had none but generous enemies to deal with, the valiant *Lucan* might yet have been alive, and theſe gallant men whom you accuſe of Cowardiſe, might have vanquiſht their Vanquiſhers. But what can the valiant do againſt the treacherous? What can courage avail againſt perfidiouſneſs? Nevertheleſs, Madam, I do not deſire you to give any credit to my words, or to rely upon the teſtimony of any of theſe perſons, for ſince you doubt of our courage, you may well enough ſuſpect us in all things elſe; but believe a teſtimony, which cannot deceive you; believe, I ſay, the faithful *Ordogne*, who ſo dearly lov'd his Illuſtrious Maſter and who was ſo tenderly belov'd of him again; who being a Slave, and therefore uncapable of bearing Arms, could not be expected a performer of any action himſelf and conſequently had the better opportunity to be a quiet Spectator of other Mens actions; let him ſpeak the Truth then whether we fought or fled? He who can give a truer relation of all things than our ſelves; as having calmly and undiſturb'd beheld what we perform'd in heat and tumult, and as one who may juſtly be allow'd to utter freely what Modeſty will not ſuffer us to proclaim, Speak then *Ordogne*, I deſire thee, ſaid he, to the crafty Slave, and if the Memory of thy Maſter be dear to thee, accuſe me firſt if thou canſt ſay thou ſaw'ſt me idle or not behave my ſelf, as I ought to do in the combat. Yes, *Ordogne*, in the name of *Alla*, *added the diſconſolate* Abenede, Let me no longer be unjuſt, if I have been ſo hitherto, and though I am well enough aſſur'd, that thy relation will coſt me many ſighs and tears (Ah! would to Heaven it would coſt me my life alſo) be ſincere in the reciting of every particular, I conjure thee by *Lucan*, whoſe name ought to be yet ſacred to thee. Alas, Madam, *anſwer'd this quick-witted deceiver, ſighing*, This illuſtrious name whereof you ſpeak, is to me what it ought to be, and if in obeying your commands, I conceal or diſguiſe any particular which you deſire to know, may I die at your feet, as having thereby render'd my ſelf unworthy to live. I muſt then take the boldneſs to tell you, Madam, *purſued he, with an invincible confidence*, that you have not been very juſt in your ſuſpicions, for ſo long as my Maſter ſtood, theſe valiant men fought with a courage worthy of themſelves: that the invincible *Olyman* twice ſav'd his life, by taking away their lives that would have taken away his; and that the Victory had infallibly remain'd to the *Zegris*, if the cowardly *Abencerrages* had aſſaulted *Lucan* like men of courage. But the young *Abenamin*, the Son of *Alboyalde*,

Alboyalde, after he had twice betaken himſelf to his heels, from the fury of my Maſter's blows, obſerv'd his time ſo well, that ſetting upon him behind while he thought upon nothing, but how to vanquiſh thoſe that fought with him before, run his whole Pike through his Body, and then fled again, though he ſaw him fall under his Horſes feet, as afraid of him even dying, whom he had ſeen perform ſuch valiant deeds alive. Oh Coward! Oh Traitour! *cry'd out the ſorrowful* Abenede, that I had his heart here to tear in pieces! Oh infamous Villain, *added* Darache *and* Lindarache, the worſt of miſchiefs imaginable is too good for ſuch a Caitiff. At the ſame time, Madam, *purſued* Ordogne, that this horrid action was committed, ten or twelve of the enemies falling all at once upon the valiant *Oliman*, threw him out of the Saddle, tumbled him on the ground, took away his Cutlace, and made him their priſoner. Inſomuch that our Men loſing their courage, when they ſaw themſelves depriv'd of their Leader, and of that other Hero who ſeconded him, and thereby giving our enemies opportunity at the ſame time, to redouble their courage and advantage, were in the end utterly put to flight, and left the Field to the *Abenzerrages*, the *Zegris* not being able any longer to diſpute it with them. Oh God! *cry'd out* Abenede, What became then of my dear *Lucan?* Was he then dying, or was he dead? Was he taken, or was he left in the Field? The Traitour *Abenamin*, *reply'd* Ordogne, ſeeing him yet alive, thought it his ſafeſt way to put a concluſion to that horrid Tragedy, in which he had been the principal actor, and to diſpatch him quite out of the way; to which purpoſe he was juſt lifting up his Arm to give the final ſtroke, when *Alboyalde* hinder'd him, not out of pity, Madam, but intereſt, as one of his own Men told me afterwards, for he had at that time a plot in his head, not ignorant of that great Eſtate you poſſeſs, for the bringing a Match between your Noble Daughter *Lindarache* and his Son, and for this reaſon, Madam, it was, that he ſent home the Corps of my Maſter in ſo honourable and decent manner, hoping to prepare your mind for this Marriage, by an action of humanity and courteſie, ſo eaſie to be done, and coſting an enemy ſo little. But nevertheleſs, this Tiger *Abenamin*, however he comply'd with his Fathers deſign, yet he ceaſt not to proſecute his own barbarous intention, and knowing *Lucan*'s wound was not in it ſelf mortal, he to make *Lindarache* an Heireſs, at the ſame time ſhe became his Wife, caus'd the wound of your Noble Husband to be poiſon'd, while he ſeem'd moſt concern'd for his preſervation; and this the Chirurgion, who being a Slave, was forc't to ſo wicked an action, diſcover'd to me particularly and in private. Oh Monſter of Men! *cry'd out* Abenede, Darache *and* Lindarache, *all at once*. Ought ſo horrid an action as this to remain unpuniſht? No, we will live in ſpight of all our ſorrows to revenge it. In the mean time, *purſued the Traitour* Ordogne, the valiant *Lucan* perceiving himſelf grow weaker and weaker, and obſerving that *Alboyalde* and *Abenamin* were gone out of the Chamber, caus'd us to come to his Bed-ſide, and reaching out his hand; Oh brave *Oliman!* *ſaid he*, *taking him feebly by the hand*, I am now dying, but I will not die ungrateful; for having taken notice in the Fight, that two ſeveral times I ow'd to you that life, which at laſt the Coward *Abenamin* took from me; in requital of ſo brave and ſo obliging an action, having nothing more precious in the whole world than *Lindarache*, I beſtow her on you, if you pleaſe to accept of her. *And then turning to me*, Ordogne, *ſaid he*, I command thee to make known this my laſt Will to my dear *Abenede*. Having pronounc't theſe words, Madam, he died in the embraces of *Oliman*. And thus, Madam, I have acquitted my ſelf of my Maſter's laſt Commands, and my duty both to my Maſter and your ſelf, in acquainting you with all I know, and repeating to you all that he declar'd to me, and deſir'd me to declare to you. The crafty *Ordogne* having thus ended his Harangue, the perfidious *Oliman* was going to add his complements and proteſtations of friendſhip and reſpect. But *Abenede* immediately put a ſtop thereto; for ſtarting up in a fury from off the Bed where ſhe lay, during the time that the Slave was making his relation; Moſt deteſtable *Abenamin*, *cry'd ſhe*, Thy horrible crime, I ſay it again, will make me live, to the end I may take away thy life; Yes, I will live, and not die, whatſoever averſion I have for life, and whatſoever need I have of death, until I have torn out that baſe heart of thine, which could be capable of ſo ſhameful a cowardiſe, ſo black a treachery, and ſo unnatural a cruelty: And you my Daughters, *ſaid ſhe*, *ſtedfaſtly looking upon them*, who partake with me in my loſs and misfortunes, will you not partake with me alſo in my reſentments and reſolution of Revenge? Will you not aſſiſt me to find out the means? Will you not contribute all that in you lies to give me, and indeed your ſelves alſo, that ſatisfaction? Yes, Madam, *anſwer'd they weeping bitterly*, if it cannot be done without the expence of our blood and loſs of our lives, we will willingly run the utmoſt hazard, and ſacrifice our lives with joy. Hearing theſe words, after ſhe had ſtreightly embrac'd them, ſhe ran like a perſon diſtracted out of her Chamber down ſtairs, follow'd by *Daraebe*, *Lindarache*, *Olyman*, *Ordogne*, and the reſt that had been with her in the Chamber, and entring the Hall where the Corps of *Lucan* lay, ſhe ran with her hair diſchevell'd, her arms out-ſpread, and her face all blubber'd with tears, and caſt her ſelf on her knees beſide her husbands Corps (her Daughters following her Example) with embracing, kiſſing, and bedewing with her tears. Oh! my dear *Lucan*, *ſaid ſhe*, if from the place

where

where thy lovely Soul reſts, thou beholdeſt what we do here, inſpect into the moſt ſecret corners of my heart, and ſee there the moſt faithful friendſhip, the moſt ardent paſſion, the moſt ſenſible grief, the moſt preſſing deſpair that ſo great a merit on the one ſide, and ſo great a loſs on the other could inſpire. But after thy being ſatisfied with an Object worthy thy ſelf, worthy me, and and worthy that mutual fidelity, which having promis'd one another, we inviolably obſerv'd, Pardon me, my dear Spouſe, if I obey not thy laſt Orders; and if inſtead of giving what I eſteem higheſt value to him that would have ſav'd thy life, I employ it in the avenging of thy death. I therefore make a ſolemn Vow, which I will moſt ſacredly obſerve, never to beſtow *Lindarache*, but upon him that ſhall preſent me with the head and heart of *Abenamin*; and if ever I break this Vow which I now make at the feet of thy moſt honour'd Corps, let the anger of Heaven fall upon my head, and may I ſuffer all misfortunes which Treachery and Sacriledge merit. Then turning to *Lindarache* (who was not at all pleas'd with this Vow, becauſe ſhe was hereby expos'd to become the Wife of an unknown, if not deform'd, or ill conditi-on'd Perſon) And you my Daughter, *ſaid ſhe in a fierce and imperious Tone*, will you not promiſe me to joyn with me in this Vow? and will you not renew yearly at the Tomb of your Illuſtrious Father, the Oath which I have made, until ſuch time as our deſires are accompliſh'd, and his horrid murther is reveng'd? Yes, Madam, *anſwer'd* Lindarache, *in a faint and melancholy Tone*. But the perfidious *Olyman* finding this Vow no way for his turn, ſince thereby he could never hope to attain to that his propoſed aim, for the ſake whereof he had told, and cauſe to be told ſo many Lyes, and committed ſo black and baſe a Crime, too well knowing the valour of *Abenamin*, to think it an eaſie matter, eſpecially with that little courage he knew himſelf indued with, to preſent the head and heart of this Gallant man to the ſorrowful *Abenede*, and ſeeing no likelihood of ever finding an opportunity to kill him treacherouſly, as his baſe Soul could have well enough diſpenc'd with, becauſe of the want of Correſpondence between the *Abencerrages* and the *Zegris* ſtanding always upon their Guard againſt each other. Wherefore in oppoſition to this fatal reſolution, the Traitor addreſſing himſelf to the afflicted Widow, But, Madam, *ſaid he very diſcontentedly*, there is no neceſſity that the promiſes and deſires of *Lucan* ſhould be ſlighted and violated for the revenging of his death. My Marriage will not hinder but that I may accompliſh your deſires in taking vengeance of *Abenamin* afterwards. No, no, *Olyman*, *reply'd ſhe*, the Vows I have made, are not to be revok'd, and ſince it is no more difficult to kill this Tiger before, than after the Marriage, it will be your part to try if you have the courage to do it, and mine not to admit of the breach of my Vows. Having ſo ſaid, ſhe roſe up, and retir'd into her Chamber with her Daughters, and would be ſeen of no body all the remaining part of that day, which ſhe ſpent entirely, together with the night following in bewailing her cruel and inſupportable loſs. Mean while *Ordogne* no ſooner happ'ned to be alone with *Olyman*, but addreſſing his ſpeech to him. Now, Sir, *ſaid he*, have I well follow'd your Orders, have I acquitted my ſelf well of my Promiſes? Very well, *anſwer'd the cowardly Aſſaſſin*, but Fortune is not of our ſide, you ſee all things have an ill Bias, and this frantick Vow of *Abenede* beats back my felicity, and throws it into a very uncertain poſture; for when all comes to all, others may prevent me, neither is it ſo eaſie a matter for me, or any one elſe to find a very ſudden opportunity of accompliſhing the vengeance they deſire by the ſlaughter of *Abenamin*. Moreover, I prove to be the vanquiſh'd, who thought to be the vanquiſher; and if it ſhould ſo fall out, that I ſhould be Victor, *Abenede* who hath made ſo ſlight of the laſt Will of her dying Husband, may as well break her Vow, as that which hath been held no leſs inviolable. For to diſcloſe to you my thoughts, now we are alone. I am verily perſwaded, that her furious expreſſion of paſſionate ſorrow, and her extravagant Vow are effects rather of her cunning than of her grief, and that being poſſeſs'd with the valour of *Abenamin*, and the difficulty of killing him, ſhe cloaks her Avarice with this pretence; and not being willing to beſtow her Daughter upon any one, ſhe colours over a ſordid intention with the appearance of Gallantry and Magnanimity. However your Affairs proceed, *reply'd* Ordogne, it alters not the property of my Concernments with you, and ſince I promis'd nothing which I have not perform'd, judge if you pleaſe, whether it behoves you not to do the ſame. Thou art a very bold importunate Varlet, *reply'd again* Olyman *very ſharply*, for ſo long as thy Services prove to me of no effect, if thou alſo reapſt no benefit by them, thou haſt no reaſon to complain. However be ſecret for thy own intereſt as well as mine; for by the leaſt word that ſhall eſcape thee of any thing that hath paſs'd between us, thou wilt have more need to ſtand in fear of me, than of *Abenede*. So ſaying, he left him with a threatning Countenance. On the other ſide, *Ordogne*, who in this proceeding ſaw Ingratitude, Poverty, and Avarice all alike concern'd, was well enough contented that he had it in his power to chaſtiſe him, and reſolv'd to do it the firſt opportunity he could take without the hazarding of his own deſtruction. *Olyman* for his part grew very dejected and melancholy, and uncertain what courſe to take. For on the one ſide, being more enamour'd on the Riches of *Abenede* than the beauty of *Lyndarache*, he was determining with himſelf to quit the Daughter for the Mother, and ſo to change the Object of his pretended paſſion.

But

But the exceſſive grief of this diſconſolate Widow taking from him all hopes of ſucceeding in that deſign, he ſoon alter'd his reſolution. And to perſiſt in his former pretenſions, he ſaw it as much in vain. So that in concluſion he knew not which way to turn himſelf. Thereupon finding little for him to do at *Malacene*, he return'd to *Granada*, where he no ſooner arriv'd, but he met with ſome appearance of hope and conſolation; for there he underſtood that *Abenamin* was embark'd at *Malaga* for *Africa*, and that he had undertaken a Voyage which could not but be very long This News ſufficiently gave him to underſtand that *Alboyalde* and his Son had chang'd their deſign, and thought no more of the Marriage of *Lindarache*, and that conſequently his Cheat had ſucceeded. This lifted him up to a great heighth of joy, ſo that returning again to *Malacene*, and knowing his formidable Rival to be far enough off, he began to vapour at ſuch a rate, as if he would be thought the braveſt of Hero's: He threatned *Abenamins* death every moment, and talk'd him dead with ſo much confidence, as if he expected every one that heard him ſhould believe the fact as good as done, perſwading himſelf that this feign'd Gallantry would pleaſe *Abenede*, and not diſpleaſing *Lindarache* would introduce him into her heart, and prevail with her to eſpouſe him, maugre her Vow; but he enjoy'd not long this ſole honour to himſelf of killing abſent perſons at *Malacene* without controul. For the noiſe of *Abenede's* Vow being ſoon ſpread all about, and all *Granada* ringing the great eſtate of *Lindarache* was to have, he ſoon found himſelf beſet with a vaſt number of Rivals, who undertook to kill poor *Abenamin*, as well as he, each of them no leſs than fifteen or twenty times a day; while he in *Africa* little dream'd of their cruel intentions toward him. In the mean time the diſconſolate *Abenede*, not forgetting whatever might teſtifie her love, celebrated in a moſt Magnificent manner the Funerals of the valiant *Lucan* her Husband; to whom alſo ſhe erected a moſt ſumptuous and ſtately Tomb, ſcarce to be equall'd by any but the *Mauſoleum* of *Artemiſia*. But by the viſibility and duration of her grief, ſhe ſeem'd to deſign a Memorial for him in her heart no leſs Monumental then that of his fair Tomb, and the mourning habit ſhe had on appeared far leſs ſolemnly ſad and gloomy than the dark Melancholy which ſate upon her Soul, nor was the life *Lindarache* led much leſs inſupportable, if not in ſome reſpects much more. For beſides that ſhe participated in affliction with her Mother for the loſs of *Lucan*, ſhe had another Trouble upon her little leſs afflicting than that, as hath been already intimated, namely an invincible repugnancy, by reaſon of the ſweetneſs of her Nature, againſt her Mothers vow, which gave her up to be the recompence of an act, which however in ſome reſpects to be ſuppoſed lawful, was indeed, all things conſider'd, no better than a Murther and in the end to become the Prey of ſome unknown and perhaps Brutiſh and Pittiful Fellow. While theſe things paſs thus in *Europe*, *Abenamin* was viſiting ſeveral parts of *Africa* with a great deal of pleaſure; his curious mind finding wherewith to ſatisfie it ſelf in this remote part of the World which hath it's Beauties alſo, as well as ours. And ſince he went away free from the paſſion of Love, and left no object at *Granada* in which he was much concern'd, he could not but travel with the greater tranquillity of mind, and be the more capable of divertiſing himſelf with that diverſity of fair objects which his Travels preſented to his view, in regard he went a very large Circuit. For he ſaw the Mediterranean, the *Ethiopic* and the *Atlantic* Seas, the *Arabian* Gulph, the red Sea, the *Iſthmus* which ſeparates *Africa* from *Aſia*, he made an exact perambulation through all *Mauritania* which you know is at this day more vulgarly call'd *Barbary*; he went to ſee Mount *Atlas* ſo Famous in Hiſtory, as well true, as fabulous: He run through the Kingdoms of *Morocco*, *Fez*, *Algier*, *Tremeſen*, (otherwiſe call'd *Telenſin*) *Tunis*; and took a particular view of all thoſe chief Towns, that give denomination to theſe Kingdoms: He ſaw the ancient and famous City of *Alexandria*, now *Scanderoon*, *Damiata*, *Tripoli*, the ruines of *Carthage*, *Gran Cairo*, *Gouletta*, and all thoſe other *African* Towns which are of any reputation, and principally *Medina*, and the Tomb of *Mahomet*: He view'd the Mountains of the *Moon*, the Cataracts of *Nile*, the famous *Pyramids*, and the *Coloſſus* of *Sphinx* near them: He ſaw Crocodiles, Elephants, Rhinocerots, Lions, Tigers, Panthers, Dragons, Baſilisks, Eſtriches, and all thoſe other rare ſorts of Animals, which *Africa* only produces into the World. In a word, he omitted not the ſight and obſervation of any thing that was conſiderable, but during the three years that this his Peregrination laſted, he took all the care poſſible, diligently to inform himſelf of the Manners, Cuſtoms, and Religion of the People, of the ſeveral Intereſts of Princes, of the Nature of the Countries, their extent and bounds, and the difference of Climats, and of all other things which any way inſtruct the mind, and enrich it with knowledge, and which render a Gentleman compleat and accompliſht, as he moſt certainly approves himſelf to be at this preſent. But, Sir, you may very well imagine, that in ſo long a time, and in ſo large an extent of ground as he travers'd, he could not but meet with many remarkable Adventures, as indeed he did; ſo that if I ſhould not relate to you, ſomething of what befel him during his Travels, I ſhould hide from you one of the pleaſanteſt Scenes of his whole Life; though the truth is, what hapned to him, was not from *Africa*, where he then was, but from *Europe*, where he was not. *Abenede's* extra-

vagant Vow being divulg'd through the whole Kingdom of *Granada*, where also her vast Estate was sufficiently known, no wonder if there were many Persons of quality, who whether for the love of *Lindarache*, whose merit alone was capable to oblige the best of them, or greedily catching at the great wealth they knew her Marriage would bring them, readily accepted the condition offer'd for the obtaining of her, and hearing that he was gone to travel into *Africa*, they speedily took shipping in quest of him, fully resolv'd either upon victory or death; and of all these that went over, each one kept his intention from all the rest, for fear of being prevented in his design. And this secrecy of theirs, prov'd a marvellous convenience to *Oliman*, who not having heart enough to venture himself in a design of this nature, would have been much troubled to have heard, that any of his Rivals had gone about to perform what he durst never attempt. On the other side *Alboyalde*, who could not choose but hear of what was made so publick, the strange Vow of *Abenede*, and the Cowardise and Treachery wherewith his Son was accus'd, was very sensibly toucht, at an accusation no less shameful than false; insomuch that he forbore not to make publick declaration, that he would meet any one, that durst go about to maintain any such thing, and prove him a Lyar and a Traitour, and that *Oliman* and *Ordogne* knew to the contrary. But whatever he could say or do to justifie himself, *Abenede* would not be disabus'd, and the natural aversion which the *Zegris* had for the *Abenzerrages*, being backt with the protestations which *Oliman* still continually made her, of the truth of what he had told her, and forthi'd with the testimony of *Ordogne*. Moreover, the thought that *Alboyalde*'s avarice and desire of possessing her Estate, made him so earnest in the justification of his Son, as to that horrid fact wherewith he was accus'd, redoubled her hatred, choler, and resentment. Mean while *Oliman*, when he was at *Granada*, had so much wit as not to speak of *Abenamin*, and was as careful as might be not to meet *Alboyalde*, when at *Malacene* he was almost continually talking of him, that is to say, accusing him, threatning him, and speaking injuriously of him. Nevertheless, by I know not what secret, and unknown kind of instinct, *Lindarache*, who had never known *Abenamin*, and who always had known *Oliman*, had much ado to hate the first, and could by no means perswade her self heartily to love the other, giving inwardly more credit to the words of *Alboyalde*, as much her enemy as he was, than to those of the Traitour *Oliman*, as much her pretended Lover as he was; so powerfully doth the heart presage oft-times; so great a force hath hidden inclination; so strong are innocence and truth, when they are joyn'd together, against all the lies and accusations that are brought against them. As for *Ordogne*, the little satisfaction he had receiv'd of *Oliman*, after so considerable a service done him, prompted him to think of serving himself of this conjuncture; to fly from *Malacene*, and cast himself at the feet of *Alboyalde*, and inform him of all that had been practis'd against him, and to fix himself into his favour, by the Letters he had preserv'd. But when he began to consider that he had been little less criminal than *Oliman*, and had been partaker in all the Villanies of that Tratour, he put a stop yet a while to those thoughts, fearing he might thereby expose himself to the rigour of Justice, or the revenge of a Tiger, who not having spar'd the innocent, would much less think of sparing a Criminal. Mean while *Alboyalde* knowing what course his Son took in his Travels, and keeping a constant intelligence with him from time to time, fail'd not to give him notice of the false reports that were spread of him at *Granada*, the extravagant vow of *Abenede*, and the bloody designs divers Persons had upon his life, advising him alwaies to stand upon his guard and to have a care of being surpris'd. Nor was *Abenamin* indeed in all places, even when he was most alone, without a strong and safe Guard, I mean a stout and undaunted Heart and a Valour which not many were able to resist. One day when he was at *Alexandria*, pleasingly taken up in the observing of certain ruines which he saw yet remaining of the stately Tomb of *Cleopatra*, a Moor of *Granada* nam'd *Luzy* a Man of courage and quality met him, and advancing toward him with a great deal of joy in his Countenance, *Abenamin, cry'd he*, laying his hand upon his Cimitar, In this place must be made suddenly to appear, either thy Crime or thy Innocence. For if thou hast the courage to stand the trial of Combat with me, thou canst not be capable of that Cowardise whereof thou art accus'd. That I have committed no Crime, or am guilty of the Cowardise laid to my Charge, thou shalt be soon convinc'd, for I dare stand the Combat with thee, *fiercely answer'd he, putting his hand to his Sword*; and more than that I will assuredly vanquish thee, since I have reason on my side. And indeed it hapned as he said, for though *Luzy* was both active and valiant and fought very well, yet he escap'd not being vanquish'd, wounded, thrown down, and disarm'd. Whereupon *Abenamin* snatching his Cimitar from him, setting his foot upon his throat, and lifting up his arm, *Luzy, said he, with a threatning Air and imperious Tone*, you must either die, or promise to tell the fair *Lindarache*, that this *Abenamin* whom she believes so treacherous, never wounds his Enemies behind, and that you your self have prov'd him not to be so cowardly, as he is represented to her to be. You must also promise me to deliver her a Letter from me, and not to fail, unless you are willing to try, whether at my return to *Granada*, I shall prove as stout as you have found me at *Alexandria*; however you will scarce find me so mild a Con-

Conquerour. Valiant *Abenamin*, *answer'd* Luzy, it is one and the same thing to be a Conquerour and a Master, a Person vanquish'd and a Captive; wherefore since Fortune will have it so, I will willingly perform your Commands, especially having oblig'd my self thereunto upon Honour, which forbids me to fail in what I promise. After he had thus spoke, *Abenamin* suffer'd him to rise, restor'd him his Cimitar, led him to his lodging, took a care to have his wound dress't, which was found but slight, and calling for Pen and Ink, wrote this Note, which I thought it would not be unworth your while to hear recited.

To the fair *Lindarache*.

IT was upon my account that the first of your Champions was like to have had an Illustrious Tomb, even no less than that of Cleopatra's, *and to have died where the famous* Antonius *desir'd to die, and so this stately Place which the Queen seems to have built for your Honour would over again have been the residence of Death and Love; however the truth is, the respect I had for you infus'd into me that consideration I had for* Luzy; *and for that he is risen to life from the mansion of the dead; 'tis to you, not to me that this Gallant ought to return his thanks. At least, Madam, he will tell you that I behav'd my self not like a Coward in the fight, and you, if you please, may easily draw this Conclusion to your self, that Valour and Treachery seldom or never associate together, to the end you may not wrongfully accuse of so shameful and black a Crime,*

Abenamin.

Luzy taking this Letter of *Abenamin* promis'd to deliver it to *Lindarache*, and indeed was as good as his word; notwithstanding whatever repugnancie a Lover might have in making known to his Mistress, both his own defeat, and his Rivals advantage. But he he had like to have kept his Reputation without breach of Promise, for the fair Lady scrupled to receive it, *Abenede* her Mother made her only to receive it, that she might throw it into the fire, and not read it. *Olyman* was almost dead with envy, *Ordogne* no whit griev'd, but an Unkle of *Abenedes*, who chanc'd to be there at that time, being curious to have it read, and positively urging it, she was oblig'd, even by her Mothers Command, not to refuse the desire of a Person too considerable with them to be deny'd. As soon the Letter was read, *Abenede* lifting up her eyes to Heaven, and fetching a great sigh, O holy *Alla*, *said she*, Is this the way you take to punish Crimes and protect Innocence, by abandoning the just and generous, and causing the wicked to triumph? Is this the way you take to punish the Traytor *Abenamin*, and revenge the valiant *Lucan*? Oh Providence, *cry'd she out*, how impenetrable are your Secrets! How impossible is it for man to search into your hidden Mysteries? At this Discourse of *Abenede* all the Company remain'd silent, every one tacitely comply'd with what she had said, each one shrugg'd up his shoulders, as not being able to comprehend so hidden a Mystery; but the Traytor *Olyman* who had indeed no Religion, concluded contrary to the general Opinion of the *Mahumetans*, who rely much upon Destiny, and judge according to the event of things, meerly to take off that reputation of Innocence from *Abenamin*, which his Victory seem'd to have gain'd him, that it was to Chance only, that the Events of Combats, Victories, and Defeats were to be imputed, and that thence it came to pass, that the wicked were for the most part the most fortunate, and the pious and just the most unfortunate. But *Lindarache*, not knowing wherefore, was not of his Opinion; and though she believ'd she hated *Abenamin*, yet she kept his Letters, as if she had lov'd him, and her mind was agitated with various thoughts, and so confus'd a Passion, that she could not tell her self, whether it were choler or pity, esteem or disdain, love or hatred. The truth is, this extraordinary Passion was not in her alone; for *Abenamin* who had never seen, much less lov'd her, by a kind of sympathy, yet more strange began to love her more than his life, at that very time, when he knew she hated him more than death; and to think of nothing more than the gaining of her; when he saw she sought after nothing more than his destruction, and resolv'd to overcome her self, as soon as he should have vanquish'd all his Rivals, being at one and the same time both the Vanquish'd and the Vanquisher. Mean while after he had bid *adieu* to *Luzy*, he went to continue his walk among the stately Ruines of the marvellous *Pharos* of *Alexandria*, to observe and admire among other things the Art of *Sostratus*, who made it, and the Magnificence of *Ptolomæus Philadelphus* that caus'd it to be built; but scarce had he time to consider those costly Reliques of Antiquity, when he heard himself call'd briskly by his name, and turning his head, he perceiv'd coming that way with his Cimitar in his hand another Illustrious *Granadin*, nam'd *Jafer*, a man of great Birth, and high Reputation, who going to set upon him, told him that *Lindarache* requiring his death, he would either give her that satisfaction, or it should cost him his own life. As you are not the first that have undertaken this Enterprise, *answer'd he, putting himself into a posture of defence*, *Jafer* may

have the ſame ſucceſs as *Luzy*, and be vanquiſh'd forall he came ſo long a Journy to conquer: after theſe words they fell to work; and *Abenamin* making a paſs at *Jafer*, threw him down, diſarm'd him, and made him promiſe the ſame thing as *Luzy* had promis'd before; and in fine gave him a Letter alſo for *Lindarache*, which he likewiſe deliver'd with the ſame fidelity as the other had done. Of which Letter theſe were the Contents.

To the fair *Lindarache*.

IF *the* Pharos *of* Alexandria *had been yet ſtanding, it would have witneſs'd the defeat of* Jafer, *and the Victory of* Abenamin ; *for it was near the Ruines thereof that your ſecond Champion prov'd himſelf no more fortunate than the firſt, and that I had again the good fortune to be victorious. And as in this encounter my chief aim hath been the conſervation of my Honour, and your Eſteem ; ſo by my conſent my heart ſhall never be any ones gift to you but my own; and I hope it will never prove a Preſent to be made you by any of your Champion-Knights. So that if you will needs have the heart of* Abenamin, *you muſt expect to receive it from none, but*

Abenamin.

When *Jaſper* had deliver'd this Letter to *Lindarache*, neither *Abenede* nor *Darache* were with her, and the ſhame of having been vanquiſh'd by a Rival, ſoon withdrew this unhappy Lover from her ſight as ſoon as he had deliver'd the Paper into her hands, ſo that ſhe had not time to refuſe it, nor perhaps had ſhe the power any longer ; for it is moſt certain, that that *Idea* of *Abenamin* which had made an impreſſion upon her heart, was not very indifferent to her ; but that do what ſhe could, ſhe was conſtrained in ſpight of all her reſolution , at leaſt to eſteem him; not to ſay more, nor muſt we, Sir, ſuppoſe this any way to derogate from the ſweetneſs of natural Affection , wherewith I have already told you ſhe was endued: For undoubtedly ſhe retain'd a moſt tender love for her Father, held his Memory in high veneration, and was ſtill fully reſolv'd to ſacrifice her Liberty and her Life for the revenging of his death. But we muſt conclude, that from the bottom of her heart, and the very inſide of her Soul, ſhe could never be really poſſeſs'd, that ſo gallant a man could ever commit ſo foul a crime, or that he who had done ſo many brave Actions, could be capible of doing one ſo baſe. The Teſtimony of *Olyman* ſhe ſhrewdly ſuſpected, well knowing that a Rival Witneſs is a ſtrange kind of Witneſs, and may very juſtly be rejected; that the Teſtimony of a Slave is not much more to be truſted, the unhappineſs and meanneſs of his condition rendring him a very fit ſubject to be wrought upon, and corrupted into any baſe and ſordid action, forging of lies, cheating , ſlandring or any kind of Villany whatſoever. In ſhort a ſecreet preſage ſomething like inſpiration ſpoke to her inceſſantly of *Abenamin*, ſpoke of him with advantage, ſpoke of him as of a Heart incapable of that horrid Crime whereof he was accus'd. Yet notwithſtanding this preſage, this Inclination and theſe conjectures, Honour being being yet more predominant than Love in her great Soul, ſhe continued reſolutely and obſtinately bent upon the accompliſhment of her Mothers Vow. However the thought of it ſtrook a horror into her and put her Soul upon a kind of continual rack. Meanwhile *Abenamin* had not much more tranquillity in *Africa* then *Lindarache* in *Europe*. The uncertain Image of a Beauty which he had never ſeen made him eſteem what he knew not, love that which hated him, cheriſh that which went about to deſtroy him, and adore that which he never beheld , Nevertheleſs this extraordinary Paſſion did not extinguiſh that curioſity, which led him with ſo much impatience to viſit the Rarities and Antiquities of the Earth, and by conſequence hinder'd him not from profeceting a Voyage that gave him ſo much ſatisfaction, during which in ſeveral places he was encountred in the ſelf ſame manner as at *Cleopatra*'s Tomb, and the *Alexandrian Pharos*, namely, at the wonderful Statue of *Memnon* , from whoſe Harp the riſing beams of the Sun drew harmony, by a Country-man of his, whom he knew, one *Pyrrhus*; at the prodigious *Pyramids* and *Coloſſus*, of the Woman near *Nilus*, by *Oquialy*, another of his Rivals, who ſought after him all *Egypt* over; at the Sources of *Nile*, by a valiant *Moor* nam'd *Jaca*; at the ſtately *Coloſſus* of white Marble in *Egypt*, by a *Granadin Moor* call'd *Pequier*, of a Gigantick ſtature; at the famous Labyrinth of white Marble, in the Province of *Heracleopolis*, by another of his Rivals nam'd *Sacrut*; at the Mountain of the *Moon*, by a *Granadin* nam'd *Abdulatrif*; and at *Mecca*, by another Native of the ſame place call'd *Pajamgur*. In all which Encounters, he met with that ſucceſs which was due to his virtue, and the juſtice of his cauſe, but not always the ſame manner of ſucceſs ; for *Pyrrhus*, *Pequier*, *Sacrut*, *Abdulatrif*, and *Pajamgur*, he vanquiſht and diſarm'd, in the ſame manner as he had done the two firſt mention'd, forcing them to the ſame terms of ſubmiſſion, that is, to carry Letters from him to *Lindarache*, wherein he endeavour'd to make her ſenſible, how free he was from being the Murtherer of the Father, and how much he was the adorer of the Daughter, how far he was from being an

Aſſaſſin

Assassin and poisoner, and how much he was her Slave. But *Oquisly* and the valiant *Jaca* he kill'd outright, not designedly, but by the fortune of his victorious arm; nor fail'd he even then when he could not make use of his vanquisht enemies, to find out other means for the delivery of his Letters, to which he sometimes added Sonnets and Epigrams, full of spirit and elegancy, wherein he wittily and handsomly complain'd of her Mothers extravagant Vow, and her cruel pursuit after his life without a cause, in a most neat and pathetical manner. Yet was not this fair one altogether so insensible as he imagin'd, for upon the Letter deliver'd her after the death of the valiant *Jaca* (which cost him the deerest of any of the rest of his Victories, since he there receiv'd such a wound in his right arm, as made him keep his Bed for several days) Ah! would to the holy *Alla*, *said she to her self*, what thou affirmst were true, and that at the expence of half my blood, I could be satisfied thou shedst not that of my Father; but alas! my tears will not cease so long as thou shedst not thine, yet at the same time, this dreadful occasion of my tears obliges me to redouble them. O God! *pursued she*, Can he be criminal and write thus? Can he be a Coward and fight thus? Can he be a Poisoner and act thus? Ah! but for this last, *added she sighing*, it may not be impossible; for I know not what invisible poison assaults my heart; I know not by what unperceivable way, this amiable Sorcerer robs me of my repose, and by what unconceivable charm he constrains me almost to love what I ought to hate; and which is more strange, what is altogether unknown. Yet I must not love, Ah! no, no, *continued she*, since I ought to hate, I will not love, or at least if I must love; I will love as if I hated, and though his death should cost me my life, yet I will continue to pursue it, and never cease by all means possible to promote it. And to shew her self as good as her word, two years being now expir'd since the death of *Lucan*, she went with *Abenede* now the second time to renew her Tragical Vow upon her Fathers Tomb, though with such a cruel reluctancy, as if his Tomb would have prov'd hers; and as she was coming away from thence very pensive and melancholy, the perfidious *Oliman* who was there present at the Ceremony, not considering in how ill a time he took her, was preparing to speak something of Courtship to her; when beholding him with a disdainful eye, and turning her head aside in sign of contempt, in a tone no less angry and scornful than were her looks, Had I been a man, *said she*, and had been the chief witness and discoverer of *Abenamin*'s Crime, I should have died for shame, to have seen so many others before me in revenge, and not to have been the first that should have attempted to take away his life. If it could have been done, *answer'd* Oliman, *sufficiently surpris'd*, without leaving you, it had doubtless been done long since, but for one that loves, it is so difficult a thing to leave the object lov'd, that hitherto I have not been able to prevail with my self to do it, choosing rather to retard your vengeance, than to hasten my own affliction. Love less then, *said she*, and dare more, for I must needs confess, your tardiness in this business, gives me some reason to suspect your accusation. I will obey you, Madam, *said he, taking leave of her*, and endeavour to make manifest to you, both the truth of my words, and the firmness of my courage, of both which you seem equally to doubt. At these words she blusht, her heart shook, and she was thinking to have detain'd him, that she might not be the occasion of adding a new Enemy to *Abenamin*. Nevertheless, since she had as small an opinion of his valour, whatever vaunts he made of it, as she had a great one of the others; and since he did not importune her much, she let him go, not thinking she expos'd to any great danger him whom she esteem'd, or caring to what danger she expos'd him whom she esteem'd so little. As for *Oliman*, he had enough to do to resolve upon what course to take, for to think of ever seeing *Lindarache*, till he had combated *Abenamin*, since he had so seriously undertaken it, he knew would be to no purpose, nor could he hope for any thing from her but new affronts; and to attempt to fight him upon equal terms, would be to expose himself to danger, in regard of the great disproportion between him and his adversary, for courage, strength and address; to carry over a Troop of Men with him into *Africa*, and so overpower him with multitude, his small Estate would not afford; besides, to leave *Ordogne* behind him, was to leave near his Mistress a person whom he had disoblig'd, and who knowing the secret of all his affairs, might very probably take an opportunity to discover all, in revenge of those injuries and slights, he was conscious to himself he had thrown upon him. To make away this Slave privately, and so remove that obstacle of his repose, was a thing not easie to be done without being known, since the knowledge this Slave had of him, would cause him to stand upon his guard, and never to trust him, but to shun him as an Enemy. Lastly, to set upon him with open force, who was the only witness of all things he had alledg'd, would render him suspected, and tend rather to his ruine than advantage. So that after long consultation with himself, and weighing all difficulties, he resolv'd at last upon this course, namely, while he pretended to be gone into *Africa*, to keep himself hidden at *Malaga*, where *Abenamin* in all likelihood would land, and as soon as he should be landed, to take his opportunity of setting upon him, and killing him without danger, and so satisfie *Abenede*, and marry *Lindarache*, according to the vow and promises both of the one and the other; who having obtain'd his head and heart, according to their own desire, would have no reason,

reaſon, he thought, to concern themſelves, whether they had them by force or flight, or to enquire into the manner of his being kill'd, reſting ſatisfied to ſee the accompliſhment of their wiſhes, in the revenge of *Lucan*'s death. In order therefore to the execution of his deſign, diſguiſing himſelf in the habit of a common Sea-man, he took his Lodging at a Sea-man's Houſe, who in regard he had formerly been his Servant, was judg'd the fitter inſtrument for his purpoſe, and one whoſe fidelity he might the better rely on; here he lay, as earneſtly expecting the return of his Rival, as if it had been the deareſt of his friends. On the other ſide, *Ordogne* ſuppoſing him far enough off, found himſelf again very inclinable to acquaint *Lindarache*, with *Abenamin*'s Innocence and *Oliman*'s Crime. But in regard he was ignorant of the inclination ſhe had for the firſt, and knew very well, the natural averſion the *Zegris* had for the *Abenzerrages*, he fear'd, that notwithſtanding thoſe Letters he had to produce, and for all the poſitive and laſt Will of *Lucan*, ſhe would never be drawn to eſpouſe *Abenamin*, and that ſo having no body to fly to for refuge, he ſhould be left a prey to *Oliman*'s pernicious choler, before he himſelf were ſacrificed to the Ghoſt of *Lucan*, whom he had ſo baſely aſſaſſin'd. Upon this conſideration, he was induc't ſtill to forbear for the preſent, though not without a full reſolution, to take the firſt favourable occaſion he could meet with, for the revealing of a Secret, which he wiſht handſomely to be deliver'd of. *Abenamin* having now ſpent near three years in his Travels all about *Africa*, and viſited all the rarities of Antiquity and Remark, that were moſt eſpecially worthy of his view and obſervation, and like a ſecond *Hercules*, overcome all thoſe labours, which *Abenede*, *Juno*-like, had ſent upon him, was beginning to look home-ward, as having near finiſht the time aſſigned for his Travels abroad; but that which haſtned his return much the ſooner, was the news of his Father *Alboyalde*'s death, whereby his preſence was requir'd at home, for the ordering of his Eſtate, and looking after thoſe affairs which moſt concern'd him there. Hereupon he came to *Medina*, with the firſt Caravan that parted from thence, and taking ſhipping at *Jafa*, in a Veſſel bound for *Algier*, he there went aboard another Ship, which was ready to ſet Sail for *Malaga*, with all the impatience of a Lover, who having ſeen his Miſtreſs a thouſand times, dies with extream deſire to ſee her again, though he never had ſeen her, nor knew how to arrive at the ſight of her, by reaſon of the hatred which he knew ſhe had for him, and the vows ſhe had made againſt his life. And now here, Sir, you will admire to ſee, how ſtrangely Fortune ſav'd an innocent perſon, who if he had landed at *Malaga*, as his intention was, and as he ſteer'd his courſe, had inevitably been loſt; for *Oliman* who lay there conceal'd, and had all things in readineſs for his aſſaſſination, would not have fail'd to have put his deviliſh deſign in execution, as ſoon as ever he ſhould have ſet foot on ſhore, at leaſt nothing could have ſav'd him but his growing out of knowledge, I ſay, growing out knowledge, for you may very well imagine, that an *African* Sun of three years continuance, and ſo much hotter than that of *Europe*, ſo alter'd his Complexion, and the Colour of his Hair and Beard, that he was ſcarce to be known by his Acquaintance, as you will ſee in the ſequel of this Diſcourſe. But having left *Alcaſar*, *Tanger*, and *Ceuta* on the left hand, and almoſt croſs'd the *Streights*, they had almoſt made *Malaga*, when on the ſudden a contrary wind, do what the Maſter and Pilot could, drove them toward the Coaſt of *Barbary*, and veering about again, caſt them on the Coaſt of *Spain*, though far off from the Courſe they were firſt ſteering, the Ship at laſt running on ground near *Monda* though without ſplitting, or the loſs of any Perſon, they went here on ſhore, from whence *Abenamin* reſolv'd to return aboard the Ship no more. For being weary of the Sea, eager to proſecute his Journey, and impatient of ſtaying while the Ship ſhould be unladen, got off the Sand and laden again, he took leave of the Captain, and at *Laventa*, which was a little Town not far off, whither his Equipage was carried after him by his Slaves, he hir'd Horſes, and early next morning departed from *Laventa*, and took his way towards *Granada*. But ſee here again, Sir, how Deſtiny order'd it. For *Abenamin*, when he might have paſs'd through *Antiquera*, without going out of the way, taking a more direct Rode and the advantage of riding along the ſide of a cool River, was forc'd beyond his intention, to paſs through *Malacene*, which perhaps he would rather at that time have avoided; for beſides, that he was but in a riding Habit, and not in a Garb advantageous enough to appear in before his Miſtreſs, the very firſt time of ſeeing her, he knew he was not well enough belov'd in that place to dare to diſcover himſelf, and that ſuch a curioſity was moſt likely to be very dangerous; however, though meer Fortune, and not the inſtigation of his love, or any other particular Deſign brought him thither at that time, yet his curioſity met with an Adventure ſo ſatisfactory, that for it he would not have repented to have taken a Journey on purpoſe. About five or ſix hundred paces from the Caſtle he ſaw a pretty large Piece walled in ſquare, and balluſtraded with white Marble, and juſt in the middle of the ſquare a ſtately *Domo* all round and cover'd with Copper, guilded and ſuſtain'd with twelve Pillars of Carnation Jaſper, whoſe Chapiters and Baſes were of green Jaſper, with Foliage and Branches of Cypreſs and Yew, which parting from underneath the Chapiters in the manner of Feſtons, hung Arch-wiſe, interweaving together between the Columns. Within this

Domo,

Domo, in the very midſt thereof was a Tomb yet more magnificent than all the reſt; the body was of white Marble advanc'd upon four Aſcents of the ſame Material, two white and two black alternately intermix'd. At the four Corners of this pompous Monument were four Statues of Braſs, repreſenting Perſons in Chains, in a ſtooping poſture, with ſad and dejected Countenances, and all the expreſſions of a deplorable and unfortunate Condition; one of them was the Statue of Envy, the other of Hatred, the third of Cruelty, and the fourth of Treaſon, and all of them ſo exactly done both as to the Air of their face, the proportion of their Bodies, and the curioſity of their Drapery, that they ſeem'd the very Maſter-piece of Sculpture. On each of the four ſides of this Tomb of white Marble was rais'd in the middle in *Bas-releve*, a large Oval of Laurel and Palm Branches of green Jaſper, whoſe leaves ſeem'd agitated by the wind, tied back with Ribands of incarnate Jaſper, undulating ſeveral ways with a moſt admirable Grace, within the Circumference of every Oval appear'd a Table of black Marble with Inſcriptions in Letters of Gold. On the top of this Tomb were Trophies of Arms in imboſs'd work, of yellow Jaſper, which made them appear as if they had been Gold, marvellouſly rich, and cut with incomparable Art. The Plumes and Labels of the Files were of incarnate and green Jaſper and *Lapis Lazuli* cut to the very heighth of Art that Chizel could expreſs. At the four Corners of the Cornice which ſuſtain'd theſe Trophies, were Figures of white Marble ſitting, and leaning on their left Arms upon theſe Trophies with their Faces all bedew'd with Tears, and an Air of ſadneſs and grief ſo well expreſs'd that they inſpir'd compaſſion & ſorrow into all that beheld them. One of theſe Figures repreſented the Mother of *Lucan*, the other his Wife, and the two others his two Daughters, and all ſo well deſign'd, & ſo well wrought, that the *Mauſoleum* of *Artemiſia* could not have more beauty, though accounted one of the Wonders of the World. Laſtly, juſt in the middle of the Tomb, and theſe four ſitting Statues appear'd that of *Lucan* in a ſtanding poſture, of white Marble, like the reſt; with the right foot reſting upon a Buckler, a Cimitar in his hand, and having ſuch an Air of ſtoutneſs and reſolution in his Countenance and poſture, that it might ſoon be imagin'd to be the Figure of ſome great Perſonage. *Abenamin* being very curious in theſe kind of rare pieces of Art and Workmanſhip, and being himſelf a Maſter in Painting equal to the beſt, could not but give way, what ever danger ſeem'd to attend his lingring in that place, to the extreme deſire he had to view and contemplate every thing leiſurely and deliberately: True it is, as you may well imagine, that the Statue of *Lindarache* took up the greateſt part of his Curioſity, and that as ſoon as he had well conſider'd her youth and beauty, he ſeem'd in a manner to have forgotten all the reſt: however he ceas'd not to take a farther view of this ſtately Sepulchre, and lighting from his Horſe, he approach'd nearer to it, and at one end of it, he read this following Inſcription:

He came, He ſaw, He vanquiſh'd.

The Generous *Abenamin* having read that Inſcription, paſs'd from that end to one of the ſides, where he read alſo theſe other words:

THE GREAT LUCAN *IS DEAD.*

At the other end he ſaw theſe Lines:

Thy Fame has fill'd all the World: and if it be true that the Daughters of Memory have ſung, Thou that wert a Heroe *art now a God.*

Laſtly this Illuſtrious and bold *Curioſo* paſſing on to the other ſide of the Tomb, read alſo this Inſcription:

Lucan *far renown'd in Wars,*
Fear'd not all the Frowns of Mars;
But in Fight invincible,
At length by Perfidy, he fell.

Alas! *ſaid* Abenamin, *ſighing*, Heaven that knows all things, knows full well, that I had no hand in this infamous crime, whereof this lying Inſcription accuſes me, nor was ever capable of ſo ſhameful a piece of cowardiſe; and will therefore, I hope, do me juſtice, as to the clearing of my innocence, that the truth may come to light, and my reputation may be as ſpotleſs, as I my ſelf am clear from treaſon. At leaſt, I am ſure, *purſued be*, that *Oliman*, who hitherto appears mute in this, ſhall declare the truth, or ſhall be made incapable of ſpeaking for ever. He who was a witneſs of the laſt words and laſt Will of *Lucan*, ſhall render a publick teſtimony thereof, or be himſelf the object of publick ſhame, which I ſhall be ſure to pay him, if his injuſtice or baſeneſs ſhall refuſe to own what he knows ſo well. After theſe words, he was preparing to mount again, and to go on his journey, when he ſaw coming from the Caſtle, and from ſeveral parts of the Country thereabout, a great company of people, taking their way toward this magnificent Sepulchre, and alſo heard from a far off the voices of ſeveral that ſung, but by reaſon of the great diſtance, he could not diſtinguiſh any tune, much leſs the words. Now, Sir, that which in all likelihood ſhould have been the occaſion of driving him away, with all the haſt imaginable, made him deſire ten times the more to tarry, and ſo ſtrong a curioſity

poſſeſt

poſſeſt him to know whither all theſe people were going, and what they intended, that whatever his reaſon prompted him to the contrary, he reſolv'd to ſtay, and ſee the utmoſt that ſhould happen, and having given order to his Slaves to go and wait for him, with his Horſes and his Equipage, at certain Trees which he ſhew'd them upon the High-way, about a thouſand or twelve hundred paces from the place where he then was, he mingled with the Company, which being juſt then arriv'd at the place, ſeated themſelves round about the Tomb, as preparing for the ſight of ſome great Ceremony, which was there to be perform'd, every one ſtriving to be formoſt, to have the better view of the Ceremony, and this curioſity of theirs ſo increas'd his, that he reſolv'd wholly to reſign himſelf over to his obſervation; ſo that applying himſelf to an old Servant of *Abenede*'s, who ſate next him, Sir, *ſaid he, very civilly*, Pardon, I beſeech you, a Stranger, the curioſity of deſiring to be inform'd, what all this Company does here? what thoſe voices are which I heard a far off? and what Feſtival they are going to ſolemnize, near this magnificent Sepulchre? It ſeems indeed you are a Stranger, *ſaid that Perſon to him*, ſince you know not that this Sepulchre, whereof you ſpeak, is the Tomb of the valiant *Lucan*, whom the Traitour *Abenamin* caus'd ſo unfortunately and baſely to periſh, both by ſword and by poiſon, and that this is the third year, and the third time, that his Wife the illuſtrious *Abenede*, comes to make her Vow at his Sepulchre, that ſhe will never beſtow her Daughter *Lindarache*, but upon him, who ſhall preſent her with the Head and Heart of this cruel Aſſaſſin, who ſo cowardly and ſo barbarouſly kill'd her Husband. But is it certain, *ſaid* Abenamin, *without being mov'd, or ſeeming to be concern'd*, that that Man committed this horrid crime, whereof they accuſe him? Or is not *Abenede* miſtaken in the opinion ſhe hath conceived of him? She cannot poſſibly be miſtaken, *anſwer'd the old Man*, ſince thoſe that inform'd her of theſe abominable actions, ſaw them committed; judge then what reaſon ſhe hath to make any doubt. No, *reply'd* Abenamin, provided ſhe be well aſſur'd of the honeſty of thoſe Witneſſes; but knowing how full the World is of deceivers and falſe accuſers, ſhe ought to be very well adviſ'd whom ſhe gives credit to, in matters of this nature. So ſhe is doubtleſs, *anſwer'd he again*, for the perſons that gave her this information, being one of them a Man of Quality, nam'd *Oliman*, the other a Slave, call'd *Ordogne*, who belong'd to the dead Hero, whoſe loſs we come to lament; what better teſtimony can ſhe have to give credit to? It being not to be doubted, *reply'd* Abenamin *again*, but that there are in the World Lyars, of all ſorts and conditions, why ſhould theſe men be thought ſo creditable beyond all exception? at leaſt, for my part, had I been in her place, I ſhould not have given ſo eaſie a belief, to the accuſation of a perſon I knew not, nor ſo raſhly have made this deſperate Vow. Indeed, *ſaid this old Domeſtick*, there is great reaſon to think, Heaven approves not of it, for all that have attempted to kill *Abenamin*, have been vanquiſht themſelves, ſo that hitherto this Vow hath been altogether ſucceſleſs, and in vain. By which means, ſaid *Abenede* leads of all Widows, a life the moſt melancholick and diſconſolate, and excepting the Divertiſement which I give her, in the painting of a Gallery, where ſhe orders me to deſcribe with my Pencil, the Life and Death of her Husband, ſhe ſeems not to enjoy one moment of pleaſure or conſolation. At the mention of Painting, Love who is both ingenuous and bold, put into *Abenamin*'s Head a deſign, which you may perhaps judg, ſomewhat raſh, but which nevertheleſs happened to ſucceed with him very well, though for the preſent he could not proſecute this Diſcourſe any farther, becauſe during their Converſation, the Muſick of the Voices drew nearer and nearer, and as the crowd of People, that reſorted to the Ceremony, ſo alſo the noiſe increas'd, the Painter alſo ſhewing himſelf willing to give attention, with the reſt, to the Ceremony, *Abenamin* was oblig'd alſo to hold his peace, and do the like. In the firſt place, he ſaw a hundred Dervices, march gravely two and two a breaſt, ſinging as they paſs'd along, theſe words, which they often repeat in the Prayers and Services of their Publick Worſhip, *viz. God is God, and Mahomet is his Prophet*, and carrying each of them two lighted Flambeaux in their Hands. Theſe religious *Moors* were follow'd by twenty four Trumpetters, clad all in black, and having black Banerols upon their Inſtruments, whoſe ſad, ſlow and mournful ſound, inſpir'd with a kind of grave and reſerved Melancholy all that heard them. After theſe Trumpets, went as many Slaves in Mourning Habit, with Collars of Silver about their Necks, and Fetters of Silver about their Arms and Legs, and trailing after them the ſilken Streamers of the Enſigns, Cornets and Standards, which *Lucan* had won from his Enemies, in thoſe Fights and Battels, where his valour had been moſt ſignaliz'd. Twelve Players of Tabors, Timbrels, Cymbals, Attabales, and ſuch other warlike Inſtruments as are us'd by the *Moors*, went next in deep Mourning, and were follow'd by a hundred Slaves clad in deep Mourning, chain'd four and four together, hanging down their Heads, down-caſting their Eyes to the ground, with other poſtures of dejection, ſuitable to the ſadneſs of the Ceremony, the meanneſs and miſfortune of their condition, and the melancholick harmony of the Inſtruments that went before them. After theſe came five *Mooriſh* Knights, marching all a breaſt in deep Mourning, the firſt carrying *Lucan* his Turbant, on the point of a Lance painted black, the ſecond his Cimitar, the third his Pike, the fourth his Bow and Arrows, and the fifth his Shield,

Shield, each of these Arms being cover'd with black Cypress. Next follow'd *Abenede*, supported on each Hand by two Maiden Slaves, her Head was cover'd with a black Cypress Veil, but so turn'd up, that her Face was seen, or rather the sorrow and tears that all overwhelm'd it, her Mourning Mantle of fine black Cloth, had a Train of five or six Foot long, which was held up by five or six Maiden Slaves, clad also in black; she was follow'd by her two Daughters *Darache* and *Lindarache*, habited much after the same manner, though with something more of youthfulness and gallantry. After the two fair Ladies, marcht twelve Persons of Quality, who being all of them fixt upon the Expedition against *Abenamin*, and the accomplishing of *Abenede*'s and *Lindarache*'s Vows, the better to express their intention, marcht fiercely and resolutely along, each with his Cimitar in his right Hand, and his Shield on his left Arm. Last of all, went a Company of *Lucan*'s domestick Servants all in Mourning, who bringing the Rear of this whole Funeral Pomp, marcht without any rank or order. But, Sir, if *Abenamin* lov'd *Lindarache* before he had seen her, how much more now that he saw her so fair, so young, so majestick, so solemnly sad, so amiably solemn, insomuch that forgetting all thoughts of the danger he knew attended him in that place, he still advanc'd nearer, that he might yet take a more full view of her, whom (though he knew not by any information or intelligence one Sister from the other, they being both handsome, both very near of an Age) his heart was able to distinguish *Lindarache* from her Sister *Darache*. Mean while all this stately Train ranging themselves about the Tomb, with lighted Flambeaux, Ensigns and Arms all blazing and glittering about them, *Abenede* and *Lindarache* fell upon their knees, upon the lowest Step of this magnificent Sepulchre, and the Instruments wholly ceasing from the noise of their warlike Musick, and the Dervices not uttering a word, a profound silence was made, which very silence had something of a mournful Majesty and solemnness, as well as all the rest of this Funeral Ceremony. After which, a very sorrowful and pensive Tune was utter'd by a most sweet and pleasant voice, all the Dervices singing the repetition of the first Couplet, at the end of every Stanza. The Song was a kind of Prayer or Invocation.

Thou the Preserver of the Chast,
Behold a Widow in her Tears;
Thou God of Vengeance, hear at last
The Widow's and the Orphans Prayers.

By Treason of a Traitor fell
The Noblest Spouse that ever liv'd
Judge, if the Widow now do well
To wish him so of life depriv'd.

Thou seest me pale and full of woe
But yet if there be Charms in Grief
Some blood upon my tears bestow
To give my Anguish some relief.

Some Comfort to my woes bequeath
Which nothing Mortal can prevent
And by the guilty Traitor's death
Revenge the murder'd Innocent.

The Prayer being ended, the chief of the Dervices ascending to the highest Step of the Tomb, and addressing himself to this great Assembly, made a very eloquent Discourse, in which he aggravated the enormity of *Abenamin*'s pretended Crime, the reasonableness of *Abenede*'s and *Lindarache*'s resentment, and the justice of the Vow which they had made, and which they came this third time to renew, the force of Conjugal Love, the duty of Women towards their Husbands, and of Children towards their Parents, *Lucan*'s Merit and great Actions, the Cowardise and Treachery of his Enemy, and according to the right *Mahumetan* Theology, which allows no forgetting of injuries, nor pardon of offences, he concluded his pompous Oration, with a most pressing Exhortation to all gallant Men, to undertake the accomplishment of *Abenede*'s and *Lindarache*'s Vow, representing to them the greatness of the recompence, that was to be paid for so noble an Action. Then the disconsolate Widow pronounc'd with a loud and distinct voice, these words; *I make a solemn Vow, which shall be kept inviolably, that I will never give my Daughter* Lindarache *to any one, but him that shall present me the Head and Heart of* Abenamin. This Vow also *Lindarache* in her turn enter'd into, promising never to become the Wife of any one, but of him that should revenge the Death of her Father, by that of his Assassin. Thus the Ceremony ended, and all the People return'd home without any noise, nor observing any order. Now judge, Sir, what *Abenamin*'s thoughts were, when he understood what Vows were made for his Death, by her whom he lov'd more dearly than this life. Alas! *said he to himself*, she would have them present her with a Heart, which is already in her hands, she sets all the World upon vanquishing him, whom she hath vanquisht already, and proposeth the gaining of an honour, which cannot be gain'd but by her, and which she hath already gain'd. Yes, fair and cruel *Lindarache*, *pursued he, sighing, and still looking upon her*, this Heart is in your power, this Heart which you so earnestly desire to have presented to you, is in your hands already, you alone can dispose of my fate, and all these Gallants, to whom you have committed this undertaking, will have much ado to execute your Commands; take therefore at once a less unhumane and more easie way, and instead of desiring to have my

Heart torn from me, ſuffer me to preſent you with it my ſelf; but I have already given it you, *added he*, or rather you have already torn it from me; this Heart indeed can be no body's but yours, yet this Heart which you ſo vainly expect from ſo many others, cannot be yours neither, except by him whoſe Heart it is, and which therefore you only ought to demand of your own eyes, from whence only your victory and his defeat can proceed. He had proceeded farther in this Diſcourſe with himſelf, but that he perceiv'd the Painter with whom he had talkt a little before the Ceremony, preparing to be gone, and take his way toward the Caſtle, after the reſt of the Company, and calling to mind that he had acquainted him with his profeſſion, and that he muſt needs be oblig'd to ſtay a long time at *Malacene*, as having a whole Gallery to paint, knowing alſo his own admirable skill in Painting, he reſolv'd to ſhew himſelf no leſs a bold, than a skilful Painter, Love having put into his head, a deſign worthy of a Lover, that is to ſay, difficult, dangerous and bold. True it is, that there were three things, which made him apprehend it ſo much the leſs dangerous: The firſt was, That not having ſeen among thoſe Champions at the Ceremony, any of thoſe whom he ſaw in *Africa*, he believ'd, (and it was true as he believ'd) that having given over all their hopes, after being vanquiſht, they came no more to *Malacene*; wherefore not being ſeen of them, he thought himſelf in no danger of being diſcover'd by them, who were the only Men could know him. The other was, That never having been ſeen by *Abenede* and *Lindarache*, he was ſecure enough of them. The third, yet more weighty than all the reſt was, That *Ordogne*, who ſaw him but thoſe two or three days together, when he was with *Lucan* before his death, chancing to be near him, when he talkt with the Painter, knew him not; whence he concluded, that this three years abſence had very much chang'd him, and render'd him abſolutely uncapable of being known. However, paſſing over all thoughts of danger, which never move a reſolute ſoul, and addreſſing himſelf to the Painter; Sir, *ſaid he*, Since I am not wholly ignorant, of the noble Art you profeſs, I ſhould account my ſelf very happy, and take it for a very great honour, to improve that little skill I have, and attain to ſome perfection in the Art: And this I dare boldly ſay in my own behalf, that, if you can find imployment for me, you will not be much aſham'd of your Scholar, or have cauſe to repent of your choice; nor perhaps would have eaſily lighted upon any one, whom you would have found more tractable or more diligent in your work. Courteous unknown, *anſwer'd the Painter, who was nam'd* Selim, You could not have propos'd any thing I ſhould have more willingly embrac'd; for having a very conſiderable piece of Work under my hands, I have need of an Artiſt to help me, who hath made a more than very ſmall progreſs in the Art; ſo that if you paint as well as you ſay, as I doubt not of the truth of your words, I ſhall find you work for a long time, and ſuch a reaſonable gain, as perhaps you ſhall not think unworthy of your time and pains. Sir, *anſwer'd* Abenamin, My aim is not to gain money, but to learn and improve in the Art, neither do I deſire any thing more of you, than your willingneſs and endeavour to teach me the utmoſt that you know; for if I am not very rich, yet I have at leaſt enough for my convenience, that ſtands in no need of gaining any more; it is honour not profit which I ſeek moſt after. As far as I ſee, *reply'd the Painter*, our bargain will be made without any great difficulty; for as you are contented to take nothing, ſo I am contented to give nothing; ſo that come when you pleaſe, you may aſſure your ſelf from me, you ſhall be welcome, and ſhall not fail of work. Sir, *reply'd* Abenamin, I ſhall only deſire your excuſe for eight or ten days, for the diſpatching of ſome buſineſs at *Granada*, which done, I ſhall be at your ſervice, and not leave you till you have finiſht the whole Gallery; if what I am able to do, ſhall have the good fortune to give you content, as I do not make any great doubt but it will. Then the Painter put ſeveral queſtions to him, as what manner of Work he us'd? Of what Maſter he had learn'd? How long it was ſince he began to learn? To all which queſtions, he gave ſuch ſatisfactory anſwers, that they parted in a very kind and friendly manner, the Painter toward the Caſtle, *Abenamin* to that place upon the Road, where he commanded his Servants to wait for him, where having found them, he immediately proſecuted his journey, during which, his thoughts were wholly taken up with the beauty of *Lindarache*, the object of his new and firſt paſſion, and all his deſigns tended to the enjoyment of this ſo newly apprehended happineſs. Now by reaſon that he foreſaw it would be very inconvenient for him, that his return into the Kingdom ſhould be known, becauſe thereupon his appearance at Court would be abſolutely expected, and knew full well, that it was impoſſible it ſhould be conceal'd, if he went to *Granada*, he therefore alter'd the intention of his journey, and inſtead of going to *Granada*, went to his Country-Houſe at *Orce*, from whence he ſent back the Horſes, giving ſtrict charge to his Servants, upon pain of his diſpleaſure and ſevere puniſhment, not to acquaint any one with his return. Next he took order about his Affairs, and ſent to his Houſe at *Granada*, for all the Treaſure, and the richeſt of the Goods and Houſhold-ſtuff, left there by his Father, the Veſſels of Gold and Silver, his Rings, Chains of Gold, Medals, precious Stones, and the like. He made him alſo three Suits of Cloaths, very plain, and therefore the more proper for his purpoſe, and accommodated himſelf with all things elſe of convenience,

ence, amounting to a Mules burden, being carried in Panniers; and ſo committing himſelf to Love and Fortune, he return'd with all ſpeed to *Malacene*, reſolving upon the one or the other, either to come off with triumph or to die. The Painter *Selim* was not a little glad to ſee him return'd; for beſides that he was much taken with his handſome meen and preſence, and the vivacity of his ſpirit, he above all pleas'd himſelf with the advantage he hop'd to make of his Painting, building upon the aſſurance he had given him of his skill and induſtry. As Painting is an Art, which as well as Poetry, requires retirement, ſilence and ſolitude, *Abenede* upon this conſideration, had appointed him and his Family an apartment, ſeparated from the reſt of the Houſe, at the other end of the Garden, along which end ran a great Room or Hall, which *Selim* made choice of for his Work-Room, for all the large Pictures of *Abenede*'s Gallery. At one end of this Room, there was a pretty little convenient Chamber, which the Painter reſerved for his new Scholar, to keep entirely to himſelf, thinking it but reaſonable to ſhew ſomewhat of reſpect, to a Perſon who took upon him to be more than ordinarily skilful, and eſpecially who demanded nothing of him for his work. But, Sir, the ſituation of this Lodging, was a marvellous convenience, for the hidden deſigns of the feigned *Morat*, for ſo *Abenamin* nam'd himſelf, ſo that if he had made his own choice of a Chamber, he could not poſſibly have choſen one more advantageous for his purpoſe. As ſoon as he had diſcharg'd the Mule of his burthen, not ſo much as ſtaying till his Panniers were carried to his Chamber, he immediately diſmiſt the Muleteer, for fear, being a thick-skull'd Country-Clown, he ſhould haply have blurted out ſomething to the Painter, or any other about him, tending to his prejudice. He was no ſooner ſent away, but the young Painters, the Sons of *Selim*, would needs be ſo officious to their new fellow-Artiſt, as to carry his Panniers, though in civility he did all he could to hinder them, into his Chamber; and indeed he had better have been without their help, and have been his own Porter, for their officiouſneſs had like to have put him to a non-plus, but that his ready wit helpt him always at a dead lift, one of them, it ſeems, taking notice of the great weight of the Panniers, which was indeed caus'd by the great quantity of Plate and Jewels within, told him in raillery, he believ'd him a Perſon of much Magnificence, that rather than he would not appear with a pompous and ſplendid baggage, had fill'd his Panniers with Flint-ſtones. *Morat* nothing daunted at this his ſharp ſalute, nor demurring or ſtaying one jot for an anſwer, but carrying it off with an admirable grace and ſpirit, told him, with the return of a ſmile, that he was neither ſo vain, nor yet ſo poor, as they imagin'd, and that what appear'd to him ſo weighty among his baggage, was only a parcel of Azure, Acre, and ſome other Mineral Colours, more heavy than others, as being the beſt of their kind, with which he furniſht himſelf in *Africa*, where the beſt in the World of theſe kind of Minerals are to be had, and the beſt cheap; and indeed he had enough of it among his other Equipage, to have been able to prove himſelf no lyar, in caſe they had chanced to have ask't to ſee them. Nor did he quit himſelf leſs handſomely, of a ſecond piece of Merriment, rais'd out of the former, by the ſame Perſon, who told him, that upon an eſtimation of the weight of theſe Colours, it might well be ſuppos'd, he had made an agreement for the painting of the Grand Signors *Seraglio*, the Palace of the King of *Morocco*, and the Caſtle of the *Halambre*. To this ſecond attaque, the feign'd *Morat* anſwer'd not but with his eyes, and by a kind of pleaſant and graceful ſmile, and no body elſe making any reflexion, upon what had been ſaid by that Giber, the Panniers were put in their places, and no more words made of the Flints, or of the Colours. The truth is, the Painter's Wife, who one would think ſhould have been no leſs curious and inquiſitive, than generally the reſt of her Sex are, was not ſo upon this occaſion, for the lovely Colours ſhe ſaw in the feigned *Morat*'s eyes, ſo ſtrongly attaqu'd her heart, that ſhe forgot to enquire after any other Colours. And it hath been ſaid of her, that ſhe underſtood Painting to the life, at leaſt at that time ſhe thought upon nothing more than drawing his Picture at large, ſo attentively ſhe beheld him, ſo fixt were her eyes upon his countenance, ſhe was indeed her ſelf a perſon as young and handſome, as the Painter her Husband was old and wither'd, he on the other ſide as rich, as ſhe was poor, before he married her for Love, which he had never effected, had not ſhe ſold her ſelf to him for wealth; ſo that we may ſuppoſe as ſtrong a ſympathy between them, as uſually happens to be between age and youth, and if the Husband were jealous, the Wife was very capable of giving him cauſe to be ſo. See *Abenamin* now commenc'd Painter, ſee him to morrow morning with his Pallet on his arm, and his Pencil in his right hand; ſee him imploy'd in painting a Trophy of Arms, which *Selim* had deſign'd on the upper end of one of the Pictures; but he had ſcarce been at work three hours, when the Painter perceiv'd, that his Scholar was indeed his Maſter, and that he knew much more than himſelf. The truth is, he ſo well imitated the Gold, and the bright Steel of the Arms, he repreſented ſo well their glittering and reflexion of the Light, he imitated ſo skilfully the Sculpture wherewith they were inrich't, he order'd his Shadows and Light with ſo much Art, in the ſeveral turnings and windings, and in the diminution or heigthning of Objects, in the skilful laying of his Colours, that the Trophy, though in plain Painting, ſeem'd to be a round imboſsment, thereby putting a no leſs artful, than plea-

ſant fallacy upon the eye. In ſhort, he affected *Selim* at the ſame time with envy and admiration, inſomuch that he could not forbear confeſſing, that he had now found his Maſter, and that he had more need to learn of him, than be his Teacher; that it belong'd to him to be the Copyer, to *Morat* to be the Deſigner. As for *Zeyde* the Painter's Wife, ſhe ſeeing ſo fair a Piece, inſtead of her Huſband's envy and jealouſie, had another kind of paſſion, ſhe found her inclination increaſe, together with her eſteem, and ſhe leſs regarded the fair Piece, than the fair Hand that made it. But if *Morat* was ſo happy in painting of Arms, he no leſs did wonders in Figures, in Draperies, in Animals, in Landskip, in Architecture, in Perſpective, in Flowers, in Fruits, and indeed in all the parts of Painting, he appear'd equally rare and equally judicious. In ſuch ſort, that *Selim* ſeeing that his skill and judgement extended ſo far, that he could not find out the depth of them, one day took away his hair Pencils, and gave him Pencils of Chalk in their ſtead, and order'd him with them to deſign a Picture; after he had excus'd himſelf a great while, at laſt he was forc'd to obey; but he did it with ſo much Art, he deſign'd it ſo well, he plac'd his Figures with ſo much order, he ſo well expreſt the Paſſions he was to repreſent, ſo much according to Truth, to Nature and Decorum, that now he proves as much a great Maſter, as before he was confeſt a skilful Copier, making it plainly appear, that he was no leſs able to handle the Pencil, than the Cimitar, that he was as good a Painter, as a Souldier. So that the fame of his excellent Work grew ſo loud, and his reputation became ſo great in a few days, at *Malacene*, that *Abenede*, who gave her ſelf no other divertiſement, than to ſee her Painter at work, was ſoon induc'd to come and ſee him work, attended by her two Daughters *Darache* and *Lindarache*, who never left her. No doubt but they expected to ſee ſomething very rare; but what a ſtrange ſurpriſal was it, when inſtead of beholding what might pleaſe and delight their eyes, they all three found their very ſouls ſtruck with ſuch aſtoniſhment, that they ſtood ſilent a long time, admiration hindring them from ſpeaking, and the rarity having, if I may ſo ſay, brought their ſouls into their eyes, ſuſpended their other functions, and left them no tongue to ſpeak. But after a long time that they began to come to themſelves, from this their ſweet tranſport, and pleaſing extaſie, *Abenede*, that ſeem'd but now to be extraordinary chearful, chang'd to her accuſtom'd melancholy, and regarding *Morat* with eyes all drown'd in tears; Ah! It is from you alone, that my dear *Lucan* can receive a ſecond life, much longer than the firſt? Are they your Pencils alone, that have the power to raiſe this valiant Hero from the dead? And except in my heart, will he no where be ever better painted than in your Pictures? Then 'tis, 'tis to you, I owe all the conſolation of my ſad life, you have the power to make me live or die, according as you repreſent the happy or unhappy Adventures of my dear Husband. I will then, *ſaid he*, Madam, if you pleaſe, paint only the firſt; for I ſhould think my ſelf very unhappy, if while I work for your divertiſement, I ſhould have the misfortune to afflict you, I had rather quit for ever my Pallet, my Colours, my Pencils, and your Pictures. Alas! Do not deceive your ſelf, *reply'd* Abenede, my affliction is my conſolation, that which wounds me heals me, and I only live becauſe I thus die; all other pleaſures would not detain me one moment in the world, and if whatever ſpeaks to me of *Lucan*, gives me comfort, judge what I owe to your Hand, that makes me to ſee him again. To this laſt Complement, Sir, as great as it was, he anſwer'd not at all, for his eyes were ſo taken up in beholding *Lindarache*, that his tongue forgot its duty, to anſwer the ſad *Abenede*, foraſmuch as his ears gave no attention to what ſhe ſaid. This fair perſon alſo for her part, was no leſs affected with his handſom meen and preſence, than he was with her beauty, and the gallant air and ſpirit wherewith he anſwer'd her Mother, pleas'd her no leſs, than the excellence of his Work had ſurpris'd her. Some moments ſhe remain'd mute, as well as he, with extraordinary deſire to ſpeak, though true it is, their looks were not ſo mute as they, and if they were not underſtood, they at leaſt ſpoke eloquently enough to be underſtood. But at laſt, *Lindarache* willing to be no leſs civil than *Abenede*, took her turn to ſpeak, and looking upon *Morat* very obligingly, It is moſt certain, *ſaid ſhe*, that I never ſaw any thing more rarely done, than this Workmanſhip of yours, and, I believe, there is not a better Piece of Art to be ſeen in the whole World. Pardon me, Madam, *reply'd he, with a Courtly grace*, There are things to be ſeen incomparably more curious, and if ever I ſhould have the honour to draw your Picture, I could do yet better, for it is not poſſible to draw any that is ordinary or common, from ſo rare an original. So far as I ſee, *ſaid* Darache, *ſmiling*, you are no leſs a gallant Courtier, than excellent Painter, and you make uſe of fine Colours as well in ſpeaking as in Painting. Painters, Madam, *anſwer'd he*, ſpeak ſo little, and paint ſo much, that it is impoſſible but that they ſhould know better how to paint, than how to ſpeak, eſpecially when reſpect ought to keep them ſilent, as it happens at this preſent time. In truth, *Selim*, *ſaid* Abenede, The Scholar is worthy of the Maſter, *Morat* will be no diſgrace to *Selim*. Doubtleſs, Madam, *anſwer'd this envious Painter*, For one ſo young as he is, he doth very fine things, and if he continue to work under me for any time, he ſhall do much more. I hope ſo, *reply'd the feign'd* Morat *with a ſcornful ſmile*, and therefore I ſhall be very unwilling to leave you, unleſs you drive me away by force. Hereupon *Zeyde* began

began to be much concern'd, and undertook for her Husband, whose interest and honour she mainly pretended for his stay; That he could not be in any thing so much his own enemy, as in being the cause of their parting. To which the feign'd *Morat*, who understood well enough what she drove at, answer'd only with a respectful obeisance and smile, and said no more. After this, the whole Company took their Seats, giving themselves the pleasure and satisfaction, to sit and see him work for a long time together, or rather indeed, to see him pretend to paint; for he was so wholly taken up in beholding *Lindarache*, and in devising what possibly he could, to say to her, that might be capable to divert her, that never since he came to be a Master in his Art, did he sit so long, for so small a dispatch of Work. At last, Sir, the Company rose up to be gone, and *Lindarache*, just as she was leaving him, told him, that she would come often and see him work, for that she did not find him to be one of those morose Painters, who will not suffer any body to come near them, when they are drawing their Designs, but love to shut themselves up in solitude and silence. No, no, Madam, *said he*, it is not so with me, who doubt not to affirm, that fair objects exalt the fancy, and fortifie the imagination; they are no better than Owls, that can find in their hearts to be offended at the brightness of the Sun's beams. At these words, he bow'd with a most profound reverence, and follow'd her with his eye as far as possibly he could see her; she on the other side, as she was going away, could not refrain, whatever endeavour she made to the contrary, from returning two or three times to look upon him; nor did she leave his sight wholly, without being sensible to her self, of some trouble and regret of mind. As soon as they were gone, the feign'd *Morat*, quitting his Pallet and his Pencils, went to walk in one of the most retired Walks of the Garden, where as soon as he found himself at liberty to entertain his own thoughts, freely and without witness, after he had recollected in his mind all that he had seen, and all that had hapned to him. Well, my Heart, *said he*, Have we not found what we sought for, and what we hop'd to find? Is not *Lindarache* as worthy to be belov'd, as amiable, as ever we imagin'd her? Hath she not indeed more beauty, than ever we believ'd it possible she could have? Hath she not as much wit and spirit, as a person of her Sex can have? Hath she not as much of complacence and sweetness of humour, as of beauty and wit? Is she not as lovely and compleat in her deportment and presence, as in all the rest together? Is she not, in fine, the most perfect Creature under Heaven, and the most proper Subject to be belov'd? Yes, without doubt, is she, *pursued he*, and more than that, as she is the most amiable of all persons, so is she most truly and most heartily belov'd of all others, if the word *belov'd* be sufficient for her, who indeed ought to be ador'd. But, *reply'd he, to himself*, she hates thee, she contemns thee, she believes thee a Coward, a Traitor, an Assassin, she desires thy death, she makes vows for the obtaining of it, she promises her self to him that shall be able to take away thy life, it is by her means, that it hath already several times been in danger of being lost, and still she omits no means, for the bringing about the destruction of it. What success therefore canst thou hope for in thy Love? Ought a Man to love without hope? Can any one adore a person that is his enemy? To what end serves a passion, so little reasonable? Will *Lindarache* ever consent to be the Wife of him, whom she believes the assassin and poisoner of her Father? Or would she indeed be worthy to be lov'd, if she could be capable of so unnatural a baseness? Couldst thou love her or esteem her thy self, if thou shouldst discover so base, so mean a condescension in her heart? Besides, Hast thou forgot the irreconcileable enmity between the *Abenzerrages* and the *Zegris?* Because thou hast lost the memory of this enmity, believ'st thou that she hath done the same? To flatter thy self thus, is to flatter thy self foolishly, and without reason. In short, if she knows thee, thou art infallibly lost, if she knows thee not, will she love an unknown person? Will she engage her self to the love of a Painter? Will she espouse her self to a Man of such a Profession? Or suppose she should have so little consideration, as to throw her self thus away, Can *Abenede* be thought so mad, so senseless, as to suffer so prepposterous, so shameful a proceeding? Or to go yet farther, Were it possible so prodigious a thing should come to pass, as that both Mother and Daughter should forget their birth, their quality, their honour, their vow? To what end would all this tend? Or how would it advantage thee? Wouldst thou always be a Painter? Wouldst thou always be an unknown person? Or put case thou shouldst cease to be so, Would their hatred ever cease? Would it not revive? Or rather would it not increase, when ever they should come to recollect themselves, and perceive themselves cheated, by the supposed Assassin of a Father and a Husband? In rendring them unhappy, thou wouldst render thy self unhappy also, and thus in seeking after thy felicity, thou wouldst find thy misfortune. Leave then off an enterprise, no less unreasonable than impossible, and do not that for the sake of thy Love, which must needs destroy thy Love. O! How easie is this to say? *reply'd he to himself*, How hard is it to perform? How would it behove thee to love but a little, that thou mightst resolve upon quitting thy Love? But loving so much as thou dost, how impossible will it be to consent to this resolution? *Then he paus'd a little, after which he went on again.* She hates thee, 'tis true, *said he*, but who told thee she will always hate thee? Hast thou not a probability to disabuse her? Are not *Oliman* and *Ordogne* yet living? Who if they

they ſhall have the impudence or injuſtice to deny what they know to be a truth, canſt thou not make them pay for it with their lives, after having forc'd them to confeſs, what they ſo baſely intended to have conceal'd? Yes, thou canſt, thou oughtſt, thou art oblig'd by thy love, and by thy honour, and thou wouldſt be a Coward thy ſelf, if thou ſhouldſt fail of that whereon depends all thy honour, all thy repoſe. Beſides, Haſt thou not obſerv'd, for what doth not a Lover obſerve, that in the late diſmal Ceremony, the adorable *Lindarache* teſtified ſome repugnance, in the performance of that extravagant Vow for thy death? Oughtſt thou not to believe, knowing how well ſhe lov'd her Father, and with how much virtue ſhe is endow'd, that this repugnance came, without doubt, from an inward perſwaſion ſhe had, that thou wert not guilty of the horrid Crime whereof thou wert accus'd, and that what ſhe did, proceeded rather from force than inclination, from her neceſſity of obeying the blind rage of *Abenede?* Oughtſt thou not from hence to draw cauſe, rather of hope than of deſpair? Hope then *Abenamin*, hope, ſo long as thou loveſt, for every Lover ought rather to loſe his life than his hope. And indeed when it ſhall appear, that thou haſt laid aſide, and forgot the old grudge between the *Abenzerrages* and the *Zegris*, why may not ſhe do the like? If *Lucan* did it meerly through Generoſity, why may not *Lindarache* be oblig'd to do it, by a thouſand teſtimonies of Love, which thou art ready to render her? Certainly, the one is no more impoſſible than the other, but on the contrary, much more eaſie; for it is leſs difficult to make a new Love ſpring up, than to cauſe an old Hatred to die. No, no, ſhe will never love an aſſaſſin and poiſoner of her Father, but ſhe may love him, that was neither the one nor the other, when ſhe comes better to underſtand the truth. She will never love the Painter *Morat*, but ſhe may love the Nobleman *Abenamin*, when ſhe finds that they are both of them one and the ſame perſon, and that thy condition is equal to hers. In fine, My Heart, If thou believe what thy eyes have ſeen, my perſon hath not been contemptible to her, nor my converſation cloying, and thoſe three or four times that ſhe look'd back upon me, as ſhe was going away, make me judge, that as ſoon as I ſhall have added the knowledge of what I am, to what ſhe obſerv'd to her own ſatisfaction in me, I ſhall not prove diſpleaſing to her. Let us hope then, I ſay once again, Let us love, that we may be belov'd, for the firſt is the moſt proper way to gain the latter. While *Abenamin* was thus buſied in reaſoning, conſulting and debating within himſelf, about the affairs of his Love, *Lindarache*, who was not much more at reſt in her mind, had her reaſonings, her conſultations and diſturbances, little leſs than he. On the one ſide, the advantageous Idea of *Abenamin*, which was impreſs't in her ſpirit, brought him into her memory, with the pomp and glory, wherewith ſo many gallant actions as he had perform'd, inveſted him. On the other ſide, the comely deportment and preſence of *Morat*, his graceful garb, his handſome perſonage, his noble air, his portly ſtature, his neat and well proportion'd ſhape of body, his gentile wit and ſpirit (which in that little he had utter'd, diſcover'd him of a ſweet and pleaſant nature, civil, complacent, reſpectful, courtly, gallant, and in a word, furniſht with all accompliſhments, more becoming a Gentleman, than what he outwardly ſeem'd to be) came powerfully into her imagination, and entertain'd her thoughts, with a very pleaſing and delightful Subject. But theſe pleaſant thoughts were interrupted, by others no leſs anxious and troubleſome; for coming at laſt to compare the Nobility of *Abenamin*, with the meanneſs of *Morat*, ſhe bluſht at the apprehenſion thereof, and laid her hand upon her eyes, for very vexation, ſhame and confuſion, that ſhe had entertain'd ſuch favourable inclinations for the latter. Thus profoundly muſing and pondering upon theſe matters, ſhe ſate a good while with her eyes fixt, and looking downward to the ground, not ſpeaking a word, and immoveable as a Statue, by reaſon her ſoul was entirely buſied, in this ſweet and tyrannical ſpeculation, which had got the maſtery of her; after which, coming ſuddenly to her ſelf, out of her amorous and paſſionate extaſie, which had thus, for a while, ſuſpended all the powers of her ſoul; O God! *ſaid ſhe*, If *Abenamin* had all the graces of *Morat*, with his own valour and quality; or if *Morat* had the valour and quality of *Abenamin*, with his own graces, how difficult would it be to reſiſt either the one or the other? and how hard would it be, for a heart to keep its liberty, againſt two ſuch amiable and irreſiſtable enemies? But by good hap, *added ſhe*, all theſe things are not together in one perſon, and the reſiſtance, which would be impoſſible, if they were joyn'd, ought to be very eaſie, ſince they are aſunder. After all, thou oughtſt not to love the firſt, as being guilty of ſo great a Crime, and thou oughtſt not to love the other, as being born, without doubt, among the dregs of the people. And thus thou haſt the advantage, of finding ſomething both in the one and the other, which may defend thee from both. I will do it, *added ſhe fiercely*, I will do it, whatever difficulty there be, in fighting and vanquiſhing ſuch pleaſing enemies; for it concerns my honour, which I prize above all things. I promiſe fair indeed, but all this while, my heart, I doubt of the performance; for the execution of great things, is generally found more difficult than the forming of them; it is an eaſier thing to lay a good foundation, than to raiſe a Building upon that foundation. And the truth is, *purſued ſhe*, The Crime of *Abenamin*, is not certainly known to be real, and the Merits of *Morat*, may well enough ſupply the defects of his Birth,

Birth, granting it be indeed ſo mean and ſo low, as we have ſuppos'd, ſince Virtue is above Nobility, and in truth the only thing which makes Nobility. But poor perplexed *Lindarache*, *added the fair Lady*, If it were permitted thee to love, and to love one of theſe Men, to which of them wouldſt thou give the preference? *Abenamin* is Valiant and Noble, but I never ſaw him; *Morat* appears of ignoble extraction, but hath a thouſand brave qualities, and I have ſeen him: Thus I know well who ought to triumph, but know not who will triumph. Doſt thou not ſpeak an untruth, my heart, in ſpeaking thus? *purſued ſhe*, for, I believe for my part, thou knowſt well enough, but dareſt not confeſs. No, no, *reply'd ſhe haſtily to her ſelf*, I love neither the one nor the other; I have only an Eſteem, and Eſteem is not Love, *Lindarache* is not criminal. I deſire, *ſaid ſhe ſtill ſighing*, but all deſires are not accompliſht, and I ſtill fear, that mine are attended with misfortune, and that this dangerous Painter hath fixt a Picture in a place, whence it is not very eaſie to be remov'd. O! would to Heaven, *continued ſhe*, it had been elſewhere diſpos'd; for finding it in my memory, I have reaſon to ſuſpect, it may be in my heart alſo. At theſe words ſhe bluſht a ſecond time, and to divert her mind from theſe thoughts, which her ſolitude had thus ſuggeſted into it, ſhe went out of her Chamber, and mixt with the next Company that chance offer'd her. While *Abenamin* and *Lindarache* ſuffer'd theſe diſturbances, the poor *Zeide* enjoy'd not much more quiet or repoſe in her ſpirit; the accompliſhment of the feign'd *Morat*, dealt with her in like manner as with the other fair Creature; affected her with the like both pleaſure and pain, ſhe in the ſame manner reſiſted this growing paſſion, which began to make a progreſs in her ſoul; ſhe oppos'd againſt this formidable enemy her duty, her honour, her virtue, her reputation, the fidelity which ſhe ow'd to her Husband, the obligation ſhe had to him, who receiv'd her into his boſome a poor indigent creature, when he might have had others much more rich, the mildneſs, civility and tenderneſs, wherewith he had treated her, ever ſince ſhe had been his Wife. But Love, that invincible Conquerour, to whom all things that oppoſe themſelves, oppoſe themſelves in vain, put immediately to rout all theſe troops of arguments and triumpht over *Zeide*, as he triumphs over all the World. In ſhort, When ſhe came to compare the age of *Selim*, with the youth of *Morat*, the decrepidneſs of the one, with the vigour of the other, the moroſe and heavy converſe, which age brought upon the firſt, and the brisk and gallant air of the ſecond, all her reſiſtance was in vain, all her virtue feeble, and all her reaſoning to no purpoſe; ſhe then ſaw her ſelf conſtrain'd to love, and to love infinitely; for it is moſt certain, that a great merit never produceth a ſmall paſſion, and that generally the affection proves proportionable to the object. True it is, that as her beauty was not common and vulgar, ſo ſhe flatter'd her ſelf with a hope which was not ill grounded; ſhe doubted not, of putting as ſtrong chains upon him, as he had put upon her, and that *Morat* would be as much in love with *Zeyde*, as *Zeyde* was with *Morat*. She then began to put her ſelf forth to the beſt advantage, to be more than ordinarily curious in her garb and dreſs; ſhe began to ſpeak thoſe things with looks and ſighs, which ſhe durſt not do in words; ſhe began to applaud every thing he ſaid, to commend every thing he did, to ſhew ſometimes her Neck, ſometimes her Hand, without ſeeming to have any deſign, either of doing the one or the other. In ſhort, She forgot not all thoſe dextrous Arts, which all Women know, and which amorous Women practiſe ſo well, and he muſt needs have been blind, or have had a ſtupid ſoul, that ſhould not have diſcern'd, what ſhe was ſo deſirous to have taken notice of, or not have underſtood, what ſhe made ſo intelligible. Nor was he any of thoſe, that are ſo backward to diſcern or underſtand; but in regard he had in his mind, deſigns of higher conſequence, as brave and courtly as he was, and as fair and lovely as *Zeyde* was, he appear'd at this time both blind and ſtupid, his own paſſion hindring him from diſcerning or underſtanding ought, but what was the proper object thereof. Mean while, judging with himſelf, and that not without good reaſon, that in ſo difficult an enterprize as his was, there would be need of a longer time, than *Selim*'s Work, for the finiſhing of the Gallery, would require, he reſolv'd not to loſe one of thoſe moments that were ſo precious to him; and it happen'd that Fortune favour'd him with an opportunity, which he willingly took hold of; for having found near a Tree in the Garden, a Spade, which one of the Gardiners, belonging to the Caſtle, had by chance forgot, he took it up in the duſk of the Evening, and went and hid it in his Chamber, where tarrying till the dead time of all the Night, he puts up into a Bag, a large Silver Cup, richly carved, and another of Gold; and then with his Bag and his Spade in his hand, marches very ſoftly, and without making the leaſt noiſe, into the Garden, and in the moſt remote and unfrequented part thereof, digg'd a deep Pit, into which he put the Silver Cup; and about fifteen or twenty paces diſtant from thence, another, into which he put the Golden Veſſel; then filling up the Holes again, he ſo artificially cover'd them with green Turf, that no body could diſcern the digging of thoſe Pits; and then retir'd ſo ſilently and ſecretly to his Chamber again, that no notice was taken, in the leaſt, of any thing that had been done; where the ſatisfaction he took, and the hopes he conceiv'd, of the ſucceſs of his deſign, gave him better repoſe, than he had enjoy'd in a good while before. The next Morning, he deſir'd to have ſome particular

t'cular and private diſcourſe with *Selim*; they both went forth, and walkt into a pleaſant Meadow, about a mile from the Caſtle, that they might have no over-hearers of their diſcourſe. They were no ſooner arriv'd in this place, but the feign'd *Morat*, after he had lookt about him, as diſcovering a fear of being over-heard, that he might inſtil the greater opinion into him, of the importance of what he had to tell him, began in this manner; I have entertain'd ſo much of friendſhip for you, ſo great a paſſion for your ſervice, that I am reſolv'd to give you a real teſtimony thereof, and not by empty words alone, but by the ſolid, and not ſmall advantage, which will accrew to you, from the intelligence I am going to give you, make you ſenſible of the greatneſs of my affection, and give you cauſe to bleſs the hour, in which we became firſt acquainted. At theſe words, the covetous *Selim* gave an impatient attention, to underſtand what the ingenuous *Morat* drove at; yet in the mean time, omitted not earneſtly to aſſure him, of the grateful reſentments and acknowledgments, he ſhould find from him; for whatever mark of friendſhip or kindneſs he ſhould oblige him with, and that any ſecret whatſoever reveal'd to him, ſhould be as ſecure, as in his own breaſt. Upon this, *Morat* proceeding, I muſt tell you then, Sir, *ſaid he*, That as young as I now am, and for all that I paint not ill, I have nevertheleſs learnt Sciences much more important, and alſo much more difficult, than Painting; for during the Voyage I made in *Afries*, an old *Marabou* of *Mont de la Luna*, profoundly learned in Magick (that great Art of Arts, which of old the *Egyptians* learn'd of the Great *Zoroaſter*) having receiv'd me into his friendſhip, taught me almoſt all he knew in this divine Science, and made me, within a very little, as learned therein as himſelf. Now, Sir, By the great power, which the ſacred Spels, and dreaded words of the *Cabal*, have given me over the Earth, Water, Air and Fire, which are the four Elementary Bodies, I have diſcover'd, that when the *Moors* conquer'd the Kingdom of *Granada*, the King, who at that time reign'd in theſe Parts, and who was call'd *Pelagius*, foreſeeing the infallible ruine of his Eſtate, caus'd to be hid in the very ſame place, where at preſent this Garden is, a vaſt Treaſure, and to the end, that all might not be loſt, in caſe the Vanquiſhers ſhould chance to diſcover any part of the hidden Treaſures, he caus'd it to be diſpers'd in ſeveral places, ſo that to have found all, there would have been a neceſſity of making as many Conjurations, as there were ſeveral places, in this circuit of Ground. By which you may ſee, That Incantations being never made but in the night, there will be a long time requir'd, for the performance of all that are to be made; beſides, that all ſeaſons are not convenient for the Work; for we muſt obſerve certain Situations, and Aſpects of Stars, in the interval whereof, all the *Demons* are mute, and the Charms of *Magicians* ineffectual, and void of operation; and in caſe there were none of theſe obſtructions and remora's; if we ſhould go about to ſhovel away the whole Garden at once, ſuppoſing ſuch a thing were poſſible to be done, we ſhould but have our labour for our pains, and toil for other people's profit: Whereas if we dig up theſe Riches by little and little, they will be all our own, or to ſay better, yours only; for all ſhall be at your diſpoſe; you ſhall be the ſole Maſter; ſomething, no queſtion, there will be to be found; but thoſe *Demons*, whom I take to be no Impoſtors, have aſſur'd me, that there are Tables of maſſy Gold, Veſſels, Statues, Pearls, Diamonds, Rubies, and a thouſand other precious things. Mean while, for the poſſeſſing of all this, it will import us only, to work a little more ſlowly in the Pictures of the Gallery, to the end, we may have convenient time, for the making of all things ready, and for the ſeaſonable carrying on of our Work. The covetous *Selim*, who imagin'd, he had already in his poſſeſſion, all the Rubies, Pearls, Diamonds, Veſſels, Statues and Tables of Gold, told him frankly, that he would do by his Pictures, as *Penelope* with her Web, that is, undo in the night, whatever was done in the day, rather than want time. Then the ingenious *Morat* told him, he thought it would be neceſſary, for *Zeyde* to be made acquainted with their Secret; but deſir'd him, by all means, that not any one of the young Painters, ſhould have the leaſt intimation of it; for beſides, that they would expect to ſhare, and by conſequence, much diminiſh that wealth, which he only was deſign'd to be Lord of, their whole deſign would run a very great hazard, in being expos'd to the indiſcretion of theſe young people, who have not the power to keep any thing ſecret. *Selim* then promis'd him, to obſerve punctually whatever he deſir'd; and *Morat* aſſur'd him, that the next night, he would begin this great Affair, which would tend to the accompliſhment of all his promiſes. Nor did he fail him; for about eleven a Clock at night, the Painter and he went with their Spade into the Garden, with all the ſilence imaginable, and came to the very place, where this new *Magician* was ſure of finding that, which would ſufficiently content the Avarice of his Maſter. As ſoon as ever they were arriv'd at the place, *Morat* circumſcrib'd within a Circle, which he mark'd out upon the ground with his Spade, commanded him, with an imperious tone, not to ſtir out, upon peril of diſturbing the whole Myſtery of the Incantation, and the endangering of his life; after which, he pronounc'd, in a low murmuring voice, the moſt frightful words of the *Cabal*; then turning himſelf, by degrees, to all the four Quarters of the World, he invok'd all the Subterranean *Demons*, and thunder'd out the Hebrew Names of the Angels, as *Uriel*, *Mizael*, *Michael*, *Raphael*, and

and all the reſt: In ſhort, he ſo well acted all the Vagaries and Tricks of a Magician, that the poor Painter was ready to die for fear, and had almoſt forgot his deſire of being rich; at laſt he fell to digging in the place where he had burried the great carved ſilver Cup, and after a ſhort time of digging he drew it out of the earth, and deliver'd it into the hands of the Painter, to recompence the fright which he had given him before. Having fill'd up the place again, and cover'd it ſo as nothing could be diſcern'd of what had been done, they both retired home; *Selim* to communicate his ſecret and his good fortune to *Zeyde*; and *Abenamin* to entertain himſelf with the hope of his, which he thought no rate too dear to purchaſe. The Night following the feign'd *Morat* propos'd to his Maſter to return again into the Garden, to be preſent at his ſecond Conjuration, but he pray'd him to excuſe him, freely acknowledging his weakneſs, and confeſſing that though he had divers times painted both Angels and Devils, yet he had not the heart to venture the ſeeing of them otherwiſe than in Painting. You may well think, Sir, that *Morat* was not very urgent with him, knowing that without him the deſign would be much more commodiouſly manag'd, and alſo with leſs danger, ſince he ſhould be ſav'd the labour of burying any more Plate, and ſhould have henceforth no more to do but to bring it piece by piece out of his *Port-manteau*, where it was lockt up, and ſo he ſhould not need to fear any of the Gardiners, taking notice of the digging up of the earth, and coming thereby to diſcover him. At mid-night he went to fetch his golden Cup, and carried it to *Selim* and *Zeyde*, who waited his coming with a great deal of impatience, and at the ſight of it were ſo much the more elevated with joy, as they ſaw themſelves advanc'd in Riches, and were more liberal in their thanks and praiſes to him, than he was of his Gold and Silver to them. Another time he brought them Bracelets of Turquoiſes; the morrow after a Chain of Rubies; the next day a Diamond-Ring of conſiderable value: But judging, not without reaſon, that if this Conjuring-Lottery went on ſo faſt, the Treaſures of King *Pelagius* would ſoon be exhauſted, and that afterward *Uriel* and *Mizael* would diſcover no more; he told *Selim* and and *Zeyde*, that the Stars had chang'd their Aſpects, that the convenient time of incantation was now paſt for the preſent; that the Spirits, if he ſhould now addreſs himſelf to them, would at this Seaſon prove both deaf and dumb to him; that for a Months time there would be no hopes of receiving any Anſwers from them, but that as ſoon as this time ſhould be expir'd, he would not fail to renew his incantations to the Stars and Spirits, and doubted not but that he ſhould in that time obtain from the Guardian Angels of the Treaſuries very comfortable Revelations and Diſcoveries of things, yet more rich and precious than ever yet had been found; So that, Sir, whatever impatience, both the Husband and the Wife, had to get in all their riches, of which this young Painter had given them ſo fair a proſpect; and how ardently ſoever they could have wiſht him a monſtrous Mole to have turn'd up all the earth of the Garden, yet there was no remedy but they muſt ſubmit to what he preſcribed, and moderate their Avarice, waiting the good time when it ſhould pleaſe the Stars and the Spirits to accompliſh their good fortune. Mean while, whereas *Lindarache* found hers to conſiſt chiefly in the ſight and converſation of the feign'd *Morat*, ſhe under pretence of ſeeing the Pictures, went every day to ſee him; and that which us'd to be her Mothers chief divertiſement, became now her moſt ordinary and moſt important buſineſs; but the more ſhe ſaw him, the more vertues and merits ſhe diſcern'd in him, and the greater was her inclination towards him, and the more he ſaw her, the more paſſion he had for her Beauty; ſo that diſcovering every day in each other new charms, they had every day new tranſports: Not but that the ſeeming meanneſs of *Morat*'s Birth mingled grief with her pleaſures, and ſhame with her Love; and made her willing to perſwade herſelf that her Love was only eſteem; to the end ſhe might at once both ſatisfie her eyes, and pleaſingly delude her imagination; nor was this all, there interpos'd another and ſtill greater diſturbance to her tranquillity, for the Idea of *Abenamin* combated with that of *Morat*, and endeavour'd to drive it out of her heart; but yet the known *Morat* prevail'd above the unknown *Abenamin*, and the preſent Object was much more powerful with her than the other, and fill'd her heart with much more delight; yet this delight alſo was interrupted for want of thoſe ſolitudes wherewith an Amorous Paſſion delights to be entertain'd; for though Widowhood and Affliction had rendred the Humour of *Abenede* more ſolitary than it was naturally, and more deſirous of retirement than of ſociety and concourſe of Company; yet her Vow, her Riches, and the beauty of her Daughters, attracted ſo much reſort to *Malacene*, that *Lindarache* could not injoy that repoſe in which her chiefeſt felicity conſiſted; and was oftentimes conſtrain'd to prefer that which ſhe eſteem'd not at all before that which ſhe eſteemed above all things. One day, as ſhe was walking in the Garden with *Darache* toward a Pleaſure-houſe, where *Morat* was painting, ſhe perceiv'd herſelf accoſted by four perſons of quality, who came to give her a Viſit; the firſt was call'd *Abaza*, the ſecond *Tamaras*, the third *Calapin*, and the laſt *Acmat*. This Viſit, though it was not very agreeable to her, nevertheleſs willing to pay that reſpect to their qualities which ſhe could eaſily have deny'd to their perſons, ſhe receiv'd them very civilly, and offer'd to wait upon them to *Abenede*; wherein indeed ſhe mixt

Policy with her Civility, for ſhe did it to be rid of a Converſation, which being not a jote grateful to her, depriv'd her of one which ſhe infinitely coveted: But they having underſtood at their firſt coming, that ſhe was going to ſee Painting, would not divert her from her firſt intention, but on the contrary deſiring to ſhew themſelves more complaiſant, they told her, they were great lovers of Painting themſelves, and had alſo ſome knowledge in the Art, and that therefore they ſhould be glad to wait upon her to a place, where they ſhould partake with her in a pleaſure, wherein they took no leſs delight than ſhe. Hereupon, in regard ſhe long'd very much for the ſight of the feign'd *Morat*, ſhe took them at their word, and leading them the way, brought them to the Hall where this lovely Painter was at work upon his Pictures; and where they were no ſooner enter'd, but like the young Fops of the Town, they began to gape and ſtare about, and inſtead of taking a ſerious view of any thing, to look and talk all at once, to praiſe what was leaſt commendable, and diſcommend what was moſt to be noted and admir'd, to take notice of fine Colours, without regarding any other excellence of Painting, and to ask a hundred ignorant and impertinent queſtions; as, why ſuch a Figure look'd a little blackiſh on the one ſide of the Noſe? Why this thing was little? the other thing great? as neither underſtanding Draught, Proportion, the ordering of Light and Shade, heighthning or fore-ſhortning, or any thing that Perſpective or Opticks conduc'd to picture. Then troubling themſelves no farther with the Paintings, one begins ſome Friſk or Gambol, or ſome piece of a Saraband; another chatters out ſome fragment of a Song; another puts his Hair in Print; another whiſtles, and then asks what 'tis a Clock, as having nothing elſe to ſay. At all this Gallimafry of impertinencies, the witty *Morat* ſmiling with a ſubtil and diſdainful gracefulneſs, and looking upon *Lindarache*, ſeem'd to ask of her, whether theſe pretty Animals were to be thought worthy to be her Servants; to which ſhe ſeem'd again to anſwer, that thoſe rare Judges of Painting, were nevertheleſs not to be directors of her judgement. At laſt ſeating her ſelf by her Siſter, ſhe caus'd them alſo to ſit down, while the feign'd *Morat* continued his Work, and they their ſenſeleſs remarks upon it. On a ſudden, theſe intereſſed Lovers all held their peace for ſome time, and beheld him painting, without ſaying a word; after which ſilence, *Abaza* reſuming the diſcourſe, and addreſſing himſelf to the Painter; I make no queſtion, *ſaid he*, but my Pourtraiture will find a place among the Paintings of the skilful *Morat*, as ſoon as he ſhall come to repreſent the death of the cruel *Abenamin*, whom I intend to vanquiſh, and ſacrifice to the Ghoſt of *Lucan*, the grief of *Abenede*, and the reſentment of the fair *Lindarache*. But, Sir, *anſwer'd the feign'd* Morat, *not mov'd at all at what he ſaid, but ſmiling*; I think I have heard ſay that many others, as gallant Men as your ſelf, have already attempted in vain, what you ſo reſolutely deſign; ſo that the thing appearing not to me, ſo eaſie and ſo certain as you ſeem to imagine it, I doubt not but I ſhall have leiſure enough, and to ſpare, for the preparing of my Colours and my Pencils, and never be in danger of ſpoiling my Work for haſt. 'Tis true, *reply'd* Tamaras, that it hath been the good fortune of this Traitor, to overcome very many, who ought to have been his Vanquiſhers; and that treachery and villany ſometimes prevail above juſtice. But becauſe it falls out ſo ſometimes, it follows not, that it muſt happen ſo always; and I hope to accompliſh that, which ſo many brave unfortunate Men have attempted with ſo ill ſucceſs. So then, Sir, for ought I ſee, *reply'd again the feign'd* Morat, *ſtill Ironically ſmiling*, it is your Pourtraiture that muſt be in my Picture, and not that of the illuſtrious *Abaza*; ſo that if I ſhould have made haſt to have painted upon his word, and you ſhould have done the deed, I muſt have been forc'd to have put out his Head, and put yours in the room of it, which would have been an equal loſs of time and labour. They will both do what they ſay alike, *ſaid* Calapine, as little the one as the other. It is I my ſelf alone, that muſt be the avenger of *Lucan*, *Abenede*, *Darache* and *Lindarache*, upon this baſe Empoiſoner, who ſo barbarouſly deſtroy'd at once both a Husband and a Father. Behold a new obſtacle to the deſign of my Picture (*anſwer'd the feign'd* Morat, *laughing, and looking upon the fair perſon whom he lov'd*, You have ſuch different Faces, *added he*, the one long, the other ſhort, the one great, the other little, that I cannot handſomly change one Face into another; but to anſwer all your deſires, muſt ſpoil three Draughts ſucceſſively, to make a fourth at laſt, which as all ſublunary things, may be ſubject to change likewiſe, unleſs I ſtay, till one or other of you have kill'd this wicked *Abenamin*, to whom you owe ſo much ſpight and revenge. No, no, *cry'd out* Achmat, *fiercely*, To draw the Picture of *Abenamin*'s Vanquiſher, you have nothing to do but to paint me. Truly, Sirs, *anſwer'd he*, *with a brisk and pleaſant air, wherein there was alſo ſomewhat of ſharp and ſatyrical*; Since it is not to be ſuppos'd, that this pretended Aſſaſſin, hath any more lives than one to loſe, and as little to be believ'd, that you being valiant Men, will fall upon him all four at once. It is requiſite, you ſhould agree among your ſelves about the buſineſs, before I can do any thing; either reſolve to fight it out among your ſelves, and let him of the four that remains laſt Victor, paſs for the Vanquiſher of this ſuppoſed Traitor; or elſe the beſt way will be, to draw Lots who ſhall be this imaginary Victor (for the real one, I ſcarce believe, any of you will be) otherwiſe I cannot poſſibly ſet upon the painting,

painting, of either the one or the other of you; and so while all of you strive to gain a place, every one will miss his place in this Gallery. All you have said, is very pleasant and gentile, *said* Tamaras, but a little too familiar for a Painter. I confess it, Sir, *answer'd he*, but as Poets are allow'd their Poetical licences, Painters also of my proficiency, will venture at a little licence now and then; and if the bold strokes of others have been ostentimes commended, I see not, why my soft touches should not the easilier be born with. All the reason in the world, *interpos'd* Lindarache, smiling and looking upon him very obligingly, since he hath insisted on nothing but what is very justifiable; namely, that it would be a very absurd thing to paint a Triumph, before a Victory. Indeed, *added* Darache, if *Morat* had been to paint, one after another, all the Champions whom the too fortunate *Abenamin* hath vanquisht, because they undertook to vanquish him, he would only have painted Fables, where he thought to have painted Histories; he must have expung'd all that which he had taken so much pains to work, and blotted out all that Glory which those Heroes had promis'd to themselves; which would have been no less shameful for them, than painful for him. We will therefore, *added the feign'd* Morat *with a becoming freedom*, fix upon this resolution, to stay till one of these brave Cavaleers hath perform'd his promise, if at least this obstinate *Abenamin* will be found in so good a humour as to permit him, as I doubt he hardly will, and do not think he can easily be forc'd to it. Then *Lindarache* observing in the eyes of these four Lovers something of anger and spight against this Illustrious Painter, to prevent the rising of any storm, put a stop to this Discourse and turn'd the Conversation another way, without straying nevertheless very far out of the path which she had taken, and which led to Love and Honour: She demanded of all the Company, Which of the two tended most to the carrying on of great Actions, whether the desire of fame & glory in general, or the particular hope of a Mistresses favor & acceptance? For my part, Madam, *answer'd* Abasa, I should think my self very unworthy to be your Servant, nor should ever pretend to the thoughts of being belov'd by you, if I should admit any thought into my heart above the thoughts of Glory; she doubtless ought to be the highest and most predominant Object of every valiant Man's passion, and which he should prefer above all things else, for her and by her alone he is bound to steer all his Actions; nothing should have power to animate him equal with this Noble Object, the only Mistress, the only thing courted by all great Hearts and Souls. These great thoughts, *answer'd* Tamaras, are the thoughts of a valiant Man rather than of a Lover; & since in cherishing these elevated thoughts, you have more regard to your self than to your Mistress, I am of opinion she will leave you to your own great heart, for a recompence of your atchievements, or else commit the care of you to Honour, for whose sake you perform them, without concerning herself in a business wherein she hath so small a share: But, for my part, I resolutely declare, (I who have less of vanity and more of Love, more of tenderness and less of pride, less of ambition and more of flame) that the fair *Lindarache* has a greater power over me than Honour. How great an opinion soever I have of Honour, and that I do prefer her service above all things. The truth is, *added* Calapin, it is not just that a Chimera, how splendid soever it appear, should triumph over a real Beauty, which is indeed much more bright and splendid; I should be very vain-glorious, to prefer a Phantasm before so lovely a Body; on the contrary, I positively declare that Honour in my esteem must give place to *Lindarache*; that I will venture much more for the last, than for the first; It is *Lindarache* whom I shall only have regard to in all I undertake, she only can animate my heart and strengthen my arm, she only shall be my Honour, my Object, my Aim, and utmost End. If this fair Person, whereof you speak, *answer'd* Achmat, were an ordinary person, your effeminate tenderness might perhaps affect her; but in regard she hath made appear the greatness of her heart and spirit by the severity of her Vow, there is no doubt, but her opinion is (as mine also is) the same with that of *Abaza*, and that she condems what you approve, and approves what *Calapin* condemns. For my part, *said* Darache, I know not what my Sisters opinion is in this business, but I know very well that mine agrees not with yours, and that if these Lovers of Honour were Pretenders of Love to me, they should be no happy Lovers. Though the elder Sister should by right be an example to the younger, *said* Lindarache, yet, Sister, so well I approve your judgment in this argument as agreable both to reason & Nature, that I willingly subscribe thereunto, and believe it to be no less than what Reason dictates and Nature inspires. That is as much as to say, *said* Abasa, that *Acmat* and my self have Judgment given against us, and that *Tamaras* and *Calapin* carry the cause. So all people, when it goes against their side, are too apt to say, *answer'd* Lindarache, and complain against the Judges right or wrong; But why are you, *Morat*, *pursu'd she*, the only mute person, when every one else is a Speaker? why are you so silent, having so ample a subject offered to discourse of? and being, as it were, oblig'd with the rest to produce your Colours, to shew what party you are of? Out of respect, Madam, *reply'd he*, but since you have honour'd me so far as to think me worthy to wear your Favours, I will no longer conceal my self, nor forbear boldly to declare, that in case I were in a capacity which might render me worthy to be your Servant, as your merit claims service from all the World, I should not only pre-

ſer you before Honour, for my Guide and Commandreſs in all great Atchievements; but you alone before all perſons in the World beſide, and I ſhould eſteem them great and glorious only ſo far forth as they ſhould be more or leſs pleaſing and acceptable to you. You are a mighty valiant Man, I warrant, *ſaid* Tamaras, for a Man of your profeſſion: Nay, me thinks you are as good a Courtier as a skillful Painter. This being uttered by him with a kind of jeering ſmile and a tone anſwerable, the great heart of *Abenamin* had much ado to bear it, ſcarce could he contain from retaliating this Raillery with another as ſharp; till coming to conſider with himſelf, that ſuch a proceeding would moſt probably prove prejudicial to his deſign, he was contented for that time only to tell *Tamaras* laughing, That he ſeem'd to him not knowing in Painting, ſince he had ſo little reſpect for Painters; and that as great an Hero as he was, he did not imitate *Alexander*, who parted even with his Miſtreſs to the famous *Apelles*, meerly upon the Love he ſeem'd to expreſs to her, by the high commendation he gave her. There immediately appear'd an angry air in *Tamaras* his looks, who was about returning the feign'd *Morat* an anſwer, that might poſſibly have provoked him beyond his intended moderation; which *Lixdarache* perceiving, to prevent what might happen, ſhe went on with the Diſcourſe, and addreſſing it to *Zeyde*, who had not yet ſpoke a word: And you fair Mute, *ſaid ſhe*, have you reſolv'd upon Neutrality, and not to take part with any ſide, as you ſeem to do by your ſilence. No, no, Madam, *anſwer'd ſhe*, I am reſolv'd to be on your ſide, without minding or carrying to inform my ſelf whom I have againſt me. Alas, *ſaid* Acmat, that we ſhould have all the fair Sex againſt us! whatever advantage our cauſe hath in it ſelf, yet herein we ſuffer, and cannot help our ſelves. Well, well, let us not be diſheartned, *ſaid* Abaza, for oftentimes there is a great difference between a Womans words and her thoughts, between her lips and her heart. How pleaſing a thing is ſelf-flattery, *ſaid* Darache, and how happy are thoſe that know ſo well as you do how to enjoy it continually! The truth is, *added her lovely Siſter*, thoſe perſons that can carve themſelves what Deſtiny they pleaſe, certainly need never fail of a lucky one; and it is a marveliious convenient for any one to be ſo much Maſter of his own good Fortune, that he ſhall need to be beholden for it to no body but himſelf, inſomuch, *purſu d ſhe*, that it ſeems to afford us this diſputable queſtion, Which of the two conditions is moſt preferrable, whether not to be belov'd, and yet to enjoy the conceit of being lov'd; or to be lov'd, and to be perſwaded of the contrary? In my opinion, *ſaid* Abaza, the firſt is to be choſen, and this in reaſon ſhould be the opinion both of you and all the world beſide; for in ſhort, Happineſs conſiſts only in Opinion, and he that believes he is Rich, becauſe he is contented with what he hath, is really Rich indeed. For my part, I put no difference between a Man's believing he is belov'd, and his being really belov'd; he taſts the ſame pleaſures, is ſenſible of the ſame joy, is elevated with the ſame ſence of Honour, and ſo long as he hath the wit to keep cloſe to this ſweet fallacy, this charming errour, ſince he hath nothing to fear, nothing to deſire, he is undoubtedly in the higheſt ſtate of Felicity; beſides, this Felicity ought to be ſo much the greater, by how much it may poſſibly be not altogether without ſome foundation: A favourable look, an obliging word, a taking not in ill part, or ſeeming to take in good part what is ſaid or done, all theſe things are able to inſpire into the heart of a well temper'd Lover the highth of pleaſure, the utmoſt of ſatisfaction. But it is nothing ſo with him that is really belov'd, yet thinks he is not, his good Fortune ſerves to no purpoſe, his happineſs is nothing worth; to be rich and not to know it, is in plain terms but the very ſame thing as to be poor; to have a vaſt Treaſure hidden and to be ignorant of it, is no better than to have nothing at all: it is but to be miſerable in abundance. To be indeed happy is, as I ſaid before, to think he is happy, to know and believe nothing to the contrary, and that belov'd Lover who knows not or thinks not he is belov'd, is no more happy than he who really is not belov'd: And hence we conclude, that it is better for the Lover to believe what he is not, than to be what he believes not. I am of a mind quite contrary to yours, *anſwer'd* Tamaras, and one of us muſt be in a great errour: For never were two things more oppoſite, not heat and cold, not drough and moiſture, not day and night, not fair and ſoul, not good and bad, nor all the other contraries of Nature; And I am really perſwaded my Opinion is as well grounded as yours is ill, that I have choſen the better part, you the worſe, and that all the world, except your ſelf, will prefer mine before yours; for in ſhort, you content your ſelf with Chimeras and Phantaſms; you take ſhadow in ſtead of ſubſtance, you feed your ſelf with dreams and imaginations, you dream waking, if I may ſo ſay, you believe you have all when you have nothing, you fancy that you are rich when you are poor, that you are happy when you are miſerable; and when you vaunt moſt of being the Object of Envy, you then ſtand moſt in need of pity. To ſay the truth, in this pitiful Eſtate, you are not only without felicity, but alſo void of reaſon; I look upon you rather as doting through a Diſtemper than really happy, and ſhould rather ſeek Remedies for you, than Arguments; rather Hellebore, than Eloquence: The truth is, if ſo pleaſant a Malady could laſt always, I confeſs it would not be leſs available than health; if theſe Chimeras and Phantaſms were never to diſappear, they might paſs for ſomething more ſolid than what they are; if theſe imaginary

ginary riches and treasures did not so quickly evaporate in smoak, they alone, though not real, would be sufficient to make a Man rich, and consequently happy: but the mischief is, these charming illusions are never long; these pleasing dreams never last; these agreeable cheats soon discover themselves, giving place to truth; and when a sensible affliction comes to succeed this imagin'd pleasure, what a true and apparent sadness then follows this false delusive joy? What despair must needs reign in the heart of him, that sees himself tumbling down from Heaven to Hell? from glory to shame? from felicity to misery? Whereas on the contrary, when he that thought himself hated, comes to know that he is belov'd, when he that gave himself over for a poor man, comes to discover that he is rich, what joy, what felicity must his needs be? Who will presume to compare with him for felicity? Surely no man living; and this makes me conclude, that it is better to be belov'd and not know it, than for a Man to fancy himself belov'd, when indeed he is not. I adhere absolutely to this opinion, *said* Lindarache, judging that a real good admits of no comparison with an apparent one. What you say, Madam, ought to end the dispute, *said the feigned* Morat, and who but a presumptuous person, can take upon him to oppose your thoughts, or differ in opinion, from so piercing and illuminated a judgment, so clear and comprehensive a reason? These are great words for a Painter, *said* Calapin, by which I should rather take you for a Poet. As Poetry and Picture are Sisters, *reply'd* Abenamin, *smiling*, it is nothing strange, that they should resemble one another; and as little strange, that you who know either so little, should so easily mistake one for the other. However it be, *added* Acmat, I am of *Abaza*'s opinion, and prefer the ignorance of evil, before that of good. For my part, *said* Darache, I should choose rather to side with *Tamaras*; for I cannot conceive how a seeming good, can be preferrable to good in reality. All this while, *said* Zeyde, *with a pleasant smile*, I am very well assur'd, that there are many Ladies, who would willingly have all their Servants, of the humour of *Achmat* and *Abaza*; for not being capable of a true affection, it would be very commodious for them, that their Lovers should be contented with a false one; and content themselves with a belief of what they enjoy not really. Indeed, *said* Lindarache, these sort of Mistresses would be very proper for common Gallants, and they would do very well not to receive any others. But the worst is, *said* Calapin, that as those Ladies of whom you speak, know not the humour at first of their Gallants, so they on the other side, know as little the temper of their Ladies; so that both parties must be contented to take their lot, and cast themselves on fortune. From hence, without doubt, *answer'd* Abasa, proceeds all that disorder, which we see in Amours; for it is very hard for one that hath a blind guide, not to stumble, and still more hard for one that sees himself betray'd, to forbear complaining. Yet this patience, for all that, *answer'd the feign'd* Morat, is one of the principal qualities of true Love, and he that knows not how to suffer, knows not how to love, and in taking the name of Lover, assumes what belongs not to him. What you have said, with so much truth and reason, *reply'd* Lindarache, *looking upon him with a very obliging air*, gives me occasion to demand of this company, whom of the two they judge to be the most culpable, whether a Lady that secretly treats her Servant ill, or a Lover that publickly complains of his Lady? This Question, *said* Abasa, seems to me not very difficult to resolve; for every Lady who is cruel without a cause, is unjust, and he that complains of her, hath reason for what he doth: Besides, what you add, of her treating him ill in private, is rather an augmentation of her injustice, than any legal excuse of her cruelty, since by this rigor, she takes from him the consolation of having what to complain of, which is the greatest relief and ease to the minds of the unfortunate. Yes, Cruelty, whereof I speak, far exceeds that of Tyrants and Executioners, by whom their Criminals or Sufferers are never debarr'd their sighs, their groans, their cryes, or their complaints, in any of their punishments or tortures. This the unjustest and cruellest Judges permit; they deny it not those miserable persons, whom they have injur'd most. Moreover, as these cruel Creatures, who thus treat their Lovers, have certainly very obdurate souls and hearts, little sensible of pity; if the poor ill used Lovers are never heard to complain, they will easily conclude they suffer, and will never take any care to ease them of a pain, which they are not sensible they endure; so long as no body reproaches them of their barbarous usage, nor makes them asham'd of their inhumanity, they will never become sensible of their error, and consequently, never be capable of amending; so that the sufferings of these unfortunate people, will be condemn'd to last as long as life, and must never hope to have an end but by death. Lastly, Madam, He must be little better than a Stock or Stone, a piece of Iron or Brass, that can suffer such kind of Treatments without murmuring; nor is it a testimony of Love, but shews a Man to have a soul endued only with a sottish and stupid patience. Whence it follows, that a Lady, who ill treats her Lover in private, is more culpable, than a Lover who complains of his Lady in publick. Sir, *answer'd the feign'd* Morat, Though I perceive very well, that you love not much to be contradicted, yet for all that, give me leave for this once to take that liberty, and permit that truth may prevail above respect; and that a Man may adventure not to be of your opinion, so long as he believes his own opinion to be better. For, to be plain, he that names Mistress and Slave,

names

names two things so different, that they admit of no comparison; the first hath the power of life and death over the other; she hath a sovereign authority to dispose of his fortune, and to render it good or bad as she pleaseth, both without injustice, and without cruelty; she may both in private and in publick, make use of her Right and her Power, and it is her Captive's duty to receive with submission, all that comes from her fair hand, whether he find it sweet or bitter, whether cruel or favourable. In short, The disproportion of Merit, authorises her in all things, excuses him in nothing; all the favours he receives, are purely acts of grace; he holds all from the bounty of his Mistress, and nothing from his own proper merit; if at any time she treats him ill, he ought to believe, if he knows how to love, that it is the effect of his faults, not of his misfortune, and least of all, of the injustice or cruelty of her whom he loves: He ought, I say, to kiss the hand that gives him the stroak of death, to account that stroak his glory and honour; and even in death, to adore her whom he had ador'd all his life. And if the excess of rigor he undergoes, draws from him unaware, in the midst of his torment or punishment, a sigh, a few tears, or some complaint, he ought to sigh so low, to breathe out his complaints so gently, that she only may understand them, she alone be made sensible of them. Whereas, on the contrary, he that hath the insolence and indiscretion, to complain publickly of an ill Treatment, whereof he dares not complain in private, to her of whom he pretends to have receiv'd it, is unworthy of the chains he bears, and loseth as well the merit, as the quality of her Slave; he deserves both chastisement and contempt. So that I cannot but maintain against you, that the Lover who complains of his Lady in publick, is more culpable, than the Lady who treats ill her Lover in private. Behold, without doubt, *said* Lindarache, the only right way and manner how to love, the purest and the noblest fire, wherewith Love can possibly inflame a heart; all other kind of passion is brutish, and not to be born with by any Lady, that hath any virtue in her soul, or delicacy in her spirit. In a word, Respect and Discretion are essentially necessary to an honest Man, much more to a Lover; and he that fails either in the one or the other, is not, nor ought to be esteem'd either an honest Man, or a true Lover. For my part, *added* Darache, This is most certain, that if I had a Lover, that should go about to complain of my rigor in publick, to entertain company, I should give him Subject enough for long Harangues, and wherewith to divertise his Auditors for a sufficient time; for I would treat him so ill, that if death did not make him hold his peace, he should have enough to complain of all his life-time. Without doubt, Madam, *answer'd* Zeyde, This is the right way of loving, and true Lovers ought to regulate themselves by it; but there are not very many that merit this quality; and if the quantity of pure Gold, that endures the touch, is but small, in respect of the impure and baser metal, much smaller is the number of those Lovers, who are able to endure this trial. So that I judge, a little sweetness, a little gentleness is necessary, and that a Lady who would be belov'd, ought not to abuse her power, nor extend her rigor too far. Poets and Painters, *said* Acmat, *smiling*, represent not things always as they are, but as they fancy they should be: and verisimilitude rather than truth is commonly their object. The first indeed do so, *answer'd the feign'd* Morat, but not the second; who representing all things according to Nature, never swerve from the truth. On the contrary, *reply'd* Tamaras *fiercely*, you paint Battels which you never saw, represent Amours and Courtships, which people of your condition scarce understand, you are always Impostors, lyars with your hands, as other men are with their tongues. All Painters, Sir, *reply'd again* Morat *boldly*, are not so ill Souldiers as you believe, nor so little Courtiers as you would make them; for I know some who understand as well how to handle the Cimitar as the Pencil, and are as skilful (if not more) in the Art of Loving, as in the Art of Painting. The truth is, *said* Calapin, I have heard say, that the treacherous *Abenamin* paints as well as he fights, and that he is as good a Souldier as a Painter; but these Hero Painters are not very common, the greatest part of them having scarce ever seen any other blood, than what they make with their Cinabar. As bold as the feign'd *Morat* was, this discourse caus'd him to cast down his eyes to the ground and blush, and if he had not lean'd toward his Picture, as pretending to do something of his Work, he had infallibly discover'd his disorder. Yet in a moment's time he recover'd himself, and addressing his words to *Calapin*; As valiant, *said he*, as you say this person was of whom you speak, I know Painters, who are no less valiant than he, and have made as many Fights. If you mean your self, *answer'd* Abasa *scornfully*, you will not possess us with any great fear of your valour. However, since we intend not to be your Rivals, either in Love or Painting, pray let us live a while for pity's sake, and paint on instead of fighting us. *Lindarache* thought convenient to prevent the answer of the feign'd *Morat*, because of the consequence that might follow the bandying of these sharp reparties; and as she rose up to be gone, How cruel soever, *said she*, *Abenamin* is, yet he hath some good qualities among his bad; and so long as *Morat* shall resemble him in the first, I shall esteem him nevertheless. And so without staying for an answer, went forth with these four troublesome Gallants, who deprived her of almost all the pleasure of her Visit, and who by a kind of a secret instinct and an aversion which seem'd without foundation, though it had indeed more foundation than they

they thought, had ſtill a pique at the feign'd *Morat*, who was very glad to ſee himſelf diſintangled from that perplexity into which the laſt Diſcourſe of *Calapin* had put him. Meanwhile *Zeyde*, finding this Illuſtrious Painter ſtill more and more irreſiſtible, drew in new poiſon in this laſt entertainment; and going to walk in the Garden as ſhe had done of late ſeveral times before, and making reflection upon the feign'd *Morat*'s ſo little underſtanding of what ſhe had told him with her eyes: Alas, fair Sorcerer, *ſaid ſhe to her ſelf*, what does thy heart dream upon, that it takes ſo little notice how mine burns for Love of thee with a heat not to be equall'd? Ah! how is it poſſible that thy charming looks pierce into the Earth to ſearch for hidden Treaſure, and that they cannot penetrate into my breſt, and ſee that fire which they there have kindled? But why ſeek'ſt thou for Treaſures in the Earth, when thou compriſeſt greater Riches in thy ſelf, the Treaſures of thy Beauty and thy Merit? One only look of thine is more worth, than all the Gold of the *Indies*; and notwithſtanding all the wealth thou haſt given to *Selim*, 'tis of thoſe Riches alone that I make my Treaſure; Yes, though they come to me from thee by chance, & without any intention of thine, yet they diſpel my grief, and give new life to my joy and comfort; and as they force me to love thee, 'tis by their means principally that I perceive thee to be an Inchanter: But why makeſt thou no better uſe of their extraordinary power? Why doſt thou not receive love as well as give it? Why art thou not juſt as well as amiable, pittiful as well as charming? Why partak'ſt thou not of the heat I feel, why ſpar'ſt thou me not the ſhame and labour of ſpeaking? Why div'ſt thou not into my thoughts? Why underſtandeſt thou not my ſight? Why hearkeneſt thou not to what they tell thee? Sorcerer as thou art! who rob'ſt my mind of its repoſe, and yet whoſe charms for all that I cannot chooſe but love. But alas, *purſu'd ſhe*, this lovely Inſenſible will do nothing of all this; He will never anſwer me, and I ſhall never receive ſatisfaction. Let us ſpeak however ſince there is no way but that; ſince I muſt of neceſſity either loſe the day, or venture my Modeſty. Let us ſpeak and live, maugre that fear and that ſhame which counſel me to hold my peace and die; that which opens the heart, ought, in reaſon alſo, to open the mouth. In a word, I will know whether I am lov'd as I love? whether I muſt live or die? But while ſhe was thus reſolving to attempt this pleaſing Adventure, *Abenamin* was no leſs buſied in deſigning alſo how to bring his contrivances to a period, and ſuch a period as might prove advantageous to him: To which end, he thought upon a way full of wit and gallantry, which was to draw privately, and without letting the reſt of the Painters know of it, the Pourtraict of *Lindarache* half way and of the ſame ſiſe with thoſe Pictures wherewith Ladies uſe to adorn their Bedſteads. Now Sir, as he had her Idea ſtrongly imprinted in his imagination, he drew her ſo very like, that the Copy well might have been miſtaken for the Original, ſo well he had imitated her features, her complexion, the air and Majeſty of her Face; and that with as much eaſe and dexterity as if ſhe had ſate to him: As ſoon as this Picture was dry, he laid it under another which was only in the rough draught, which made the Picture underneath ſeem as if it had been only a prim'd Cloth juſt made fit for the painting of another Picture, and then laid them both among ſeveral other Cloths that were for the ſame uſe, waiting impatiently for an occaſion of putting his deſign in practice. On the other ſide *Lindarache* was ſo peſter'd with the four Lovers, that courted her, rather for her riches than her beauty, that ſhe found herſelf in little eaſe till ſhe had got rid of them, and ſaw them fairly diſmiſt out of *Malacene*. As ſoon as their abſence had ſet her at liberty, ſhe went again to ſee the feign'd *Morat* work, accompanied by her Siſter *Darache*. After they had taken their Seats, and that *Morat* was preparing to go on in his work: Madam, *ſaid he, with a good grace and ſmiling*, the Gentlemen which you brought with you hither the other day, were marvellouſly judicious in painting; for certainly no body could have diſcours'd better in this Art than they diſcours'd. No doubt, *anſwer'd ſhe laughing*, but they are prime Judges in painting, and you may well think I could not do amiſs if I ſhould wholly rely upon their Judgments. For my part, *ſaid* Darache, I am perſwaded that blind men and they ſee all alike in this Art, and according to the cenſure they threw out at random upon your Pictures, the Judgment of the one and the other may be very well taken alike. But if theſe ignorant Judges, *reply'd* Morat, have derogated from the Art of Painting, they have been no leſs injurious and unjuſt to Painters themſelves, in reference to their courage and quality, ſince to my knowledge there are not wanting thoſe who are no leſs Valiant and Noble than themſelves. This diſcourſe made *Lindarache* bluſh and her heart beat, in ſuch ſort that the feign'd *Morat* beholding her at the ſame inſtant with much attention, ſhe laid her hand over her eyes to hide her diſorder from the obſerving eyes of this illuſtrious Painter, or perhaps to gain ſome time to make ſome reflection upon a thing which ſhe heartily deſir'd were true, and which nevertheleſs ſhe durſt yet give abſolute credit to, ſo great a fear ſhe had of being deceived. *Darache* then took up the Diſcourſe, and told the ſuppoſed *Morat*, That all he ſaid was very poſſible; and beſides that Painting was in it ſelf ſo gentile and ſo noble an Art, that it was worthy of much eſteem, and that thoſe who contemn'd it were worthy themſelves of contempt. Truly, *reply'd he again*, a Man cannot be

be ſaid to be a great Painter without the accompliſhment of many Noble Sciences, which I who want muſt not aſpire to that appellation, nor to the merit of thoſe commendations that have been attributed to me; for beſides that this flattering imitation, which ſo pleaſantly deceives the eyes, and makes them take that for reality which is indeed but ſhew is an admirable Invention; beſides that this wonderful fore-ſhortning which in a little ſpace preſents a view of large Countries, and makes that which is afar off to appear near at hand, gives ſufficient aſtoniſhment to the Beholder; beſides that the variety of Colours, the oppoſition of Light and Shade, and (if I may be permitted to ſpeak like a Painter to Ladies) the Carnation, the Drapery, the Folding, the diminution of Objects by divers Colours, the Union, the Deſign, and many other things which belong to this Art and require the curioſity of the Pencil, challenge much commendation and eſteem; There are other things which a great Painter ought to attain, to render himſelf yet more conſiderable, and make his Work the more to be valued: that is to ſay, it behoves him to have a deep inſight into Architecture, Geometry, Perſpective, Opticks, and Anatomy, and (to proceed yet higher) not to be ignorant of Hiſtory and Mythology, to inquire into the tranſactions, affairs, and conſtitutions of all Ages and of all Nations, that he may preſent to view all perſons he ſhall have occaſion to deſcribe in the proper Habits and Arms that belong to them, and not confound Nations and Ages one with another, nor betray his ignorance, when he thinks to ſhew his skill. Nor is this all yet, he ought to advance as far as Philoſophy, to know perfectly the nature of the paſſions, to the end he may make a lively imitation of them, as of joy and grief, love and hatred, anger and pitty. But your four Gallants are ſo far from underſtanding theſe things, that they make no diſtinction between the greateſt Maſter of the World and a Sign-poſt Painter; and the worſt is, they are not the only Men guilty of this ſhameful ignorance, for the greateſt part of our perſons of quality are not much more knowing. Ah *Morat*, *ſaid* Lindarache, *quite raviſht with joy to hear him ſpeak ſo well*, You merit a Reward of me, and you ſhall have it, both for what you have ſpoken ſo handſomely of Painting, and for your making good what you have ſaid by your performance. So ſaying, ſhe took off a Riband from her Arm, to which was tyed a Locket of an Emerauld, whereon was graven a *Cupid* without arms, and a Dog lying down by him. Preſenting it to him, This, *ſaid ſhe*, is the mark of that value I have for your Eloquence, and the perfection of your Pencil; accept it, though unworthy of both. [I receive it on my knees, *ſaid he*, *all tranſported with joy*, to let you know that I have a far other kind of opinion of it, eſteeming this Noble Preſent no leſs than you ſeem to diſeſteem it. At theſe words he kiſs'd the Locket and put it about his Arm, but with ſo much joy and pleaſure that certainly, at that inſtant, he was the happieſt Lover in the World; though this happineſs ſoon abated, for immediately *Lindarache* and her Siſter departed: during whoſe abſence, which was always the Eclipſe of his happineſs, his greateſt conſolation was in the Locket which this fair one had given him, and a man would have thought that this Emerauld had in it a charm, and that the graven Love had been a Taliſman, ſo much his heart was mov'd and his ſoul tranſported; beſides that this favour render'd him the more bold and reſolute for the finding an occaſion to make uſe of that conceal'd Picture which he had lately made, whereas before he was ſomewhat timorous and at a ſtand how to go about it, in regard ſhe never came alone; nor durſt he acquaint her with his Paſſion in the preſence of any body elſe, but now he reſolv'd to preſent her with ſome Verſes, wherein he would ſo diſcover himſelf that ſhe only ſhould underſtand his meaning, and to read them to her as ſoon as ever Love and Fortune ſhould agree to offer him a favourable opportunity. On the other ſide, *Lindarache* thought no leſs of him than he did of her, and the advantageous ſuſpicion ſhe had of his true quality prevailing ſtill more and more in her mind, ſtrengthned her growing paſſion and increas'd her deſire of reviſiting the feign'd *Morat*; while on the other hand the ſeeming inequality of their conditions rather facilitated than hinder'd her acceſs to him, in regard ſhe was not oblig'd to thoſe punctilio's of Honour and Ceremony, as ſhe muſt have ſtood upon had he appear'd in his true quality. So that one day ſhe went alone to viſit the lovely Painter, who by good fortune alſo hapning to ſee her coming afar off in the Garden, immediately laid ready upon the Table the Verſes he had made, and then went and lockt himſelf up in the Cloſet where he kept his Colours, Pencils, and other painting Utenſils, and where he could handſomly obſerve through the Key-hole all ſhe did, but with ſuch an agitation of hope and fear, as none but he himſelf could be able to expreſs. Mean while *Lindarache* entring the Room and finding no body there, went directly to the Table, and ſpying the paper of Verſes which lay there, took them up, and meerly through curioſity without any thought of being concern'd therein, read theſe words:

Upon a SIGNET.

Celeſtial Creature, in whoſe Face
Heav'n has aſſembled all immortal grace,
This Signet and my heart will let you ſee
My Love and my Fidelity.

But (O Beauty full of charms)
That with a glance the Gods themſelves can wound,
Admire not that my Love has quit his Arms;
For in your Eyes they will be found.

Theſe

These Verses made *Lindarache* blush, and produc'd in her heart a mixture of spight and shame, of joy and grief; she was glad that a person so accomplish'd, and for whom she had so much esteem and tenderness, had such an affection for her; but she was no less troubled, that a Painter had taken the boldness to write to her, and had had the good fortune to make her see too, what he had written to her. Nevertheless, she read these Verses more than once, and more than once had the same resentments and agitations of mind, and was going to read them, when another Paper attracted her fair eyes, and presented her with a Subject, which allay'd that anger the first had rais'd. It was an Ode in praise of *Lindarache*, the two last Stanza's whereof were these:

Gods themselves in mean disguise
Have descended from the Skies
Beauties upon Earth to court.

If the Gods us'd Love-tricks, then,
'Tis as lawful sure for Men,
Madam never blame me for't.

These two last Stanza's made *Lindarache* blush anew; and since they made her understand more perfectly, that which all the rest only hinted at, she began to believe with confidence, that which till then she scarce durst think. Nevertheless, her mind was no less possess'd with fear than with hope and desire, and if she had any content in her mind, it was not a sincere content, nor accompany'd with tranquillity. Would to God, *said she, somewhat loud*, this imagination were real: But if the Ode be not true, the Epigram is very rash. The feign'd *Morat* who understood all, and saw what pass'd through the Chinks of the Door, thinking it not convenient to surprise her with those Papers in her Hand, for fear of displeasing her, by putting her to too much confusion, made some noise before he came out. Thereupon *Lindarache* hastily laid the Papers down again in their places, whence she took them up, and retir'd some paces from the Table, that no notice might be taken of her curiosity and blushes. He on his part, pretending to be very much surpris'd to find her there, snatch'd up his Verses in great hast, as if he had been afraid she had seen them, and lock'd them up in a Cabinet; after which addressing himself to her, Madam, *said he*, This is to me a very pleasing surprisal, and the most agreeable apparition that ever Unfortunate met with. I know not, *Morat, said she*, how you should take the title of Unfortunate; for methinks having so much skill, so much reputation, and so much honour in your profession, you should be content, and not account your self miserable. O Madam! *answer'd he, smiling*, There is ambition among Painters, as well as among persons of higher quality; and where-ever ambition is, there is also unquietness, especially when this passion is not alone, but accompany'd with another more imperious. At these words this fair person blush'd, understanding very well that it was Love he meant, and having an aking heart, for fear the soul of the feign'd *Morat* were prepossess'd, and the sighs he utter'd were for some other person, and for fear his looks had deceiv'd her all this while, she thought to have said no more to him, afraid of hearing those things that might trouble and displease her, and of finding that which she sought not after. But she was not able to perform, what she was going to resolve on; for her curiosity, strengthned with interest and disquiet, forcing her to speak, I perswade my self, *answer'd she*, Love is that other imperious passion, which you say, accompanies your ambition; but methinks that should not give you much disturbance; for as you are too wise a person to love above your quality, so you are too handsome and too well meriting, to be despis'd by one of the same condition. It is most certain, Madam, *said he*, that in quality I am not beneath her, but she is so much above me in merit, that if her goodness be not as great as her extraction, I shall have little reason to hope. You are too humble for a Painter, *reply'd she, smiling*, since those of your Profession are reported not over-guilty of modesty and self-denial; but your humility is too great to be believ'd, and you have too much merit, to suffer that those who know you, should think you so much beneath her whom they know not. The eyes of Painters *pursued she*, are so fine & delicate in matter of beauty, that it will be no prejudice to the beauty of this fair Unknown, to have the love and esteem of *Morat*, who understands Painting so well. Ah Madam! *reply'd he*, the beauty whereof we speak, is above my skill and art, and there is nothing can equal it but yours, and I must boldly tell you, it doth not surpass it. Ah *Morat*! *reply'd she again, blushing, and in a tone somewhat concern'd*; What you now say, is not altogether like your self, in point of Courtship, and to answer you in the same plainness and freedom, I must needs tell you, that the eyes of a Lover are ill Judges; and that as great a Painter as you are, I except against your judgment, and will not stand to your award. Yet in this also you wrong me, *said the feign'd* Morat; for no Man hath so high an opinion of you, as my self. However it be, *answer'd* Lindarache, I would willingly see her, whom you have so effectually seen; and since in all likelihood you have her Picture, as loving her so well, and knowing so well how to draw it, you will oblige me in shewing it me. But if I should shew it you, Madam, *answer'd he*, you will think me too presumptuous, and will blame me no less, than I have prais'd this beauty. How know you that? *reply'd* Lindarache; It may be I shall not like her so well as you do, and perhaps I shall blame you for that, which you think I will praise you for. It is a great venture to which I am ex-

pos'd, *reply'd he again*, and that which is equally fair with the fair *Lindarache*, may poſſeſs any one elſe with envy, but never any one with contempt. Anſwer for your own thoughts, *ſaid the fair Lady*, and not for mine; and that I may ſee whether there be juſtice in your compariſon, ſhew me the Pourtraiture about which this controverſie is. This ſhe ſaid with ſuch a vehemence, which made the feign'd *Morat* ſmile, who taking his turn to ſpeak; As ſhe whom I adore, *ſaid he*, hath not been ſo kind, as to ſuffer me to draw her in great, ſo I have too much reſpect for her, to diſgrace her in little; therefore I have no other Picture of her, than what is drawn in my heart. But, Madam, *purſued he*, this ſhall not hinder me, if you pleaſe to give me but a little time, from ſatisfying your curioſity upon the place; for I have her Image ſo well imprinted in my memory, that it will not be difficult for me to delineate it upon a Cloth, ſo as to give content to my own mind, and pleaſure to your eye. Fall to your work then, *reply'd ſhe briskly*, though I am perſwaded, you will ſcarce perform the half of what you have promis'd, and that your draught will pleaſe no body but your ſelf. To this he anſwer'd only with a careleſs ſmile, which a little vext her, becauſe ſhe underſtood not the cauſe; and then this noble Impoſtor went and took his Cloth which he had prepar'd, ſet it upon the Eaſel, took his Pallet and his Pencils, and a Spunge full of Water, and ſo ſate him down very ſeriouſly to his Work. But, Sir, as *Lindarache* had no leſs fear than deſire to ſee this Picture of the fair unknown, out of an apprehenſion ſhe had, of ſeeing her too fair, as impatient as at firſt ſhe had appear'd of this ſight, ſhe contented her ſelf with having it at the ſecond hand, and inſtead of taking her place behind the Painter, for the better opportunity of viewing his Work, ſhe took it before him, and therewith the ſatisfaction of looking rather upon him, as taking more pleaſure there, than in the ſight of a beauty, whom ſhe ſuppos'd her Rival. Then this illuſtrious Cheat began to do all that Painters uſe to do, when they deſign a Pourtraiture; he took his Chalk, pretending therewith to trace out all the firſt lines upon his Cloth, when indeed he made not a line; afterwards taking out a Pencil from among a great number, which he held in his left hand, and making as if he took off this or that Colour therewith from his Pallet, he created a belief in her that he work'd, when indeed he work'd not at all; he made ſhew of imploying all his Pencils one after another; he fix'd his eyes upon his imaginary Work; he roſe up and went back ſeveral times, as if to take a better view of what he did; he betook him to his Seat again, as it were to correct ſome fault which he had perceiv'd. In fine, he forgot nothing of all thoſe feats and poſtures, which Painters uſe upon theſe occaſions, and never Painter appear'd more a Painter than he. Now, Sir, all this while *Lindarache* ſate not very eaſie, conceiving much impatience and diſquiet, at the great care and diligence, which ſhe perceiv'd *Morat* took about his Work, looking upon it as an effect of his love, a mark of his amorous zeal, ſo that ſhe remain'd a long time without ſpeaking a word; but at laſt renewing the diſcourſe, Pray tell me, *ſaid ſhe*, whether you will not be much ſurpris'd and aſtoniſh'd, if that which you have done ſhould not pleaſe me, and if this fair one of yours ſhould ſeem to me very ugly. No, no, Madam, *anſwer'd he*, *laughing*, that cannot be; you will rather be my Rival, and love what I love, being an object which can no ſooner be beheld than lov'd. I cannot be perſwaded, *reply'd ſhe*, that ſuch a thing can be, and my heart tells me, that *Lindarache* and *Morat* will never juſt meet in one and the ſame thought. It is not, for all that, *ſaid he*, eaſie to be imagin'd, that a beauty equal to yours, will ever produce in you a contrary thought to mine; and I doubt not, but I ſhall ſoon bring you to confeſs, that you are the only perſon, in whom this equality is to be found. Never thus conſtrain your ſelf, *Morat*, *reply'd ſhe earneſtly*, out of complement to me, but tell me freely what you think; do not flatter me with a pretended opinion, that I am fairer than ſhe, when in your heart you think the contrary. I will always perſiſt, *anſwer'd he*, in what I have ſaid, and you ſhall ſoon be convinc'd, that I have reaſon for what I ſay and maintain. With that he took his Spunge, fill'd it with Water, and paſſing it lightly over his Picture, wip'd off that diſtemper or rough Painting, with which he had daub'd over and cover'd *Lindarache*'s Pourtraiture; and having taken all clear away, he made this excellent Piece re-appear, like the Sun from under a Cloud, with all its luſtre, grace and beauty. Then removing his Chair, and riſing up; Madam, *ſaid he*, *to the fair Lady*, Pray come and ſee whether ſhe whom I love, be not as fair and handſome as your ſelf? Whether you agree not with me in opinion, that ſhe is worthy to be lov'd? And whether you can have the heart to blame me, if I continue to love her as long as I live? It is upon my knees, *added he*, *kneeling*, that I await your ſentence, for you can never pronounce a ſentence of more importance in any affair that concerns me. Hereupon *Lindarache* roſe up, and went to look upon the Picture, but with ſuch an inward miſtruſt, for fear of ſeeing an object fairer than ſhe wiſh'd, and of being oblig'd in ſecret, to acknowledg a neceſſity of yielding her both the heart of *Morat*, and the price of her beauty. Judge then, Sir, how agreeable and pleaſant was her ſurpriſe, when inſtead of meeting with an unknown face, ſhe beheld her own, and that ſo perfectly reſembling, that it was impoſſible not immediately to know it. And as ſhe was inwardly overjoy'd, ſhe ſhew'd it in her eyes, maugre all ſhe could do to ſuppreſs it. But preſently recollecting her ſelf, and

and making reflection upon the mean quality of a Painter, she was both asham'd of herself and vext of his boldness; she thought it rashness enough in him to love her without proceeding so far as to declare his Love by such a cunning artifice. The anger that began to appear in her eyes made the poor Lover tremble, and to her angry looks she added words no less angry and severe: Morat, *said she with an imperious tone and disdainful air*, you forget what I am, and what you are your self, and this defect of memory is accompanied with that of judgment; Be better advis'd then, and call to mind as well the one as the other, and force me not to lose the esteem which I have for you, by so undiscreet a proceeding, and a design so aspiring above your condition. Pardon me, Madam, *answer'd he*, I sufficiently call to mind both what you are, and what I my self am; nor will I ever be unmindful of that respect I owe you, or forget to pay you what is so justly your due: But if my good fortune and happiness shall be encounter'd with no other obstacle than that of meanness of Birth, I assure you, Madam, I shall have no reason to despair; and if I shall prove as worthy in other respects as I am assuredly Noble, I shall have a very advantageous pretence, since no Man in the whole Kingdom can boast a Nobler Birth than my self. If one may guess by your wit and your handsome meen and presence, *reply'd* Lindarache, there needs no doubt to be made of what you say, and this being evinc'd, your Crime without question will be the less, and the more easily obtain pardon; but I must confess to you, to use my ordinary freedom of speech, that the excellency of your Painting gives me some reason to doubt the truth of it, and besides the consideration, that so many persons of quality, as have lately come hither, have not known you, renders me, do what I can, somewhat incredulous. All this while, Madam, *said he*, there is nothing more true than what I tell you, and it is no more certain that you are the fairest person in the World, than it is without controversy that my quality is equal to yours, it being in merit only that I am inferiour to you: In short, Madam, *pursu'd he*, I swear to you by whatever is most Sacred, that I have told you nothing but truth; and I beseech the holy *Alla*, who knows whether I am an Impostor or no, to send down, if I am, some examplary Judgment upon me and to cause me to sink down dead before you: And as to what you mention of those many persons of quality who have come hither and have not known me, it concludes nothing, since my not being known may well be imputed to the long time I have been out of the Kingdom, and the alteration of my Countenance. If it be so, *answer'd* Lindarache, you have nothing to do but to tell me of what House you are, for that being so Noble as you say it is, cannot be unknown, whatever you are; and as soon as I shall be satisfied therein, I have nothing else to demand of you. These last words, Sir, very much perplexed *Abenamin*; nevertheless, as danger and necessity make men bold, he soon recollected himself, and resuming the Discourse, Yes, Madam, *said he*, I will tell you of whose House I am, and you will know it to be Illustrious, but for some reasons I know of, and which are unknown to you, let it be deferr'd a while if you please; and if you have any trust in my vertue, you will do me the Justice to believe that you desire shall be satisfied, though not immediately. In the mean time, *added he*, to confirm you in an opinion so well grounded, I will give you a sight, *said he smiling*, of such things as a meer Painter would have much a do to shew you; So saying, he open'd his two Paniers, and shew'd her such a quantity of Jewels, and of Gold and Silver Plate as astonisht her, and constrain'd her to believe all he had said to be a real truth. As soon as he had lockt up his Riches, and laid by her Picture in the place where it was before, she in answer to his former words thus renewed the Discourse: I confess, *said she laughing*, I think there are hardly any Painters by profession who can produce such Treasures as these, except in Painting, and therefore must of necessity conclude the Possessour of them in reality to be a Gentleman of quality, or a Goldsmith: And since the latter of these cannot be imagin'd to have a Wit so sparkling as his Stones, so polite as his Diamonds, it should follow of consequence that you are of the first sort. But, Sir, *pursu'd she*, after all this, what do you pretend to do with those precious things? did you think to win my heart with them? Why hide you your Condition, since without making that appear, all your pretensions are in vain? Here the feign'd *Morat* found himself again at a loss how to answer; but bethinking himself, after he had studied upon it a while, he told her the true use to which they were design'd, and the fright of *Selim*, who took him for a Magician. At which after she had done laughing, he added seriously that as others lov'd her for her Estate, he only for her Beauty, he resolv'd to endeavour to gain her heart by his merit, not by his quality, and that this design and another consideration, which he would tell her another time, had oblig'd him to take this disguise, having entertain'd a passion for her from the time he saw her at the foot of *Lucan*'s Tomb on the day of the Ceremony of their Vow. *Lindarache* then calling to mind, that one of her Lovers had told her *Abenamin* was a great Painter, the remembrance of this, and the care she perceiv'd *Morat* took to conceal his quality, made her have a suspition that this might possibly be the same person; but then again, there was so little likelihood he would expose his life to so great a hazard, without any hope or possibility to be imagin'd of success, that this thought made a new impression in her mind, and blotted out the other; so oftentimes supposing that which is to be improba-

ble, we yield our belief to that which is not; probability without truth being ſtronger than truth without probability. But, Sir, *ſaid* Lindarache *ſighing*, if you have been preſent at this ſad ſolemnity whereof you ſpeak, you cannot be ignorant of that cruel rigour and ſeverity to which my Vow obliges me, and how much in vain it will be for any one to pretend ſervice to me, but he who ſhall preſent me the heart of *Abenamin*. I know it Madam, *anſwer'd he*, and I know moreover, that the heart whereof you ſpeak, ſhall be preſented you by none but my ſelf; I will aſſuredly do all that which all your Gallants have not been able to do; You ſhall have this hitherto invincible heart, and though I do not believe him criminal, as he is reported, nevertheleſs I will put this heart into your fair hands, and this I engage to you upon my word to perform. Alas, *reply'd ſhe with a great ſigh*, I am ſcarce fully perſwaded of his crime no more than you are, and I think if my ſecret wiſhes ſhould take place, Heaven would hardly hear my publick Vow, and *Abenamin* would ſave his life. Ah, Madam, *reply'd he again ſmiling*, by that little you have ſpoken to his advantage, you almoſt make me jealous of him. Not altogether without cauſe, *made ſhe anſwer*, *ſmiling alſo*, for be moſt aſſured you will never find any other Rival in my heart, his Valour and your Merit are for certain the whole ſubject of my eſteem. However, *ſaid ſhe*, reſtore me my Picture which you have robb'd me of, ſince I ought not to ſuffer it to remain in your hands. You muſt then, *anſwer'd he*, tear my heart out alſo, ſince your Image is better repreſented there than on my Cloth. Rather then ſo, *reply'd* Lindarache *ſmiling*, I will leave you both the one and the other, for I am far from cruel, and alſo not unliberal. Thus their converſation laſted for ſome time, and at their parting ſhe promis'd *Morat* to come and ſee him often, and not to diſcover any thing yet to her Mother of what ſhe had underſtood of him. Meanwhile they remain'd equally ſatisfied with one another; only he for his part was in ſome ſort jealous of himſelf, and troubled that the Inclination which *Lindarache* teſtified for him being not as well for *Abenamin*, ſeem'd alſo not to be for *Morat* whom ſhe knew, nor for that man of Quality whom ſhe knew not, though he, *Morat* and *Abenamin* were all one and the ſame perſon. But when all came to all, in what faſhion ſoever he were belov'd, it was ſo ſweet and pleaſant to be that lov'd perſon, whoever it were, that this light ſentiment of jealouſie diſturb'd his felicity but very little, and ſcarce hinder'd him from being happy. *Lindarache* on her part had ſome remorſe, as thinking ſhe had been unfaithful to an Inclination, which, in ſpight of her ſelf, ſhe had entertain'd for *Abenamin*; but a paſſion for an unknown perſon, is ſo weak againſt a known merit, and the ſuſpicion of the death of *Lucan* was ſuch an obſtacle to this Inclination, that the *Abenamin* of *Malacene* ſoon prevail'd above him of *Africa*, and chaſing him out of her heart took poſſeſſion in his room. *Morat* made certain Verſes upon this conceated jealouſie of his, running in a very ingenious ſtrain. But as ingenious and well compoſed as theſe Verſes were, you may imagine, Sir, he would not ſhew them to *Lindarache*, as being cautious of diſcovering himſelf to be *Abenamin*, or the ſuppos'd Murtherer of her Father, ſo that at preſent they ſerv'd him only for his own particular pleaſure, and the divertiſement of a jealouſie which might be well enough appeas'd with a Song. And now it being a pretty while ſince he had plaid the Magician, and given any thing to *Selim*, that he might not neglect any thing that might keep the old Painter in a good humour, and facilitate his own deſigns, he had recourſe not to his Demons, but to his Paniers, whence taking out a golden Box for the keeping of Vermilion, he preſented it to him: but withal told him, for the gaining of longer time, That the Stars were not well aſpected, nor the Spirits in a good humour to give anſwers. On the other ſide, *Zeyde*, according to the reſolution ſhe had taken, ſought an opportunity of ſpeaking in private to the feign'd *Morat*; nor was it very difficult to find one, ſince they both lodg'd in the ſame Apartment. It was at the end of a Walk where he was gone to entertain his thoughts with a pleaſing ſolitude, that this fair perſon met him; and after her eyes had made a preamble to what her tongue was going to ſay, and turning up her Veil that ſhe might gain the more favourable attention, and no leſs to ſhew her hand and arm, and addreſſing her words to him: What, *ſaid ſhe with a very graceful ſmile*, lovely Sorcerer! will you be always penſive, reſerv'd and ſolitary? will you mind nothing but ſeeking after Treaſures? have you no other object of your deſires but them? muſt all pleaſures elſe be laid aſide? is there no boſom but that of the Earth that invites your eye? In truth, fair Magician, *added ſhe*, this moroſe humour of yours is not ſo amiable, as ſhe, who blames it, finds you your ſelf to be, and whom ſhe herſelf could find in her heart to love. Fair *Zeyde*, *anſwer'd he*, what care ſoever I have to find Treaſures, you know me not, if you think me covetous, ſince I am very well contented with what I have, and deſire no farther addition, and in ſearching after theſe precious things it is for you that I ſeek them, and in ſo doing I mind your intereſt, not my own. Let the greedy *Selim*, *anſwer'd ſhe again*, ſatiate his avarice with it, if he pleaſe, but as for me, as I am not of his humour, it is not all the Riches you can give me will ever ſatisfie me, if your bounty extend not to higher obligations. Many a one for all that would be abundantly ſatisfied and rejoyce in the gain of them, *reply'd he*, and ſince Riches and Beauty are the Gifts of Nature and Fortune, they are no ill Companions, nor would I adviſe you to ſeparate them. Fortune

and

and Nature, *ſaid* Zeyde, can little contribute to my felicity. Who can then? *anſwer'd he*, (pretending ignorance of what indeed he underſtood well enough) Are you a Magician, *reply'd this fair perſon*, and yet ſo little skilful in the Art of Divination? But ſince I am forc'd to inſtruct you, in what you ought to have underſtood your ſelf, I will tell you for this once, that what I expect is neither from Nature nor Fortune. From whom then? *demanded he*. From Love, *reply'd ſhe*. O fair *Zeyde*! *ſaid then the feign'd* Morat, you are ſo very handſome, that whoever hath any heart at all, muſt have a heart for you. Give me yours then, *briskly anſwer'd ſhe*. Alas I have none! *anſwer'd he again*, and therefore it is, that I have not made a tender of it to you all this while. Suffer me at leaſt to ſteal it, *ſaid ſhe*. Go then and take it where it is, *ſaid* Morat *again*, and ſeek it not where it is not. Inform me then, *anſwer'd ſhe*, who hath taken it; for not being an Inchantreſs, as you are a Magician, I cannot know but by you. You ſhall never know then, *reply'd he*. But for all you pretend to be no Sorcereſs, I find ſo many Charms about you, *added he*, that for fear of falling into the ſnare of them, I am forc'd, craving your pardon and excuſe, to leave you, and withdraw my ſelf from thoſe inchanting eyes, which are not to be reſiſted, but by flight: And really he ſaid nothing but what was true; and perhaps he began indeed to feel the force of *Zeyda*'s Charms; for being ſo very a handſome Woman as ſhe was, it was no very eaſie thing to refuſe her. However he went, & left her no leſs poſſeſs'd with ſhame, ſpight & anger, than ſhe was with love. What, *ſaid ſhe*, Am I ſo contemptible a Creature? Firſt he would not underſtand my ſighs, not take notice of my looks, not regard my words, & now that I have been conſtrain'd to make him underſtand me, he hath refus'd me, deſpis'd me, left me; and ungrateful Man, as he is, hath made a ſcorn and laughter at that, which gives me cauſe to lament and mourn. Fool that I am; ſince he loves ſo little, I love too much; ſince he contemns me, I ought to hate him; he hath been deaf as well as blind; he was ice, when I was fire; he appear'd void of pity, when I appear'd void of ſhame; he told me, in fine, he lov'd another at that very time, when I told him I lov'd none but him; he refus'd me all things, even when I offer'd him all; but ſince he cannot love me, *added ſhe*, let him fear me, this cruel Tigre, this ſenſeleſs Statue; let him remember, that a loving enemy is formidable, and if not lov'd, ought to be dreaded. Yes, let us puniſh him; let us be revenged on him; let us ſeek the means with all the induſtry of an enraged Woman, with all the reſentment, that a perſon, who pretends to Beauty, can have for the contempt of it. Now, Sir, while matters paſs'd thus at *Malacene*, *Abenamin*'s friends at *Orce* were not without much trouble for him; knowing the hazard he ran, in lingring ſo long in a place, where if he were diſcover'd, he could not avoid deſtruction, by reaſon of the implacable hatred he lay under in that place, and the Tragical Vow ſolemniz'd there for ſome years againſt his life. Among the reſt, his Squire, to whom he had imparted his deſign, not able to endure the perplexity he was in for his Maſter, whom he ſo faithfully lov'd, and that with good reaſon, and whom he ſaw in all likelihood expos'd to much danger, took a reſolution to go and ſee how affairs ſtood with him, whatever hazard he might run himſelf, if by misfortune he ſhould come to be known by any one, as ſuch a thing might eaſily happen, by reaſon of the nearneſs of theſe two places; and having found him, to perſwade him to haſten out of a place, which breathed nothing but enmity againſt him, and which would certainly, if he had not a care, become his Tomb. Putting himſelf therefore into the habit of a Peaſant, he went directly to *Malacene*, and deſir'd to ſpeak with *Morat* the Painter. The Porter, of whom he enquir'd, immediately directed him where his Lodging was; ſo that croſſing the Garden, to go to the apartment where his Maſter lodg'd, he met him walking alone in a Cradle-Walk, and entertaining with a pleaſing ſolitude thoſe thoughts, whereof *Lindarache* was the only Subject. He was no ſooner come up to him, but with an honeſt freedom, Sir, *ſaid he*, The danger I apprehended you to be in, would not ſuffer me to take any reſt, till I came to receive of you the honour of your renew'd commands, and uſe my utmoſt endeavours for your ſervice. My dear *Zetin*, *ſaid he*, for ſo his Squire was call'd, your cares for me are very kind, and I take them as teſtimonies of your affection; however you might have ſpar'd theſe pains, ſince I ſtand not in need of them; for the Fortunate fear no enemies; all things ſucceed according to their mind; and to obtain their ſatisfactions, they have no more to do but to dare. But, Sir, *anſwer'd* Zetin, Fortune will be always Fortune, that is to ſay, ſubject to change. When a Man is imbark'd, *reply'd* Abenamin, all depends upon reſolution. In a word, It were as good for him to be caſt away, as not to arrive at his Haven; to return back, would ſavour too much of ſloth and cowardiſe, and life it ſelf would be bought too dear at ſuch a rate. Conſider for all that, *anſwer'd he again*, that the deſigns of Men of your condition, always make a noiſe; that it will be thought ſtrange, that the death of the valiant *Alboyalde*, ſhould not bring you back to *Granada*; that though you are very much chang'd, ſince your firſt departure into *Africa*, yet of ſo many as frequently reſort hither from the Court, one or other may chance to call you to memory, and conſequently be the occaſion of your deſtruction. No, no, *Zetin*, *reply'd the feign'd* Morat, *laughing*, I am not to be mov'd or ſhaken by fear; where I ſee moſt danger, thither my feet carry me with ſpeedieſt pace; I muſt not balance life with honour, which I prefer above all things.

I know very well, *reply'd the Squire again*, that the reſpect I owe you obliges me to ſilence, and that I ought not to reply after you have made your poſitive reſolves; But Sir, my fear for you prevails above my reſpect, and conſtrains me to put you in mind, that a brave Man, when he reſolves to die, ſhould die like a brave Man, either glorioufly by the hand of an Enemy, whom firſt he hath made to feel and dread the terrour of his blows; or at the taking of a Town by ſtorm, leaving his body intombed under the Ruins of a batter'd Wall; Not in a Garden among Flowers, or in a Gallery among Pictures and Painters. Pardon me Sir, the liberty I take; but that which incites me to this liberty pleads alſo my excuſe. Since I plainly perceive, *reply'd the ſuppoſed* Morat, that what ſeems to be anger, is indeed friendſhip, I cannot but excuſe the effect: This freedom is not common, but proceeds from a ſpirit which is not at all mercenary, which can not flatter and play the pick-thank, which never diſguiſeth his thoughts, but ſpeaks ingenuouſly all he thinks. Truth is certainly a ſevere beauty, but if ſhe inſpires not Love, ſhe at leaſt inſpires veneration, which is however a very great beauty. I know it *Zetin*, I know very well that ſhe is of your opinion, nevertheleſs I am deprived of the power of hearkning to her, a Tyrant hath baniſht her together with my reaſon; I eſteem her very much, but love *Lindarache* yet more, and for her I will forſake both reaſon and truth. Since it is ſo, *ſaid the Squire*, why do you not carry her away, and thereby free your ſelf at once both from diſturbance and danger. Ah *Zetin*, *reply'd he*, I deſire to gain her heart, not her Eſtate; this violent courſe, you adviſe me to, ſuites not with my inclination; I had rather Love ſhould take her, and force her for me, than uſe any force my ſelf, beſides the greateſt difficulty is ſurmounted, the greateſt danger is paſt; I love, and am not hated, nor am I out of hope that my deſign will have a happy end; wherefore as I have no need of the aſſiſtance of any one, ſo your preſence will do me more harm than good, if you ſhould come once to be ſuſpected; wherefore *Zetin*, haſten away from hence, and leave me to Love and Fortune. Hereupon the Squire finding all his endeavours and perſwaſions in vain, was forc'd to obey, though not without much reluctance and difficulty in reſolving to leave his Maſter alone in a place where he ſaw him ſo expos'd to danger. Mean while as the paſſion of *Lindarache* was grown ſtronger and more powerful by the knowledge he had given her of his Quality, her Viſits alſo became the more frequent, and there paſs'd not a day from that time forth wherein ſhe came not to ſee *Morat* paint, or to ſay more truly to ſee and converſe with him. This extraordinary correſpondence was not only perceiv'd but ſuſpected by *Zeyde*, and though the inequality that ſeem'd to be between the Condition of *Lindarache* and that of *Morat* might well have ſtifled this imagination, yet as Love and Jealouſie are never aſunder, ſhe at leaſt made little doubt of what at firſt ſhe ſuſpected; And then his contempt of her Beauty, and of the teſtimonies ſhe had given him of her paſſion, ſtill fortified this belief, and increas'd her jealouſie; ſhe concluded, as well, that *Morat* had a paſſion for *Lindarache*, as that *Lindarache* lov'd *Morat*; but to be more fully convinc'd and confirm'd in what yet ſhe only doubted and ſuſpected, ſhe reſolv'd to have a moſt ſtrict and watchful eye as well upon the one as the other. And as it is very difficult for two Lovers not to diſcover their Love, how ſecretly ſoever kept, by ſome ſigh, ſome glance of the eye, ſome expreſſion or other let fall, when a jealous ſoul lies upon the watch, and attentively obſerves all their Motions; So *Zeyde* ſoon clear'd her doubts, and made a perfect diſcovery of the truth of what ſhe deſir'd to know. Whereupon ſpight, jealouſie, anger and deſpair reign'd altogether in her heart, and made her ſwear ſolemnly to take a ſevere revenge of *Morat*, and to ſeek all means poſſible for the accompliſhment of her intention. While this unhappy Lover was thus conſpiring againſt the object of her Love, the ſorrowful *Abenede* began ſtill more and more to renew the memory of hers, and to revive the affliction which ſo ſad a loſs inſpir'd her with, ſeeming to have the Ghoſt of *Lucan* inceſſantly before her eyes, and never forſaking her; and this dreadful Idea was attended with the thoughts of the horrid and barbarous manner of his Murther, in which *Abenamin* was by her taken to be the only Actor, and againſt whom therefore her mind breathed nothing but Fury and Revenge. In this cruel agitation and affliction of mind ſhe came one day to the place where the feign'd *Morat* was working, accompanied by her two Daughters, *Darache* and *Lindarache*, and two perſons who made courtſhip to the laſt, one of whom was nam'd *Temir*, the other *Calam*; and addreſſing her ſpeech to the Illuſtrious Painter with a great heat and earneſtneſs of ſpeech, My dear *Morat*, *ſaid ſhe*, *all in tears*, I cannot live, and therefore I come to ſeek out a means which may help me to make haſt to die: I moſt earneſtly conjure you therefore to help me in this great deſign, and in order thereunto to leave off this Picture upon which you are now at work, and to fall upon another which I deſire you to begin before me, wherein you are to repreſent the Traitour *Abenamin* cowardly aſſaſſinating the valiant *Lucan*, to the end that the ſight of ſo horrid an Action, may occaſion my heart-breaking and death, and thereby deliver me from the miſery I live in. Ah, Madam, *anſwer'd this Illuſtrious Painter*, *very much ſurpris'd at this diſcourſe*, I will never take Pencil in hand upon any ſuch occaſion, for as I take ſingular pleaſure and delight to contribute to your divertiſement, ſo I ſhall never be willing to do any thing that may contribute to your ſorrow and affliction. No, no, *Morat*, let not any ſuch conſideration in-

induce you to refuſe me what I deſire, *ſaid ſhe*, for in the mind and reſolution I am in, this refuſal will but augment my deſpair, and infallibly haſten my death. If it be ſo, Madam, *reply'd he*, I ſhall diſpoſe my ſelf to obey you, ſince I would not willingly be inſtrumental to haſten the death of a perſon whoſe life I would chooſe rather to preſerve, though at the expence of my own. Then he took the Picture on which he was working from off the Eaſel, & in the room of it put another prim'd Cloth ſtretcht upon a frame, & after all the Company had taken their Seats, he alſo ſet himſelf down to his work, and taking his chalk Pencil began firſt to draw out the whole rough draught, and afterwards to deſign the Combat in particular, where the valiant *Lucan* had been wounded by the cowardly *Olyman*, in ſo ſhameful a manner. Thus *Abenamin* plac'd *Abenamin* himſelf where he leaſt ought to have been, and the gallanteſt of Men became repreſented in Picture the baſeſt of Villains. Having thus laid out the whole deſign with his chalk, he took his Pencils, Pallet and Colours, and began to draw the head of this pretended Aſſaſſin; but as ſoon as he had proceeded ſo far that the air of the Face might be diſcern'd, *Abenede* who all the while was very attent upon what he did, obſerving that he repreſented the pretended *Abenamin* with a viſage which had nothing in it of ghaſtly and cruel, ſhe immediately ſtopt his hand, and with a kind of eagre concernment, Ah *Morat*, *ſaid ſhe*, as excellent a Painter as you are, I muſt needs at this time correct you, in telling you, that you make him appear like a Man, whom you ought to ſet forth like a Monſter, and have with great indecorum aſcrib'd a humane viſage to a moſt inhumane Traitor: It behoves you therefore to alter what you have already done, and to put him on a gaſtly, ill natur'd, wicked, falſe and treacherous Meen and Countenance, a loathſome and frightful deformity, unproportionable feature, a ſallow, leaden and traitour-like complexion, a cruel, frightful, downcaſt and hanging look, a low ſtature and ill made ſhape; in a word, forget nothing that may render him to ſight the uglieſt and to imagination the wicked'ſt Fellow of the Earth. But Madam, *anſwer'd he coldly*, if I ſhould paint according as you order me, this Picture would not be his, that is, would not reſemble him, for as I have heard ſay, he is not like what this deſcription would render him. If he is not, he ought to be, *reply'd ſhe, half angry*, and you will very much diſoblige me, if you paint him otherwiſe. Then Madam, *reply'd he again*, *Abenamin* of *Malacene* muſt not be him of *Granada*; but 'tis no matter, ſince you will have it ſo, he whom I am now going to draw, I will ſecure you, ſhall be none of the handſomeſt youths, or give any fear of robbing a Lady of her heart. And indeed to content her he came no whit ſhort of his promiſe, for he drew the moſt diſmal Spectacle in the World, Uglineſs it ſelf was not more ugly, nor could a more frightful Object be preſented to view, or enter into imagination. Admire, Sir, all this while the wonderful irregularity of the paſſions, and how ſtrangely the Soul is tranſported by them when they get the Maſtery. *Abenede* knew well enough that this falſe Image of *Abenamin* was but a Chimera, a Phantaſm, the Imagination of a Painter; yet nevertheleſs her blind fury and exceſſive hatred ſo far tranſported her, as not to doubt that ſad ſhape to be the true Pourtraiture of *Abenamin*; which, upon her ſuppoſition, and a little to disburthen her mind, ſhe fail'd not to ſalute in Effigie with that kind of injurious and opprobrious Language, which ſhe would rather have vented againſt his perſon, had ſhe known he had been ſo near: However ſhe gave very great thanks to the feign'd *Morat*, for having ſo happily gratified her deſire: And this Illuſtrious Painter, who could not chooſe but laugh in his ſleeve at his adventure, aſſur'd her that when he came to finiſh this Head, he would make it yet much more ugly than hitherto he had drawn it. Hereupon the continued to expreſs her infinite obligation to him, and then perceiving a floud of tears ready to burſt forth with greater violence than conveniently allow'd of her longer ſtay in this Company, ſhe went out and walkt alone in the Garden, to the end ſhe might vent her complaints and lamentations for the loſs of her dear *Lucan*, leaving *Darache* and *Lindarache* in the place with *Temir*, *Calam*, *Morat*, *Selim* and *Zeyde*. As ſoon as ſhe was gone, this Illuſtrious Painter took off from the Eaſel this moſt ill favour'd piece of Painting, and put on in the room of it that which was there before, and then looking upon *Lindarache* with a ſmile, Madam, *ſaid he*, many Authors are of opinion that it is lawful for Poets and Painters to feign; which being allowed, it cannot be ſaid but that I have made very good uſe of my priviledge: For was there ever ſo great a Maſter of Fiction as I have ſhewn my ſelf; and you ought not to hate my *Abenamin*, as little beautiful as he is, ſince you may aſſure your ſelf he hath no reſemblance with the other, nor can otherwiſe be known who he is, than by having his Name written underneath, as the chiefeſt Painters of former times were wont, out of their good Natures, to let the ignorant underſtand the depth of their learned intention, to write under their Pictures, THIS IS A MAN, THIS IS A HORSE, THIS IS A TREE, THIS IS A ROCK. Truly, *ſaid* Lindarache, if this wicked Man ſhould be any thing like what you have repreſented him in your Picture, I ſhould not think ſtrange at all his having overcome ſo many brave Men, ſince his Countenance would have been able to have frighted them to death without making any uſe of his Cimiter. At theſe words the feign'd *Morat* and this fair Peſon lookt upon one another with

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an obliging and paſſionate air, which *Zeyde*, whom Love had made quick-ſighted, perceiving, began to conjecture a correſpondence between them, and to entertain a jealouſie, which caus'd very great diſturbance, and had like to have coſt *Morat* his life. In the mean time, after this particular diſcourſe, the Converſation became more general, and *Darache* paſſing from Hatred to Love, would needs know, whether of the two was moſt capable of becoming ſeriouſly amorous, whether he who hath already lov'd, or he who never lov'd any thing? For my part, Madam, *ſaid* Temir, I believe the firſt; for he having been ſenſible of this charming paſſion, and knowing the ſweetneſs of it by his own experience, will tend with a natural inclination to a thing ſo well known, and his ſoul having felt a former heat, will infallibly be more apt to kindle a ſecond flame, than that a firſt fire ſhould be rais'd in him, who never had any before. He knows very well, what joy the ſight of the lov'd Object always inſpires; he knows, how the remembrance of things paſt renews this joy; and that ſo long as a Lover thinks of his Miſtreſs, he may then boaſt himſelf happy, how unhappy ſoever he might be at other times; he knows the charms of an obliging look, the raptures of a favourable word, he hath try'd the pleaſure of this kind of amorous converſe, what tranſport there is in an entire confidence, and what ſatisfaction he feels, who is permitted to open his heart to the beloved perſon, eſpecially when ſhe doth the ſame thing reciprocally to him. In a word, Madam, Our mind and our judgement abandon themſelves to our memory upon this occaſion, and the Image of our paſt felicity, making us hope for the like to come, we love as we have formerly lov'd, hoping to have the ſame happineſs we have formerly had; and knowing how infinitely ſweet and deſirable this enjoyment is. Whereas on the contrary, How can any one love, without knowing what it is to love? How can he venture on a Sea, whereon he never yet made voyage? Having no Chart to guide him, the leaſt wind will cauſe an apprehenſion of a Tempeſt, the leaſt noiſe, an imagination of Rocks, Shoals, Quick-ſands, Whirl-pools, and whatever elſe may threaten ſhipwrack. And if it be dangerous to ſail upon unknown Seas, no leſs hazardous and difficult it is, to fall upon any enterpriſe, whereof one never had any experience. I am therefore verily perſwaded, that he who hath already lov'd, receives much more eaſily a ſecond impreſſion of the paſſion of Love, than he who never was in Love. I muſt needs ſay, *anſwer'd Calam*, I am of an opinion directly contrary to yours, and ſuppoſe it will be no very difficult task to convince you, that mine is the moſt rational and indubitable. For as for your compariſon of a Sea-Voyage, you could not have hinted at a thing, which ſerving ſo ineffectually to your purpoſe, could have turn'd more to my advantage. For at the firſt undertaking of any Voyage, we ſee nothing but what pleaſes and invites, Ships curiouſly painted, carved and guilded, Banners, Streamers and Enſigns diſplay'd, glitſtring with Gold and various colours, the Trumpets harmoniouſly ſounding, the Sea calm and ſmooth as a looking-Glaſs, no appearance of Rocks, or any dangerous or affrighting ſpectacle; ſo that we ſet ſail from the Port or Haven, full of mirth and jollity, with high hopes of making a happy Voyage, and of returning full fraught with riches. But thoſe that have made trial of the Seas, and undergone all thoſe miſeries and dangers you mention'd, hardly eſcaping ſhipwrack, and the loſs both of life and goods, will not be over-haſty to put to Sea again. So it is with Love, generous *Temir*: At firſt all appears pleaſant, all charming and delightful; the Lady charms and ſurpriſeth with the luſtre of her Beauty and Gallantry; her Eyes pleaſe and ſeek to pleaſe; they take away liberty without taking away hope; if they obſerve not what they promiſe, they at leaſt promiſe, and thereupon no mean pleaſure muſt enſue for the preſent; nothing to be ſeen or heard of but Plays, Balls, Ballets, Serenades, Feaſts, and in a word, all manner of divertiſement and joy. But when in proceſs of time, theſe happy days paſs away, theſe Sun-ſhiny mornings become overcaſt and clouded, we meet with pain and ſorrow inſtead of pleaſure, contempt inſtead of eſteem, hatred inſtead of love, inconſtancy inſtead of fidelity, labour and trouble inſtead of repoſe, ſhame inſtead of honour, a death full of bitterneſs inſtead of a life full of ſweetneſs. Beſides, when we begin to love, we but begin in a manner to live; and as the firſt Age of Man's Life, falls ſhort of judgement and perfection, no wonder if we then abandon our ſelves to the impetuoſity of our paſſions, and ruſh too violently into our pleaſures, conſidering neither difficulty nor danger, thinking only of what is preſent, never of what is to come, carried on with a blind and heedleſs precipitation and raſhneſs. But when the perfection of years hath matur'd the judgement, and fortified reaſon, matters proceed in another kind of manner. Danger once known is avoided; and an experienc'd Souldier will not throw down his Arms, till he hath try'd the Fortune of the day; he defends his liberty ſtoutly; and if he is vanquiſh'd, it is without diſgrace, becauſe not without difficulty. Whence I make no difficulty to conclude, That he who never lov'd, is ſooner caught in the nooſe of Love, than he who already knows what it is to love. As far as I ſee, Sir, *ſaid* Darache, *laughing*, you have not been very well treated in your firſt Amours, ſince you think it ſuch imprudence, to engage in a ſecond adventure of Love. Certainly either the Lady before was very cruel, or the Knight is now very timorous. The truth is, *added* Lindarache, This moral argumentation of *Calam*, ſhews more of the Philoſopher than of the Lover, and

and is a greater proof of his Wiſdom than of his Love. Methinks, *purſued ſhe*, it ſavours but little of the Courtier, to appear ſo like a Stateſman before Ladies, and the heat of *Temir*'s diſcourſe, ſeems to have a better grace, than the ſober gravity of *Calam*'s Sophiſtry. Madam, *ſaid he*, I treat of things only in general, and there is no reaſon I ſhould go about to make a particular application; ſince what I do for your ſervice, will ſufficiently make it appear, that I think not ſo much of my ſelf; and that it is not in reference to my ſelf, that I ſpeak at this time. However it be, *anſwer'd* Temir, you have not taken the right ſide, nor defended the right cauſe; and I account it my chief honour, that I am crown'd by the fair *Lindarache*; and am alſo proud, to find her in the ſame opinion with my ſelf. But, Sir, *reply'd the feign'd* Morat, if the reſpect I owe you would permit me, I ſhould be bold to tell you, that neither of you hath taken the right ſide, nor maintain'd the right cauſe; and that inſtead of ſpeaking of firſt and ſecond adventures in Love, you ought rather to have maintain'd, that no one ought to love above once; and that he who loves a ſecond time, deſerves to be hated, or at leaſt contemn'd. I am not of your mind, *reply'd* Zeyde *very fiercely*, and hold, that when a ſecond flame is lighted by fairer eyes than the firſt was, this Inconſtancy is commendable, and not to be blam'd by any one. Fair *Zeyde*, *anſwer'd the feign'd* Morat *ſmiling*, Though you poſſeſs a Beauty powerful enough to make Apoſtates, yet I cannot but wonder, you ſhould maintain this Argument, which beſides the injuſtice of it, equally makes againſt as for you; it being a moſt equitable aſſertion, that as you ought not to be belov'd by any one that hath lov'd another before you, ſo no one who hath lov'd you firſt, ought to love any one beſide. She was juſt going about to anſwer, when *Lindarache* interrupted her, by propoſing this other Queſtion to the Company, namely, Which they took to be the moſt unfortunate caſe, whether to ſee a Miſtreſs unconſtant or dead? For, *added ſhe*, though this queſtion proceeds not from the Subject of the laſt Converſation, yet the examination of it ſwerves not very much from it. Then *Darache*, aſſuming the diſcourſe, and addreſſing her words to her Siſter, For my part, *ſaid ſhe*, if I were a Lover, I would rather my Miſtreſs ſhould die, than that ſhe ſhould leave me for another; and ſhould ſooner take comfort after her death, than her deſertion: For, in ſhort, death is univerſal and inevitable to all, and incident every day to one or other; from the time a Man firſt begins to love, he knows that ſhe whom he loves is mortal, as well as himſelf, and that of neceſſity, ſhe muſt at one time or other leave him or he her. Now a general evil afflicts leſs than a particular; and to have all the world aſſociates in the miſery of one, is no ſmall conſolation. Beſides, you know very well, that what ſurpriſeth not, is not ſo difficult to be undergone; and that fainteſt heart, being prepar'd for a Misfortune, endures it with ſo much the more conſtancy. Moreover, as in this kind of Misfortune, there is nothing to complain of but of Fortune, nothing in the lov'd object that gives cauſe of complaint, this is the greateſt eaſing imaginable, to the diſcomfort of the Unfortunate. Even that which afflicts, gives comfort; he oppoſeth againſt the bitterneſs of his preſent condition, the ſweet remembrance of paſt felicity; and though the deprivation of a good, which was and is no more, may be ſaid to be an evil, yet ſo long as the Image of that good remains in the mind, I hold there is ſome mixture of pleaſure; and the very tears, which this grief cauſes to be ſhed, have alſo their charms, as well as thoſe which proceed from joy. But matters are far otherwiſe, when a Miſtreſs proves unfaithful: For as Inconſtancy is not ſo general as death, ſo it affords not the ſame avenues of conſolation; if we go no farther than the buſineſs of ſurpriſe, thoſe who expect no alteration in their condition, never prepare for it, and therefore whenever it happens, muſt needs be ſurpris'd; and conſequently, are more unhappy, than they who have a fore-ſight of their affliction. In a word, Upon the death of her whom the Lover adores, he hath nothing to complain of but Fate; whereas upon her Infidelity, his cauſe of complaint is againſt her; wherefore his grief is the more bitter, and his misfortune the greater; for nothing is ſo ſenſibly grievous, as the evil which proceeds from that perſon or thing, whence nothing but good was expected. Moreover, when a Man loſeth by death her whom he loves, he hath this ſatisfaction, that at the ſame time, ſhe is loſt to all his Rivals; ſo that while he laments himſelf, he ſees others lament, and none of them can laugh at the affliction he endures. But when a Lady's Inconſtancy cauſeth a Lover's deſpair, ſhame augments his ſuffering, vexation redoubles his grief, the felicity of his Rivals makes his affliction the greater. Upon theſe reaſons I build my firm opinion, that it is not ſo great a cauſe of ſorrow, to ſee a Miſtreſs dead, as Inconſtant. Ah! Madam, *anſwer'd the feign'd* Morat, As amiable a perſon as you are, it appears you were never yet in Love, ſince you ſeem to be ſo ſtrongly perſwaded of that, which all your eloquence, as great as it is, can never convince me of. O God! *purſued he, ſighing*, How great ought the ſorrow of that miſerable Lover to be, from whom death raviſheth that, which he loves above his life? The very imagination only of this dreadful Misfortune, ſtrikes me with a horror, which ſo long as it laſteth, renders me the moſt afflicted of all Men. It is ſo great a Misfortune, that he who ſurvives the ſuffering of it, takes a title which belongs not to him, when he calls himſelf a Lover; it being moſt certain, that after ſo terrible an accident, he cannot be a Lover and live; all other afflictions whatſo-

ever, cannot deſerve the name of afflictions, when compar'd with this; it ſo far exceeds all compariſon, that nothing is to be ſeen or thought on which can come near it. In a word, With a Miſtreſs dies all a Man's hope, all his glory, all his pleaſure, all his joy; and he remains in ſo pityful an eſtate, that a grave is his only refuge, a precipice his only ſuccour, and death his only felicity. All the Beauties, and all the ſweetneſſes in Nature, ſignifie nothing to that unfortunate perſon, whom this one affliction befals. For in this woful eſtate he ſees nothing, hears nothing, underſtands nothing, hath no ſhare in all the divertiſements of the world; and if exceſs of grief did not make him ſenſible of being alive, I think he might eaſily believe himſelf dead, having ſo ſmall a part in life. Nor but that I am apt enough to conceive, that the Inconſtancy of the perſon belov'd is a very cruel chance; and he muſt needs be very blind and ſenſeleſs, that does not think ſo. Yes doubtleſs, it is a very hard caſe, for a Man to ſee himſelf deceiv'd; harder yet to ſee himſelf forſaken; ſtill worſt of all to ſee himſelf forſaken for another: there are certainly few unhappineſſes that can compare with this. But when all is done, it is death alone which makes all evils remedileſs; an inconſtant Woman who hath once chang'd, may poſſibly change back again, and return to her firſt Love; that repoſe ſhe hath taken from us, ſhe may render back again; or ſuppoſe at the worſt that ſhe continue obſtinate in her fault, that her Inconſtancy become conſtant, her deſertion without return, a generous indignation may do that, which will ſufficiently quit ſcores with this ungrateful perſon. We may quit her, as ſhe hath quitted us; may change, as ſhe hath chang'd; do that without a Crime, which ſhe in doing hath made her ſelf a Criminal; may recover our reaſon, our liberty, and our repoſe. But when death proves this fatal robber, whom alone we are to tax for the irrecoverable loſs of our Miſtreſs, nothing of all this can be done, nothing can be found out to heal our malady, nothing to give us comfort; nothing but our death alone can make us forget hers, and if we think to preſerve her memory with the loſs of life, death it ſelf will not be able to bring this to paſs. Wherefore, Madam, pardon me, I beſeech you, if I am not of your opinion; ſince it is impoſſible for any Lover to adhere thereunto, but rather quite contrary to be of this firm belief; That it is more deplorable and grievous for a Lover, to ſee his Miſtreſs dead than unconſtant. O Siſter! *ſaid* Lindarache, You would have made but a bad Lover, and Nature therefore hath done well to make you a Woman. In ſhort, I am for *Morat* againſt you, the pathetical tenderneſs of whoſe diſcourſe, hath almoſt drawn tears from me. Madam, *ſaid* Zeyde, *maliciouſly*, When the Orator is eſteem'd, his Oratory muſt needs pleaſe, and be very powerful to perſwade; his ſucceſs proceeds not always from the force of his reaſons, nor the beauty of his eloquence. The truth is, *added* Temir, *laughing*, as I care but little for *Morat*, ſo his eloquence prevails as little with me; and maugre all his fine diſcourſe and ſpecious arguments, I declare his opinion not to be mine, who ſtand reſolutely for death, againſt Inconſtancy; And I no leſs reſolutely, for Inconſtancy againſt death, *anſwer'd* Calam; conſidering well, that a Man of your principles, might upon a ſlight occaſion of jealouſie, offer violence to the perſon of his beloved. Beſides, as I am ambitious to poſſeſs her, in Picture, whom chiefly I deſire to enjoy in reality, think it not ſtrange, that I am willing to comply a little with him, who is ſo well able by his Art to ſatisfie my curioſity. Rather ſuppoſing it drawn by another Hand, *reply'd* Lindarache, you ſhould court the dexterity of his in another nature; that is, to ſteal it for you, ſince I ſcarce believe, there is any Lady that uſes to make ſuch preſents. You repreſent them, *anſwer'd he again*, not overgenerous. Preſuming you therefore to be the ſame kind of perſon, as you judge others to be, I cannot but wonder, how ſo great a Soul as yours ſhould be guilty of Avarice, which is reputed to be not the leaſt of vices. 'Tis true, *reply'd ſhe*; but if Liberality be a virtue, yet Prodigality is a vice as well as Covetouſneſs. However it be, *ſaid* Darache, from this diſpute of yours there eaſily ſprings up another; for it gives a fair occaſion to demand, which of the two may paſs for the moſt ſweet and pleaſing kind of ſatisfaction, a favour openly beſtow'd, or ſuch a one which is permitted to be ſtollen by a ſort of ſecret connivence? If I miſtake not, *anſwer'd* Calam, it ſhould be the laſt; for there is in it, ſomething of prettily tender, innocently waggiſh, tickling the imagination, and which pierceth to the very heart, and fills it with an exulting joy; and indeed the obligation of making a great myſtery of theſe favours, and keeping them up choicely as a ſecret, cauſeth the pleaſure of them to laſt the longer, and inſtead of diminiſhing and deſtroying it, makes it grow and increaſe together with our Love. Beſides, ſince the owner dares not ſhew or produce them in publick, they are kept the more charily up, and but ſeldom look'd upon; and this choiceneſs and rareneſs of producing them to ſight, redoubles the greedineſs of ſeeing them, and removes all ſatiety; whereas on the contrary, thoſe given favours which are expos'd to view every moment, and which all the world ſees as well as the owner, produce only a ſlight and tranſitory content, without any heighth or tranſport of delight. This publick freedom, this allow'd liberty, takes away all the ſalt, all the poinancy, and all the delicacy of them; they ſavour more of Marriage than of Love, and are inſipid rather than ſmartly reliſhing; which obliges me to this perſwaſion, That thoſe favours which we take by ſtealth are more ſweet than thoſe freely beſtow'd.

ſtow'd. I am not of that mind, *ſaid* Temir, as judging little reaſon to be in it: For the truth is, the only thing which ſets a valew upon any Gift, is the intention of the Giver; this alone is that which renders them conſiderable, and without which it is but a bare Riband, a Knot, a Bracelet, a Trifle, and indeed nothing that is meriting neither conſideration nor eſteem. It is, I ſay, the Intention only which obliges, and ſets a true eſtimate upon the thing given; whereas in a favour ſtollen it is nothing ſo, ſince the Lady from whom it is taken knows nothing of it, and conſequently it merits neither praiſe, nor the name of tenderneſs, as a Ladie's preſented favour doth; which how ſmall ſoever it be, is of an ineſtimable price, we owe it to her will, not to our own ſlight of hand; we hold it of her affection, not of our own addreſs in cheating. In a word, this is a real favour, the other but a robbery: For after all, what ſweetneſs can there be imagin'd in this ſurreptitious favour, if during the time we poſſeſs it, matters ſhould fall out otherwiſe than we expected, and the Lady from whom we took it ſhould treat us ill? ſhall we pretend to be happy and miſerable at once? favour'd and ſlighted by one and the ſame perſon? will this pretty cheat renew friendſhip, or increaſe hatred? will it gain us thanks or reproach? commendation or reproach? As to the laſt branch of this diſcourſe, I thus far agree with you, That Myſtery and Secrecy are the ſweeteſt effects of Love, and have ſomething in them of the moſt tender, the moſt ſenſible, the moſt delicate and moſt agreeable; but this Secrecy and this Myſtery, to merit this high Encomium, ought to be between Miſtreſs and Lover, to be implanted in the heart of the one as well as the other; for otherwiſe all this imaginary ſweetneſs is but a Viſion, a Phantaſm, the Dream of a melancholy perſon, who not arriving at true pleaſures, makes the beſt of falſe gloſſes, and contents himſelf with Ideas and ſhadows, inſtead of what is real, ſolid and ſubſtantial: And thus quite contrary to *Calam*'s judgment, I conclude, that a favour given is much more ſweet than that which is never ſo cunningly filcht away. I really believe, *ſaid the feign'd* Morat, you have in this Debate all the World on your ſide, nor need you make the leaſt doubt, ſhould it be put to the Vote, of eaſily carrying the cauſe. The truth is, *added* Darache, it is too good a cauſe to be loſt, and the Judges that ſhould give it againſt *Temir* would be no very equitable Judges, and having condemn'd others would more juſtly deſerve to be condemn'd themſelves. I eaſily aſſent to what you ſay, *added* Lindarache, and to what I ſuppoſe in this particular, all the World beſide will be ready to aſſert, except *Calam*. For ought I ſee, *anſwer'd he ſmiling*, my Eloquence hath been very little powerful or ſucceſsful ſince it hath prevail'd with none of you. For my part, *interpos'd* Zeyde, I know ſome people who are neither worthy of preſented nor of ſtollen favours, but only of contempt or hatred. Fair *Zeyde*, *anſwer'd* Morat *laughing*, as fierce and angry as you take upon you to be, what you have now ſaid upon this occaſion, I doubt favours not ſo much of contempt as of love or hatred; and if I conjecture right, you miſtake one paſſion for another. She was juſt going to reply, when the ſad *Abenede* returning from her ſolitary walk, put a ſtop to all farther converſation, telling this fair Company that it was time to retire, and by leading the way herſelf oblig'd them to follow her example; only *Abenamin* and *Zeyde* ſtaid a little after the reſt, but ſtaid not long together, as having two ſeveral paſſions to entertain each in private; he his Love, ſhe her Jealouſie: So that the firſt ſoon departing out of the Hall, the other remain'd behind alone, and revolving upon the cruel refuſal of *Morat*, and the biting quip he gave her upon her laſt fit of anger: Oh ſhameful remainders of this too lively and too well-lighted fire, *ſaid ſhe, all full of rage and ſpight*; abandon my heart at laſt, a heart almoſt intirely conſum'd with the violence of this too predominant flame; If I am alſo become deſtitute of hope, be you alſo deſtitute of matter whereon to work; give place to my Reaſon which ought of right to reaſſume its ancient ſeat; Reaſon, I ſay, ought to be victorious and triumphant over you: Otherwiſe, oh that the water of my tears would extinguiſh the fire which makes me live, by extinguiſhing that which cauſes my death. Yes, let us baniſh this ſhameful paſſion, which is become Miſtreſs of my Soul. Hence, hence, from my fancy, fair and troubleſome Idea, which there tyranniſeſt; ſuffer this feeble reaſon I ſpeak of, to recover its force, and to be able once again to perform its duty: In a word, preſent no more to my Imagination an Object which cannot be mine; I make unprofitable attacques upon an inacceſſible Fort; I have no ſentiments of Love but for one that is inſenſible of Love. Oh Heavens! *continued ſhe*, ought ſo cruel an affliction be ſo long laſting? after what I have ſeen, what I have underſtood, can there be any room left me for hope? No, no, flattering thoughts, do not ſtill deceive me; Ice and Flame can never conſiſt or mix together, without overturning the whole Order of Nature; they can never change their qualities and properties; I have no conſolation left but to think of revenge: Let us be reveng'd then, my ſad heart; let us be ſerious and ſpeedy in revenge; let us turn away our eyes from this amiable Object, which hath pleas'd them ſo much; let us laugh at the charms of this diſguis'd Monſter, and that we may be able to deſpiſe him; let us forget him that deſpiſes us. Alas! *purſu'd ſhe, with a mixture of love and rage together*, I am ſtill poſſeſt with jealouſie, and have ſufficient cauſe to be ſo; this Sorcerer gives me a ſhrew'd ſuſpicion that he has higher Deſigns in agitation, all thoſe Riches he hath given us confirm me in it; and though I have a face

I may ſpeak it without boaſting, not to be contemn'd, yet without doubt another Object hath done that which I cannot do; and this other Object is certainly *Lindarache*, I have obſerv'd it in the eyes of this cruel one, I have alſo obſerv'd it in thoſe of my happy Rival, ſo that I need not make any doubt of it. Then turning her eyes by chance toward the heap of prin'd Cloth, ſhe eſpied by chance ſomething of the painting of the Habit in *Lindara he*'s Picture; and though ſhe knew it not to be what it was by that little ſhe ſaw of it, curioſity mixt with ſuſpicion induc'd her for her better ſatisfaction, to take it out and view it; though at the ſame time, fearing to find what ſhe ſought for, and trembling while ſhe went in queſt of a ſight which ſhe as much dreaded as deſir'd to behold; But ſcarce had ſhe taken full view of it, when ſhe perfectly diſcern'd it to be the Pourtraiture of her Rival, ſo that furiouſly caſting the Picture to the ground: At laſt, *ſaid ſhe*, I am moſt clearly convinc'd of what before I had a very ſtrong ſuſpicion, if not almoſt a certain knowledge; I am now without the leaſt pretence to doubt of the cauſe of all my misfortune. Yes, Enchanter, in ſpight of all thy Art, I know thy paſſion, and ſee from whence it proceeds; but ingrateful, raſh, vile Impoſtor and Miſcreant, thou ſhalt be overtaken with a Thunder-clap, which the blackeſt Magick ſhall not be able to foreſee, and therefore not prevent. Yes, thou ſhalt know what a provoked Lover can do, and that a heart incenſed with an inſolent contempt, will deſtroy, ſince it cannot enjoy what hath created it ſo much miſery, when it might have contributed ſo much to its happineſs; whatever proud favour thy impudence hath obtain'd, be aſſur'd thou conſpir'ſt thy own ruine in conſpiring mine. Be confident I know how to revenge the outrages I ſuffer, how to break my own chains by throwing thee into Irons; Be thou a Painter, be thou a Grandee, be thou a Prince, be thou a King, it is all one to me; Nay, rather on the contrary, my pleaſure and tryumph will be ſo much the greater, by how much the more Illuſtrious thy puniſhment and my vengeance ſhall prove; and I would be a joyful and laughing Spectatour of thy deſtruction, though thou wert King of all the Earth, as thou art of my heart only; Let us ſerve our ſelves then of this ſo favourable time and occaſion, if our heart be a Subject, let it be at leaſt a Rebel ſubject; Love forbids nothing, Fury permits all things: Let us then boldly drive on this Entrepriſe to the head. So ſaying, Sir, ſhe immediately reſolv'd on the way ſhe would make uſe of to bring her intended deſign about; which was to ſhew this Picture to *Abenede*, and withal to inform her of all ſhe had taken notice of in reference to the love and correſpondence which was between *Morat* and *Lindarache*; well knowing that the inrag'd Mother would be hurried on to the higheſt pitch of violence, againſt this audacious perſon, conſidering the high quality of her Daughter, and the low and mean condition of this proud Lover. However for the preſent ſhe put the Picture into the place where ſhe firſt found it, for fear *Morat* ſhould perceive any one had ſeen it; or, which is worſe, ſhould ſuſpect her in particular. Which done, ſhe impatiently waited for an opportunity of putting her deſign in execution, and ſatisfying the violent hatred wherewith her ardent Love had inſpir'd her. But, Sir, before I proceed to the Relation of the particulars of this cruel reſolution of *Zeyde*, it will be requiſite I bring you back to *Malaga*, and remind you of a perſon whom I ſeem almoſt to have forgotten, ſo long a time it is ſince I have had occaſion to entertain you with any news of him, I mean the traiterous *Olyman*, whom we left hidden in that Town, expecting the return of *Abenamin* from *Africa*, with a deſign ready form'd for the aſſaſſinating of him; after which he promis'd to himſelf the accompliſhment, in a manner, of all his hopes and expectations, as having nothing to do but to go and preſent his Head and Heart to the implacable *Abenede*, and ſo immediately take poſſeſſion of *Lindarache*, according to the firm promiſe and vow both of Mother and Daughter upon the performance of this Adventure. No wonder then if the patience of this impious Wretch, who had layn ſculking ſo long a time with a violent expectation of the return of this innocent Victim, whom his cruelty had devoted to a barbarous ſlaughter, ſeeing at length his expectation in all likelihood fruſtrated, began to be utterly tir'd; then he began to reaſon and conſult with himſelf about his long abſence and what ſhould be the reaſon thereof; till in the end when he conſider'd that whereas the death of *Alboyalde*, which happ'ned many months ago, muſt needs have very much oblig'd him to a ſpeedy return, for the ſettling of the affairs of his Eſtate and putting all things in order, to which his preſence was abſolutely neceſſary; nevertheleſs he was not return'd, nor no news heard of him; the Varlet found a conceit come into his leud pate, that poſſibly he might have periſht together with all his Attendants, Slaves, and Servants, in the voyage, whether by wild Beaſts, or by the more wild and theeving *Arabians*, whereof that Country is full, or by the moving Sands of *Arabia deſerta*, which driven this or that way by the winds and rouling in mountainous heaps, have overwhelm'd and buried alive multitudes of people; or by a fatal ſhip-wreck in ſome mid-ſea Tempeſt, far from all Harbour and relief; or by the hand of ſome one or other of *Lindarache*'s Lovers, who not unlikely may at length have prov'd the death of him who had given death or defeat to ſo many others; or laſtly, by ſome other unknown Accident, neither eaſie nor needful to be conjectur'd. Thus, Sir, having ponder'd all things in his wicked mind, weigh'd every circumſtance of things, and from a poſitive neceſſity of his having return'd long ſince, if

alive

alive, drawn the poſſibility of his death to a probability, and that to almoſt a certainty, he reſolv'd to put in execution what I am going to relate, the barbarous cruelty whereof, will, I doubt, ſtrike you with horror, indignation and aſtoniſhment. This inhumane Monſter then, choſe out from among his Slaves, one who in age and countenance moſt nearly reſembled *Abenamin*, and cauſing him to be brought over to him one night ſecretly to *Malaga*, he ſtab'd him with a Poniard, rip'd him open, and took out his Heart, cut off his Head, and caſt his Body into the Sea, with a great Stone tyed to it; in all which action he was perceiv'd by no body: For beſides that the Murther was committed in the dead of night, when all was huſh'd and ſtill, he lodging in the very utmoſt skirts of the Suburbs, juſt upon the Sea-ſide, had the convenience of throwing the Body, undiſcern'd by any, out of the Window into the Sea, the weight which was tyed to it, making it immediately ſink to the bottom; ſo that this horrid fact was kept ſecret, as long as the actor of it remain'd undiſcover'd; who having thus cleverly diſpatch'd his buſineſs, ſtay'd afterwards in his skulking hole for ſeven or eight days, which time he thought ſufficient to make the Heart look ſhrivel'd and wither'd, and to alter the Face, ſo as to render it undiſcernable; beſides that it was not convenient they ſhould appear newly ſever'd from the Body. For, Sir, I need not tell you what his end was, in committing this cruel and bloody deed; you will ſoon conclude, it was to make this Heart and Head to paſs for the Heart and Head of *Abenamin*, to make it believ'd that he had kill'd him, and conſequently, to put in his claim to that recompence, which *Abenede* and *Lindarache* had promis'd, to the performer of what he pretended; not but that it came ſometimes into his mind, that after all this, his conjectures might deceive him; that *Abenamin* might poſſibly be ſtill living, and not be long ere he return'd to *Granada*; that at length his cheat might come to be diſcover'd: But then again conſidering, that let the worſt come to the worſt, he ſhould be married, and in poſſeſſion of the Eſtate, which he coveted more than *Lindarache*; he thought he ſhould have no more to do, but to appeaſe two deceived Women, who not being able to recal what was paſt, nor to undo what was done, would think it their beſt way to reſt contented, and ſit down quietly with what had hapned; the honour both of Mother and Daughter, obliging them not to do otherwiſe. Thus the Traitor having lay'd his deſign, caus'd all things to be made ready for his journey, Horſes, Slaves and Habits, ſuitable to his condition; and taking the Heart and Head along with him, he ſet forth from *Malaga* towards *Malacene*, where at the ſame time that he arriv'd, there were many of *Lindarache*'s Lovers about her in *Abenede*'s Chamber, and among the reſt the feign'd *Morat* alſo, upon pretence of coming to ask ſomething of the diſconſolate Widow, in reference to his Pictures; ſo that at this time *Abenamin* had two Heads, and yet was no Monſter. Word being brought that *Olyman* was arriv'd, and that he had ſlain the Traitor *Abenamin*, it was worth the while to obſerve the ſeveral different affections, that appear'd in the countenances of thoſe who made up this Company; for *Abenede* and *Darache* diſcover'd joy, *Lindarache* grief, all the Suiters anger, ſpight and confuſion, to ſee themſelves prevented by another, and depriv'd of the hopes of poſſeſſing this fair perſon, and her Eſtate; *Abenamin* ſeem'd to be aſtoniſh'd, to ſee himſelf both living and dead at the ſame time; *Lindarache* look'd upon him with eyes full of tears and affliction, and as it were, ſeem'd to ask of him, what was beſt to be done in ſuch a troubleſome Conjuncture. But the eyes of this paſſionate Lover, notwithſtanding his ſurpriſal, gave her ſome aſſurance, temper'd her ſadneſs, and ſeem'd to promiſe her, that what ſhe fear'd would never come to paſs; ſo that although ſhe could not comprehend, how any thing could hinder her Mother, from the accompliſhment of her Vow, or abſolve her of hers; nevertheleſs ſhe took comfort from the contempt he had of his enemy, and drew hope from ſeeing him ſo little touch'd with fear. However, the feign'd *Morat* judging it not ſafe to appear ſo ſoon to the treacherous *Olyman*, in regard he knew him, and might eaſily have been his ruine, by diſcovering him to *Abenede*, kept himſelf up cloſe for a while, and carefully avoided his ſight. Mean while the wicked Traitor enter'd into the Chamber of *Lucan*, whom he had ſo baſely aſſaſinated, with all the confidence and haughtineſs of a Victor that comes in triumph; and addreſſing his words to *Abenede*, after he had ſaluted her, and ſhewing her the Head and Heart which he had in his hand, Madam, *ſaid he, caſting them at her feet*, You are reveng'd; the cowardly *Abenamin* is puniſh'd; your Vow hath taken effect; you ſee here the bloody marks. There remains nothing now to do, but the performance of your part, which is to give me the glorious recompence you have promis'd to the victorious. At theſe words the afflicted Widow ſtooping, and taking up the Head and Heart from the ground, look'd ſtedfaſtly upon them for a long time, without ſaying a word, but with anger and fury in her looks, and tears in her eyes. At laſt caſting them down diſdainfully upon the place whence ſhe took them up, Oh vile and abominable wretch! *ſaid ſhe*, thy death hath been too glorious for thy life; thou oughtſt to have been depriv'd of it by the hand of a Hangman, and not by the arm of a gallant Man; Fortune in puniſhing thee, hath honour'd thee at the ſame time; but thou ſhalt at leaſt ſuffer in the ſtate wherein thou art, what thou oughtſt to have ſuffer'd in the ſtate wherein thou wert; the fury of the fire ſhall take off

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from among mankind, those infamous remainders of a Monster, who by right ought never to have had a being. Having so said, she stoop'd again, and took up the Heart and Head; then turning away her eyes with horror, cast them out of the Window, giving order immediately they should be burn'd; which command was accordingly executed. Afterwards turning to *Olyman*, It is but just, *said she*, that so great a service should have its recompence; and though I had not made this Vow, I should have easily yielded the performer thereof that recompence, which it is not in my power to refuse him, being so just and reasonable. Hereupon the cowardly Impostor, after he had given her thanks, addressing himself to *Lindarache*; It now depends wholly upon you, Madam, *said he*, to render me happy; I hope therefore the fair *Lindarache* will follow the illustrious *Abenede*'s example, and perform her Vow, as the Mother hath perform'd hers. At first the fair Lady appear'd sad, pale, mute, and wonderfully disturb'd, not knowing what or how to answer; till at length, a repeated look from *Abenamin* re-enforcing her spirits, and redoubling her courage, she receiv'd the impudent Assassinate's Courtship with sufficient coldness, and told him, That Vows ought without doubt to be punctually observ'd, provided it were plainly made appear, that the conditions upon which they are grounded, were performed likewise. Methinks, *answer'd the audacious Ruffian*, you should not put this doubt in the way, after such proofs as I have given. However, *said she*, it is but just to examine a little these proofs you talk of, and this will require some longer time: So saying, she immediately departed out of the Chamber, and went to walk alone in the Garden (whither the feign'd *Morat* follow'd her) leaving *Abenede* enrag'd at her carriage: *Olyman* sufficiently troubled at her repulse, and all the rest of the Lovers rejoycing to see his expected triumph so baffled. Mean while, *Lindarache* had not been long in the Garden, ere she met the feign'd *Morat*; whom looking upon with eyes full of grief and tenderness, You see, Sir, *said she*, *sighing*, that Fortune is not always for the valiant; and that the brave *Abenamin* is at last fall'n into the snares of death, an accident which threatens restless misfortune to all my future life. Ah Madam! *answer'd he*, *not without some precipitation*, *Abenamin* is no more dead than I am, and I dare undertake yet for the remainder of his days, as far as for my own. It is no less true that he is not dead, than it is certain I am alive. No, no, Madam, *pursued he*, assure your self he is not; this Deceiver durst not have look'd him in the face, much less have fought him, least of all would he have had the power to have vanquish'd him. Would to Heaven, *answer'd she again*, what you say were true; how gladly would I, with the loss of half my blood, obtain an evident proof of this so happily suspected Impostor. You shall have this proof, *reply'd he*, upon much cheaper terms; it shall cost you but only one drop and no more. Think it not much therefore, I beseech you, to have a better opinion than formerly of the bravery of *Abenamin*, and a worse of the valour of *Olyman*; and be confident, that if the first fear'd you, no less than he doth the other, he would quickly do that which I am going to do? What will you do, *Morat?* *said she*. I will, *answer'd he*, revive *Abenamin*, and put *Olyman* in his place. But if you revive him, *answer'd she*, you cannot put his Head and his Heart into my hands; and you know, unless that be done, I cannot dispose of my self. Pardon me, Madam, *answer'd the Illustrious Painter*, I will put them into your hands; but if I revive him, it shall not be but to die afterwards for you. Ah *Morat!* *reply'd* Lindarache, What kind of destiny is this of mine? since I cannot be happy without rendring others unhappy; and that the repose of my life must needs cause their death. Ah Madam! *reply'd he again*, *smiling*, Your complaint gives me some cause of jealousie; so that at this time my greatest wish is, that you would wish I were *Abenamin*. Heaven keep me from wishing any such thing, *said this fair person*, since then I should be oblig'd to hate what I love, and to lose what I would fain preserve. Now, Madam, *answer'd the disguis'd Lover*, *kissing her hand*, it is for my Rival to be jealous; and I confess, I think now my honour surpasseth his; and that my good fortune is greater than his felicity. While matters seem'd to proceed thus happily between these two Lovers, there hapned, Sir, an accident, which very much alter'd the face of Affairs; but before I inform you what it was, it will be requisite you take notice, that *Zeyde*, whose jealousie made her a strict observer of all the actions of the feign'd *Morat*, and no less of those of *Lindarache*, fail'd not to take special cognizance, of the excessive sadness which appear'd in the countenance of the latter, at the arrival of *Olyman*, and of her cold reception of him, and his, in all appearance, most acceptable Courtship: And seeing moreover this fair person hasten out of the Room, and *Morat* presently follow her, she went out likewise to attend their motion; and creeping from Hedge to Hedge, that she might not be discern'd, directed her eyes to that part of the Garden, where they took their station, and had that conversation, which I have just now recited. Hereupon, all full of jealousie, and transported with rage, she took the very next way to the House, not caring who saw her, and ran with all speed directly to *Abenede*; and whispering soft in *Abenede*'s ear, Madam, *said she*, I observ'd something of astonishment in your eyes, at that time when my Lady your Daughter receiv'd *Olyman* so coldly, after so great a service as he hath done both you and her. I doubt not also, but you would gladly know the reason of this her strangeness and coldness, which you

you can never find out unleſs I inform you; and I will do it, ſince it ſo nearly concerns your honour, and the honour of the illuſtrious *Lindarache*. Haſten therefore and follow me, accompany'd with five or ſix of your Slaves; for ſo the ſtate of things requires. *Abenede*, though ſhe apprehended nothing of what *Zeyde* meant or intended, nevertheleſs reſolv'd to try the utmoſt, and proceed in all particulars according as ſhe directed. Wherefore taking her leave of the Company, upon ſome pretence or other which ſhe fram'd, and taking ſix of her Slaves with her, ſhe follow'd this malicious Woman, who led her through the Cloſe Walk, to the Apartment where the feign'd *Morat* lodg'd, and ſo to the Room where he us'd to work; where they were no ſooner arriv'd, but addreſſing her words to *Abenede*, Madam, *ſaid ſhe*, *very ſtifly*, The intereſt which I have for the honour of your Houſe, and the obligations which both I and my Husband have receiv'd from you, force me to adverti'e you, That *Lindarache* hath a paſſion, a correſpondence, and admits of a Courtſhip unworthy of her ſelf, ſince *Morat* is the Object; *Morat*, who is at the beſt, but a Servant of *Selim's*. Yes, Madam, hence proceeds the cold entertainment ſhe gave to *Olyman*, notwithſtanding he came triumphing with the revenge of the death of her Father, by ſlaying his Aſſaſſin. And how diſhonourably will it reflect upon you, that any other ſhould poſſeſs a heart, only reſerv'd for him, who ſhould perform the obligation of both your Vows. But for a farther proof of what I ſay, behold, Madam, what this bold Painter hath done, without your knowledge, and which is more, what ſhe has permitted him to do. Having ſo ſaid, ſhe ſhew'd her the Picture; then continuing her diſcourſe, All this while, Madam, *ſaid ſhe*, this is nothing to what I can ſhew you, if you pleaſe ſtill to follow me. With that ſhe went out of the Painting-Room, and after her *Abenede*, and her ſix Slaves, all like ſo many concern'd Officers, for the apprehenſion of ſome great Malefactor; the afflicted Mother being ready to burſt with anger and ſpight, eſpecially when her reflection upon that, which before ſhe took little notice of, confirm'd her in the truth of this diſcovery; for now ſhe began to call to mind, how aſſiduous and forward *Lindarache* had been, to go to ſee him paint; how long her viſits uſe to be. Thus, Sir, the jealous *Zeyde* conducted *Abenede* with her attendants, to a place where ſhe might ſee (without being ſeen) theſe two Lovers together, in the place ſhe left them, that is, through ſome little gaps (where the leaves and branches were thinneſt) of a ſlight Hedge, which interpos'd; and this fell out moſt unluckily to be at that very inſtant, when the feign'd *Morat*, as I have already related, was kiſſing the hand of *Lindarache*. At this ſight outrageous *Abenede*, no longer able to hold, and tranſported beyond all bounds of patience and moderation, went in all haſt to the other ſide of the Hedge where they were, crying out with a terrible and imperious tone, Apprehend that inſolent Fellow, apprehend that idle Woman, that they may both ſuffer together, a puniſhment worthy the Crime they have committed. Her Command was preſently obey'd by the ſix Slaves, two whereof ſeiz'd upon *Lindarache*, the other four fell all upon *Abenamin*, and bound him with a ſtrong Cord, which one of them brought for the ſame purpoſe. Judge, Sir, as you eaſily may, what the ſurpriſal and affliction was of theſe two illuſtrious perſons, to ſee themſelves treated in this manner. However *Abenamin* had no trouble or grief, but for *Lindarache*; ſhe none, but for *Abenamin*; ſo tender was their paſſion for one another; ſo dearly they lov'd each other; they look'd upon one another with eyes full of Love and tears; they look'd afterwards upon *Abenede* in ſuch a manner, as might have inſpir'd pity into a Tyger, but all to no purpoſe; ſhe for abating nothing of her wrath, and looking upon them with eyes full of rage and hatred; Thou ſhalt die, raſh Man, *ſaid ſhe*, to *Morat*; thou ſhalt die, indiſcreet Woman, *ſaid ſhe*, to *Lindarache*; your blood ſhall wath away the ſhameful blot, which you have caſt upon the illuſtrious blood of *Lucan*, and of *Abenede*. Ah Madam! *cry'd out this Lover*, *Lindarache* hath not been faulty; 'tis I who am the Criminal. Ah Madam! *ſaid the fair Lady*, He hath committed no Crime; 'tis I alone who am guilty; I alone who ought to be puniſh'd. She is not the perſon ſhe ſpeaks her ſelf to be, *reply'd he*. He is not what he appears to be, *added ſhe*. You are both the ſame perſons, *anſwer'd the ſad* Abenede, that you appear to be; and as your Crime is equal, your puniſhment ſhall be ſo alſo. Then without yielding to hear them farther, or ſuffering them to ſpeak any more, ſhe order'd *Lindarache* to be ſent back to her Chamber, and there to be cloſely confin'd, and not ſuffer'd to ſtir out; and *Morat*, ſhe commanded *Ordogue* to take a ſtrict guard of, in one of the Towers of the Caſtle, and to render an account of his Priſoner, upon peril of his life. Thus were theſe two Lovers parted, *Abenede's* Commands being immediately put in execution. But as they parted, they took their leaves with ſuch amorous looks, as fully expreſs'd the heighth of their paſſion. On the other ſide, *Abenede* ſhut her ſelf up in her Chamber, refuſing to ſee any body, as being neither Miſtreſs of her grief, nor willing any one ſhould be witneſs of her ſhame. *Olyman*, and the reſt of *Lindarache's* Suiters, not knowing what the matter was, enquir'd of all they met, but could not receive information from any one, which put them into a ſtrange confuſion and conſternation. As for *Zeyde*, ſhe was no ſooner criminal, but ſhe was ſoon aſham'd, ſoon repented of her Crime; and Love reſuming its place in her heart, whence jealouſie had chac'd it, began to reign there again,

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as imperiously as ever: So that mad with her self, to have been the occasion of bringing him whom she lov'd into a danger whence she should never be able to retrive him, and not able to indure the sight of a place which would always reproach her with her treachery, and where he whom she lov'd more than her life was like to suffer death; she went away in a disconsolate and forlorn Condition, without bidding Adieu to any one, not so much as to her Husband, and return'd to *Almerie* with a sorrow which had like to have cost her her life. Her Husband for his part, not comprehending what all these disorders should mean, was afraid to find himself involv'd in a trouble which he neither knew what it was, nor understood the cause: and so great was his fright, that not thinking of any thing, but how to save himself, he forgot and left behind him all those precious things which *Morat* gave him, when he play'd the Magician, he fled away with all his young Painters, leaving the Gallery unfinisht, and never intending to come back to finish it. All the rest of *Abenedes* Domestick Servants were infinitely troubled and afflicted, though they knew not why *Malacene* seem'd no longer *Malacene*; so much had this sad and unexpected Accident chang'd all the face of affairs, and put all into disorder and confusion. Meanwhile the comfortless *Lindarache* liv'd a most sorrowful and dejected life in her Chamber, to which she was strictly confin'd, because of the danger to which she saw her dear Unknown expos'd for love of her, and looking upon her self as the cause of his death, if it should happen, she earnestly wisht and pray'd for her own; nevertheless not to be wanting in any thing that might save *Morat*, she sent word to her Mother that he was not what he appear'd to be, that he was a Man of eminent Quality, and that if she would cause search to be made among his Luggage, there would quickly be found what would soon give credit to her words. In fine, though *Abenede* gave no great heed to what her Daughter sent to her about, yet either out of curiosity or for better satisfaction, she caus'd his things to be searcht, and finding that quantity of Jewels and that mass of Gold and Silver Plate, which the feign'd *Morat* had yet remaining in his Hampiers, and which *Selim* had left behind him, she was extraordinarily surpriz'd, but not a whit mollified or appeas'd, for after she had caus'd all these Riches to be carefully lockt up, she sent back this bitter Message to her Daughter, That all this mass of wealth seem'd to speak him rather a Robber, than a Man of Quality; and that though this Painter were the Man he pretended, yet for all that she would not give over her Resolution of punishing both him and her; him, for his boldness and insolence; her, for her imprudence in so lightly giving credit to his words. This cruel Message compleated *Lindarache*'s despair, and caus'd her to make a thousand imprecations against Fate, against her Mother, and against her self, conceating herself culpable when indeed she was only unfortunate, and taking *Abenede*'s Crime upon her as her own. On the other side *Abenamin* revolving in his mind the whole proceedings of this Adventure, began to be sensible what danger he was in, for he judg'd with very good reason, that if his true Quality were not discover'd, and that *Abenede* should know him for no other than a Painter, he should be infallibly destroy'd: On the other side, if this inraged Widow should be given to understand, that he should be the same person whom she took to be her Husbands Assassin, she would most certainly sacrifice him to her rage and revenge, as innocent as he was of the Crime laid to his charge, and as great as his Birth was; so inveterate a hatred she had conceiv'd against his Life, as appear'd by the Vow she made against it. Thus he revolv'd many things in his mind, but knew not what to resolve on, and his distracted mind labour'd with an excessive affliction, scarce to be express'd. Yet it was nothing in respect of the sorrow he felt for *Lindarache*'s confinement; but when he call'd to mind that it was for him she indur'd all this, that it was by his means so sweet a life was threatned with so unjust a death, he sigh'd, he groan'd, he despair'd, he died, and his affliction had no bounds: But that which had been the original of all these miseries, put a period at length to them and brought him safe out of all; the same passion which caus'd them, put into his head a way how to find out a cure. And now, Sir, expect a speedy disintanglement out of this Labyrinth, a sudden unwinding of the whole History. *Abenamin* who had call'd to mind *Ordogne* when he saw him at *Lucan*'s Tomb, and therefore might very easily remember him from that time, and knew very well that he had been an Eye-witness of his Master's death, and intrusted with his last Will; though he could not but wonder why he had not all this while made it known, nevertheless at this extremity, to which he saw himself reduc'd, resolv'd to rely upon his truth and fidelity. This Design, Sir (so good an opinion he had of it) he had no sooner form'd, than he put in execution; so that calling the Slave aside to his Chamber-window, that he might not be heard of the rest of the Guards: *Ordogne*, said he, thou hast now thy own Fortune and mine in thine own hands, and it belongs to thee only to make me happy and thy self rich. It shall then be no body's fault else *answer'd the concern'd Slave*, and provided I be well assur'd and clearly convinced of what you say, we shall both be soon well enough ease I warrant you: But, *pursu'd he smiling*, pray let not the Treasures you intend me be in painting; for as I understand them not, I would not willingly be Estated in Pictures. No, no, *answer'd he laughing also*, I will bestow on thee something more substantial, and which, if thou art not very unsatiable, will most certainly content thee; It now remaines

remains only, *added he*, that thou reſolve me one queſtion, which is neither difficult nor dangerous, that is, Why thou deliveredſt not the Letter to *Abenede* which *Lucan* wrote upon his death-bed to her, and that other alſo written by *Alboyalde*, which ſince they were both committed to thy truſt, why wert thou ſo unjuſt as to ſuffer this ſad afflicted Widow to lye ſo long under the deluſion of ſuch a falſe Report, to the aggravation of thy ſorrow, and the vaſt diſhonour of *Abenamin*, who ſo generouſly gave thee thy Liberty. *Ordogne* very much ſurpris'd at this laſt part of his Diſcourſe, lookt very attentively upon him, but not being able to reconcile the Idea he had of his Face, with that alteration which time and the *African* Sun had made: *Morat*, *ſaid he*, (for he took notice of him by no other name) ſince *Abenamin* is not now in the World, as it is a queſtion proceeding only from an unprofitable curioſity; ſo it neither requires nor is likely to have any other ſolution of me than ſilence; for though I cannot underſtand by what inchantment you come to know what you tell me, yet it is fit we ſhould leave the Dead among the Dead, ſince they have nothing to do with the Living: Wherefore ask me no more what will be to no purpoſe for me to tell you. However pray tell it to that dead Man, rais'd from the dead, for ſuch is the Perſon who now ſpeaks to you. At theſe words *Ordogne* ſtrangely ſurpris'd, lookt upon him again with wonderful aſtoniſhment, but then calling to mind the features which length of time and abſence had effac'd, he made no doubt of the truth of his words, ſo that toucht with remorce, and ſpeaking ſoftly in his ear, Sir, *ſaid he*, if my Companions were not here, I would caſt my ſelf at your feet, to beg your pardon for ſo unworthy a Crime: But as I have the means in my hands to make reparation, and am the only perſon who know the true Aſſaſſin of *Lucan*, my life, if you pleaſe to ſpare it, ſhall not be unprofitable to you. What ever the Crime be you ſpeak of, *ſaid* Morat, ſince you appear penitent for it, your pardon is freely granted; wherefore fear no puniſhments, but expect rewards. Then *Ordogne* inform'd him in what manner he ſaw *Lucan* aſſaſſinated by *Olyman*, the reaſons which had oblig'd him to conceal it, the promiſes which this Traitor made to him to ſuppreſs thoſe Letters of *Lucan* and *Alboyalde*, the cheat which he himſelf on the other ſide had put upon him in making him believe he had burnt them, though he had them ſtill in his cuſtody, and was ready to put them into his hands to ſerve him againſt this perfidious Traitor; the falſe Teſtimony which he caus'd him to bear againſt him before *Abenede*, that he had aſſaſſinated and poiſon'd her Husband, and that *Lucan* upon his Death-bed had enjoyn'd her to marry *Lindarache* to *Olyman*; and laſtly, the lye which this Impoſtor writ to *Alboyalde*, that *Abenede* had caſt his Letters into the fire, when as he never preſented them, and ſhe remains to this day ignorant that ever he writ any. *Abenamin* wholly tranſported with joy at the hearing of ſo many things, the knowledge whereof could not but ſerve him in great ſtead, promis'd once more the repentant Slave both an oblivion of his faults, a recompence of his ſervice, protection againſt *Olyman*, and favour with *Abenede*, as ſoon as it ſhould be in his power. After which he deſir'd leave to have the uſe of a Cimitar, and permiſſion only to walk out in the morning; aſſuring him upon his word, that he would render himſelf again his Priſoner, as ſoon as ever he met with *Olyman*, and forc'd him to confeſs his Crime. *Ordogne* agreed to him in every thing, brought him that very evening an *Alfange*, and having gain'd his Companions, let him forth early next morning. As he went directly toward *Olyman*'s Apartment, he ſaw him come forth of the Caſtle, as going to take a walk in the Park, to entertain his thoughts no doubt, with what had happ'ned to him ſince his arrival at *Malacene*, the paſſages whereof hitherto had not been very pleaſing to him (though the worſt part which he little dreamt of was to come) for he perceiv'd *Lindarache* prepoſſeſt with another Paſſion, found after all his great hopes and expectations, little other likelihood but of a fruſtration and diſappointment of them, what with the Mothers ſeverity and the Daughters coldneſs; which of the two, he had the more cauſe to fear. *Abenamin* follow'd him a far off, and made uſe of the Ombrage of the Trees to walk undiſcern'd, till he ſaw him out of the track of people, and in a place ſufficiently retir'd, then mending his pace he overtook him, and making up toward him with his Cimitar in his hand: Brave *Olyman*, *cryed he in a jeering tone*, behold the Ghoſt of *Abenamin*, whom you have ſo valiantly kill'd, comes to endeavour to revenge the ſlaughter of his Body: Come on bravely; you are too ſtout, I know, to be afraid of a ſhadow. The Traitor was ſo ſurpris'd at the ſight of a Man whom he had vanted to have ſlain, that this ſurprize being join'd with his natural weakneſs and cowardiſe, made him ſtand as immoveable as a Statue, and almoſt as ſenceleſs. *Abenamin* ſeeing him ſtand in this ſhameful poſture; Defend thy ſelf, Coward, *ſaid he*, *changing his tone now to fierce, menacing and diſdainful*; and ſpare me the ſhame of taking away the life of ſo infamous a Coward, as hath not power and ſpirit to venture it. So ſaying, he ſet upon him with a ſtoutneſs which made him tremble; however as extreme peril is apt to make the moſt Faint-hearted bold, he put his hand to his Cimitar, and made a kind of defence; but he did it ſo ill, made ſo many traverſes, and ſo many retreats, that *Abenamin* himſelf was aſham'd, and diſdaining to ſtrike him with the edge of his Cimitar, he diſcharg'd ſuch a blow on his crown with the flat ſide, as tumbled him all along at his feet; for as flat as it was, it made ſuch a dent in his skull, that he lay for ſometime in a ſwoun

bleeding at the Nose and Mouth; nevertheless he came a while after to himself, at which his generous Enemy setting his foot upon his Neck, and threatning him with his Alsange, Cowardly Assassin, *said he furiously*, I will at this instant spare thy life, to the end thou may'st confess before *Abenede*, that thou art the Person that so basely murthered'st the valiant *Lucan*; for otherwise the rack shall compel thee to reveal what thy villanous Craft hath so long kept secret. The Traitor *Olyman* strook with fresh astonishment to find himself thus particularly discover'd; and now dreading the sight of *Abenamin*, more then before he had done his blows, stood a long time speechless, but at length striving with all his might to speak, I perceive very well, *said he with a feeble and trembling voice*, that I have too small a share in Life to stand in fear of death, but seeing plainly that the Justice of Heaven is fallen upon my head, and will have all my base and treacherous proceedings brought to light, a just remorse obliges me to answer your desires, and to declare all things which you would have declar'd, and of which, through my ill fortune, you are come to the knowledge. Then *Abenamin* willing to make use of this occasion, and fearing least this Traitour might expire before he had discovered his Crime to *Abenede*, he hastily called after two Men, whom he saw pass along at a great distance in the Park; and when they were come, agreed with them, for the carrying of this Assassin, as soon as might be, into the Chamber where *Lindarache* was kept; whither accompanying them also himself, he carry'd along with him the Assassin's Cimitar; and having dispatch'd a Messenger to *Ordogne*, to come to him with the Letters which were in his custody, he sent to *Abenede*, to entreat her the would be pleas'd, to give her self the trouble of coming thither, upon an Affair of very grand importance. She was strangely astonish'd at this Message; for that thinking *Morat* to have been in Prison, she could not comprehend, either how he could possibly come to be deliver'd, what business he could have with her, or what pretence could give him the boldness, of sending so freely to her. However, imagining there must be something in it more than ordinary, she forbore not to go, accompany'd with *Darache*, and the Suiters of *Lindarache*, who were still at *Malacene*, and were no less amazed than *Abenede*, at this strange juncture of Affairs. The fair person her self was as much perplex'd as any of the rest; and seeing *Olyman* wounded, and the feign'd *Morat* very brisk, she could not guess, whence the misfortune of the one should proceed, or the gayety of the other; and look'd in her Lover's eyes, for a solution of this so obscure a Riddle. Mean while *Abenede* being enter'd with all her Train, was more than ever surpris'd, to see *Olyman* all bloody, lye stretch'd upon a Bier; and as she was going to demand the reason of it, the feign'd *Morat* casting himself at her feet, Madam, *said he*, As I come to put into your hands the Head and Heart of *Abenamin*, which you have so much desir'd to see, so I also come to demand that glorious recompence, which your Vow promis'd to him, that should render you this service. Rash Man, *answer'd she*, What is all this thou tell'st us? What Stories are these thou com'st to flam us off with, the better to insinuate into favour? These are no Flams, no idle Stories, Madam, *reply'd he*, but real Truths. 'Tis I alone who come to do that, which so many others have in vain attempted; 'tis I that am *Abenamin*; Art thou *Abenamin*, *cry'd out* Abenede? Are you *Abenamin*, *added* Lindarache? Yes, Madam, *reply'd he again*, I am *Abenamin*, but *Abenamin* the innocent, and not *Abenamin* the guilty, as you have thought all this while; and then turning to *Olyman*, Make better use, *said he*, of the last moments of thy life, than thou hast done of the rest, and strive to merit pardon of the Holy *Alla*, by sincerely confessing thy Crimes to him. Hereupon this unhappy Wretch began to confess in order, his foul Assassination and the several Cheats that ensued upon it, both those which he committed himself, and, which he caus'd others to commit; then fell into a swoun, which put a stop to his farther confession. But for a farther, and still clearer proof of all these things, *Abenamin*, now no longer *Morat*, oblig'd *Ordogne* to speak what belong'd to him: Whereupon he declar'd, That he was an eye-witness of *Olyman*'s cruel assassination of *Lucan*; the reasons which induc'd him to conceal it; how far he combin'd with him in his Cheats; what promises he made him to engage him to his service. And after he had done speaking, he presented into the hands of *Abenede*, both the Letter which her Husband had written to her upon his death-bed; and also that of *Alboyalde*, telling her withal, what prompted him to preserve them, whereas *Olyman* would have had him burn'd them; and lastly, begg'd her pardon, for having comply'd so far with one, who had been so great a Traitor and Impostor to her; since now at last he was brought to open shame and punishment, *Lucan*'s death was reveng'd, and the most material truth of things brought to light. *Olyman*, by this being come again to himself, acknowledg'd fully all that *Ordogne* said, and was going on perhaps to make those discoveries which *Ordogne* knew not, when on a sudden he fell into that fatal swoun, which put a period both to his life and farther confession. Then *Abenede* began to read the Letters, with her Face all bath'd in tears; and having kiss'd that of her dear *Lucan*, which she made no doubt to be his, knowing so well his Hand, You ought to be obey'd, *said she*, my Illustrious Husband, nor will it be repugnant to the accomplishment of my Vow, which is, to give *Lindarache* to him, who presents me with the Head and Heart of *Abenamin*. So say-

ſaying, ſhe tenderly embrac'd him as her Son; then calling her Daughter to her, and putting her Hand into the Hand of this Illuſtrious Lover, Heaven grant, *ſaid ſhe*, your friendſhip may be as laſting, as it appears fervent, and that nothing but death may put a period to it. Now, Sir, ſince it is impoſſible to expreſs to you the extaſie of joy, wherewith theſe two Lovers were tranſported at this time, I will not go about to endeavour it. But to put a ſpeedy concluſion to this Relation, whoſe knots and intricacies you have already ſeen all unty'd and unravell'd, I ſhall haſten to tell you, that all the reſt of *Lindarache*'s Lovers, ſeeing which way the World went, and that they had no more now to do there, nothing more to expect or hope for, packt up their Baggage and ſlunk away every man to his own Habitation. That *Abenamin* having obtain'd for *Ordogne* both his Pardon and Liberty, added alſo of his own Bounty ſuch rich Preſents as carried him home into his own Country in an Equipage and Capacity to live much above the quality of a Slave; That he ſent alſo to *Selim* and to *Zeyde* at *Almeria* not only what he had given them before, but alſo a conſiderable addition of other rich things. That *Abenede*, being prevented by the death of the Traitor *Olyman*, of taking her full Revenge of him, for depriving of her dear *Lucan*, was forc'd to be contented with burning his Body and ſcattering his Aſhes into the Air, as ſhe had done to the Head and Heart which had been preſented to her by that coward Impoſtor. And now, Sir, juſt as the Nuptials of theſe Lovers were going to be celebrated, and all things were preparing to the end, it happen'd that the Truce we had made with the *Moors*, was newly expir'd, and our Troops began to make excurſions on the Frontiers, from whence *Malacene* was not very far: So that *Abenede* not thinking it very ſecure to ſtay longer in the Country, immediately remov'd all her Goods to *Granada*, whither ſhe retir'd with *Darache*, *Lindarache*, and *Abenamin*, and put off the union of theſe happy Lovers, and the compleating of their joys to a more quiet Seaſon. Mean while the King being married, as was ſuppoſed, to *Almahide*, theſe two Illuſtrious Perſons were according to the Cuſtom of the Kingdom, plac'd about the new Queen, where you may ſee them. And thus, Sir, you have the full Relation of a Hiſtory which you ſo earneſtly deſir'd to be inform'd of. At leaſt I have only this to add, worthy your taking notice of, That *Abenede* caus'd the Pourtraiture of the Traitor *Olyman* to be plac'd in her Picture in the poſture of aſſaſſinating *Lucan*. Thus truth took place of a lye, and the true Murtherer now juſtly fills up that room which before had been taken up by an imaginary one. How pleaſant and divertiſing is this Hiſtory, *cry'd* Roderick de Nerve, and how extremely have you pleas'd me in the recital of it; but the more, *added he*, you ſpeak of the gallant *Moors* of *Granada*, the more I deſire to hear ſpoken of them; ſo that I intend not to quit you thus, nor would have you yet to think your ſelf at the end of your trouble. Whatever lyes in me, *anſwer'd* Don Fernand, to give you pleaſure and ſatisfaction, ſhall never give me any trouble; I ſhall rather be ambitious of often receiving your Commands, that I may often have the Honour of obeying you. At theſe words the ſage Captive retir'd, and left the Captain General of our Armies fully ſatisfied with his Eloquence, but much more with the Subject whereln he had imployed it.

The END of the Firſt BOOK of the Third PART.

THE Third Part OF ALMAHIDE: OR, THE Captive Queen.

BOOK II.

NEVER was Feast so Courtly, nor so sumptuous, as that at *Generalifa*; nor ever was there any place so proper as that, wherein to hold so Noble a Festival. Whatever Art could add to Nature, and whatever Nature could furnish Art withal, was to be found in that lovely Mansion; And if the pleasures of the Country are delightful in any part of the World, they are certainly most delicious in the wonderful Gardens of that place. Nevertheless if *Generalifa* wanted not its particular Beauties, the Castle of the *Alhambre* wanted not its peculiar Ornaments: And the Kings of *Granada* were no less sumptuously accommodated in the City, than in the Country. Nor is it a difficult thing to prove what I say, in regard the House is still to be seen, and is lookt upon to this day as one of the most stately Monuments of the Magnificence of the *Moors*. However notwithstanding the Magnificence and Delights of both Places, there were many that could not boast of enjoying them purely without disturbance: being inwardly fretted in the midst of those publick Rejoycings with particular grievances. In a word, the implacable hatred which the *Zegris* had against the *Abenzerrages*, and their vexation at so much ill success, gave them no repose: Thoughts were restless, and their minds were always employed in the search of means to revenge themselves, and to satisfie that hatred: The more misfortunes befel them, the more they were enraged: And shame intermixing with grief, redoubled the the violence of their Fury, and augmented their Despair: Thus the revengeful *Mohavide* having always before his eyes, as well the Blood which he had lost, together with his own Defeat, and the Victory of the fair Slave; besides the Triumphs of his Enemies, carried a breast fill'd with desire of Revenge, and cruel cares how to bring his ends to pass. In the midst of this insupportable disquiet, which occasioned him to suffer as many torments himself, as he was inventing for others, he bethought himself of suborning a young Female Slave, belonging to the Sultaness, who served her in her Chamber. After he had gained her by continual Gifts and Promises, he conjured her to stick close to his interest; to keep a diligent watch upon all *Almahide*'s Letters; to observe who they were that most frequently visited her; to endeavour to steal some of her Letters, and to give him a faithful account of all that she could discover. For the Jealousy which the King had of the two unknown Victors, could not be kept so secret, but that the report thereof was spread all over the Court:

And *Zarcan*'s double diligent enquiry had ſtill more increaſed that Report, and augmented that Jealouſie. The unfaithful Captive fail'd not to follow *Mohavide*'s inſtructions; and after ſhe had many days ſought an opportunity to ſerve him, at length by chance ſhe met with one: and thus it happened. One Morning as the Sultaneſs was making ready in her Cloſet, ſhe happen'd to be alone with her; at what time *Morayzel* and *Semahis* coming to her Apartiment, the Queen being advertiſed thereof, goes forth to entertain them; the wicked Girl thus all alone, and ſeeing the Key in *Almahide*'s Cabinet, made haſt to open it, and took out of it two the firſt Papers ſhe could lay her hands upon; after which ſhe went to the reſt of her Companions, that there might be no more ſuſpicion of her than of any of the reſt: But her Crime was too ſucceſsful. For after *Morayzel* and *Semahis* were gone, the Queen made an end of dreſſing herſelf in her Cloſet, and ſhut her Cabinet, never perceiving that any thing had been taken out, nor ſo much as dreaming of ſuch a miſchance. In the mean time the faithleſs Slave, to be faithful where ſhe was hired, carried the two Papers to *Mohavide*; who opening the firſt, found it to be an Epigram of *Leonces*, to this effect:

When a Lover in his breſt
Cloſely keeps his Love ſuppreſt,
All in vain with jealous Eye
Doth the watchful Rival pry;
For his Fire burns all within,
Though it flame, 'tis never ſeen.

The other Paper contained ſeveral Stanza's, compoſed by the fained *Ramira*, to the ſame purpoſe, and to the ſame ſence, only in other words, under the title of *Love conceal'd*: So that *Mohavide* being overjoy'd to find in his hands an opportunity to miſchief his Friends, gave the female Slave a thouſand thanks: and after he had given her a very conſiderable Reward, and beſought her to continue faithful to him, upon promiſe of her utmoſt endeavours, he diſmiſt her, and went in all haſt to Prince *Audalla*, with whom he found *Mahandin*, *Mahardin*, and *Mahardon*, together with five or ſix others of the principal of the *Zegris*, the *Gomeles*, the *Mazas*, and the *Vanegues*, the moſt powerful Families of that Potent Faction. As ſoon as he ſaw them, I have found it, I have found it, *cryed he, with an overjoy'd and yet ſurly utterance*, I mean, the only means to deſtroy our Enemies: For if this Invention of mine ſucceed not, I never expect more either from my Wit or Fortune, but will conclude, that their Guardian Angel is too powerful for mine. Upon thoſe words Prince *Audalla* demanded of him, What he had to ſay? To which the old Head of the *Zegrys* replyed, That the *Abenzerrages* were loſt, if the misfortune of the *Zegrys* were not invincible. Nor do I deſpair, *purſued he*, to ſee you very ſuddainly upon the Throne of *Granada*. Then he informed him of the Jealouſy which the King had of the two unknown Champions, that were victorious in the Carrouſel, and at the Combat of Bulls; He gave them to underſtand, the vain Enquiry that *Zarcan* had made after them: And then bidding them conſider whether that ſtrict Enquiry did not poſitively demonſtrate the King's Paſſion: He ſhew'd them the Verſes which the unfaithful Slave had ſtoln from her Miſtreſs: He cauſed them to obſerve, as they read them, the ſecret Correſpondency which the Sultaneſs held with thoſe two Strangers: In ſhort Sir, *ſaid he to the Prince*, behold the way to the Throne; for if the *Abencerrages* periſh, no queſtion but the *Zegrys* will advance you to the Soveraignty. But, *reply'd* Audalla, I cannot apprehend how theſe Verſes can do ſuch great things. Liſten then to the interpretation of the Riddle, and how I am about to make you King. I will go then, and carry theſe Verſes to him that is King at preſent: I will tell him that they were made by *Mahomad* and *Sangal*, and that I know their hands: For happily for us, neither of them were either at the Carrouſel, or Bull-fighting, becauſe they were both at that time very ſick: But I will tell the King that they did but only counterfeit themſelves ſo, and make that a proof of their Crime. Now, Sir, they being both *Abencerrages*, it will be an eaſie thing for me to perſwade the King from a particular into a general hatred; & to involve all our Enemies in the Crimes of thoſe two. Yet I find one obſtruction that will mainly hinder this Deſign, *reply'd* Mahandin; for *Mahomad* being the Kings Brother in Law, 'tis impoſſible but he ſhould know his hand, & eaſily diſcern that thoſe Verſes are none of his. O Mahandin, *reply'd he*, you little know what belongs to Jealouſy, if you believe what you ſay: Jealouſy blinds the quickeſt ſights, changes their very Objects, and makes them believe that which is not, and that which never can be. I am of that Opinion, *ſaid* Mahandin, and I think we may do well to follow his Deſign. For my part, I am not, *ſaid* Mahardon, and I take it to be a dangerous Project. The danger ſhall only concern my ſelf, *reply'd* Mohavide; for I do not believe there is any thing which the Perſon that made the Propoſal dares not execute. Let us then leave the Field clear to his Courage, *ſaid Prince* Audalla, and let us not ſtand in oppoſition againſt his own Honour and our own good Fortune. The *Zegrys* and *Vanegues* were of that opinion; as were alſo the *Mazas* and *Gomeles*; and the thing being ſo reſolved by the plurality of Voices, *Mohavide* departed ſwollen with the hope of his good ſucceſs, and went directly to the King. He was at that time wholly taken up with his own Paſſion; and therefore becauſe he loved to be alone, it was an eaſie thing to find him alone; but by reaſon of the obſtacles that he met with in his

his Love, in a very bad humour, and moſt probable to favour his Deſign. He accoſted him therefore as ſeriouſly, as the King ſeem'd to be ſad. Sir, *ſaid he*, I am not ſo much unacquainted with the World, but that the experience I have had thereof has taught me, that it is not the way to flatter Kings, to tell them things that are offenſive to their ears: But my zeal for your Majeſtie's ſervice not permitting me to conſider my own intereſt, where I ſee yours in jeopardy, I have laid aſide that Politick Rule, I have conſidered you without conſidering my ſelf. I know withal, that I expoſe my ſelf to an extream danger, in diſcovering that which I am about to diſcover, in regard of the Quality and Power of the Perſon that my diſcovery concerns: But having more Courage than Prudence, more Fidelity, than Fear, I have determined if not upon what is moſt pleaſing, upon what is moſt profitable; at leaſt moſt neceſſary and moſt juſt. Your Majeſty then muſt know, *purſued he*, that the Sultaneſs has dropt out of her Pocket two Papers, which I have here. They were taken up by one of my Slaves, who happened to go the ſame way ſhe went. He opened them, he read them, and conſidering the ſubject, brought them to me, to know what he had to do. When I ſaw the importance of the buſineſs, I impoſed a perpetual eſteem upon him, and taking the Papers from him, I have brought them to your Majeſty, to the end you may act in this Affair as your high prudence ſhall direct ye. Having ſo ſaid, he put both the Letters into the King's hands; who opened them, read them; and all the while he read manifeſted ſo much ſurprize, ſo much grief, and ſo much anger in his Countenance, that *Mahovide* was overjoy'd to ſee his Deſign proſper ſo well. After the King had read the two Papers over and over again, he asked *Mohavide*, whether he knew the Authors? Yes Sir, *anſwered he*, I know who they are, for having often ſeen their handwriting, I make no queſtion but that the Stanza's are *Mahomad*'s, and the Epigram *Sangal*'s; I alſo know both their Stiles. Then the King ſet himſelf to examine the difference of the Characters, which while he was doing, the cunning *Mahovide* continuing his ſpeech, Do you not ſee Sir, *ſaid he to the jealous Prince*, the bold ſtroaks of *Mahomad*'s writing, and that thoſe ill ſhaped Letters are perfectly of *Sangal*'s making? Yes, yes, aſſuredly the Verſes are after their vein; Their raſhneſs is ſo great; They are ſuch eminent Offenders, and all the *Abencerrages* are ſo abſolutely guilty, and ſo formidable, that if your Majeſty will be ruled by me, you ſhall baniſh them all, as they have already deſerved. But after the King had for a long time very attentively conſidered the two Papers, and put them up in his pocket, he gave this anſwer to *Mahovide:* That moſt certainly the Verſes were neither of *Mahomad*'s nor *Sangal*'s compoſition; that neither the Stile or Character had any reſemblance with theirs, and that infallibly he was deceived in his Judgment; and farther commanded him, upon pain of his diſpleaſure and of being ſeverely puniſhed, not to ſpeak thereof to any perſon, but rather to forget that he had ſpoken to him himſelf. The deſpairing *Mahovide*, not daring to do otherwiſe, promiſed to obſerve his Commands, and went his way; but with a real intention to violate all his promiſes, if thereby he thought he could ruin his Enemies, and not to reſt till he had brought it to paſs. In the mean time, the King was no ſooner all alone, & at liberty to diſcourſe his own ſad thoughts, but he drew forth of his pocket the two Papers once again; and opening *Ponce de Leon*'s firſt, with that violence that he had almoſt torn it. Ah inſolent Philoſopher, *cryed he*, thou haſt need indeed that thy Flame ſhould be inviſible as it is, and as thou ſay'ſt it is, for if ever I diſcover it, I ſhall quench it with thy blood. Nay, though thou wert Prince *Audalla* my Brother, thy boldneſs ſhall coſt thee thy Life, as it hath coſt me my Repoſe; and I will teach thee to love a Queen, that is eſteem'd to be the Wife of thy Soveraign: one whom I love more dearly and ardently than if ſhe was the Perſon that ſhe is believed to be. But alas! thy wit conceals thee, thy ſecrecy protects thee: and that Fidelity which is obſerved in thy behalf, ſaves thee and ruines me, makes thee laugh and me deſpair. However have a care of thy ſelf, *added he with a menacing tone*, for it will be a difficult thing for thee always to hide thy ſelf from the eyes of a Rival: Jealouſy is Eagle-ey'd; and could my Prayers be but heard to purpoſe, thou ſhouldſt know what a Soveraign Rival is, and the difference between a Subject and a King. Here he kept ſilent a while, but then opening the ſecond Paper, which contained Don *Alvares*'s Verſes: But, O Heaven! *ſaid he, fetching a deep ſigh*, if thou art beloved, Audacious as thou art, how comes it to paſs that another is entertained as well as thee, and that his Verſes are kept as well as thine? It is becauſe ſhe loves ye both, or elſe becauſe ſhe would deceive ye both, and that ſhe loved neither. I know not, I cannot tell, *replyed he to himſelf.* But however I am ſure, that thy Verſes are more inſolent than thoſe of thy Rival who is mine, and that thou deſerveſt a greater puniſhment. Thou ſay'ſt, that Kings are feeble in their Power; and hitherto thou ſay'ſt true, becauſe thou art ſtill alive: But if I can but one day know who thou art, and find out that Heart, where thou aſſureſt us that Love conceals himſelf, after he had appear'd in thy Eyes, I will regain the Soveraign Reputation of Kings by a moſt ſevere puniſhment, and make thee feel that the power of Kings is not yet ſo weak, as thou haſt accuſed it to be: Then in vain, in vain, would Love fly back to hide himſelf in thy breaſt, and deceive the Eyes of Jealouſy; if thoſe thy Fires that ſhoot forth, and ſtreight extinguiſh, as thou ſay'ſt, like Lightning, could

but once be ſeen by the King thou talkeſt of, they ſhould never kindle more; and they ſhould be no more ſeen by the Queen then by the King: for thou ſhouldſt never be ſeen more thy ſelf. Could I but diſſipate that darkneſs which conceals thee, of which thou haſt made ſo lively a deſcription, I would ſend thee into ſuch a darkneſs which thou ſhouldſt not ſo eaſily diſpel: I would ſend thee to the darkneſs of the grave which is Eternal, and is never to be diſpell'd. Then that Love of thine ſo full of ſlight, ſhould be at his wits end: nor ſhould all his ſubtlety ſecure thee from my anger, nor the puniſhment which thou haſt deſerv'd. Ah! deceitful Impoſtors, 'twas you without doubt that carried away the Ring; that gain'd the Prize at the Combat of Bulls. 'Twas you without doubt that won honour to your ſelves, and put me to ſhame, pretending to be the Queens Lovers in the preſence of your King, and in the view of all his Court. There as the crime is equal, the puniſhment ſhall be equal: and the ignominy of your death ſhall ſatisfie my revenge, for the honour of your lives. In the Concluſion of theſe complaints and threats, he ſuffered himſelf to be carried away by the tranſportments of his deſpair; and going to the Sultaneſs whom he found alone, he accoſted her with ſuch a Melancholy in his Countenance, and ſuch a ſadneſs in his Eyes, that it was no difficult thing for her to diſcern that he had ſomething more then ordinary that perplexed his thoughts. Madam, *ſaid he very furiouſly, preſenting her the two papers*, You are ſomewhat over careful to preſerve your ſecrets. So that if ſome other perſon leſs diſcreet then my ſelf, had found and read what I have reſtor'd ye, your Honour would have been in no ſmall danger by the ſtories that would have been raiſed in the Court. *Almahide*, who knew the Verſes again when ſhe ſaw them, was in a ſtrange ſurprize; ſhe bluſh'd, ſhe grew pale, her colour went and came a hundred times. She would have ſpoken, but could not; and indeed her thoughts were all in a diſorder. For as ſhe was not ignorant what the Verſes contained, ſhe ſaw too well that ſhe had no way to deny a truth that was ſo evident; and that the Confeſſion would expoſe her to a new Perſecution far more ſevere then the former. Nevertheleſs the greatneſs of the danger creating a Reſolution, at length ſhe recover'd her own, and beholding the King with a Majeſty that aſtoniſh'd him, as furious as he was; Sir, *anſwer'd ſhe very boldly*, I have no ſecret to conceal but yours. And at the ſame hour that you will permit me to diſcover that, I engage my word to let all the Kingdom know, as well as you, who are the Authors of thoſe Verſes, that have made ye ſo angry: For as my Virtue is without reproach, and their affection purely innocent, there is nothing in all that which needs to be concealed. I take you at your word, cruel Lady, *reply'd he*: and I conſent to purchaſe with the loſs of my Kingdom the knowledge of a ſecreſie which I prefer before it, and which is to me of more importance then my Crown. Name then to me, ſince 'tis your own offer, thoſe unknown perſons, whom I have ſo great a deſire, and whom it concerns me ſo much to know; and ſince you never promis'd me any thing before, break not your word, unleſs you intend to drive me to deſpair. No, no, Sir, *ſaid ſhe imperiouſly*; For ſo ſoon as I am removed out of the *Alhambre*, and thoſe who are concerned are departed out of your Kingdom; when all the Kingdom ſhall know that I am not your Wife, and how you have ſerved the Daughter of *Morayzell* and *Semahis*; if I may preſume to call her *Almahide*, who was not of that mean quality or merit to be put to act the part of a Player in favour of *Plyriam*, I promiſe you again your Curioſity ſhall be ſatisfied, and you ſhall know what you deſire to underſtand. No, no, Inhuman Woman, *reply'd the King*, I deſire to know none of your ſecrecies upon that condition: you ſhall never go out of the *Alhambre*, till I go to my Tomb; and if you otherwiſe believe, your belief is built upon a wrong foundation. But I hope to find out without your aſſiſtance, what you ſo earneſtly endeavour to conceal from me. I hope, I ſay, that the happy ſhall not always enjoy that felicity; that the miſerable ſhall not always be unfortunate; but that the day will come when the guilty ſhall be brought to condign puniſhment, maugre the reluctancy of their Accomplices. If it be ſo, Sir, *reply'd the Sultaneſs*, tremble upon the Throne wherein you ſit, tremble your ſelf, I ſay, for you are not innocent, having uſed me in this manner. In the mean time, *purſu'd ſhe*, unleſs you will pluck my tongue out of my mouth, you ſhall not hinder me any longer from diſcovering what I have ſo long conceal'd; and though I ſhould neither ſee *Morayzel* nor *Semahis*, though you ſhould forbid them from coming hither, I will tell it to the *Abencerrages*, I will tell it to the *Zegri's*, I will tell it to the Court, I will tell it to all the Kingdom, I will tell it to all *Europe*; all the World ſhall know your unjuſtice and my misfortune. O what a misfortune it is, *reply'd the afflicted Prince*, to be Queen of *Granada*! What a piece of injuſtice it is to give you my Scepter and my Crown, having already bequeathed you my heart and my ſoul! What great cauſe you have to bemoan your ſelf! and what great cauſe have I to rejoyce in your goodneſs! Let it be as it will, *reply'd ſhe*, we will diſpute no longer upon this ſubject: do you keep your word, and I will keep mine; and ſo we ſhall do both what becomes us. Yes cruel woman, I will do what I ought to do. I will preſerve the Thing which I love, though I ought to hate it: I will ruin that which I hate, though I find it beloved by you: and I will act always as a Lover, though I ſhould ceaſe to be a King.

The

The Princeſs *Morayma's* Chamber was next to that of the Sultaneſs, and in regard they talk'd very loud and tart, though ſhe could not hear what they ſaid, yet fearing the worſt, that prudent Lady haſten'd into their Company, to mediate a Reconciliation. When the King ſaw her, Ah Siſter, *ſaid he*, Almahide ſtill continues *Almahide*, that is to ſay unjuſt, cruel, inexorable, one that nothing can move, nothing can oblige: And I am ſtill weak and faint-hearted, one that endures her ſcorn without reſentment. Ah Madam, *reply'd the Sultaneſs*, the King is ſtill the King, that is to ſay, tranſported with his own humor, one whom nothing can ſatisfie, nothing can oblige, and ſtill deſires that which he knows can never come to paſs. This tranſported Prince, *added he*, however will be ſo reſpectful, as not to tell his own Siſter the laſt cauſe of his complaint. I will tell it her my ſelf, *reply'd* Almahide. For I ſcorn your injurious diſcretion, that raiſes ſo much ſuſpicion, where there is ſo little reaſon. In a word, ſhe repeated to *Morayma* all the diſcourſe that had paſſed between the King and Her, ſhe confeſs'd that the two Strangers lov'd her, and that they had ſent her ſeveral Copies of Verſes, and then continuing her Speech, judge you *ſaid ſhe to Morayma*, whether it be a crime to be belov'd; and whether that can offend a Prince for whom I have no affection? whom it becomes him not to love me? and whom I do not deſire to love me? Judge you I ſay, whether it be convenient for me to remain in a place where I ought never to have been? where I bluſh to ſee my ſelf? and where I never had been, had not you detain'd me here? Judge you a little farther, whether I have not reaſon to remove? whether the King does not do me wrong not to let me go? And whether it be a Royal part to threaten the innocent in my hearing? No, no, Sir, *ſaid the Princeſs to* Boaudelin, I find nothing that is Criminal in all this. As long as ſhe is free, though ſhe ſeems not to be ſo, ſhe is free to be belov'd, it is in her power to give and receive the Teſtimonies of affection; ſhe may alſo conceal them, in regard ſhe knows the violence of your humour; and all this while the moſt ſevere and ſcrupulous Virtue in the world has nothing to do to tax her with it. Now to know whether ſhe does well or ill, to prefer a ſtranger before a King, is another Queſtion by its ſelf, which there is no great neceſſity to examine. I will only ſay this, Sir, that there being nothing ſo ſtrong or ſo free as Inclination, 'tis impoſſible to move it by threatnings; and it behoving a King, if it were poſſible, to be the moſt Virtuous Perſon in his Kingdom, it behoves him not to act after any manner below his Dignity. Nor is it prudence, *ſaid ſhe to the Sultaneſs*, to drive a Man to deſpair, who has all the Power in his hands: I ſay, it is not prudence to act with precipitation, and to do things in a hurry, to the prejudice of the whole Kingdom: And after you have done ſo much for him, it becomes you not to ruin your own Fabrick, or to pull down what you have ſet up. In the mean while, Sir, *ſaid ſhe to* Boaudelin, as it is the Lovers part to ſubmit to the Lady (though he be your King himſelf) as being more Man-like and Courtly, I ordain you, if I may paſs Sentence upon the Judge of others, to entreat her to forget whatever it be that has given her a diſtaſt; not to threaten any Perſon where ſhe abides, and to endeavour to overcome her, only by giving way to her. But on the other ſide, *added* Morayma *ſpeaking to* Almahide, I ſentence you alſo, not to ſpeak a word more as yet, of denying your ſelf to be Queen, which would be the ruin of the King: And to remember that a perſon who has all the Power in his hands, is excuſable for being ſomewhat tranſported, when he is denied whatever he deſires. Yes, my dear Siſter, *ſaid the amorous and paſſionate Prince*, I begg her pardon for a fault, which I ſhould not have committed, did I not extreamly love her; and I promiſe her all things that are in my power to promiſe her, conſidering the miſerable condition to which I am reduced. For my part, Madam, *ſaid* Almahide *to* Morayma, as I am perſwaded that I cannot better do, than by ſubmitting my reaſon to yours; and yielding an implicit obedience thereto, I will ſtay a little longer, ſince you think it convenient. But conſider, Madam, however, that your Honour lyes at ſtake, as well as mine; and that if I commit an Errour, 'tis you that cauſe me to commit it. My Virtue ſhall be ſecurity for yours, *anſwered the Princeſs*, and I think my Reputation is too well fixed in the World, for either you or I to fear the mouth of Scandal. Upon thoſe words, ſhe left the Chamber, taking the King along with her, fearing leaſt they ſhould engage in any farther Diſpute: But ſo ſoon as they were gone forth, *Almahide* conſidering the embroyl'd condition of her Fortune, and the little likelihood ſhe had to find her way out of ſuch a confuſed Labyrinth, fetch'd a deep ſigh, and framing her ſpeech to *Eſperanza de Hitta*, Alas! my dear Virgin, *ſaid ſhe, embracing her and dropping tears from her eyes*, I am betrayed; for ſome of my Attendants, failing in her Fidelity, has ſtollen from me certain Verſes of the Count of *Pegnafiel* and the Duke of *Infantada*; and by delivering them into the hands of the King, has expoſed the Lives of the Noble Freeman and the illuſtrious Slave to the greateſt danger in the World. For while he ſearches in vain to find out the two unknown Conquerours, if he but bethink himſelf of commanding *Leonce* & *Ramira* to write, they are loſt without redemption: And therefore there is no longer dallying, they muſt be gone both, how unwilling they may be; that by their ſafety I may be at reſt. Nevertheleſs, *added ſhe*, *fetching another ſigh*, for me to part with *Ponce de Leon*, and in all likelihood for ever, is a thing that goes to my very heart: Nor can I tell whether

ther death could prove more cruel, then such a separation. But how deeply sensible soever I may be thereof, it behoves me to resolve, since the life of *Ponce de Leon* is more dear to me then my own. I confess Madam, *said the discreet Captive*, the danger is very great; and that your apprehension is very just: However you are bound to hope, for the God whom we adore, having deliver'd ye from so many perils, will never suffer ye to shipwrack in the Port. I beseech him so to do, *reply'd the* Sultaness; and to that purpose I pour out unto him the most ardent prayers of my Soul: Yet though Hope seldom forsakes the Unfortunate, I confess it now gives place to Fear, or rather to the certain appearance of some great misfortune. As she had spoken those words, *Leonce* and *Ramira* enter'd her Chamber; when she going to meet them with a Countenance wherein they might read the bad tidings which she had to tell them, At length, *said she*, you must be gone; there is no farther delay, no excuse to be made; you must resolve: an absolute necessity requires it. What new accident is this, *answer'd the Count of Pegnafiel*, that obliges us to depart so soon? What reason have you to lay so cruel an injunction upon us? For my part, *added the Duke of* Infantada *with his usual Frankness*, I assure you, that you must be very Eloquent indeed, and your reasons extreamly perswasive, before you will perswade me to stir from hence. For as there is no *Almahide* at *Sevile*, I am resolved not to leave her that lives at *Granada*, though she be not altogether so kind to me, as I could wish her to be. Ah! no, no, *reply'd the* Sultaness, 'tis not a time to jeast. But 'tis time to depart from among the *Moors*, where you can no longer abide in safety: and therefore to take from you all pretence of staying here, I intend this day to procure your enlargement by Letters of enfranchisement, which all the Court shall see, to the end that being a Christian, you may be oblig'd to quit the Mahometans, and return into your Country. I declare, Madam, *reply'd he*, that I had rather be your Slave, then your Freeman; that I prefer your Fetters before your Patents, though they were to be sealed with Gold: and rather then I will depart from hence, I will become Mahometan, though I hold the Alcoran more false then *Æsop*'s fables; and I take a Cap to be less troublesome, then a Turbant with fifty Els of Linnen in it. But Madam, *added* Ponce de Leon, pray tell us what reason you have to banish us, and what obliges you to commit this piece of injustice. There is no necessity to know all this, *reply'd the Duke*; I am not so curious: and therefore let us talk of something else, which is more to the purpose. However I must talk of it a little more, *answer'd* Almahide; and to shew you both how little reason I have to hold my tongue, know that by some misfortune which I cannot apprehend, or at least by the perfidiousness of some of my attendants, the King has got into his hands the last Verses which you both sent me; that he seeks to find out the Authors, whom he has most terribly threatned in his expressions to me: So that if it should come into his head to command you to write, you must be both ruin'd, in regard the Papers are both your hand writings. But, Madam, *answer'd* Ponce de Leon, is it equity and justice in you to expose us to a certain mischief, for fear of an uncertain misfortune. Madam, *answer'd* Don Alvare, I do not want half my wit to find out a remedy for this great mischief you talk of, which indeed is none at all. For should the worst come to the worst, we have no more to do to save our selves, but only to say that we never knew how to write in our lives: or should I be obliged to take a pen i'my hand, I should make such strange Pot-hooks, that the King himself should never be able to question my ignorance. Truly, *added the feigned* Leonce, this is a most infallible remedy; for it is a thing so ordinary for slaves to be ignorant, that nothing can be more probable then what the feigned *Ramira* has propounded. I confess, *said* Almahide, there is much of wit in the Duke's invention: but all that does not take away my continual fears, nor change my opinion in the least. For how can you avoid it, if some persons that have seen you write, should come and convince you of a lye? For my part, Madam, *cry'd* Ponce de Leon, I can safely swear that no person ever saw me write. And by the holy Alla, *said* Don Alvare, I always hid my self when I wrote, as if I had been a Conjurer, and drawing Circles. Alas! *said* Almahide, you are facetious, when you ought to weep, and merry when I am sad. But once more you must be gone: and that you must absolutely resolve upon. For though this new misfortune had not happen'd, yet you know that your departure was inevitable: have I not told ye so a thousand times? has not your own reason been convinc'd? Have ye forgot that you only obtained a Protection, and that you were at length to accomplish those things which were only delay'd for a time? Then must I dye, Madam, *reply'd* Ponce de Leon; for not being able to live without you, if I must not see you more, I will live no longer. I will rather choose to live, and not depart, *added* Don Alvare, for your company is so acceptable and winning, and life so sweet, that I am resolved neither to quit the one, nor forsake the other. Then I must leave ye both, *replied* Almahide; nor shall you ever see me more, but incens'd, unless it be to bid you both farewell. Upon those words she went into her Closet, and shut the door after her; while the two Illustrious Rivals went their ways, in a strange perplexity what Course to take. But *Ramira* first beginning, and addressing himself to *Leonce*, just as *Don Fernand* and *Sancha* were come to wait upon them;

them; That which divides us, now reunites us, *ſaid He*, and though we are Rivals, common Intereſt engages us to act as if we were Friends. Let us jointly labour then in oppoſition to a departure ſo cruel, and of which we are ſo deeply ſenſible. Alas! *anſwered* Ponce de Leon, there is nothing which I would not undertake to hinder it, if I knew which way to go about it: But the more I ſeek to draw my ſelf out of this perplexity, the more I find my ſelf entangled. For between our ſelves, I muſt confeſs, that the Divine *Almahides* fears are not without a cauſe: that what ſhe apprehends may happen: and if it ſhould fall out, we muſt be of neceſſity ruin'd. But the remedy which ſhe propoſes is worſe then death. And thus not knowing how to depart, nor how to ſtay, I am in the moſt miſerable condition in the world. But that which moſt perplexes me is, that if we ſhould be diſcovered after ſo long a diſguiſement, and ſo great a familiarity with the Sultaneſs, not only our Lives would be in danger, but her Honour, which we ought to prefer above all things: it being certain that the malice of the Court would not fail to put an ill Interpretation upon our diſguiſe and ſtay in *Granada*, though ſhe be in no fault, but has oppoſed it with all her might: and this is that which cauſes my irreſolution, which is my greateſt Torment. You have reaſon for it; Sir, *reply'd* Don Fernand: For the ſame paſſion that makes you fear your departure, ought to ſpur you to it: ſeeing that is the only courſe that Love diſintereſted ought to take. In truth, added the Painter, I ſee no better way; and if my advice might be followed, you ſhould depart forthwith, to eſcape the misfortune. O *Don Fernand*! O *Sancha*! *ſaid* Ramira, you talk like people that are not in Love: and your Counſel is more eaſily given, then follow'd. But for us that love, and infinitely love, the thing is not ſo eaſie: ſo that I am at a ſtand, whether it would not be better to kill *Boaudelin*, how dangerous ſoever the attempt might be, than to quit *Almahide*. Ah, *reply'd* Leonce, he had dy'd a long time ſince, had I had nothing elſe to husband, but my own life: But ſince he has ſav'd ours, how can we take away his life with Honour? and indeed what would ſo great a Crime avail us, ſince we muſt inevitably periſh in committing it? Though my Conſcience be not ſo ſcrupulous as yours, *reply'd* Don Alvarez; and though I queſtion, whether a man needs be ſo generous toward a Rival; or ſo wiſe, when he is in Love, yet I approve not of expoſing our ſelves for nothing. For when we were dead, it would little concern us whether *Almahide* were a Queen or a Subject, a Maid or a Wife: And therefore, *purſued he*, that we may do ſome thing leſs dangerous, and more profitable, I am of Opinion that our beſt way is to inform *Morayzel* and *Semahis* that their Daughter is only the ſhadow of a Queen, and no real Sultaneſs, and that the King only eſpouſed her to hide the Paſſion which he had for *Myriam*, and to appeaſe the Factions of the *Abenzerrages* and *Zegris* by that pretended Marriage: To the end the Father and Mother, who are moſt ſurpaſſingly ſenſible of their Honour, may remove their Daughter out of the *Alhambre* to their own Palace, whither we may follow her, and remain in more ſecurity than poſſibly we can be here. Without farther examination, *ſaid the* Count of Pegnafiel, your Counſel cannot be amiſs: but, O Heaven! I find it accompanied with too great a danger in following her; the only thoughts whereof makes me tremble: Not but that it concerns us, that thoſe enraged Factions ſhould go again together by the Ears, and fill all the Kingdom with Blood and Fire, Tumult and Confuſion: For the ſuppreſſing of the *Moors* would be the raiſing of the *Spaniards*, and ruin of *Granada* would be the advancement of *Madrid* and *Sevile*. But that which I apprehend is this, leſt the deſpairing King ſhould endeavour to obtain this by force, which he cannot do by Love, and uſe Violence to *Almahide*, to whom he has ſhewn all Reſpect imaginable. Let us ſay nothing then, but hold our Tongues, *reply'd* Ramira, for ſhould ſuch a thing come to paſs, we ſhall then have taken all this pains in vain, and never could Slaves be ſaid to have been worſe recompenced: 'Tis better for us therefore to let the Queen murmur, than let the King triumph: to diſobey her, than loſe her, whatever danger there may be in our ſtay. I am of your Opinion, *reply'd the* Count of Pegnafiel, and whatever *Fernand* and *Sancha* may ſay, I conclude not to leave *Granada*, as long as we can preſerve our ſelves alive. While the two Illuſtrious Rivals were thus contriving, the King of *Granada* was got into his Cloſet, whither he ſent for *Zarcan*. The Favourite was no ſooner enter'd, but he beheld in the Face of his Prince a mixture of anger and grief, which ſoon convinced him that Love was the cauſe of his Melancholy, and *Almahide* the Object of his Love. And therefore as ſoon as the King ſaw his Favourite, ſtriking his hand upon the table with a ſtrange violence, Ah Zarcan, *ſaid he*, if your cunning fails, I muſt never think to be happy, if my ruin be not inevitable. You cannot diſcover my Rivals, and yet I have them every day, and they ſtill continue their intelligence: In vain I endeavour to know who they are; in vain you try to inform your ſelf; they laugh at you, and me too; they keep themſelves from my ſearch and your inquiſition in the midſt of my Court, and not fearing the power of a King, perſiſt in making Love to a Queen. Look here, *ſaid he, ſhewing him the Epigram and the Stanzas*, ſee what Papers *Almahide* keeps in her Cabinet; and what a ſhame it is for us to have been ſo long abus'd, and to let ſo much inſolence go ſo long unpuniſhed. But do you endeavour to do that which I cannot do; labour you, I ſay, to find out whoſe two hands theſe are. The Favourite

looked

looked upon them with all the accurateneſs that his wit was capable of; He conſidered every ſtroke, and every daſh of the Pen; he examined Letter after Letter, and then with all the attentiveneſs imaginable he obſerved the Stile, and Frame of the Verſes? But the reſult of all his ſtudy and contemplation was nothing, but the confeſſion of his ignorance. Thereupon the King tranſported with his deſpair, briskly reſuming the Diſcourſe, and addreſſing himſelf to *Zarcan*, with a kind of vexation in his countenance, 'tis to no purpoſe, *ſaid he*, for us to make uſe of our cunning; for we muſt be made fools of, as long as theſe Strangers pleaſe: But though I have read Verſes that do not very well pleaſe me, yet my ingrateful Miſtreſs has heard me ſpeak ſuch Proſe as could not be very acceptable to her Ears; and I have let her know, that I am not altogether inſenſible. Sir, *anſwered the Favourite*, I beſeech your Majeſty to let me tell ye, that this tranſportation is injurious to no body but your ſelf, but very advantageous to your Enemies; in truth, it ſerves only to bid them have a care of themſelves, and keep themſelves more private: However as there is no recalling what is paſt, labour to do better for the time to come, and avoid theſe extaſies againſt the Queen: that while you ſeem leſs violent, your Rivals may be leſs cautious, and more eaſie to be diſcovered. O Zarcan, *reply'd the King*, how eaſie is this Counſel to be given, and how difficult to be followed! I grant it, *reply'd he*, but the more difficult it is, the more proper it is for your Majeſty to make uſe of; and therefore I would adviſe ye to go, as you were wont, to the *Circle*, as if nothing at all had happen'd between you and the Queen; that you appear neither ſad nor angry, but that you propoſe to her the keeping the *Pirates fair*, which is a piece of Gallantry annually obſerv'd, and laſts three days; in which time it ſhall be my care to watch the whole Court, and with a feigned innocency to keep a ſtrict eye upon theſe two Offenders. Let us go then, *ſaid the King*, but, *purſued he*, if I do what you adviſe me to do, be ſure you do what I deſire you to do, and leave nothing omitted to bring your buſineſs to paſs. With that he promis'd him, he ſwore to him; and the King a little comforted went immediately to the *Circle*, attended by his Favourite. As for the Sultaneſs, ſhe having been put out of humour by the King's vexatious Diſcourſe, at firſt abſolutely refus'd to go, but the Princeſs *Morayma* brought her ſo many ſtrong Arguments, and ſo well convinced her of the neceſſity of her appearance, that at length ſhe went, attended by her Maids of Honour *Leonce* and *Ramira*. At firſt the King and the Queen ſeem'd to be equally at a loſs, but the diſcreet Siſter of *Boaudelin* perceiving the diſorder, to remedy it preſently fell into a Diſcourſe. As it would be a violation of the Cuſtomes of my Country, *merrily ſaid ſhe*, to talk of any thing elſe but Love, eſpecially where the Company conſiſts of men and women; I am reſolved to be a good Subject for once, and obſerving the faſhion of my Native Soil, I think it not amiſs to propoſe a Queſtion: Which you believe to be the moſt Afflicted, the Lover that parts, or the Miſtreſs that ſtays? Ah Siſter, *reply'd the King*, 'tis a Queſtion the leaſt to be doubted of any that you could have propounded: For while the ſorrow for ſeparation is proportionable to the greatneſs of the Affection that caus'd it, there is no queſtion to be made, but that he that loves moſt, muſt be the moſt afflicted; and by conſequence the Lover that departs, muſt be more afflicted than the Miſtreſs that ſtays: ſince it cannot be thought that the Miſtreſs ſhould love ſo well as the Lover. Beſides, as the Miſtreſs is incomparably more lovely, ſo ſhe is incomparably more belov'd: Now the more precious the thing is which we are to loſe, the more it grieves us to part with it: And therefore the Lover that muſt abſent himſelf, has more reaſon to complain, than the Miſtreſs that ſtays behind; ſince that which he loſes is of greater value, in reference to himſelf. Again, a Lady ſhall never want a hundred more Servants, that will be labouring to chear her up for the loſs of her abſent Lover; and if they ſee her in a penſive humour, will be carrying her to Plays, Balls, and Collations, on purpoſe to lighten her Affliction; and many times thoſe Pleaſures get an abſolute Victory over that Grief, inſomuch that ſhe forgets the abſent Lover quite, while he wanders from place to place, and carrying his Grief always about him, is always miſerable; nothing will divertiſe him; he has always in his imagination the Image of what he has loſt, and the more he knows the price of it, the more diſconſolate he is. Laſtly, he knows that Women are inconſtant, and with what charms Novelty prevails over their Sex and Temper; ſo that being always in fear, he is ſtill a Sufferer: From all which I conclude, that the Lover who abſents himſelf, is more afflicted than the Miſtreſs that tarries behind. Sir, *very ſeriouſly anſwer'd the Sultaneſs*, I am not of your Opinion; for moſt aſſuredly there are more Examples of Mens inconſtancy, than of Womens. Only infidelity among us is lookt upon as a Crime, among them it is taken to be a piece of Courtſhip, and the moſt unfaithful to be the greateſt Courtier: They rather chear, than afflict themſelves in the Journeys which they take: Change of Place, variety of Objects, difference of Perſons, nay, the very ſtirring and exerciſe of the Body, reſtores the mind to its reſt; while Grief is lull'd aſleep: ſo that if the Lover be not perfectly cur'd, he is at leaſt very well at eaſe: But the Lady that ſtays behind, ſhuts herſelf up in her Cloſet, ſhe ſhuts up herſelf within her ſelf, and is ſo far from ſeeing new Objects, that ſhe deprives herſelf of the ſight of thoſe which ſhe ſaw before; and ſtill pondering upon what ſhe has loſt, ſhe always feels the diſpleaſure of her loſs, and refuſes conſolation. For my part,

ſaid

ſaid Prince Muſſa, I am of opinion, that he that departs has more reaſon to complain then ſhe that ſtays behind. As ſhe that ſtays, *reply'd* Zelime, feels not the grief of him that goes, and as he that goes, is able to know her ſorrow, there is nothing certainly to be averr'd in this caſe. For my part, *added* Lindarache *ſuppoſing the Paſſion equal*, I believe the ſorrow to be equal. But your ſuppoſition, *cry'd* Abenamin, can never hold water. For Ladies can never love ſo well as they are belov'd, nor with a proportion to their beauty. I am of the ſame mind, *ſaid* Abdala; for I have known Ladies who have little laid to heart the abſence of their Lovers while they themſelves would admit of no conſolation all the while of their receſs. And I *repl'yd* Fatima, have often obſerv'd the quite contrary. I know no perſon, *added* Aldoradine *ſmiling*, ſo proper as *Abindarrays* to give his judgment in this particular; for he having parted from above five hundred Miſtreſſes in his time, no man can tell better then he, the ſorrow of leaving them. Quite otherwiſe, Madam, *ſaid he*, there is no perſon more ignorant: For they left me, before I forſook them. I loudly declare, haughtily *cry'd* Cadiga, that every Lover whom abſence kills not, does not love at all, and that his pretended grief is but a mockery. Ah! Madam, *reply'd* Amat, if that Lover be yours, he would do well to dye; not to prove his Love, but to avoid your hatred. But the Princeſs *Morayma* who had ſtarted the Queſtion, was the laſt that reſolv'd it; and declaring for the men, put to ſilence all the reſt of the Ladies, ſo great a reverence they had for her Wit and Virtue. Afterwards the Queen to continue the Converſation, put another Queſtion, Which was moſt ſatisfaction to a Lover, to praiſe his Miſtreſs, or to be prais'd by her? Methinks, *reply'd the King*, that the Compariſon is not juſt, the latter queſtion being much more rational then the former. Not but that a man that truly loves, receives a great deal of ſatisfaction in praiſing the thing which he loves; and is ſenſible of much pleaſure in diſcourſing of her: Being raviſh'd with the augmentation of his honour, in convincing them that hear him of her Merit, her Beauty and her Wit. But it is ſo pleaſant a thing to be prais'd by the Beauty we adore; her praiſes are ſo charming to a Lover, that the Harp of *Orpheus* was not more harmonious. And this Opinion is grounded upon reaſon. For it being indubitable, that we eſteem that which we intend to praiſe, ſuppoſing that we are ſincere; the praiſes of a Miſtreſs being a certain Mark of her Eſteem, o'rewhelm the Soul of a Lover with Raviſhment and Tranſportation, and make me ſtrongly believe that there is more pleaſure in being prais'd, then to praiſe. For my part, *added* Galliana, if I may preſume to contradict your Majeſty, I am of another Opinion: believing that there is more of vanity then love in a joy that proceeds from Intereſt. And indeed, Sir, he that loves, if he be modeſt, will be aſham'd of the pleaſure, while his praiſes are repeating. He will not endure to hear them; he will oppoſe them with all his might; and will receive them but with a denial. So that although his joy be great, yet it is not calm and quiet. For the high opinion which he has of that which he Loves, will not permit him to believe that he deſerves what ſhe ſays of him: and if he do not believe it, his content can never be but mean and ordinary. But when a man praiſes his Miſtreſs, the Orator that endeavours to perſwade others, is the firſt perſwaded himſelf. He follows the Motion of his own heart in the Motion of his Eloquence, and being ſtrongly convinc'd of the merit of what he praiſes, he taſts a moſt incomparable pleaſure, which is not to be apprehended but by them that have experience of it. Beſides the perſon that ſpeaks in the praiſe of what he loves, calls to his remembrance that which firſt begat his Love, the Excellency of her Complexion, the Luſtre and Charms of her Eyes, the Carnation of her Lips, the Beauty of her Hair, the lovely Lineaments and Proportion of the whole Body: Her pleaſing Wit, and the Nobleneſs of her Mind. All which coming into the Memory of him that Loves, and ſetting before his eyes all that is amiable, there is no queſtion to be made, but that his ſatisfaction muſt be very great, and that I need not have ſought for ſo many Arguments to prove, that it is a greater delight to praiſe a Miſtreſs, then to be praiſed by her. I confeſs, *ſaid* Almahide, I am not of the Kings mind. For were I a Lover, I ſhould rather chooſe to praiſe my Miſtreſs, then to be prais'd by her. I aſſure you, Madam, *ſaid* Zelebin, the queſtion is ſomewhat doubtful: and paſt my determination. The reaſon of that is, *reply'd* Lyndarache, becauſe there is a certain Vanity intermix'd with your Love, which is not altogether ſo ſincere as it ſhould be, between perſons that love and are belov'd; then ſaid *Abindarrays*, I hold the two pleaſures equal, not being able to conceive any difference. Oh, *reply'd* Aldoradine *ſmiling*, that's becauſe whether you praiſe or are prais'd, you are aſſur'd that neither the one nor the other will laſt long; that is to ſay, no longer then your paſſion, and hold it not worth your while, for ſo ſhort a time, to determine of the precedency. Truly, *added* Semahis *very haughtily*, I do not think it becomes them that are to be prais'd, to praiſe others: and therefore I would have every one do as they ought to do, and not to over-turn the order of things. For my part, *ſaid the Princeſs* Morayma, I am for praiſes given, to the prejudice of praiſes receiv'd. Let us conclude then to make no poſitive concluſion: ſince the voices are equally divided. If that be the definitive ſentence, *ſaid the King*, let us talk no

more of these praises; but let us now endeavour to determine which is the greatest mark of Love, whether to be silent or to speak; whether sighs or tears? For my part, *reply'd the Sultaness*, I believe the former. For without doubt the more respect a Lover shews, the better he may be thought to Love: Modest fear being always an inseparable companion of Love. Now in regard it is not so easie a thing to suffer and be silent; the greater the difficulty is, the more it discovers the Passion to be great. Words are but wind: A man may be prodigal of them without impoverishing himself. Deceivers make use of them, as well as they who are sincere: or rather they are all for talking, never silent. But he that keeps himself silent, is far more likely to have a lasting passion. As for tears and sighs, they only denote the passion of them that use them, not the force of their Love: and therefore falling under the same rebuke with Indiscretion in words, I must rationally conclude, that silence is a greater mark of passionate Love, then any of the other. Quite contrary, Madam, *reply'd the King*, I hold that Eloquent grief is the only true grief: That it is impossible to be silent upon the rack, when it is extreamly painful. In short, it is so easie not to speak of a small misfortune, and so hard a thing not to complain of a great one, that I see no comparison between the two questions. A Love so wise, and a grief so formal, can be no true Love, nor real sorrow. Transportment being the true Character both of the one and of the other. For tears and sighs, no more then silence, are not always the most certain proofs of the tender affection of the heart; which induces me to believe, that the passion that speaks, is stronger then that which is silent, weeps or speaks. The little King has notably tall reasons, *whispered* Ramira *to* Leonce. For these weepers, these sighers, these silent servants, are most assuredly less in love then the bold *Inamorato*, that cannot love, but he must be talking. Yes, in your thoughts, back whisper'd *Leonce*, but not according to mine, who hold that there can be no love, where there is no discretion. Never talk of yours then to the Sultaness, *softly answer'd* Don Alvare, but let me always talk of mine: for otherwise you will act against your own Maxime. Ah, Sir, then *said* Amat *to the King*, 'tis neither respectful, silence nor transported Eloquence, nor unseemly tears that express the passion of love best; rather I believe that sighs are the most absolute evidences thereof. For they have something I know not what of tender, pensive, and melancholy; something I know not what of passionate, languishing and sorrowful, that pourtrays Love better then all the other can set it forth, and more clearly shews the greatness of it. How contrary is my Opinion to yours, *reply'd* Zelebin. For a deceitful Lover speaks when he will; is silent when he pleases; sighs when he finds it convenient. All these three things depend absolutely upon the Will, and are very uncertain marks of the certainty of Love. But Tears are an excess of the passion that causes them; They are as it were the expression of the heart too much oppress'd. And the more our temper endeavours to withstand them, the more they shew the force of that fire that forces them to trickle down. Thus as the continual fall of water hollows the very Rocks themselves, there is no heart so hard which the tears of a Lover will not mollifie. There is no humour so jocund, which their sadness will not render melancholy; nor so cruel, from which they will not draw compassion: which perswades me that tears are a truer mark of Love then either words, silence or sighs. I will never testifie that to be true, *whisper'd the Duke of* Infantada *to the Count of* Pegnafiel, for I am better at laughing, then weeping; better at talking, then keeping silence. For my part, *reply'd* Galliana, if a Lover never spoke, I should never unsterstand him as long as I live. But if he talk'd too much, *added* Cadiga, I should quickly teach him his duty. I am for sighs, *cry'd* Zaida; and I for tears, *answer'd* Morayma, for they are more effectual, and less able to deceive. After this, before the Circle brake up, the King pitch'd upon the day for great Festival of the Pirates, and agree'd upon the persons that were to be concern'd, putting himself in the first Place.

In that Noble Festival, certain persons feign'd themselves to be *Moorish* Pirates, who were come ashoar, after they had been roving, to expose their booty to sale at Land, so that there were as many Tents prepar'd, as there were persons of Quality disguis'd like Pirates. Every Tent was furnish'd with very precious Commodities plac'd in order, and all differing in fashion and substance. In every one of the Pavilions was a person of Condition habited like a Pirate, but so fashionable and rich, that there appear'd nothing of the Covetousness of those sort of people in him: but that rather Love then Interest ingaged him in that sort of Traffick. To which purpose the Solemnity was call'd *Traffick without Interest*. When their shops were open, the Ladies magnificently habited and usher'd by persons of Honour, new led by the particular Mistress of the particular Pirate to his peculiar Tent, where after she had cheapen'd what lik'd her best, and they never differ'd in the Price, she took what she pleas'd, and then distributed the rest to the other Ladies, till nothing remain'd, after a new sort of Liberality, faigning to sell, while they gave all away. So that after the Festival was ended, all the Ladies return'd laden with Jewels, Pictures, and all sorts of other Rarities. All the whole City of *Granada* being assembled at the Piazza of the *Vivaramble* to behold the sumptuousness of the Solemnity. But of all the Magnificent Tents, and

and ſumptuous Merchandize that was there to be ſeen, there was nothing that gave *Roderic de Narva* that ſatisfaction, as the Beauty and Richneſs of *Zelebins* Tent and Furniture, which the prudent ſlave obſerving, Sir, *ſaid he*, the ſtory of his adventures is no leſs remarkable than his Tent: and I am ſure it will no leſs pleaſe you to hear it. I will hear it immediately then, *reply'd the Captain General of the* Spaniſh *Armies*. Upon theſe words *Don Fernand* being commanded to ſit down, began his diſcourſe as follows.

The Hiſtory of Zelebin *and* Galiana.

THE Perſon whoſe adventures you deſire me to relate, is of the Family of the *Alabezes*, deſcended from the Kings of *Fez*, and the fair Lady with whom he is in love is of the Illuſtrious Houſe of the *Gazulls*, deſcended from the Kings of *Tunis*: and very near of kin to the Sultaneſs. But if they are equal in Birth, they are no leſs equal in merit. For there is not to be found in the Court of *Granada* a more accompliſh'd Knight, nor a more beautiful Lady. You know him to be a perſon of a comely and noble preſence, and that he is a perſon as full of wit as courage. For the Lady, you ſee her to be a Majeſtic beauty, worthy the Throne of her Anceſtors; having a certain Air of Grandeur in her port, in her Countenance, and in all her actions, as if ſhe ſtill wielded the Scepters of her predeceſſors.

But to come to things more Eſſential to the Story, you muſt underſtand, Sir, that a little before *Muley* having reſign'd his Crown to *Boabdelin* that now reigns, after he had pardon'd him his Rebellion; our Army made an Irruption into the Kingdom of *Granada*, coming within ſight of *Almeria* which is the ſecond City of the Kingdom, of which *Omar*, *Galiana*'s father, is chief Governour. Now Sir, it happen'd, that while our Troops advanc'd in this manner, *Galiana* was at a houſe in the Countrey, with two or three friends. So that upon the firſt report of this diſorder, they made all the haſte they could to retire to *Granada* for more ſecurity. But it came to paſs, that unluckily for them they were ſurrounded by a party of our Cavalry, who judging by their Equipage, that they were perſons of Quality, made them all priſoners of war. Their Commander ſending them immediately with a good Convoy for *Sevile*, he queſtioned not but to have a good Ranſom for them. In the mean while in regard that upon the firſt news of our March, the *Moors* had taken the Alarum to endeavour to ſtop our deſigns, and the progreſs of our Arms, Prince *Audalla*, ſecond Son of the King of *Granada*, having got together ſome five or ſix Squadrons, haſted toward *Alcala*, being the place of Rendezvous; the Council of war having reſolv'd to fight us, as ſoon as their Army was embody'd. By the way he met with the Convoy, that had the charge of the fair Priſoners, and perceiving by their habit, and ſorrowful Countenances that they were *Moors* and Priſoners, not regarding the inequality of the Number, he charg'd our Troops with ſo much bravery, that they gave way at firſt, and were put to ſome diſorder. But when they conſider'd the inequality of the Number they had to deal with, aſham'd of their repulſe, they return'd with freſh Courage to the Combat, and put the Prince to an abſolute flight, ſo that he that ſought to ſet others at liberty, became himſelf a Priſner. The fair *Galiana*, and the reſt of their Illuſtrious Captains were deeply ſorrowful to ſee their defender in that Condition. For though he neither knew them, nor they him, yet the danger he had expos'd himſelf to, the Valour he had ſhewn, and his goodly preſence made them extreamly ſenſible of his misfortune: He for his part was not a little vex'd to ſee himſelf not only unable to deliver them, but to be a priſoner alſo. So that all Ambitious ſouls being no leſs haughty, he ſuffer'd his impriſonment with much more impatience, than he endur'd his misfortune. This was the poſture of his affairs, when *Zelebin* his favourite, and his Lieutenant General, whom he had drawn out and ſent with a part of his troops to make ſome diſcovery, met with thoſe that fled from the fight, by whom he underſtood the defeat of the Prince, and how he was taken priſoner. Thereupon reproaching their want of courage, and exhorting them to make amends for what they had done amiſs, he made them ſtand, rally'd and reorder'd their ſhatter'd troops, and with all the ſpeed he could, he flew after ours with a fury equall to his valour. The Combat was long and obſtinate; and the Victory very doubtful, ſo that ſhe ſeem'd to be in a ſtudy with which ſide to take part. But *Zelebin*, conſidering that his fortune depended upon the Liberty of Prince *Audalla*; and that if his Maſter loſt the one, he ſhould loſe the other, he acted with ſo much courage and conduct for the preſervation of both, that after about two hours reſiſtance, our Cavalry firſt retreated in diſorder, and ſoon after betook themſelves wholly to flight: leaving the brave *Moor* Maſter of the field, and of their Priſoners: *Zelebin* alighting went directly to the Prince, who was left to his liberty by thoſe that guarded him, and addreſſing his ſpeech to him, you are free and victorious, Sir, *ſaid he*, (with a deep reſpect) And the good fortune of your Armies this day has given you an advantage wherein I had little or no ſhare. Ah! Modeſt Victor, *cry'd* Audalla, your Humility is no leſs unprofitable, than it is unjuſt: For having been an eye witneſs of the fight, I

cannot be ignorant to whom I am beholden for my Liberty and the Victory withal. Upon those words, seeing the Chariot wherein the Captives rode, at a little distance from him, and observing *Galiana* to be the principal Lady of the Company: Madam, *said he*, I did all that lay in my power, but that Honour was reserved to another: 'Tis to the valiant *Zelebin* here, to whom both you and I are indebted for the Liberty which we had lost. Sir, *answer'd she*, *in return of his Complement*, 'Tis the Intention which obliges, not the Event; and I am sure, the generous *Zelebin* will not take it amiss, if we share our acknowledgment, as well for what he has perform'd, as for what you would have done. No, Madam, *reply'd the Noble Moor*, that's still too much by half; for as I owe all to my Master, and to Persons of your Merit, I have done no more than my Duty; and neither you nor he have receiv'd any Obligation from me. However I am very certain, *reply'd she*, *very obligingly*, that neither he nor I am of your Opinion; nor shall we take advice from you, when it comes to the point of shewing our Gratitude. I must confess however at this time, *reply'd the Prince smiling*, that my Envy strives with my Gratitude; for he has won so much Honour by serving you, that it will always be a trouble to me, that I could not do it my self; though I am glad, it was in the power of another: But, Madam, since a Field where men lye slain, is no place proper for your Sex, be pleas'd to tell me whither you are design'd, that I may secure ye thither. Sir, *answer'd the fair Lady*, when I met with the *Castilians*, and was taken, I was then going for *Granada* for safety, being then nearer to that Place than to *Almeria*, whereof my Father is Governour: But in regard this Rout, that has befal'n'em, will keep them from wandring from the body of the Army, and make them march closer together, you will oblige us to let us have a Convoy to the last Place, where I impatiently desire to be, were it only to inform *Omar*, how much we are oblig'd to your Highness and the valiant *Zelebin*. I am ready, Sir, *said the brave Moor*, to command the Convoy. No, no, *reply'd the Prince*, you have done enough already; I will command it my self; for it is not just, that you should do all, and I nothing. Thereupon, though *Galiana*, out of respect, labour'd all she could to refuse the proffer, yet she was compell'd to obey; And the Prince having disposed of her Coach in the midst of his Troops, march'd toward *Almeria*, in very good order; *Andalla* having sent *Zelebin* before to secure his March, keeping himself in the front of his Squadrons, ready to fight if occasion offered it self. But, Sir, he was already overcome; though he were not vanquish'd alone, for to say the truth, the Prince and *Zelebin* no sooner beheld *Galiana*, but they both fell desperately in Love with her: and *Galiana* no sooner saw *Zelebin*, but her inclinations seem'd to favour him, though she were equally oblig'd to both. In the mean time, having call'd one of her Attendants, who had not forsaken her in all the Tumult of the two Combats, she sent him before to *Almeria*, to inform her farther both of what had befallen her, and how much she was obliged to Prince *Andalla*, and of the Honour he had done her to Convoy her, to hinder her from being surpriz'd again by the unexpected coming of an Enemy so considerable; as also that he might be the better provided to entertain him: Not forgetting at the same time what *Zelebin* had done for her. So that when they came near that great City, they found the Citizens all in Arms, and *Omar* at the head of his Garrison at the Gate, where he receiv'd the Prince with the Ceremonies of Honour little different from those which he would have given to the Prince his Brother: Sir, *said he with a profound respect*, Fame hath already spread the Grandeur of your Courage, and the obligation which your Highness has laid upon me: So that it highly concerns me to shew my acknowledgment by venturing my Life and Fortune at all times in your Service, when ever opportunity shall present. No, no, valiant *Omar*, *answer'd Prince* Audalla, *embracing him*, you are nothing oblig'd to me, for what I intended to have done; for every Knight owes the same Service to all Ladies, being engag'd thereto by his own Honour. After these, *Omar* made a most obliging Complement to *Zelebin*; who fail'd not to answer him with another, wherein the Daughter had as great a share as the Father. These Ceremonies being ended, the Governor conducted the Prince to a most magnificent Apartiment in the Castle; Nor was the Supper less sumptuous, and the Ball which followed shewed the inamour'd *Audalla* all the beauties of *Almeria*, no less charming than richly habited: but they made no impression in his heart; the Beauty of *Galiana* was so deeply imprinted there before, that the characters of all those other Beauties signified nothing: So that he was no sooner a-bed, but notwithstanding the darkness of the Night the Image of that lovely Virgin appear'd before his eyes, with all her splendour and her charms; fixing an Object in his fancy, which Love had already fix'd in his heart. While he, to entertain the same Idea in his breast, and preserve it in his memory, O *Andalla*, *Andalla*, *question'd he with himself*, is this the Ambition that awakes thee? Thee, whom no Passion could ever yet awake? Hast thou any Design to ascend the Throne? And though Nature has brought thee into the World after *Boaudelin* thy Brother, is it thus that thou art contriving to ravish the Scepter from his hands? Is it the *Spaniards* invading the Kingdom, that disturbs thee? Do the Factions of the *Abenzerrages* and *Zegris* break thy sleep? Art thou a good or a bad Subject? Dost thou think to preserve or destroy thy Country? Ah! no, no, nothing of all this causes thy disquiet: For without any regard to Peace or War, I find that thou art now given up to Love; thou

thou art wholly taken up with the thoughts of the fair *Galiana*, upon whom no man can ever think too much. Yes, thou art in Love with that Celeſtial Perſon; thou art no longer Ambitious, but a Lover; inſtead of looking after a Crown, thou art ſtudying how to fetter thy own Arms. But alas, *reply'd he to himſelf*, the firſt time ſhe ſaw thee, ſhe beheld thee vanquiſh'd; a Priſoner and a vanquiſh'd Perſon are not fit to conquer others, or enthral them. However, *added he as ſoon*, if ſhe ſaw thee loſe thy Liberty, it was to reſtore her to her own freedom, which ſhe had loſt; ſhe ſaw thee expoſe thy Life, to recover her out of Captivity. 'Tis true, *ſaid he again*, but ſhe ſaw thee hazard thy Life in vain; and it was to *Zelebin*'s Valour that ſhe was beholden, not to thine, and thou thy ſelf art indebted to him for thy freedom. I confeſs it, *purſued he*, but did I not hear her ſay, that 'twas the Intention ſet a price upon our Actions: and if thoſe be her Maxims, have I not ſome ground to hope, ſince ſhe is not ignorant of my Intention? Let us love then, let us hope: For being born with ſo probable a Right to the Throne, me thinks it ſhould be lawful for me to hope. This, Sir, was *Audalla*'s Reſolution which he took in his new Paſſion; but becauſe *Omur* thought it his duty always to attend him, for which reaſon he could not find an opportunity to diſcover his Paſſion to her that caus'd it; and for that the urgency of the War would not permit him to ſtay, he bethought himſelf of making her a Sonnet, which he did, with an intention to ſend it by *Zelebin* his Favourite, that ſhe might not be ignorant of the Affection which ſhe had created in his heart.

On the other ſide, *Zelebin* did not ſpend the Night with more quiet, or with leſs diſturbance than his Maſter; for the Image of *Galiana* haunted his fancy, as much as it did *Audalla*'s. He re-beheld her with all her charms; he call'd to his remembrance what ſhe had ſpoken in favour of him; and he not only beheld her lovely, but he believed that he might poſſibly be beloved by her: the equality of their Conditions, of their Fortune, and of their Age, fortified his hope; and his Favour with Prince *Audalla* ſeem'd yet more propitious to his Deſign, and very likely to make *Omur* willing to admit of his Suit: But becauſe his adherence to his Maſter did not permit him to ſtay with his Miſtreſs, and foreſeeing that the War, to which he was oblig'd to follow him, and his abode at *Granada* in time of Peace, would hinder him from ſeeing her ſo often as he deſir'd; he reſolv'd to diſcover his new Paſſion to the Prince, and to requeſt his ſupport and protection, and his interceſſion both to the Father and the Daughter: Not doubting of the proſperous ſucceſs of his Love, if he could but obtain the Prince's Favour, which was the leaſt thing that he queſtion'd. Theſe pleaſing thoughts lull'd him aſleep; and by reaſon that dreams were no leſs pleaſing, his joy continued as long as he ſlept. But it far'd not ſo with *Galiane*, who ſlept not a wink: Her diſquiet was more and her trouble greater, than either of the two Lovers had; for as ſhe made more reſiſtance, ſo ſhe ſuffered more, and her Torments were durable and much more cruel; Beſides thoſe two illuſtrious Slaves of her Beauty had but one Idea both of them in their minds, but ſhe had two: So that her Object being double, her grief was the ſame, while her heart was divided. She no ſooner thought upon what Prince *Audalla* would have done for her, but ſhe remember'd what *Zelebin* had done. If on the one ſide Grandeur of quality attracted her Eyes, and flatter'd her Ambition; on the other ſide Grandeur of Merit recall'd her to her ſelf, and then her Vertue carried her above Fortune. But at length after thoſe two amiable Enemies had long conteſted in her breaſt, Inclination interpos'd; and *Zelebin* having Inclination on his ſide, ſhe lov'd him no leſs than he lov'd her, ſo that their Affection became reciprocal. However day no ſooner appear'd, but *Zelebin* went to the Prince's Bed-ſide, in order to the reſolution which he had taken, and to employ his Credit in the behalf of his own Love; but he was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd when he enter'd his Chamber, and found him awake with a Paper in his hand, which he read over with that intentneſs, that he could not but think it of high importance. Sir, *ſaid he, after he had given him the time of the Morning*, Is there any Expreſs come from the King to your Highneſs? Or have you by any other means receiv'd any intelligence of the Enemies March, on the reſolution they have taken after their laſt Defeat. No, *Zelebin, anſwer'd the Prince ſmiling*, this Paper nothing concerns the War. How then Sir, *anſwer'd the Favourite bluſhing, though he could not tell wherefore*, can it concern Love? Your Highneſs, that only minded Ambition at *Granada*, can you mind any other Paſſion in *Almeria*? Has the Country wrought thoſe effects, which the City could never do? Ah *Zelebin*, *reply'd* Audalla, Thou mayſt be ſure ſomething is the reaſon; for being redeem'd out of one Priſon, I am caſt into another, as thou wilt find by theſe Verſes. Upon thoſe words, he gave him the Paper which he had in his hand, and commanded him to read it; which he preſently did, but with a ſtrange commotion of mind, and a diſturbance more than ordinary, without knowing the cauſe thereof at preſent, though ſhortly after he knew it too ſoon for his repoſe. This was the Sonnet I told ye of, which made the reſtleſs *Zelebin*'s heart beat, every line he read; And indeed never was Poeſie leſs pleaſing to him, than that. Nevertheleſs becauſe *Galiana* was not named in it, he flatter'd himſelf with a hope that it might not concern her, and that ſome other Lady had made ſo great a Captive and taken ſo illuſtrious a Priſoner. And therefore addreſſing his ſpeech once more to the Prince, You are of that quality and that merit, that you

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cannot meet with fetters that can be over-weighty; Or with a Miſtreſs that can be ſevere, for a Slave that aſpires to a Kingdom, can never be ill us'd. But, Sir, *purſu'd he, trembling*, may I preſume to ask which of the fair Priſoners has made you her Captive? For being the moſt lovely Lady's in *Almeria*, I make no queſtion, but one among the reſt, muſt have enthrall'd ſo great a heart. I beſeech you, Sir, *added he*, fixingly beholding the Prince, is it *Carrallill*, or *Amouda*? Is it *Rapagy*, or *Hyamene*? For all thoſe four are ſo beautiful, that I cannot divine which of them it ſhould be. And wherefore *reply'd the Prince*, do you not name the fifth? Does *Galiane*'s merit deſerve to be forgot, or is her name to be left out, eſpecially when we talk of Love and Beauty, Priſoners and Chains? No, Sir, *anſwer'd* Zelebin, but I thought it might not be ſhe, becauſe I earneſtly deſir'd it might not be ſhe, by reaſon *(added he immediately after, for fear he ſhould have ſaid too much)* ſhe ſeems to be too haughty. Alas! 'tis ſhe, however, *reply'd* Audalla: and her haughtineſs it ſelf to me appears lovely. You may well gueſs, how *Zelebin* was daſh'd out of countenance, when he underſtood that irkſom language, which was enough to have thrown him into deſpair; and of the perplexity wherein he was, when he found himſelf oblig'd to anſwer the Prince. He endeavour'd three or four times in vain; fain he would, but could not: For the diſorder of his mind not permitting him the liberty either of words or thoughts, depriv'd him for the time of his ſpeech. But having at length recover'd himſelf, 'Tis very true, Sir, *ſaid he*, that *Galiane* is very fair, but it is no leſs a truth that her pride is no leſs than her beauty; and as great a Prince and as brave a perſon as you are, I foreſee that ſhe will find ye trouble enough, if ere you engage in her Service. For ſhe has been never at the Court, but has been all her life bred up in a Country City. So that though ſhe be full of wit, ſhe will prove infallibly very aukward in her behaviour. Beſides, as *Galiane* is not of a quality noble enough to inſpire your Highneſs with any lawful deſign, yet her Condition is too high for a bare Courtſhip. And then her abode being always here, will you be oblig'd to leave the Court, ſo oft as you muſt be forc'd to do, to come and viſit her here? Nay though the violence of your Love ſhould conſtrain ye to quit *Granada* for *Almeria*; nay though the King ſhould approve of your abſence (which is a thing very unlikely) what will become of that noble Ambition which I have always diſcern'd in the bottom of your heart? What will become of all thoſe ſecret Caballs which you have fram'd againſt your Brother in moſt parts of the Kingdom, if you abandon them meerly to mind your Amours? Has your Highneſs forgot that it is only for the Faction of the *Zegri*'s ſake, that you pretend to nouriſh that Ambition? And what aſſurance can they have of you when they ſee you enamour'd of *Omurs* Daughter, neareſt Kinſman to *Morayzel*, who is the moſt zealous adherent to the faction of the *Abencerrages*? No, no, Sir, never deſtroy your great hopes for trifles of ſo little conſideration; keep your firſt paſſion, that will be always prompting you to great undertakings, and which is more worthy of your Exerciſe. Ah *Zelebin*, *anſwer'd Prince* Audalla, *ſmiling*, ſince Poets and Lovers are ſaid to be fools, why ſhould you imagine that I ſhould be wiſe? Why ſhould you think it ſtrange to ſee me do thoſe things, which all people in Love have done? Never oppoſe a Torrent, which when ye ſtop, ye do but enrage; and therefore ſerve my paſſion, rather than contend againſt it. As to what remains, in regard that *Omurs* Civility, will give me no opportunity to diſcourſe his Daughter, I deſire you to do for me, that which I cannot do for my ſelf: that as ſoon as you ſee him here, you will go to *Galiane*; that you will preſent her theſe Verſes in my behalf, that you will diſcourſe to her concerning my paſſion: that you will aggravate the greatneſs of it, with all the force of your Eloquence. But, Sir, *added* Zelebin, *almoſt beſide himſelf*; the force of my Eloquence is ſo ſmall, that I dare promiſe nothing, for your Highneſs having always had more of Ambition than Love, I have ſo little experience in thoſe kind of Commiſſions, that I would adviſe ye to intruſt ſome other perſon: No, no, *Zelebin*, *anſwer'd the Prince*, I know ye too well to believe what you ſay, and therefore, provided you will but do your beſt, I make no queſtion but the buſineſs will proſper, and that I ſhall be very well ſatisfi'd. But *added he*, becauſe I perceive that the thing does not pleaſe your palate, and that your Morals and your Politicks are too grave and ſevere for a man of your age: I am reſolv'd to provide againſt them. And therefore ſwear to me by all that you account moſt Sacred, to ſerve me to the full of my Expectation, and not to omit any thing in the proſecution of my Love, unleſs you intend to purchaſe my diſpleaſure. Here, Sir, the poor *Zelebin* was at a ſtrange plunge what to anſwer. For to confeſs himſelf his Rival, was to loſe his favour and his fortune. To refuſe what he deſir'd, was to hazard the ſame loſs. Not knowing therefore what to chooſe, nor what to ſay to the Prince, nor hardly what the Prince had ſaid, he only ſwore in general terms to do what lay in his power. For he muſt have dy'd for grief, had he been compell'd to ſay more. However I do not believe he would have ſtop'd there, but that his Politicks and his Morals would have done their utmoſt to have freed him from an employment ſo cruel and painful, had not word been brought to the Prince at the ſame time, that *Omur*, and ſeveral perſons of Quality were at the Chamber door, deſiring to be admitted. Thereupon making haſte to dreſs himſelf,

himself, he gave *Zelebin* the Sonnet, and ordered him to carry it to *Galiana*, while he kept her Father in discourse; commanding him withall to give him an account of his Commission, so soon as he had dispatch'd the business. After that, the Company was admitted, and the unfortunate *Zelebin* went forth overwhelm'd with Grief, Despair, and Fury. Immediately he went and took a walk alone in the Garden, and retiring into the most private parts and most remote from Company, he began to consider with himself the cruel fantasticalness of Fortune, and the sad condition to which he saw himself reduc'd. O Heaven, *said he*, *fetching a deep sigh*, who ever beheld an adventure like mine? Of all the Miserable, who was ever so unfortunate as I? I engage my self in the dangers of War, to expose my self to the perils of Love; I fight, I overcome, and deliver my old Master, and my new Mistress; but while I break their Chains, I load my self with Fetters. He that I claim for my Protector, proves my Rivall: and at the same time that I go to request him to speak in my behalf, he Commands me to speak for himself; and while I expect that he should take care of my life, he Stobs me Mortally to the Heart. Alas! is it not enough for him to Love what I adore, and for me to bear it, but that instead of labouring to acquire her Love my self, I must take pains to perswade her to love him? but that instead of discovering my own Flame, I must make his Love appear. No, no, 'tis altogether impossible: My heart would belye my Mouth; and my Mouth would discover the Condition of my Heart, should it have the boldness to undertake any such thing. I know very well, *persu'd he*, that Prince *Audalla* my Master, that he is the Son of a King, and may come to be King himself; that he is Cholerick, Potent, formidable, and that if I fail in my obedience, he will not fail to punish me and revenge himself. But I understand as well that *Galiana* is the fairest Person in the World; that my passion exceeds, as much as her beauty excels; and that instead of contributing to the felicity of another, it becomes me to obstruct it, or dye, if it be true that I am a Lover, or know how to Love. Let us therefore be silent, not speak at all, or speak for our selves; and rather let us lose our respect, our fidelity, our fortune, and our life, then do an act so extraordinary, as to speak against a Mans own self in behalf of his Rival. But thou hast promised it, and among Persons of Honour, promises are inviolable, how unjust soever. So that there is a necessity for thee to serve *Audalla* against *Zelebin*, since *Zelebin* has given his promise to *Audalla*; though thou wer't certain to dye in the Accomplishment of thy Promise. Thus resolv'd, he went to *Galiana*'s Apartment, and desired leave to see her, which he obtain'd as soon as requested. Thereupon he enter'd into her Chamber, but so sad, so dismay'd, so perplex'd, that had not *Galiana* spoken first to him, I believe he had not spoken to her at all: and that for all the resolution which he had taken, he would have but ill acquitted himself of his commission and promise. Generous *Zelebin*, *said she very obligingly*, the presence of Prince *Audalla* would not permit Yesterday, to express my acknowledgment of your extraordinary service. But once that I can act more freely without prejudice to the Rules of good Manners, I assure you most sincerely, that the Obligation which you have lay'd upon me, is most deeply engrav'd in my Heart: That time shall never be able to deface it: And that if you give me this visit to desire any favour of me, you may be sure to obtain it. Remember your promise Madam, *answer'd he*, *fetching a sigh*, and since the Prince my Master has desir'd that I should be the Messenger of these Verses, which he has made for your sake on purpose to Evince you of the passion that cauſ'd him to make them, permit me, I beseech ye, that I may acquit my self of the Duty which I owe him, and to beg of you, that you will be pleas'd to be mindful of your promise in reading this paper which I am oblig'd to shew you. How great a Prince soever *Audalla* is, *answer'd she*, and what ever obligation I may have for his intention to serve me Yesterday, I must tell ye he is too bold; and had he not bin as cunning, as rash, in chooſing you, his Courtship would have been but ill received, and his Verses should not have been read. But, *added she with a Melancholy in her Countenance and in her Eyes*, since 'tis your desire, I will look upon them, though it be to little purpose. In that she read them, and then addressing her speech to *Zelebin*, If the Prince *said she very Coldly*, claim only Praises for his Poetry, I am content that you should carry back my Commendations to him: But if he aim at any thing more serious, more seriously tell him, That I like not his way of proceeding: And that to any other but himself I should have sent another manner of answer. Upon those words, notwithstanding the ill success of *Zelebins* Enterprize, there appear'd something of joy in his Eyes, which he endeavour'd to conceal; and notwithstanding *Galiana*'s scorn, there appear'd in hers something of a most pleasing tenderness toward him, which she labour'd as much to hide. Nevertheless they both kept close their own thoughts in their breasts, and the Rival Confident, resuming his first Discourses: But, Madam, *said he*, the Prince is so Eminent in degree, that it is not just to use him like a meaner Person; for that which would be indiscretion in another, cannot be so term'd in a person of his quality. I cannot tell whether all that which you say be true, *answer'd* Galiana, but I know that his Judgment is not so excelling in the choice he has made of you, for an Employment of this nature. I account my self unhappy, Madam, *said* Zelebin, in the bad Opinion you have of me. I am so far

from

from that, *reply'd* Galiana, that 'tis rather because I have a good one, that I believe what I say; for I can never imagine that Lover to be very judicious, that chooses a Confident so compleat as you are. However, Madam, *added he*, I take my leave of you, not a little troubled that I can do no better. I counsel ye then, *reply'd she smiling*, to let your sorrow more heartily appear to *Audalla*, than it seems to be to me; for I must confess it seems to me but very moderate, and I believe it will appear no heavier to him. *Zelebin* then made her a low Obeysance, giving her no other answer; and return'd to his Master; but by the way he thus discours'd his own thoughts: O unfaithful Confident, *said he*, hast thou done what thou ought'st to do, and dost thou not rebuke thy self for what thou hast done? I have done all that lay in my power, *answer'd he*, and certainly no man else could have done more. Alas! *added he*, for a man to act against himself, and for a Rival, is a thing so cruel, that he that does most mischief, does best: For I am perswaded, 'tis not a thing to be done without committing a Crime. 'Tis true, I acted so faintly, that *Galiana* easily perceiv'd it, and descry'd the Crime thou speak'st of in thy Eyes, as well as from thy Lips. But O Heavens, *reply'd he*, what did I discern in hers? Or at least, what do I believe I saw there, while I spoke to her? Ah! I know nothing; nor do I desire to know any thing of it; for that knowledge would conclude me criminal, and I had rather dye innocent, than be perfidious. Now, Sir, while he was thus reasoning with himself, and pondering upon *Galiana*, she her self forgat not *Zelebin*; but recollecting in her memory, as well what he had said, as what her Lips had spoken, her Soul was no less toss'd, than the mind of that Lover was turmoyl'd: Thou abusest thy self *Galiana*, thou abusest thy self; *said she*, and thou hast not seen what thou imagin'st thou didst see. Thou didst believe so, because it was thy desire it should be so; and that belief proceeds from thy Error, and not from what was really in thy thoughts. No, no, impossible that *Zelebin* should Love thee, because he has spoken to thee in the behalf of another, and not for himself; I say, 'tis impossible to be both a Confident and a Rival. Had *Zelebin* lov'd thee, he would have spoken to thee concerning his own passion and not his Masters: We would have endeavour'd rather to have done him an unkindness, then have spoken to his advantage. He would have refus'd such an Employment, what danger soever there had bin in the denyal. Yet if it were so, what meant that gladness which appear'd in his Countenance, when I answer'd in prejudice of the Prince? What meant those passionate looks, which methought spoke so freely to me? I cannot tell, yet I would fain know. For if I am long in the dark, I shall suffer by that ignorance. However *Galiana*, *added she*, *Audalla* would have serv'd thee; 'Tis very true, *reply'd she*, but *Zelebin* did serve thee, and the effects is beyond thy Will: The High Qualitie of the first is to be considered; yet more the vast merit of the other. And vertue is to be preferr'd before fortune. The main thing is then, whether *Zelebin* love *Galiana* or no? for if that were true, I believe *Galiana* would not hate *Zelebin*. But Sir, *while the Lovely Maid thus argu'd with her self*, the Gallant Moore was not without trouble; For being return'd to his Master, Prince *Audalla* no sooner perceived him, but drawing him aside, and whispering softly to him, Well my dear *Zelebin*, *said he*, *with a vehement earnestness*, did you or I speak the best reason? and which of us two made the best conjecture upon *Galiana*'s answer? Sir, *answer'd the Favourite very pensively*, You have so many other good and Noble Qualities, that you need not wonder if that of a true Prophet fail ye. Ah! *reply'd the Prince*, I understand your meaning: You have so much you need say no more. *Yet added he, I will not be so repulsed:* Ambition is not so easily daunted at Pride. I foresee however, *reply'd Zelebin*, that that Haughtiness, will exercise your patience, and that of all your Enemies you will find her the most difficult to be overcome. No matter, so she be not invincible, *reply'd the Prince*. For difficulty rather chases, then cools my resolution. But Sir, said *Zelebin*, to let ye know all, either my conjectures deceive me, or there is some of the Persons in the World, for whom she has no unkindness, so that you do but attempt a place that is taken already. If it has bin once taken, it may be taken again, *reply'd Audalla*; and if I did but know the Conqueror, he should dearly purchase his Victory. In the mean time while I court this Haughty Lady my self, do you labour to discover this conceal'd Rival, which is all I require at your Hands. Having so said, he left him and return'd to *Omur*; who carried him away to see the New fortifications which he had lately made, notwithstanding his unwillingness to stir out. In the mean time, *Zelebin* recollecting in his mind, the last discourse and the last injunction that the Prince had laid upon him, Alas, *said he to himself*, how easie it is for me, to inform *Audalla* who is his Rival! and how glad should I be to inform him, were not mine, my Master. Yes Prince, were you not a Prince, my *Cymiter* soon should let you know your Rival. But you are the Son of my King; my Benefactor, and I your Creature: You trust in me, and I must not betray your Confidence: so that if I cannot discover your Rival, I ought to keep him from doing you any displeasure. Otherwise I am perfidious, a Traytor without honesty or Honour, without generositie or Courage. 'Tis not in my Power not to Love *Galiana*, but 'tis in my Power, not to tell the Prince I love her. Yet since I can and ought to do so, I will do it, though I foresee, 'twill cost me my life, and that I shall dye for grief. These were *Zelebins* Pensive thoughts, all the while they took their walk; and though he

he very well underſtood the Mathematicks and Fortifications, yet he ſpoke ſo impertinently concerning Baſtions and Half Moons, Plat-forms and Horn-works, as if he had underſtood nothing at all of any ſuch things; ſo intent were his thoughts upon his Love, that he thought upon nothing elſe. Soon after, the Prince, having fetch'd a Compaſs round the walls of the City, return'd with all the haſt he could to the Caſtle, the ſooner to ſee *Galiana*, who by her Father's command, came to receive him at the top of the Stairs, attended by her Governeſs and her Maids, and conducted him into the great room of Preſence: At what time *Omur* being gone to give ſome other directions for the ſervice of the Prince, the bold *Audalla* was unwilling to loſe ſuch an opportunity; To which purpoſe leading the lovely Lady toward a Window that jutted out upon the Garden, while the Company out of reſpect ſtood ſtill at a diſtance: Madam, *ſaid he with a low voice*, I cannot tell whether *Zelebin* have diſcharged himſelf of that Commiſſion which I gave him; but I have ſome reaſon to think he has not, by the anſwer which he gave me; for I know not why a very vehement Paſſion ſhould give you any offence; or wherefore you ſhould think it ſtrange to be belov'd, being ſo lovely and ſo amiable. Sir, *ſaid ſhe*, I find the contrary, that my Anſwer is the proof of *Zelebin*'s fidelity; it being certain that of neceſſity he muſt have ſpoken ſeveral things offenſive to me, ſince they conſtrain'd me to give your Highneſs that Anſwer. Truly Sir, *purſued ſhe laughing*, I never beheld in all my life a behaviour like to yours; for though I never had the honour to be ſo much as known to ye till yeſterday, to day I am aſſail'd here with Verſe and Proſe, and a formal proteſtation of Love. Truly it plainly appears that you pretend to be a Conquerour; for elſe no perſon could have been more confident, or have made more haſt. 'Tis very true, *reply'd the Prince with a ſmile*, that at this time, I make Love like a Man of War, who every minute expecting to be call'd away by the ſound of the Trumpet, ought not to loſe the leaſt moment, but to do that in haſt which another might do at more leiſure. But Sir, *anſwer'd ſhe*, my heart is not a place to be carried by Storm; or if you think it be, 'tis rather the raſhneſs of a young Souldier, than the prudence of an old Captain that tells you ſo. I am of an Age that does not permit me to be more judicious, *reply'd he*, and of a humour to truſt much to Fortune. Never wonder then, *anſwer'd* Galiana, that your deſigns have ſuch ill ſucceſs, for they that are guided by the Blind, can never go right, unleſs it be by a Miracle. 'Tis for Deities to work Miracles, *anſwer'd* Audalla; and by rendring me fortunate, notwithſtanding the imprudence of Fortune, you will work one Miracle worthy of your ſelf, and of the Altars which I conſecrate to your Divinity. Sir, *merrily reply'd ſhe*, the War which calls you away, and the Occaſions you are going to meet, ſhould give you but little encouragement to reproach fortune. No, no, Madam, *ſaid he*, I am certain to be a Conquerour, provided I have your good wiſhes. Sir, *anſwer'd ſhe*, I have too great a Love for my King and Country, not to pray for your proſperity; and ſo long as you deſire of me nothing but what is juſt, you are certain to obtain your Requeſt. I only deſire then, *reply'd* Audalla, that when you pray for your King and Country, you would not forget him that is going to hazard his Life for both; or to ſay more truly for you alone. For he more admires *Galliana*, then he regards all the Kingdom beſide: And if ſhe would be but willing that I might be a conquerour in all things, there would be nothing more wanting in this World but ſuch a Victory to compleat my Honour. Such Prayers as theſe would be too much in general, *anſwer'd ſhe with a ſmile*, but I will pray more particularly, that the Armies of the King may proſper under your conduct, and that you may return triumphant over the *Caſtilians*. This converſe, to *Zelebins* torment, had not ended thus ſoon, had not *Omur* interrupted them, being come to tell the Prince that his Table was ſerv'd: But when they were all ſate down, neither he, nor *Zelebin*, nor another whom I ſhall name preſently, nor *Galiana* her ſelf had any mind to eat. In the mid'ſt of a Noble Banquet their Eyes were more employ'd than their Mouths, and their minds more ſatisfy'd, than their taſts. *Audalla* continually beheld *Galiana*: *Zelebin* did the ſame, but with more Art; *Galiana* beheld *Zelebin*, but of that *Audalla* could not take any notice, and the Stranger moſt ſtedfaſtly beheld them all. Soon after Dinner the Trumpets ſounding to Horſe, the Prince took his leave of *Omur* with the feweſt words that poſſibly he could. But then turning to *Galiana*, with a low Voice *he ſaid*, I am going to be Victorious, ſince 'tis your will it ſhould be ſo. And not queſtioning but that I ſhall be ſo. I beg of you that I may give you an accompt of my Victories, and that *Zelebin* may bring you the news. Sir, *ſaid ſhe*, ſuch news will be too good, not to be well received; beſides that I am too much oblig'd to the Meſſenger not to entertain it kindly. At length *Zelebin* accoſted her, and with a low Voice, Madam *ſaid he*, I cannot tell whether I ought to accept the Honourable Employment which the Prince deſigns me; or whether it would not be better for him, and for me, that I ſhould fall in the fight, than be the Meſſenger of his Victory. That very doubt offends me, *anſwer'd ſhe*; but to make me reparation, you ſhall live; you ſhall vanquiſh; and you ſhall return to me again, if you have any deſign to pleaſe me. I have ſpoken too much Madam, *anſwer'd he*, but I could not reſtrain my ſelf from ſpeaking what I did. And I foreſee that if Death prevent me not, I ſhall be as little able to reſtrain my ſelf from obeying your Commands,

though my obedience ſhould prove Criminal. Having ſo ſaid, he followed his Maſter, and took leave of his Miſtreſs: And now being both mounted, they marched with their party to joyn with the body of the Army; and having decamp'd they marched directly after us, and quarter'd that night in the ſame place where we had quarter'd before. The next day he overtook and fell upon our Rear, who being terrified with their former defeat, were many of them cut to pieces, while the reſt fled, leaving their plunder and the Baggage behind them. But I will ſay no more of an overthrow wherein you had the misfortune to command: and therefore paſſing from War to Love again, I will tell you that as ſoon as *Audalla* had chac'd thoſe flying Troops beyond the Frontiers, he return'd to Court, and diſpatch'd *Zelebin* away to *Almeria* with the following Letter for *Galiana*.

To the Fair *Galiana*.

YOU commanded me to overcome, and I have done ſo. And it is to you the King is oblig'd for the Honour of his Armes and his Victory. Therefore I have ſent to lay the firſt Trophies at your feet, that you may ſee how dutiful I can be to your Commands. You ſhall alwaies find me in the ſame Obedience; and though you ſhould command me to conquer the World, as well as to defeat the Caſtilians, *your Orders ſhould be obey'd by*

Audalla.

With this Letter he ſent her alſo a ſhort Epigram much to the ſame purpoſe, and to the ſame ſenſe.

You may eaſily conjecture, Sir, whether his ſecond Commiſſion were not much more harſh to the unfortunate *Zelebin* than the former; nevertheleſs, the thought of ſeeing the Lady and that free too from the Company and diſturbance of his Rival, ſweetned the anguiſh of his Employment, and render'd it ſupportable. Away then went he to *Almeria*, while the Prince return'd to *Granada*: and after he had acquainted *Omur*, that the Prince looking upon him, as one of the chiefeſt of his Friends, had ſent to impart to him the moſt early tidings of his Victory; he made haſt to ſeek an Opportunity to ſpeak with *Galiana* in private; which he met with very ſucceſsfully, an hour after his arrival. But notwithſtanding the joy which he had in the ſight of his beloved Object, notwithſtanding the reſolution he had taken, he waver'd, and was in a quandary whether he were beſt to deliver his Meſſage or not. So hard a thing it is for a Man to praiſe his Rival, eſpecially when he talks to his Miſtreſs. However remembring his Duty and his Promiſe as well as his Love, he reſolv'd to ſpeak; and entring into *Galiana*'s Chamber, Madam, *ſaid he*, after a low obeyſance, the Prince my Maſter, has commanded me to preſent theſe two Papers to your hands, and to inform you of the particulars of the fight and his Victory: So that in regard I alwaies do my Duty, though it be to my prejudice, and the hazard of my Life, I have diſcharged my ſelf of my Commiſſion, without manifeſting whether it pleaſe or diſpleaſe, that not being ſo neceſſary. I make no queſtion, *anſwer'd ſhe*, but that your valour had a great ſhare in Prince *Audalla*'s Victory, and therefore I am convinced that he could not have made choice of a better Meſſenger to impart the Relation: and yet once more I find, that he has not choſen judiciouſly; for you muſt ſpeak more of your ſelf than of him, if your Relation be true. I am ſo far Madam, *added he*, from being otherwiſe than ſincere, that I aſſure you that no Perſon in the World could uſe more valour, or be more prudent than the Prince in his Conduct, and that he did more than all the Army beſides in obtaining the Victory. For as it is moſt advantagious to have your good Opinion, I would endeavour to purchaſe it, by preſerving that good quality ſo eſſential to perſons of Honour. and then perhaps you might ſpeak of me more than of him, and talk more perſpicuouſly of certain things which I conceal. Nay, *reply'd ſhe*, I am not bound to underſtand thoſe that will not be underſtood; nor am I ever curious where others are nice. Having ſo ſaid, ſhe fell to read the Princes Letter and his Epigram. And when ſhe had done, with a ſmile, Should I take him at his word, *ſaid ſhe*, and command him to undertake the Conqueſt of the World; He would not much trouble his Rivals, if he have any: For the World is of no ſmall Compaſs: and if he ſhould find every where a reſiſtance as ſtout as he will find in my heart, we ſhould both be old before he return'd in Triumph. How, Madam, *ſaid* Zelebin *more blith, than penſive*, do you not feel your ſelf touched with that Honour that environs Conquerours. I aſſure you, *anſwer'd ſhe*, that whether I look upon *Audalla* as a Conquerour, or as vanquiſh'd, I am little concern'd what befals him. Nay though he ſhould Triumph over the whole World, he ſhould not tye me to his Chariot. 'Tis not ſo eaſie a thing, *reply'd* Zelebin *ſmiling*, to reſiſt a Victor, and when you may ſit in the Triumphers Chariot inſtead of following it, 'tis a Temptation would dazle the moſt conſtant perſon in the world. But if it be ſo, *tauntingly cry'd Galiana*, I would not adviſe you to counſel me to triumph with the Triumpher. You put me to a *Non plus*, Madam *ſaid Zelebin*, ſo that I have much ado to give you an anſwer: Nevertheleſs ſince I muſt pronounce the Sentence of my own death, you ſhall be obey'd. Yes, Madam, I adviſe you to

to liſten to the Prince. For being to prefer his Intereſt before yours or my own, reaſon requires me to give you that advice. But Madam, *purſu'd he*, having done ſo difficult a thing, in regard I find by your upbraiding anſwer, that my eyes have betray'd my heart, and have diſcover'd my Love to your quicker apprehenſion: I muſt confeſs they have ſpoken nothing but the Truth: and that I love you more than any Perſon ever did and more than any Perſon ever will. Yes, I adore ye, and ever will adore ye; my paſſion is no leſs extraordinary, than your beauty. Nevertheleſs being to prefer your Intereſts before my own, and my Honour before my content, it behoves me to adviſe ye to ſave the Prince, and ruin me. And to render him happy by making me unfortunate. But now I have done a thing ſo terrible to do, and for which you ought to owe me ſome kind of good will, if I merit any Conſolation in an affliction ſo tormenting, I conjure ye, Madam, by the greateſt affection that ever was (that is to ſay, I conjure ye by my own) to tell me with the ſame ſincerity, which I have uſed, whether when your Glances ſeem'd to tell me that you did not altogether hate me, your Eyes did not ſpeak truth? to the end I may either find my conſolation or my deſpair; and having no cauſe to complain of you, may onely complain of Fortune. Since there is nothing but what is juſt, in what you ask of me, *reply'd* Galiana, I will not refuſe ye an anſwer: and to be no leſs real than you have been ſincere, I muſt acknowledge that your Eyes have not at all deceived ye; but having ſhewn me your paſſion they were the cauſe of the growth of mine. Yes, *Zelebin*, the remembrance of that Obligation which you had lay'd upon me; the knowledge of your Valour, your merit and your affection for me, and I know not what ſecret Inclination of my own which I fought in vain to conteſt with, have wrought the ſame Effect in my heart, as I have done in yours. But after a Confeſſion which makes me bluſh; after I have aſſur'd you, that *Audalla* as great a Prince as he is ſhall never overcome me with his own ſtrength, Yet I muſt declare with the ſame ingenuity, that if the Prince be ſo wary as to employ my Father, and make uſe of his Authority againſt me, he will utterly diſarm me: and then like you at this time, I ſhall onely liſten to my own Duty, and neither to your Love, nor my own affection. For it is not juſtice that I ſhould have leſs care of my Reputation, than you of your Fortune. Of my Fortune! Madam, *cry'd he*? Alas! if I conſider that, may I never be valu'd by you. For if I liſten'd as little to my Duty and my paſſion, as to that, I ſhould be far leſs miſerable and periſh with leſs regret. No, no, *Zelebin*, *reply'd ſhe*, you muſt not think to hide the truth from me. You are a good Courtier, but an ill Lover; you conſider your Maſter above your Miſtreſs, and his favours above your own Love. And therefore think it not ſtrange, if I imitate your prudence: and do nothing contrary to my Inclination, that I may act nothing againſt my Honour. Alas! Madam, *reply'd he*, what could I have done, that any one could tax me not to have done? I omitted nothing which might ſerve to change the Princes reſolution. Nay I rather fail'd in point of Honeſty, when I layd before him thoſe difficulties, which I verily believ'd he could never meet with: ſo that I did all that wit or addreſs could do upon that occaſion. In brief, Madam, what could I have done more, when my Maſter diſcover'd his paſſion to me, altogether ignorant of mine? Should I have diſcover'd mine to him? Alas the Prince would not have ſacrificed his Intereſts to mine, nor his Love to my Fortune. What ſhall I ſay more, Madam? After ſo many Obligations, after he had confided in me, after I had promis'd to ſerve him, ſhould I have prov'd worſe than my Word? I had then deſerv'd your ſcorn as well as his hatred. And therefore it lyes on your part and not on mine to oppoſe the Prince in his addreſſes. I know however that I ſpeak too much, and that to prove my ſelf a faithful Lover I am become a faithleſs Agent: and therefore I will ſay no more, to the end you may act the more freely. I have ſaid as much as I can, *reply'd Galiana*: only this I add, that as you ſacrifice your Love to your Honour, my Honour ſhall overcome my Love, if *Audalla* make not uſe of my Father. Let us both then act according to our Duty (*anſwer'd Zelebin*, fetching a ſigh) and leave the reſt to fortune. After that he begg'd her to return the Prince an anſwer. Whereupon the lovely Lady with a kind of a fretful behaviour call'd for Paper and Ink, and wrote the following Lines.

To Prince *Audalla.*

I Am too much concern'd in the Victories of the Moors, *not to rejoyce in the defeat of the* Caſtilians. *And the Honour of my Countrey too dear to me, not to value thoſe Perſons, whoſe renown cauſes it to flouriſh. Be aſſur'd, Sir, then, that I am very glad of your Conqueſts. In teſtimony whereof, I adviſe ye not to talk any more of any other Chains. Captives or Priſoners, unleſs they be thoſe which are the Trophies of your Victory. For what befits the vanquiſh'd no ways becomes the Victor.*

Galiana.

In regard this Letter was not of your dictating, *ſaid ſhe, after ſhe had read it over to him,*

you have no ſcruples of Honour that can hinder you from giving it where it is directed. Nor ſhall they, Madam, *anſwer'd he*, for all that honour will permit me, you need not doubt but I will do for my Loves ſake. However a faithful Lover, and a truſty Confident, *reply'd Galiana*, are two oppoſite qualities: and if you can make them accord, you are certainly one of the moſt dextrous perſons in the World. Let the worſt come to the worſt, Madam, *anſwer'd Zelebin*, my Death ſhall make them agree, and in my Tomb my Love and my Duty ſhall never diſpute one with another. Having ſo ſaid, he took his leave of her, and return'd to *Granada* to his Maſter: Who no ſooner beheld him, but advancing haſtily toward him: And well, *ſaid he, embracing him*, what news haſt thou brought? Is *Galiana* ſtill *Galiana*? Will not her proud heart yet admit the Victor, in favour of his Victory. Sir, *anſwer'd he*, that Letter will inform you better than I can, what her thoughts are upon that ſubject. Thereupon the Prince receiving the Letter and opening it in all haſt, read it over very accurately, and when he had done, by way of Comment, Galiana, *ſaid he, with a ſurly utterance*, is a good Subject, but a bad Lover; for I find the Victory is much more grateful to her, than the Victor, and that ſhe only admires his Trophies. But, *ſaid he, with the ſame tone*, Victors do not yield ſo eaſily; reſiſtance elevates their Courage; I will not be repuls'd, and therefore if the War hinder me not from the purſuit of my Love, I will be a Victor in Love, as well as in War. However, Sir, *anſwer'd* Zelebin, you will ſucceed with leſs difficulty in the one, than in the other; for your Highneſs engages in an Enterprize, the trouble whereof exceeds the pleaſure, and the event of which is uncertain. 'Tis very true, *reply'd* Audalla, that ſo long as I am ignorant who my conceal'd Rival is, while he preſerves himſelf from being encounter'd, 'tis impoſſible for me to overcome him; but could I once diſcover who he were, I ſhould then eaſily remove all other difficulties by his ruin. O Sir, *reply'd* Zelebin, you are not acquainted with *Galiana*'s humour, though your Rival ſhould ſpeak in your behalf, ſhould become your Confident, ſhould take upon him to obey your Commandments, ſhould labour to make you happy, but by his own ruin; he might at length loſe her Friendſhip, but never perſwade her to accept of yours, ſhe is ſo immoveable in her reſolution, and ſo impoſſible it is make her alter her mind. Though I have known her but a little while, I can aſſure you of the truth of what I ſay, as well as if my misfortune had made me your Rival; which is the reaſon that obliges me to perſwade your Highneſs, to get into Harbour while you are in view of the ſhore. Ah! Zelebin, *reply'd the Prince with a ſmile*, I am none of thoſe faint-hearted Pilots, whom the fear of a Storm hinders from making ſail, or forces into Port; and therefore ſince I have put out my Colours, I will either finiſh my Voyage, or periſh in the Storm; and therefore, *purſued he*, aſſiſt me to vanquiſh the winds and the waves, and adviſe me no more to recover the Haven. Here, Sir, the penſive *Zelebin*, repenting he had ſaid ſo much, began to be more careful how he ſpoke any more. In the mean time, in regard the Defeat of our Troops required ſome time to recruit them again, and for that your Excellencies being made a Priſoner, had put all *Spain* into a very great conſternation, our King propos'd a Truce for a year to the King of *Granada*; who foreſeeing the Civil War, which Prince *Boabdelin* rais'd a ſhort while after, joyning with the *Zegris* againſt the *Abencerrages*, under pretence of an Alliance which his Brother was about to contract with the former, accepted the Truce and concluded it. On the other ſide the inamour'd *Audalla*, being no more oblig'd to return to the Army, minded nothing elſe but his Love; and under the pretence of divertiſing himſelf with Hunting, for which the Country about *Almeria* is very proper, thither he went with a moſt magnificent Train, that beſpoke him rather a Lover than a Huntſman, and the penſive *Zelebin* went along with him, though with a very great reluctancy, foreſeeing the prejudice that would befal him. *Omar* was ſo officious to the Prince, that he rather prepared a Triumph, than a bare publick Entry for him, while the acclamations of the People put him in mind of his Victories, with no ſmall ſatisfaction. Every one look'd upon him, as the Defender of their Country, and the only ſupport of the Kingdom of *Granada*. But in the midſt of all that publick Joy ſo much in honour of his Maſter, you may well conjecture the burthen of *Zelebin*'s Melancholy; conſidering that ſo much honour did but open a paſſage for him to the proud heart of *Galiana*, and facilitate his enjoyment of her. Not one ſhout of joy which the People gave, that did not make him fetch a deep ſigh; that publick Mirth occaſion'd his Grief, and beholding *Audalla* as the Object of their Applauſes, he lookt upon himſelf as the Object of their contempt. In the mean time the Prince advanced towards the Caſtle, and no ſooner he beheld the Gate, but he ſaw the fair *Galiana*, who, by her Father's command, was come to receive him. So ſoon as he perceiv'd her he alighted, and being come near her, Sir, *ſaid the lovely Maid with a low obeiſance*, 'tis by my Father's command that I come to pay you my reſpect, and it is for the Love I bear my Native Soil, that I pay it with content, as to the Protector of my Religion and my Country. Ah, Madam, *ſaid he with a low voice*, this is not the firſt time that you have appear'd to be a good Subject, but an ill Miſtreſs; nor do you tell me any thing, but what your Letter has told me already. 'Tis a ſign of the barrenneſs of my wit, *anſwer'd ſhe*. Rather a mark of your rigour, *reply'd he*, ſince you value me only for the publick Intereſts

ſake,

ſake; me, who have had no other aim in all that I have done, but your particular ſatisfaction. O Sir, *reply'd* Galiana, I do not pretend to charge my ſelf with a general acknowledgment; for as all the Kingdom ſhares in the benefit of your Conduct, 'tis not juſt that I ſhould be the only Perſon to give you thanks. Pardon me, Madam, *reply'd he*, there is nothing more juſt; for having told ye already, that I had no other thoughts but of ſerving you, I have only oblig'd you. But, Sir, *ſaid ſhe*, you do not conſider all this while, that there is nothing ſo likely to make People ingrateful, as an exceſſive obligation; for not being able fully to retaliate, they do nothing at all. Theſe Complements paſs'd betwixt them, when the unfortunate *Zelebin*, quite beſides his patience, interrupted them, advertiſing the Prince, that the Magiſtrates of the City attended to kiſs his hands; And then beholding *Galiana* with eyes full of love and ſadneſs, while ſhe beheld him with eyes full of melancholy and diſquiet, he ſeem'd to demand of her whether the continuation of *Audalla*'s Courtſhip pleas'd her? While ſhe ſeem'd to anſwer, no; and that her heart was ſtill the ſame. In the mean time the City Orators were very profuſe of the Flowers of their Eloquence extreamly tireſome to the Prince, to which he gave them a very ſhort anſwer, much better pleas'd with the end than the beginning of their Speech: But *Zelebin* and *Galiana* car'd not how long it had been, for they knew that when the Panegyrick was ended *Audalla* would renew his paſſionate Complements. Nevertheleſs they were more happy than they expected, for there came ſuch a croud of perſons of quality to ſee the Prince, that it was impoſſible to have any more opportunities that Evening, either before or after Supper; ſo that he could only diſcourſe with his Eyes to that haughty Beauty that pretended not to underſtand him; he alſo found a means to expreſs his mind to her in another manner, for after ſeveral moſt excellent Conſorts of Vocal and Inſtrumental Muſick had concluded their harmony, he took up one of the Muſicians Ghittars, and merrily telling them he would give them a Song for their Songs, he ſung the following words, looking all the while upon *Galiana*.

Th' ingrateful Maid has ſworn to me
That obdurate ſhe will be;
And 'tis a truth ſo well aſſur'd,
That my pains cannot be cur'd:
For her Eyes, that plainly ſhew
Her inward thoughts, have told me ſo.

Hope however, afflicted heart,
And endure thy pains though ſmart,
Perhaps her vanquiſh'd rigour may
To thy Conſtancy give way
For thoſe Eyes, that know her mind,
Do not ſay ſhe'll ne're be kind.

Theſe Verſes pleas'd all the Company: nor did they diſpleaſe *Zelebin* himſelf, for the Complements which the Prince made of the cruelty of his Miſtreſs, were the moſt acceptable expreſſions, that he could hear from the mouth of his Rival; for which reaſon he gave the fair *Galiana* a thouſand ſecret thanks with his paſſionate looks, and ſhe gave him to underſtand by others of her own no leſs paſſionate, that he had no cauſe to fear her, but that he was as well belov'd of her as ſhe belov'd of him. A while after they conducted the Prince to his Chamber, where as he lay in his Bed, he entertain'd his amorous thoughts with more freedom than content, calling to mind *Galiana*'s coldneſs, and foreſeeing the trouble which he ſhould have in the purſuit of his Love. But, Sir, before I go any farther, I am to put ye in mind of a Stranger, whom I mention'd a while ſince, to be a Lover of this amiable Lady; for from this time forward you ſhall have him playing an extraordinary part in this Story. This famous Renegade, ſo learn'd, that he has made many other learned perſons in the Kingdom of *Granada*, is of too great a Reputation to be unknown to your Excellency. This perſon who has gone by the name of *Muſtapha*, ever ſince he chang'd his Habit and his Religion, as wiſe as he is, has been for ſome time inamour'd of *Galiana* even to folly, which happen'd upon this occaſion. *Omar* underſtanding that his knowledge was univerſal, and that he was very skilful among the reſt, in the Mathematicks, verily believ'd him not to be ignorant in Fortification, wherein the Mathematicks have ſo great a predominancy. And indeed it prov'd ſo; inſomuch that few Engineers could equal him in that Art, ſo neceſſary for the ſecurity of whole Kingdoms: Hereupon the Governour of *Almeria* deſigning to add ſome Outworks to that great City, engag'd this learned Stranger to undertake the Work. But he that came to hinder others from being taken, was ſurpriz'd himſelf; for he no ſooner ſaw *Galiana*, but he fell deſperately in Love with her, notwithſtanding the inequality of their Age, and the diſproportion of their quality. Not but that he ſaw the extravagance of his Paſſion, and reſolv'd to conceal it from all the world and from her that was the cauſe of it; but only he could not help it, but that he muſt love a Perſon that was ſo amiable. However becauſe he reſolv'd to make a long ſtay at *Almeria*, he carried on his work very ſlowly, and ſpun it out with a hundred Inventions, which he ſtill found out to make more buſineſs; and as he was as ingenious as he was learned, to pleaſe *Galiana*, and to render himſelf the more acceptable to her, he preſented her with concave Mirrours, multiplying Glaſſes, and Pictures in perſpective, with ſeveral other Optick Enchantments with which the eye is innocently deceiv'd; and then again, to make himſelf as uſeful to the Father, as acceptable to the Daughter, he inſinuated himſelf into his good Opinion, by gi-

giving him a hint that he understood Oeconomicks, as well as any other part of Philosophy; so that in a short time from being his Engineer, he became his Confident and Counseller; insomuch that though several advantageous Matches were offer'd for the Marriage of *Galiana*, he still found so many defects in her Lovers, either in reference to their quality, their Estates, or their Persons, that he put them all by with so much ingenuity, that neither Father or Daughter suspected that he acted by any other motive, than that of his Fidelity to their Interests. But, Sir, the first Journey that Prince *Audalla* made to *Almeria*, (Lovers having always piercing eyes) this *Argus*-eyed Engineer, so enamour'd withal, soon discover'd his Passion; and therefore seeing so dangerous a Rival return again so suddainly, he fell into a most profound Melancholy, which in less than three days, without any Fever or other sickness turn'd into an absolute Lunacy. 'Tis true that his Distemper being meerly Erotick, or an effect of Love, he was never furiously mad in his most violent Fits, only he talk'd idly of his Love, his Jealousy, and of *Galiana*; and yet retaining certain confus'd notions of his most excellent Studies, he uttered several learned Discourses in the midst of his extravagancies; but all concluded with his Passion and the cause thereof. All this while *Omar*, that lov'd and esteem'd him very much, was strangely surpriz'd at the Accident, and very sorry for his mishap; and though he plainly saw, by *Mustapha*'s behaviour, that he was enamour'd of his Daughter, yet he was more griev'd than offended, and rather sought his cure than his punishment: To that purpose he sent for all the best Physicians in the City, who after they had observ'd the Symptomes, and understood the original of his fantastical Distemper, only order'd him certain Baths, and a method of Dyet, leaving the rest to time and Nature. And because they saw nothing in him that tended either to madness or fury, they forbad the shutting of him up, but rather that they should endeavour to divertise and please him, hoping by degrees to dissipate those gloomy Vapours, that clouded his Judgment and disorder'd his Reason. Thereupon *Galiana* herself, though she were somewhat asham'd of such a kind of Lover, yet having a great esteem for him, and compassionating his misfortune, was contented to let him come into her Company; nor did this prove a bad Remedy, for so long as he was where she was, his Melancholy was more sociable, and his Frenzy less transported him. All this while for about fourteen or fifteen days, the chief Recreation at *Almeria* was to make Hunting matches, wherein all the Ladies were concern'd; and Prince *Audalla* upon all occasions neglected nothing which he thought might please and divertise *Galiana*, having their fill of Country sports, they fell to their City pastimes, so that every Evening there was a grand Ball in the Castle, where all the great Ladies of *Almeria* met, among the rest those four which our Souldiers had taken, together with *Galiana*; the first whose name is *Caralil*, the youngest Daughter of one of the Chief Officers of the Crown of *Granada*, a person of so great merit, that he is an honour to his Charge, rather than his Charge an honour to him; Whereby it comes to pass that this most beautiful Lady is of that high quality, which easily distinguishes her from the meaner sort, being no less remarkable also for her Beauty: Her Air is chearful and noble, her stature fair, well shap'd, and advantageous, being neither too tall, nor too low; which are defects rather than perfections; her hair is of a Chestnut brown, which rarely sets off the whiteness of her Complexion; her eyes are large and black, but so full of life, so bright and sparkling withal, that only the Blind can resist their Luster; her nose somewhat of the biggest, but well shap'd, and such as the Majesty of her Face requi[illegible] her mouth & lips of the best proportion, [illegible] of the most perfect carnation hew, that ever was beheld; where grow those charming smiles that would enchant a heart of brass; her teeth for whiteness and beauty vanquish'd the most Orient Pearls; her face is of an oval form, and though there appear therein some traces of that disease, which is called the capital Enemy of Beauty, yet there still remains such a mixture of Lilies and Roses that *Flora* her self might be proud of; her disposition is merry and lively, and very affable; she has a large and generous soul, which makes her a very good Friend; she honours merit where-ere she finds it; she is a great Admirer of Books; she makes Verses, and sings Divinely; she is magnificent and liberal, and in a word she has all the charms of beauty and carriage, nor has any Lady ever been courted more. The second whose Name is *Almonda*, is a Lady surpassingly amiable, but reserv'd and melancholick withal, yet most excellent Company when she pleases herself; she has an incomparable wit, and as much after the Court-strain as can be, and though she make a great profession of Piety in the *Moors* Religion, yet she has a Courtly, languishing Air, more befitting a course of life less severe than hers; she is accus'd for not being much addicted to Love, but I am perswaded 'tis a Calumny, thrown upon her by some whose services she has neglected: For beside her extraordinary affection toward her husband, who for his goodly presence is call'd the *Hero*, I know 2 or 3 friends of hers of the female sex, to whom she shews a most particular kindness: and for one of them maintained a sute in Law at her own charges against her own Interest, with a generosity not usual in our age. Without doubt she is vertuous; and they, whom she accompts so, please her infinitely. Yet would she follow her own inclination, as a refin'd wit, she would be very ingeniously satyrical. But her vertue restrains her, When she has

has a mind to ſpeak, no Perſon in the World ſpeaks better, but ſhe is not given to talk, ſhe ſings neatly; and her garb is alwaies faſhionable, yet very modeſt withal. Her hair is of a Cheſt-nut brown, very ſoft and fine. The Lineamens of her face amiable; Her complexion ſmooth & fair, and there is ſomthing ſo ſubtle & lively in her eyes, that they diſcover that vivacity of wit, which ſhe endeavours to conceal ſometimes out of Envy. For ſtature ſhe is rarely proportion'd: and in a word, ſhe appears to be what ſhe is, a Perſon of Quality. The third whoſe Name is *Rapagy*, is a Widow of a tall and comely ſtature, fair hair'd, with blue Eyes, a white Complexion, and a lovely Mouth. She has a ſublime wit and a moſt accurate judgment. She ſpeaks well, and to the purpoſe: and makes a profeſſion of Heroic Friendſhip to thoſe whom ſhe loves. She is impartial and conſtant to her Friends of both Sexes; among the reſt ſhe has one of great worth, a lovely Melancholick, whom ſhe has lov'd almoſt ever ſince ſhe was born, with an affection and fidelity ſcarce to be parallel'd. She mainly delights in good Books; and ſhe has ſuch a ſtrange kind of wit, that you can hardly perceive whether her temper be jocund or Melancholy, ſo ingeniouſly ſhe blends, and knows how to make her advantages of thoſe two humors. She attires her ſelf magnificently, and faſhionably; ſhe is affable and kind, and has all the carriage of a Woman of great Vertue. She had a Husband, a Perſon of great wit and underſtanding, and one that would have been a very great Man in the Kings Court, had he had health, to have undergone the Offices that were deſign'd him. The fourth whoſe name is *Hyamene*, is a Perſon very tall of Stature, but ſo well ſhap'd, ſo free and Noble, that her reſemblance is no where to be found, but among the Pictures of the Goddeſſes. Her hair is of the brighteſt Cheſtnut colour in the World. Her complexion the moſt lovely white and the moſt perfect Carnation that ever was, not excepting Lilies nor Roſes, Alabaſter nor Coral, neither Snow nor Vermilion Her face is Oval, her Eyes large and blue; but ſo lively and ſo ſparkling, that they enflame more Hearts, than ever ſhe intended to ſet on fire. She has certain dimples in her Cheeks, where love lyes in *Ambuſcade*; from whence if once he let fly a fatal Arrow, no heart can ſcape unwounded. But worſe diſaſters happen, when from her coral lips there iſſues forth a voice ſo ſweet and paſſionate, as would infuſe the moſt tender paſſion and affection, even into Hearts uncapable of Love. Her Breſts are white and round; and when ſhe ſings, their Motion increaſing as ſhe breaths, Men ſigh, and the heart is puniſh'd for the Raſhneſs of the Eyes. Her diſpoſition is mild, ſoothing, and inſinuating. Yet ſhe is ſolid, and her knowledge is of ſo large an extent, that nothing ſcapes her, that is worthy to be known, ſhe ſpeaks well, writes well, and judges well of what others write, ſhe has a large and noble Soul; the is vertuous, liberal and generous, nor is there a more conſtant or faithful Friend in the World; In a word ſhe is all that can make a woman accompliſh'd, and what but very few are.

But if thoſe Aſſemblies were ſo adorn'd with handſome Ladies, there was no leſs a goodly ſhew of Noble Gentlemen: and if the one excel'd in beauty, the other were no leſs excellent for comlineſs of preſence, addreſs and wit. Among the reſt there were three that belong'd to the Court who exceeded all the reſt, The firſt, whoſe name was *Odomar*, a proper Gentleman, mild, civil, obliging and complaiſant. As good a Friend as a good Courtier, of which he gives dayly proofs either by ſpeaking boldly to the King himſelf, or admitting them that have buſineſs to ſpeak for themſelves. He has as much wit as a Man can have, and writes judiciouſly both in Verſe and Proſe. He handles his Arms, and rides the great Horſe with no leſs activity, than he dances, which is even to admiration: He is valiant to the utmoſt degree, and his Courage has been often try'd in the field where he has defended himſelf againſt five or ſix at a time; and in ſum he is the true Exemplar of an honeſt and an Honourable Gentleman. The ſecond, whoſe name is *Orthobule*, is a Moor of great Quality, as well as great Merit, who has extraordinary good Lineaments in his face, and has bin a very well ſhap'd Perſon, but is now grown fat. Yet he has a graceful carriage, and the true Air of the Court. So that as ſoon as you ſee him, you may eaſily gueſs him to be a Perſon of Quality and a Man of courage. He is extreamly witty, given to jeſt and full of fancies, and expreſſes himſelf the beſt of any Man in the World. The third, whoſe name is *Mechmet*, is a Perſon ſo delicately ſhap'd, and proper withal, as if he were cut out in wax. The Lineaments of his face are not only regular, but there is an unexpreſſible correſpondency between them. His Complexion is ſuch as *Ovid* deſires in a Lover; betwixt a leaden and a pale; to make a Miſtreſs believe he is ready to dye for Love, when he is very well. Another good Quality he has, which that great Maſter deſires in his Scholars, a daring boldneſs, and a raſhneſs that will enterprize any thing; yet conceals it under a feigned aſpect, and a modeſt and mild Air: And yet there is ſomething in his ſmart and curious Eye ſo ſparkling, that diſcovers the truth of his diſpoſition. The Tone of his Voice denotes the Grandeur of his Birth, ſo that when he ſpeaks, he beſpeaks himſelf to be a great Perſon and a Man of Courage. And in ſhort he is the perfect Picture of a true Courtier. Theſe were the four Ladies and theſe the three Noble Gentlemen that ſurpaſs'd all the reſt and did ſo much Honour to the City of *Almeria*. So that when Prince *Audalla*, *Zelebin* and they appear'd, all the reſt crouded to ſee, to hear,

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obſerve, admire, and make them their Patterns and Models of Behaviour. All the Countrey Ladies ſtrove no leſs to imitate the four Ladies of the Court. Now Sir, one Evening that there was no Ball at the Caſtle, all thoſe Incomparable Perſons met together, having had their fill of dancing, to taſt the pleaſure of converſe. When they had all taken their places, and every one was obſerving who would begin, the learned *Muſtapha* came in among them, but in ſuch a condition, which mov'd ſome to Compaſſion, and cauſed others to ſmile. For though the venerable old Gentleman had been very handſom, and has ſtill a comely preſence, though his apparel were gorgeous enough for a Perſon of his Age, humour and profeſſion; yet there appear'd ſomething ſo odd and extravagant in his behaviour, ſuch a wildneſs in his Eyes, ſuch a negligence in his dreſs, and gate, that it might be eaſily perceiv'd that his reaſon was out of order. He talk'd ſometimes to himſelf, ſometimes gap'd as loud as he could, ſometimes he laugh'd, ſometimes ſigh'd, ſometimes he went forward, ſometimes backward: ſometimes he caſt his Eyes to Heaven, then fix'd them upon the ground in a deep Melancholy. Sometimes he ſtretched his Arms to the Skies, then folded them again upon his Stomach, and running with a precipitate haſt toward *Audalla*, O happy Rival! *ſaid he*, *with a Mournful tone*, thou art born a Prince 'tis true, however thou wert born but a Man, and as Fortune is below Vertue, I dare ſay thou wouldeſt not have the better of me, if men would but do Juſtice to Vertue, as they idolize Fortune: For great and ſmall, rich and poor were made of the ſame Clay, and nothing but the whimſical humour of a Blind Goddeſs makes the diſtinction between them. A Prince is to command all Men, but to obey reaſon: and as *Trajan* ſaid, An ignorant Prince is but the Statue of a King: and their want of knowledg oftentimes makes them do injuſtice. The Divine *Plato* would have all Philoſophers to be Kings or all Kings to be Philoſophers: but if none but Philoſophers were to reign, we ſhould have an abundance of empty Thrones. O Prince! *added he*, *Ariſtotle* had reaſon to aſſure us, that a young King is much to be fear'd; for it is a difficult thing for them to be wiſe; though it may ſometimes happen. They do not do Juſtice; they do not hold the balance even, they ſuffer themſelves to be blinded by Choler; they make Laws and break 'em; they are imperious in commanding, cruel in puniſhing, will not allow the Liberty which they take themſelves, and which is more than all the reſt, they rob us of our *Galiana*'s. But Muſtapha, *reply'd the Prince with a ſmile*, you make a confuſion in your argument, by not diſtinguiſhing Tyrants from Kings. Oh! I diſtinguiſh them very well, *ſaid he*, for you are no King, but a Tyrant, in taking *Galiana* from me. Why who told you I was in Love with her? *reply'd* Audalla. *Virgil*, cry'd the Learned mad Man, in this Verſe.

I track with eaſe the Traces of thy Flame.

The Prince having then by chance a box of Gold in his hand, wherein he carried a very ſweet perfume and calling to mind that ſuch things were good for the Head, reſum'd the Dialogue, and in very ſmooth and ſoft Language, To ſhew you, *ſaid he*, that I am not your Enemy, I deſire you to accept of this, and to make uſe of it for your own good.

I fear the Greeks and all their Treacherous Gifts,

Cry'd *Muſtapha*, out of the ſame *Virgil*, retreating back at rhe ſame time. For being my Rival, you are my Enemy, and the moſt cruel Enemy I have in the World. For my part, who am neither your Rival nor your Enemy, ſaid *Zelebin*, looking upon *Galiana*, I muſt needs confeſs, I never heard a better deſcription of good and bad Princes before. Ah reply'd *Muſtapha*, with a ſurly tone, I fear me you are a Sophiſter, to ſay as you do and I dare averr that either you are the beſt or the worſt Confident in the World. For you are alwaies at *Galiana*'s Elbow, you are alwaies whiſpering in her Ear, and you are alwaies very blithe and merry when you are in her Company. This ſurpriſing attacque caus'd both *Zelebin* and the fair Lady to bluſh; and ſuch a real accuſation had like to have put them into diſorder and to have diſcover'd the truth of the mad Mans words: But in regard *Audalla* knew that he was viſited by his order, he took little or no notice of it: beſides that *Muſtapha* gave him no leiſure to make any long reflexion: for he reſuming his firſt addreſs to *Audalla*, Let it be as it will, *ſaid he*, though it be onely to have the ſatisfaction of contradicting you, I deny that I have ſpoken well of Kings, and to let you ſee that I have reaſon to do ſo; mark what a great Man ſays, That vertuous Kings make vertuous ſubjects, and vicious Kings make vicious ſubjects: and *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus* ſays, *That reaſon and nature intended that he that commands all, ſhould ſurpaſs all in Vertue.* What, ſays *Zamolxis*? Where Juſtice riſes and ſets with the Sun and the Prince, there peace and plenty reſide. What ſaid the Noble *Macrobius*? Juſtice conſiſts in letting every Man enjoy his own, and if you would practiſe that rule, *Audalla*, you would leave me *Galiana* that belongs to me. But *Muſtapha*, *reply'd the lovely Lady*, you do the Prince wrong to complain of him; for how could he know of your paſſion, when I am ignorant of it my ſelf. Ah! Madam, *ſaid he*, diſcretion is no crime, but rather a Vertue: If it be ſo, ſaid *Carallel*, why have you loſt it, and diſcover now what you have ſo long conceal'd? Becauſe, *added he with a ſigh*, the rack will force a Man to ſpeak. And you do it ſo well,

well, *reply'd* Odomar, that the more you ſpeak, the more the Company delights to hear you. To ſpeak without vanity, *reply'd* Muſtapha, I know ſomething in the Art of words, and there are few precepts of Rhetorick which I underſtand not. *Socrates*, *Demoſthenes*, *Cicero*, *Quintilian*, and many others have rendred themſelves famous thereby, and have divided it into Narration, Proof, Refutation, and Epilogue; this is that which ſtirs up and appeaſes all the paſſions, accuſes the Guilty, protects the Innocent; though I find it weak, for I ſhall never perſwade *Galiana* to the compaſſion which ſhe owes me. Compaſſion however is one of the vertues of our Sex, *reply'd* Amouda, and all perſons of her high Birth always obſerve the inviolable Laws of their Duty. Laws? *briskly reply'd the learned Extravagant*, who knows 'em better than I? *Moſes* gave Laws to the *Hebrews*, *Mercurius Triſmegiſtus* to the *Ægyptians*, *Foroneus* to the *Greeks* in general, *Draco* and *Solon* to the *Athenians*, *Lycurgus* to the *Lacedemonians*, the *Druids* to the *Galls*; and the more authentickly to eſtabliſh them, one pretends to have receiv'd them from *Mercury*, another from *Saturn*, another from *Minerva*. Laws are the ſoul of Republicks, the foundation of Liberty, and the Fountain of Juſtice; By the Law Rebels are reſtrain'd, Seditions are appeas'd, Robberies are chaſtiz'd, Homicides are puniſh'd. What is that which affords peace and quiet to all Nations and people, but the Law? that comforts the Neceſſitous, ſuccours the Afflicted, and protects the Unfortunate: Yet the Beauty of which I complain, will not ſo much as liſten to the Laws of Humanity for my ſake. Upon thoſe words he was taken with ſo profound a Melancholy, that he could ſpeak no longer, but ſate him down among the reſt like a meer Statue: Therefore to continue the Converſation, ſeveral Queſtions were propounded to the Company, among the reſt *Galiana* propos'd to the Prince *Audalla*: Whether of the two did the moſt injury, a Lady that refus'd the Affection of her Lover, or a Lover that refus'd the Affection of that very Lady when ſhe came to have a Love for him? *Audalla* ſaid, that the Woman was more guilty, than the Man, becauſe ſhe had committed the firſt injuſtice. *Carallil* affirm'd, that ſince the Lady return'd to the Lover, the Lover ought to return to the Lady, having no other excuſe for his change, but the cruelty of his Miſtreſs. *Orthobule* was for moſt Merit and moſt Beauty. *Mechmet* was for both, to take away all occaſion of Complaint. *Amouda* ſaid, ſhe ſhould rather chooſe to forſake, than to be forſaken. But *Galiana* as ſhe had propos'd it, coming to determine the Queſtion, concluded that the Lover and the Miſtreſs were equally guilty, and both to be condemned alike; ſhe, for having given him occaſion to forſake her, and he, not ſo much for refuſing to Love, as for admitting a ſecond Paſſion; affirming that he who loves really, ought to ſuffer the utmoſt extremity before he utterly give over his Amour. *The Maſter has ſaid it, the Maſter has ſaid it*, cryed *Muſtapha* at thoſe words; and though ye have all ſpoken with a great deal of wit, yet the Eagle has ſoar'd higher than all the reſt of the Birds, but not ſo high yet as for me to loſe the ſight of him. You have good eyes, *merrily cry'd* Mechmet, to compare your ſelf to an Eagle, and if you can look ſo ſteadily upon the Sun, you may well make Almanacks by gazing upon the Stars. No queſtion of it, *reply'd* Muſtapha, for Aſtrology and Aſtronomy teach nothing but what I know: For I underſtand what time is, according to *Ariſtotle*, that is to ſay, the meaſure of the Motion of the *Primum mobile*, that wheels about the Sun from Eaſt to Weſt. Aſtronomy treats of the World in general; Aſtrology, of the Stars in particular, from whence I have learnt the knowledge of things to come, by erecting Schemes and caſting Nativities. Paſſing from hence, I have dived into Phyſiognomy, and all ſorts of Divinations by Fire, by Air, by Water and by Earth. I have alſo diſcover'd the myſteries of Magick, the invocation of Spirits, Charms, and Witchcraft. But alas! in vain have I conſulted for my ſelf all theſe infallible Oracles; for all their Anſwers have been fatal; Nor could I find ſo much as one favourable prediction, that *Galiana* would be leſs cruel. Truly, *ſaid* Orthobule, *very ſatyrically*, as the Body and the Soul are intermix'd together, if I were in your condition, after I had conſulted the Aſtrologers and Magicians, I would conſult the Phyſicians, who would do you more good. O ignorance it ſelf! *cry'd* Muſtapha *very pleaſantly*, for had you not confus'd the Diſtempers of the mind with thoſe of the body, I ſhould have no need of your Advice, nor of none of thoſe perſons to whom you adviſe me, for then I could cure my ſelf, according to the Latin Proverb; for I underſtand that copious Art in all its three parts of Pharmaceutrical, Chirurgical, and Medicinal, which the Ancients practis'd together, but the Moderns have divided to make three Profeſſions; I underſtand all the parts and compoſure of the Body, the Nature of Drugs, Herbs, and Flowers: But alas! I know all, and yet I know nothing, for though I know all the Philters in the World, yet not being able to win that Love which I aim at, there are no Remedies ſo proper for me as poiſon. However, *ſaid* Omur, I would adviſe you not to have recourſe to any ſuch; I would rather counſel ye to divertiſe your ſelf with ſome pleaſing & more profitable Science: As for example, the Mathematicks. They were the ſport of my youth, *reply'd* Muſtapha, Alack a day, I know that *Euclid* divides them into four parts, Arithmetick, Geometry, Muſick and Aſtrology; and this diviſion is ſubdivided into Perſpective, Opticks, Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and Fortifications: Having thus begun, he made a long raving Diſcourſe upon the Arts and Sciences, and at

length as it were out of breath, concluding with Arithmetick, I know, *said he*, all the ways of Multiplication, all the supputation of the Algebra; but alas! all the Art of Numbers is not able to count my pains, for they are infinite, but Numbers are not so. Upon those words the poor Prodigal of learning and folly, relaps'd into his former Extasie, and spoke no more. I confess, *said* Audalla *with a low voice, for fear of being overheard by him*, 'tis a thing greatly to be wonder'd at, to see in the same mind so much light and so much darkness, so much knowledge and so much wildness; whereby it appears that wit and judgment are distinct Faculties, and not always inseparable. But, *pursu'd he, whispering* Galiana *in the ear*, I foresee he will not be the only person, whom you will cause to lose his Reason; and in regard I was not so wise as he, it may be I may be more foolish than he, if your rigour continue. No, no, Sir, *said she*, there is no danger of your being exposed to any such misfortune, so that if you have no need of Ellebore but only for that reason, we shall not need to send for it from *Anticyra*, where it grows. Then without giving him any time to return her an answer, she turn'd away, and addressing her speech to the Company, she propos'd another Question, Which was most powerful, Love or Friendship? *Omar* answer'd, that were he a Courtier, as he had been, he would be for Love; but as he was grown old, he was clearly for Friendship; for Love was tyrannical, and his reign short; but Friendship was a Legal Soveraignty, whose Kingdom was far more durable; that Love was only the Passion of Youth, and ow'd its birth to Inclination: But Friendship was the product of Age and Experience, and came by choice and election; a thing purely immaterial and intellectual, abiding in the Soul: And that it was this that had made *Theseus* and *Pirithous*, *Euryalus* and *Nisus*, *Titus* and *Gesippus*, so famous in History. But *Audalla* made answer, That that which constrains us to Love with such a rapid precipitation, notwithstanding all the resistance we can make, was more powerful, than that other kind of Love, which considers and examins before it engages. That the dispute being whether Love were more powerful, not more lasting, it was most certain that the passion of Youth was more powerful than the passion of Age, that he was not to insist upon three or four Examples of Friendship, wherein particular acts of kindness had been done, since he could bring him a thousand Examples of those that had died for their Mistresses. But *Galiana* made answer, with a smile, that all of her Sex would declare against him; for they that lov'd their Friends, were not bound to love their Suitors. *Carallil* declar'd, that if she were to lose her Friend or her Lover, that the first would be in the greatest danger. To whom *Amouda* reply'd, that she was not of that mind, in regard Friendship was most powerful in her breast, being little addicted to Love. *Mechmet* declar'd, that he was not for heroick Friendship, but that he lov'd his Mistresses better than his Friends. *Odomar* then told him, that he did better than report gave out; for if that were to be believ'd, he treated his Friends and his Mistresses both alike, and that he was thought to be as indifferent, as *Amouda* seem'd cold. O Times, O Age, O Manners, *then cry'd* Mustapha, *with a loud exclamation*, O unexercis'd Morality, O unprofitable Philosophy, O Philosophers unknown at Court, how little are your precepts made use of there! For my part, *said* Orthobule *smiling*, I must confess I am not acquainted with those Gentlemen, but that I should be very happy to be better known to them by your means. The Figure you make use of is call'd an *Irony*, *reply'd* Mustapha, and you speak like a Rhetorician, before you are aware; but because the instruction of the Ignorant is one of the Offices of Morality, and one of the Duties of every honest man, I will instruct your ignorance, for all you require it in such a jeering way. Know then, *said he*, that *Plato* calls Philosophy the Law of Life, the way of Vertue, the terrour of Vice, the model of humane Actions, the light of the Mind, the Mistress of Manners, the rule of Judgment; and thus he went on in another raving Rhapsody, running over the whole body of Physicks, Metaphysick, Morality, Oeconomicks, and Politicks, teazing the ears of the Ladies with the Names of all the most famous Sects, as *Cyrenaicks*, *Cynicks*, *Stoicks*, and the rest, together with the Names of all the great Philosophers in the World. Then he launched forth into all the depths of Antiquity, History, Cosmography, Topography, and Geography; and when he had rambled over all the Countries, Provinces, and Kingdoms of *Asia*, *Europa*, *Africa*, and *America*, named all the Rivers, Forrests, and populous Cities in the World; certainly a tedious Story to the Ladies: But alas! *said he at length*, though I were in the absolute possession of all this, I should be never a whit the less miserable, since it would all be nothing without *Galiana*, since I despise them all not having her, and hate all the World without her: Therefore, though I were forc'd to heave *Pelion* upon *Ossa*, as the Giants did, though I were sure to put all Nature into the confusion of its former Chaos, thou shalt restore her to me; thou shalt restore her to me (*cry'd he to Prince* Audalla *with a menacing utterance*) or thou shalt add my overthrow to thy Conquests, and my death to thy Triumphs: With that he was about to have flown upon him; when *Galiana*, who perceiv'd him, rose up, and with a commanding voice, What *Mustapha*, *said she*, have you lost the respect which you owe me? have you forgot a Lover's duty to his Mistress? Upon those words he fell at her feet upon his knees, as if he had been thunder-

ſtrook; and beholding her with the tears trickling from his eyes, he mov'd not only his Miſtreſs, but his two Rivals to compaſſion. Thereupon *Galiana* believing that his paſſion was over for that time, ſhe propos'd another Queſtion to the Prince: Whether the innocent pleaſures of Love bred moſt content, either in the remembrance of what is paſt, or in the hope of what was to come, or in the preſent felicity. In my opinion, Madam, *ſaid he*, the firſt ſort of pleaſure is meerly imaginary; they are like the painted Ruins of Buildings which time has defac'd, which may give ſome ſatisfaction to the eye, but far from what the Structures did themſelves while ſtanding in their glory; the remembrance of a Felicity when paſt, is but an annoyance; and to remember a loſs, is to loſe it again. As for the ſecond ſort of Felicity, it is no leſs deceitful, for it preſents to our eyes things that are not, and which perhaps may never be; and though we may flatter our ſelves, 'tis abſolutely impoſſible, that ſuch an uncertainty ſhould beget a real pleaſure; Hope and Fear are inſeparable Companions, if the one comforts, the other grieves: But the third happineſs, which is the preſent Felicity, is that which neither deceives us with the Chimeras of the firſt, nor the illuſions of the ſecond; neither with the confus'd pleaſures of the one, nor the doubtful pleaſures of the other; ſo far from that, that it has nothing but what is ſolid, real, and effectual; which makes me conclude that the innocent pleaſures of Love yield moſt content in the preſent Felicity. I grant, *ſaid* Carallil, that the remembrance of things paſt is but an imaginary pleaſure, for 'tis no more than to be fed with wind; and I acknowledge, that the remembrance of a loſs does but renew our grief: But after all this, experience teaches us, that the enjoyment of pleaſures cloys us, takes away the poinancy and the Salt, and renders their delicacy and their taſt inſipid: And beſide all this, he that enjoys a happineſs, is always in fear of loſing it; but in the hope of Felicity there is neither the imaginary deceit of the one, nor the dull and earthy content of the other; neither the ſorrow for having loſt, nor the apprehenſion of loſing, there is always a tranquillity and gayety that accompanies it, and by conſequence, thoſe pleaſures yield moſt ſatisfaction that ſpring from the hope of what is to come. But *Amouda* affirm'd, that whatever the memory recollected to it ſelf, was ſtill effectual and ſolid; that the pleaſure of remembring things paſt was not troubled with the fear of miſſing a Felicity, nor of loſing it being obtain'd, nor with Rivals, nor Jealouſy. And if it be true, that we are delighted with the remembrance of dangers paſt, that it was much more rational that we ſhould be delighted with the remembrance of paſt Felicities. For my part then, *ſaid* Galiana, you have all maintain'd your Argument with ſo much grace, ſo much eloquence, and ſo much wit, that I dare not come in for a ſhare. Truly, Madam, *added* Rapagy, the choice is not eaſie to make, and if one of the three be rational, the other two have ſomething ſo like reaſon to uphold them, that 'tis impoſſible to diſcern it from reaſon. For my part, I acknowledge much of ſubtilty in two of their Diſcourſes, but more of ſtrength of Argument and truth in the third. For my part, *ſaid* Orthobule, as I never mind what is paſt, nor what is to come, I am for the preſent Felicity; for I prefer a favour which I receive before all that I have receiv'd, or which I hope to receive, but I know not when. You have ſpoken for me, *ſaid* Mechmet, and I ſubſcribe to what you have ſaid, without diſproving the leaſt tittle. Had not *Galiana* ſtood neuter, *preſently cry'd* Muſtapha, *waking out of his dream*, there is one perhaps in the Company to whom the Battel would not have been ſo eaſily loſt, and I would have brought an Auxiliary Force againſt the proudeſt of ye all. But ſuppoſe you ſhould have met with men of war, *ſaid* Orthogule, *to fret him*, I am afraid a man of learning does not underſtand their Art ſo well, as to have brought himſelf off of ſuch an Enterprize with honour. Whether I underſtood your Art! *furiouſly reply'd he*, Yes, yes, an old Captain knows well enough at any time to read a Leſſon to a raw Souldier. Armies are of two ſorts, Naval and Land Armies; Naval Armies are compos'd of Squadrons of Ships or Gallies, and the Admiral only carries the Flags and the Lights. In this warlike rapture he continued a long while, and at length falling into an *Encomium* of the Field-Muſick, of Drums, Fifes, and Trumpets, and the Gallantry of the *Mooriſh* Carrouſels: But O my misfortune! *ſaid he*, for I have no ſhare in all theſe pleaſures, *Galiana*, and my miſerable Deſtiny condemning me to eternal grief. Truly, *ſaid the Prince*, in my opinion *Muſtapha* has made ſo good a Concluſion, that 'tis not fitting for any perſon to ſpeak after him; And therefore ſince it is high time to break off the Converſation, let us depart, and leave the fair *Galiana* at liberty. Would you might be bound never to return, and I never to go forth, *reply'd the wild learned man*, for in all other places I am in Hell, and here is only my Felicity and my Paradiſe. However you muſt be gone as well as the reſt, *ſaid* Galiana *ſmiling*; for Paradiſe was never made for a ſingle perſon, and therefore ſince the Company are willing to leave it, you muſt be content to forſake it too. I am content, *reply'd he, with a deep ſigh*; yet you demand of me almoſt an impoſſibility, not being able to yield obedience without complaining of the cruelty of her that exacts it from me. Having ſo ſaid, he went out firſt, groaning and ſobbing, and all the Company followed him, admiring to hear ſo much Folly and ſo much Learning together. Some two or three days after this, the whole Company, all but *Omur*, who durſt not leave his Garriſon, made a match to go into the Country to a Gentle-

man's House, not far distant, whose name was *Theroses*. The House is call'd *Ascatin*, and is a most sumptuous Pile of Building, with all the Ornaments of Art and Nature, and as the Structure is wonderful, the Owner is a person no less extraordinary, having few equal in the Kingdom of *Granada* for sublimity of wit, sharpness of Judgment, and pleasant humour in Company; he is a person of great learning, resolution, and magnificence; and in a word, he became great by his own merit, and not by the assistance of Fortune. To this Gentleman's House it was that all the Noble Society repair'd, but as much hast as they made, they found that *Mustapha* was got thither before, for they saw him walking with *Theroses* before the Palace-Gate; for the Prince having a desire to make a pleasing surprize upon *Theroses*, forbad any notice to be sent of his coming; so that *Theroses* not having any longer warning than what the learned Lunatick had given him, had not time to go out any farther to meet *Audalla*, nor to receive him at a farther distance. Sir, *said he, making his obedience to the Prince*, if the duty which I owe to your Royal Highness would permit me, I would complain of the surprize which you have put upon me, whereby I am expos'd to the shame of so bad a Reception; yet since you have dealt so rigorously by me, the bad entertainment you will find in an unprovided House, must be your punishment. Generous *Theroses*, *reply'd the Prince*, I know your ordinary magnificence too well, to fear your threats; and I knew you too well before, to think it possible for you to be surpriz'd. Having so said he alighted out of the Coach, as did all the rest of the Company; and while the Prince was viewing the magnificent Front of the House, *Theroses*, who was an absolute Courtier, accosted the Ladies and the Knights, and with a very low voice and a smile, I did not think, *said he*, that I had had so few friends in this Company, that not one would be so charitable as to deliver me out of such a confusion as this; but as you are sharers with the Prince in the fault he has committed, you shall be punish'd alike in the shortness of the Fare. His Highness has answer'd for us in answering for himself, *obligingly reply'd* Galiana; and you know too well your obedience to persons of his quality, not to excuse our fault, whose obedience was required in this particular. Having receiv'd that answer, after he had saluted the Ladies and Persons of quality, he return'd to the Prince, and the Prince joyning to the rest of the Company, they all went forward to the House; but ere they got in, they met with a new piece of Divertisement, for the poor *Mustapha* running before some five or six paces with all his force, and then returning again with his Arms extended toward *Galiana*, and beholding her with a sad and passionate air, and then running and stopping again: Look yonder, *said he*, *pointing to* Audalla *and* Galiana, there is the Author of my misfortune, and the cause of my happiness; and behold here, *said he*, *pointing to himself*, the miserable Martyr of Love, whom the cruelty of the one, and the injustice of the other have expos'd to these miserable Torments. Thereupon, Sir, *said the illustrious* Theroses *to the Prince*, I see there is nothing can withstand the fair *Galiana*'s charms, for fools as well as wise men know her value and love her both alike. How! *reply'd the Prince*, is it possible, that a person that lives in a wilderness, should so exactly know the transactions in the City. Sir, *answer'd the other*, as retir'd as my solitude may seem, yet we have the news brought us sometimes from those better inhabited Places; nor are you to think it strange, that my Grotto's have resounded your Fame, in regard the Actions of great Princes never make a little noise in the World. But, Sir, the Sun beginning by that time to grow low, the heat abating, and day-light spending, *Theroses* led the Prince and all his Train, into a most beautiful Garden, where, after they had walk'd a while, they were forc'd all of them to confess that they had not seen a more lovely place in their Lives; But night having thrown its purple Mantle over the Western sky, they were constrain'd to retire into the House; and after a magnificent Banquet of all things in season, they were led into a stately Alcone, where the multitude of perfumed Tapers strove to outvy the Sun; and having every one taken their places, they fell to discourse: Ah *Theroses*, *said the Prince with an obliging smile*, you have not dealt really by us, you have brought us into an Ambuscado, for when you had assur'd us of a homely treatment, you have given us an entertainment so Noble, that I do not well remember that I have ever seen any thing better done in all my life. No, no, Sir, *answer'd he with a low obeisance*, The beginning and the middle of this miserable Supper was not such, wherein there was any thing fit to be taken notice of; but I have yet a third course to present to your Highness, which perhaps may be more worthy your acceptance. It must be some particular Delicacy then, *reply'd the Prince*, that we must approve, having tasted so much plenty already; and therefore you would do much better, both for your own and our sakes, to reserve it till to morrow. Sir, *answer'd the other*, this is a delicious Morsel not for the Body, but the Mind; I will shew your Highness six Sonnets made by *Abindarrays*, which he sent me this morning; for he is one of my intimate Friends, and never composes any thing, but what he lets me see. Or what is not worthy to be seen and highly to be applauded, *added* Galiana. Truly, *reply'd* Audalla, he merits the reputation which he has in the World; for what he makes, bears with it his Character. Thereupon *Theroses* pull'd out of his pocket several Sonnets, Epigrams, and Stanzas upon several subjects, and read them to the Prince, and the rest of the Company, who return'd their several

Opinions

Opinions upon every one; till at length the Prince perceiving the Night far ſpent, brake off the Converſation, and taking *Galiana* by the hand, led her to the Apartment, where they were to take their leaves of the Ladies. All the way he went holding her in diſcourſe with a low voice; whichdid not a little diſquiet *Zelebin*, who made no doubt but the Prince took that opportunity to diſcourſe of his Paſſion.

The next morning the Prince riſing very early, took the cool of the Morning, and went to take a walk in the Garden, attended by ſeveral perſons of quality, and among the reſt by *Muſtapha*, whom Love and Lunacy would not permit to take his reſt. The Prince finding him to be very learned, and that neither his wit nor his memory were in diſorder, but only his Judgment; and that he talk'd diſcreetly notwithſtanding the wildneſs of his paſſion, call'd him to him, and addreſſing his ſpeech to him, My dear Rival, *ſaid he*, ſince we are now in the Country, I pray thee tell us ſomething of Agriculture, and ſhew the univerſality of thy Scholarſhip. The Title that you aſſume, *ſaid the mad Scholar*, does not deſerve the Friendſhip which you require of me; but to let you ſee that being wiſer than you, I deſerve to be more happy than you, I will conſent to your Requeſt. Thereupon he read him a long Lecture of Husbandry divided into all its parts, and rambled into the praiſe of all the Country-ſports, as Hawking, Fiſhing, Fowling, and at length concluding with Hunting: But alas, *ſaid he*, I am engaged in the toils of Love, from whence I can never diſentangle my ſelf as long as I live; the Hunter is become the game, and he that knows how to take others, is taken himſelf. Having ſo ſaid, the learned *Muſtapha* held his peace, every one admiring his memory in the midſt of ſo much diſtraction. But by and by hearing a loud Voice crying out from the top of the Houſe *To the Hall, to the Hall, to the Hall*, as the *Turks* and *Moors* do, when they ſummon their Families to Prayers, they bethought themſelves that it muſt be toward Noon, and that the Ladies were up; ſo that the Prince returning to the Houſe, firſt went to the Oratory, where the *Dervix* attended his coming, and when they had perform'd their Offices, he went to give the Ladies the time of the day, chiding them for lying a bed, and loſing the pleaſure of the Morning Air, and the opportunity of ſeeing thoſe Rarities that were in the Garden. They confeſs'd their fault, and promis'd amendment, laying the blame upon *Theroſes*, who had laid them ſo ſoft, and in ſuch pleaſant Rooms as made them ſleep the longer. Afterwards *Andalla* accoſting *Galiana* by degrees, began his former Diſcourſes with a low Voice, which made *Zelebin* ſigh more deeply, knowing the occaſion of his Entertainments. True it is that his other Rival pleas'd him as much; for *Muſtapha*, whoſe madneſs kept not that *decorum*, which prudence made others obſerve, thruſting himſelf between the Prince and *Galiana*, interrupting their Diſcourſe, and raiſing his Voice: O Son of *Muleyhazen*, *cry'd he*, Love and Play make all men equal, and looking upon you as my Rival, I conſider you no more as the Son of my King, nor as one that is above me. But, *anſwer'd the Prince laughing*, if you look upon me as your Rival, I muſt look upon you as mine, and then you and I muſt fight. Ah! *reply'd* Muſtapha, Love will reſtore me that which Age has taken from me, and I ſhall eaſily get the better of you, provided it be *Galiana*'s deſire I ſhould overcome. Having ſo ſaid, he put himſelf into a fighting poſture, and that after ſo ridiculous a manner, as made all the Company laugh. But *Theroſes* ſeeing the Steward of his houſe coming in with a Staff in his hand to give him notice that the Table was ſerv'd, told *Muſtapha* that he was a Herald come to part the Combatants; and *Galiana* interpoſing between them, appeas'd the choler of the learned Lunatick, and reſtored his Philoſophy, and all the enrag'd Sciences to their former calm. Then they went into the Dining-room, where they were entertain'd more nobly than the evening before, and all the while that Diner laſted an excellent Conſort of Muſick divertiz'd the Company, and compleated their ſatisfaction. When they roſe from Table they return'd into the Alcone-Chamber, where every one having taken their places, they fell again into new Diſcourſes, which laſted till toward the going down of the Sun, and that the cool of the Evening-breezes permitted them to walk. In the mean time the ſight of one of the Figures in the Alcone caus'd a Queſtion to be ſtarted, which very much divided the Wits in their Opinions: For *Carallil* propounded to the whole Society, Which was the moſt unfortunate Lover, one that was deaf, one that was dumb, or one that was blind? For my part, *ſaid Prince* Audalla, I believe the firſt of all to be the moſt unfortunate; for he that cannot ſpeak, but hears, has the comfortable advantage to explain himſelf by ſigns, and to hear the favourable expreſſions of his Miſtreſs; and he that ſees not, yet has the uſe of his tongue, and his ears, having never ſeen his Miſtreſs, cannot be ſenſible of ſorrow, for being deprived of a happineſs which he never knew; but a deaf Lover, that beholds the Object of his Paſſion, and is capable to expreſs it, muſt endure a ſtrange torment not to be able to underſtand from thoſe fair Lips which he adores, whether his Sacrifices are kindly receiv'd, or no; but when one of his Rivals is with his Miſtreſs, and that he ſees by the motion of their Lips and Eyes, that they underſtand one another, yet knows not himſelf what they ſay, what can be a greater diſheartning than that in the World? Ah, Sir, *reply'd* Galiana, it appears that you are neither blind nor dumb, that you apprehend deafneſs, to be a greater miſery than privation of ſpeech, or the ſight of the belov'd Object; and therefore I hold

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that the deaf Lover has a thouſand Conſolations, which the dumb Lover can by no means enjoy. The blind bemones himſelf, the deaf Man may complain; but the dumb Lover never can bewail himſelf. He has not the means to mollifie a flinty Heart; He may have a thouſand conceits and witty fancies in his Head but can utter none. That Eternal ſilence is dull, and melancholy, troubleſome and diſpleaſing, ſo that the more diligent his viſits are, the more he wearies and tires her, whoſe love he ſeeks to gain: and therefore a dumb Lover is certainly more miſerable than either one that is deaf or blind. O Madam, reply'd *Theroſes*, my judgment and yours are not the ſame. For the deaf Lover may ſee, and the dumb by accident may hear. The firſt may ſpeak and the other may write. But the blind has two misfortunes greatly to be lamented. The firſt is, that he cannot know but by report, whether he love the Perſon that he believes he loves. He may think her to be tall, when ſhe is little; he may think her fair, when ſhe is black; he may think her handſome, when ſhe is deformed. He talks like a Parrot; and loves, he neither knows why nor wherefore: Another misfortune is, that he cannot tell but that his Miſtreſs and his Rival may laugh at him to his face. In a word he that is blind is alwaies jealous, and conſequently alwaies miſerable. For my part, ſaid *Zelebin*, I take them to be equally miſerable as they are equally defective; For it being impoſſible that a Lady ſhould ever love a Man that has any one of theſe defects, they ſeem to be all three miſerable, and deſerve compaſſion. But there are degrees of misfortune, added *Amouda*; and there are no Compariſons ſo equal, but that they may admit of ſome diſtinction, and therefore I ſhould rather chooſe to be dumb, provided I had my hearing than to be either deaf or blind. In truth, anſwer'd *Carallil*, when a Lady is belov'd by a deaf Man, ſhe has no way to make him an appointment but in writing, or by ſigns, which others muſt ſee as well as himſelf; and therefore as I love to talk all my ſelf, and care not how little another talks, the dumb lover ſhould be my favourite. I am of your opinion, reply'd *Rapagi*, becauſe I am of your humour. For that Lover that would alwaies have me talk, would eaſily find a way to pleaſe me. For my part, ſaid *Mechmet*, in regard I am ſomewhat jealous, neither blindneſs nor deafneſs would be fit companions for me; and therefore becauſe a dumb Man may both hear and ſee, I ſhould rather chooſe to loſe my Tongue than my Ears or my Eyes. I am not of that opinion, anſwer'd *Hyamene* laughing, for I am for the blind Lover, it not being alwaies convenient, for a Lady to be ſeen; That's the reaſon that I would alwaies have my Eyes in my Head, cry'd *Orthobule*; and becauſe 'tis ſometimes as neceſſary to hear too, therefore am I rather for perpetual ſilence. For my part cry'd *Muſtapha*, I ſentence my ſelf to all three together; For had I never ſeen or heard *Galiana*, had I never ſpoken to her, I had not then been miſerable. Happy therefore I, had I been alwaies deaf, dumb and blind; that now muſt alwaies live in miſery, while ſhe continues inhuman. This fantaſtical paſſion of *Muſtapha* caus'd *Amouda* to ſtart another Queſtion to the Company, whether there were any cure for Love and what that might be? No doubt of it, anſwer'd *Hyamene*, and many Examples convince us, that it is not onely very poſſible, but alſo very ordinary. For, *added ſhe*, defects conceal'd, and afterwards diſcover'd in the beloved object, are many times the cauſe of a change. In equality of humour, added *Zelebin*, is another very great remedy. The negligence of the Lover many times produces the Infidelity of the Miſtreſs; that proof of a remiſs love extinguiſhing the Flame of Affection. The Cruelty of a Lady, *added the Prince*, may at length tire her Gallant: for he that ſuffers a long time, is not able to endure alwaies. The proud and impertinent pratling of a fliperous beauty is a moſt excellent remedy, ſaid *Odomar*, to cure love, and I think *added he*, one of the moſt proper in the World. The Covetouſneſs of the Servant, oftentimes makes the Miſtreſs change her affection, added *Carallel*. For as ſhe is not to be covetous, he is to be liberal. Too frequent viſits, reply'd *Theroſes*, cauſe infidelity. And therefore they that would be alwaies eſteemed, muſt not make their Company cheap. On the contrary, added *Amouda*, too long abſence cauſes Love to dye. Want of wit in a Lady authorizes inconſtancy, cry'd *Mechmet*, a ſottiſh beauty is ſoon belov'd and ſoon forſaken. The great Charm of Novelty, cry'd *Orthobule*, make more inconſtant Women than all the reſt; and a new object eaſily begets a new Paſſion. Revenge, ſaid *Carallel*, is often another great cauſe of Inconſtancy. Alas! anſwer'd *Theroſes*, the order of nature ſubjects the moſt durable things in the World to change. And as there is nothing Eternal in the World, 'tis impoſſible to ſee Love Eternal, or that Lovers ſhould be alwaies conſtant. I deny it, cry'd *Muſtapha*, for notwithſtanding all the reaſons you have urg'd, neither the power of the Stars nor the order of Nature can prevail againſt my Love; ſo that if *Galiana* will be *Galiana*; *Muſtapha* will be *Muſtapha* ſtill; that is to ſay the moſt faithful Lover in the World.

Several other queſtions were ſtarted, that is to ſay, which was the greateſt Mark of Love, to ſpeak well, or ill; Eloquence or want of Expreſſion? which being carried in the behalf of Eloquence by *Theroſes* and *Galiana*, But alas, cry'd the diſconſolate *Muſtapha*, *Galiana* is of this opinion, and yet my Eloquence ſhe ſlights. But, *added he ſighing*, if the diſorder of the mind be a mark of Love, my Love is a mark of that diſorder; and I perceive as great a confuſion in my thoughts as there was among the Stars at my unfortunate Birth. For *Saturn* joſtled *Jupiter*, *Mars* was

was angry with *Venus*; the Sun ſuffer'd the Moon to be Eclipſed; onely *Mercury* was leſs my Enemy than all the reſt; which was the reaſon that I am as learned as I am ſad, and as eloquent as you ſee me miſerable. Another diſpute aroſe, who were the trueſt Lovers, they that Love without deſiring or they that deſir'd in Loving? which was reſolv'd in favour of the latter by all, but *Galiana*; as being the true opinion of all Men and Women to in the World, But *Galiana* deny'd to be hers. Thereupon the miſerable *Muſtapha* cry'd out, Obſerve the cauſe now why thou art hated by the cruel *Galiana*; 'tis becauſe thou canſt not love without deſiring; However, added the learned *Lunatick*, if it be true that ſhe hates thoſe who deſire, ſhe will hate thy Rivals as well as thee; and their grief will be thy conſolation: as thy ſatisfaction will be their torment. This Queſtion rais'd another, who lov'd moſt ſincerely, Men or Women? If conſtancy be a mark of Love, *ſaid the Prince*, fetching a deep ſigh, certainly Women then love leſs ſincerely than Men. For Women are generally changeable, and leave their firſt Lovers for the ſecond. Sir, anſwer'd *Galiana*, you aſcribe that to our ſex which belongs to your own. For there are more unconſtant Lovers among Men, than there are Perſons of Women that can preſume to Love; and therefore women when they do Love, love far better than the Men. Beſides, reply'd *Amonda*, our cold temper is more apt to love long than yours, which as it more participates of fire, partakes more of the light Qualities of that Element. Fair Philoſophizing Impoſtreſs, cry'd *Orthobule* laughing, your deceitful Argument, ſhall never perſwade me that heat can brood in Cold, or that flames can proceed from Ice. The indiſcretion of Men, reply'd *Hyamene*, is a mark of the feebleneſs of their Love, but the ſecrecy which Ladies are oblig'd to keep, preſerves their Love, as rich odors are preſerv'd by being ſhut up in Boxes. Fair perfumer, anſwer'd *Zelebin*; 'twill not go there, for Ladies being perſons of greater beauty than Men, of neceſſity men muſt love better than women becauſe the Object of their Love is more amiable. For my part, ſaid *Carallel*, with her wonted frolick freedom, I believe 'tis an equal lay betwixt both parties; and that in caſe of Love the change is as pleaſing, to the one as to the other, & very near as frequent. In troth, added *Mechmet*, that downright Language pleaſes me wondrous well; in imitation whereof I am reſolv'd to confeſs, that change is the great charm of Love as well as Nature. You are a Heretick in Love, reply'd *Rapagie*, and I will not be of your ſect. No, no, then cry'd *Muſtapha*, neither women, nor men love ſincerely as they ought to do; but I am the only Phœnix in Love, never to be parallel'd again. After this another diſpute aroſe, wherein the Power of Love did moſt appear, in cauſing a Shepherdeſs to love a King, or in making a King ſtoop to embrace a Shepherdeſs. To which when they had all given various anſwers, *Theroſes* gave the graveſt Reſolution: For, ſaid he, if we ſtand upon the exact terms of reaſon, 'tis Vertue and not Quality is moſt ſoveraignly amiable and moſt ſoveraignly to be lov'd. And in regard there is nothing ignominious but vice, where that is abſent, Kings may love without bluſhing and without repugnancy: and the Power of Love is moſt ſoveraignly ſeen in conſtraining Kings to ſuch a Captivity. Thus like a Company of ignorant fools, cry'd *Muſtapha*, this learned Man and I who are both of the ſame mind, teach you what is your duty by doing ours. For by ſubjecting Fortune to Vertue as we do, you will do that which ye ought and that which becomes ye.

The Converſation being thus concluded, the Prince roſe up (as all the reſt of the Company did) and inſenſibly accoſting *Onurs* lovely daughter, he diſcourſt her with a low voice for ſome few minutes, which gave a ſtrange diſturbance to *Zelebin*, and renew'd *Muſtapha*'s deſpair. 'Tis true that their diſquiet laſted not long, for the Prince not having found that ſatisfaction which he expected in her Anſwer, made her a low obeyſance and departed out of the Chamber attended by ſeveral Perſons of Quality. However he was not ſo haſty, but that *Galiana* and *Zelebin* had ſo much leiſure as to behold one another with as much Love as ſadneſs; and thoſe reciprocal Glances infus'd into their hearts at once both Love and Grief: But as the Toil of the mind hinders the repoſe of the body, thence it came to paſs that *Galiana* could take no reſt all that night. So that as ſoon as ever day appear'd ſhe roſe, and in her morning habit careleſly dreſt, ſhe went down by a private pair of Stairs, attended by one Slave, into the Park, not ſo much to enjoy the Beauty and freſh air of the Morning, as for the freedom of entertaining her own thoughts without moleſtation. But in regard that Prince *Audalla* had ſpent that night in no leſs trouble, he was no leſs wakeful; Inſomuch, that being advertiz'd by one of his Captives, that he had ſeen *Galiana* walking in the Park attended onely with one ſlave, he made haſt and dreſt himſelf, as ſilently as he could, for fear of being diſturb'd in his deſign, and following the fair Lady down the ſame ſtairs by which ſhe had deſcended before, he made haſt to ſeek her out among the Groves and Allies, with as great a deſire to meet her, as her intention was to ſhun him. But love that furniſhes Lovers with Lynx's Eyes, had ſoon diſcover'd her footing (if I may uſe the term in Hunting) and perceiving her as ſhe was juſt entring into the Labyrinth, he overtook her in a ſhort time. Madam, *ſaid he*, after he had made his obeyſance, you are ſtirring very early this morning; and take but little care of your beauty, you that keep all the World awake. Sir, *anſwer'd ſhe*, turning again toward the houſe,

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The Beauty you applaud is so mean and inconsiderable, that I cannot undervalue it too much: 'tis not worth my pains to take care of it, nor yours to mind it. Ah! Madam, answer'd *Audalla*, I am not of your Opinion, nor do you really think so your self: and if any other should have committed so strange an Error, I would have punish'd him as an offender. You would punish an abundance of People then, *reply'd the Lovely Lady*; nay, the Error is so universal, that you could not scape your self. Not I! Madam, *answer'd he*; how easily is that accusation clear'd, how readily is my Justification made? No no, *pursu'd he*, *with a smile*, I shall without any difficulty over-turn an opinion so ill grounded; For you shall find by the whole course of my life the high thoughts I have of your beauty by the Continuance of my Love; So that you shall at length confess your self to be a slanderer both of your self and me: and that the Divine *Galiana* is as fair, as the faithful *Audalla* is enamour'd. Your Highness does me a very great Honour, *answer'd she*, but I should render my self unworthy of it, should I not shew my self as sincere to you, as you say your passion is extraordinary for me. Or should I not ingenuously confess that I know the grandeur of the favour, but that I dare not accept it. Oh! what a cruel Ingenuity is yours? *reply'd the Prince*: and how well could I desire it were less sincere, to let me understand all my misfortune at once! But *pursu'd he*, without giving her time to answer, I have still hopes that time and reason will alter your resolution, and that one day you will be yet more just in your opinion. Reason and Time, *answer'd she*, can never bring to pass what you desire: for where your Quality and your Merit are not able to perswade, nothing else can ever prevail. How Madam! reply'd *Audalla*; an extream respect; an ardent Love; a fidelity unparallel'd; a submission not to be equal'd; an eternal complacency; an absolute dependence upon your will, can all this work no effects in your Heart? will nothing of all this introduce me into your affection? No, Sir, *answer'd she*, coldly and reservedly; and if your Highness cannot be satisfied with my friendship, I am obliged to tell you, you will never be satisfi'd. Ah cruel Beauty! *cry'd he*, the truth is I never shall be satisfied: 'Tis easie for me to foresee it, and foretell it, without your taking the pains, or using so much cruelty as to tell me so. For I find that the happiness of a Rival makes me unfortunate that you hate me because you love him, and so long as he is happy, I shall alwaies be miserable. But, *pursu'd he*, I should not however alwaies be so, if I could but one day come to discover him: for then would I take a severe accompt of him for all your injustice. Yet you would be very unjust your self, Sir, *reply'd* Galiana, to use any one so severely, that should be suppos'd to love me; nor would reason allow you to punish the Innocent instead of the guilty. Oh I have lost my reason, *reply'd he very fiercely*; you your self have depriv'd me of it. But, *added the afflicted and despairing Prince*, since I cannot move the Inhumanity of the daughter, I will have recourse to the authority of the Father: and I will try whether *Omur* will scorn me, as *Galiana* contemns me. Neither *Galiana* nor *Omur*, *reply'd she*, dare presume to despise a Prince, whom it is their duty to honour. Let it be as it will, *answer'd* Audalla, we will see whether you can obey as well as you can refuse. I shall obey without doubt, *reply'd she*, how unwelcome soever the command may be: but I hope no such command will be impos'd upon me, because it is not reasonable. Beside, Sir, *pursu'd she*, what would it signifie for you to enthral a body, whose Soul should be always free? and if you have not my Heart what will you gain by my loss? As I am Vertuous, *added the Lovely Maid*, my Honour cannot forsake me, but will preserve me from doing any thing contrary to my duty, yet as I carry a haughty pride about me, my resentment will stick close by me. And such a Love will produce no other effect than hatred. No matter, no matter, *reply'd the despairing Prince*; and provided it be but your fate to see me triumph weep if you please at my Victory. Having so said, he held his peace, and she said not a word more; but both making equal hast to return to the House, they went so fast, that their slaves could hardly keep pace with them. But while all this past in the Park, *Zelebin* going to the Princes Apartment, to attend him at his rising, was strangely surpriz'd not to find him there; and when he came to ask where he was, or whither he was gon so early in the morning, no body could give him an answer. Presently upon that his Heart began to beat; and his disquiet redoubled; when going to *Galiana*'s Chamber (for he imagin'd the Prince was there) he could not find her neither; onely he understood that she was gon to walk in the Park attended onely with one Slave. The news thereof made his colour come and go: he sweat and trembled, and jealousie intermixing with his Love, his thoughts were false in reference to *Galiana*, and cruel in reference to himself, that his Mistress and his Rival, had the evening before, when they whisper'd together, appointed a Meeting in some place that morning. That her aversion to the Prince was counterfeit, that her inclination toward him was dissembled, that he was infallibly betray'd and cheated, and that undoubtedly he was ruin'd and *Galiana* unfaithful. In the midst of these afflicting thoughts, he consider'd whether he should endeavour to seek the truth of what he no way desir'd to find; and the very fancy of such a troublesom encounter had almost kept him from going, so cruel did he conceive that Object to behold. Nevertheless the insupportable incertainty of what they were

were doing, and the Tyranical desire of informing himself, made him at length resolve. Thereupon he went down stairs into the Garden to go into the Park, not doubting but they were there. On the other side *Mustapha* doubly enraged with Passion and Folly, understanding he same thing, took the same way, and ran with all his might toward the place where he thought to find *Audalla* and *Galiana*. So soon as *Zelebin* had met with them, at first his disquiet, his grief, his jealousie and his despair augmented; and though he labour'd out of respect, to conceal these motions of his Soul, yet could he not hinder his despair, his jealousie, his greif and his disquiet from appearing in his Eyes; But the Prince and *Galiana* were so taken up with their own particular thoughts, that they took notice of it. True it is, that *Zelebin* was not long in danger of being discovered for *Audalla*'s Rival, by those Marks of discontent which appear'd in his face: For he saw so much Choler, and so much despite in his Masters Countenance, and so much Melancholy and affection in his Mistresses Eyes, that it was easie for him to judge, that they did not well agree together: and that his suspition was ill agrounded. In truth they scarce perceiv'd him to be there, so deep was their contemplation: and they walk'd above a hundred paces, without speaking to him, or he to them; all that interval of time being spent in sighs, lamentations and tears. However *Galiana* first recovering her self out of her Melancholy extasie, and spying *Zelebin*, she cast certain looks upon him by stealth, the sadness whereof afforded him no small consolation. It far'd not so with the Prince, for *Galiana*'s grief redoubling his, he no sooner saw his Favourite, but addressing his Speech to him with a deep sigh, Ah! *Zelebin*, *said he*, this Cruel Lady puts me quite out of hope, & her cruelty kills me. Ah! *Zelebin*, *added she*, the Prince makes me despair. For never any man but he, durst threaten while he pretended Love: Especially me, who of all women in the World am the most unlikely to endure such a kind of behaviour; and who am so far from suffering it from a Prince, that I would not brook it in a King. Sir, answer'd *Zelebin* to *Audalla*. Your Highness knows, that to be respectful is the true Character of a Lover: and that there is nothing so free as inclination. On the other side, Madam, *added he*, it behoves you to temper your refusal with so much sweetness, as not to precipitate into despair a Person so Illustrious, though unfortunate. This communication would have strangely perplex'd those three Lovers, had it longer continu'd; and it would have prov'd a difficult thing for *Galiana*, or *Audalla*, or *Zelebin*, if not for all together, to have conceal'd their most secret thoughts, which would have entayl'd them in new perplexities. But happy for them, they heard the Mad Doctor cry out, and presently they perceiv'd him running toward them with all his might. When he came near them, O more then happy Rival, *said he*. Thus were *Dido* and *Æneas* found together, in the midst of the Chase, and during the storm; and I fear me *Hyarbe*'s fate will betide you, and that your end will be like the end of those two Lovers. But should that come to pass, *pursu'd he*, could *Audalla* run through all those tempests and all those misfortunes that befel *Æneas*? or *Galiana* endure all those woes, and miseries which *Dido* did? They neither of them gave him any answer: for they were too serious to laugh at his follies, and too much afflicted to make sport. Nor had they time though they had had a will, for being near the Palace, they met *Theroses*, and all the Persons of Quality, both Knights and Ladies, who were coming forth in search of them: Immediately every one observ'd their Melancholy; every one essay'd to conjecture at the cause, yet none could Divine: so that *Theroses* was about to ask the Prince, when the Prince prevented him, and told him, That having bethought himself of an important affair which he had left undone in *Almeria*, there was a necessity for him to return after dinner. But Sir, answer'd *Theroses*, cannot your Highness accomplish here what you have left there undone; and grant me two or three dayes more, which I hop'd from your goodness to compleat my Honour. No, generous *Theroses*, I cannot, *reply'd the Prince*. And though it be not without an extraordinary sorrow, yet I must leave you, for I am going to do that at *Almeria*, which I cannot accomplish at *Ascatin*. Upon those words both *Zelebin*, and *Galiana* fetched a deep sigh: and *Theroses* finding it not convenient to urge the Prince any farther, put him before him into his house, where soon after they sate down to a most magnificent dinner. But never was Banquet so Melancholy as that, neither the *Prince*, *Galiana* nor *Zelebin* could Eat a bit; nor did the rest of the Company Eat very much. What they spoke was very low, and as it were whispering to one another. And *Mustapha* himself, though not so reserved as any of the rest, seeing *Galiana* pensive, was sad like her, and was as silent as the Company, how accustomed soever he had been to talk. Soon after the Table was clear'd, the Horses were put in the Chariots; And *Theroses* having made himself ready to accompany the Prince some two or three Leagues from *Ascatin*; The Prince would by no means permit him; but took his leave, returned him thanks, and taking his Chariot, as all the rest of the Company had done theirs, he led the direct Road to *Almeria*. That passage was as Melancholy as Dinner time had bin: They discourst no more in their Chariots, then they had done at the Table; and so soon as they were arriv'd at the City (at the Gate whereof they met *Omur*) and were enter'd into the Castle, Prince *Audalla* shut himself up alone in his Closet, and would see no living Person that Evening. There he revolv'd in his disorder'd fancy all

thoſe harſh and unpleaſing fancies which he had heard from *Galiana*'s Lips, and which had ulcerated his Heart. He did not omit ſo much as one word; nor forgat ſo much as one accent; ſo that his Memory, ſo ingenious to Torment him, became the Executioner of his mind, and the Torment of his Soul. But the more cruel his Torment was, the more it ſetled him in the reſolution he had taken, to make uſe of *Omars* Authority, to triumph over *Galiana*'s reſiſtance; and when he had abſolutely determin'd upon it, he came out of his Cloſet, went into his Chamber, and was aſſiſted to his bed; not ſo much to take his reſt, but to examin with more freedom what he had reſolv'd to do. On the other ſide the penſive *Galiana*, after all the Ladies were retir'd, feigned her ſelf to be ill, and went and lockt her ſelf up in her Chamber, as well that ſhe might not be oblig'd to ſup with her Father; as to conceal her grief by hiding her ſelf. Then it was, Sir, that ſhe call'd to mind the Inclination which ſhe had for *Zelebin*, and his Love for her; the cruel Threats of *Audalla*, and the Authority of *Omar* over his Daughter. The reſpect which ſhe owed him; the Obedience ſhe reſolv'd to pay him; her Paſſion and her Duty; her misfortune and her Virtue; Her Torture, and her Honour: All which things making a horrible combuſtion in her Heart, tormented her beyond all ſuffering. In the mean while, the unfortunate *Zelebin* was no leſs exagitated in his mind; for he having beheld that ſadneſs in *Galiana*'s Eyes, ſuffer'd thoſe pangs of ſorrow that were beyond compariſon. Which cruel Torture was the more augmented by that curioſity which he had to know, what that private converſe had been, between the Prince and his fair Miſtreſs, which had render'd them both ſo contemplative and Melancholy: Not that he lookt upon *Audalla*'s Choler as a good Omen: but that *Galiana*'s affliction ſeemed to foretel ſome great misfortune, and to threaten ſome fatal miſchief. To free himſelf therefore from ſo cruel an incertainty, and ſo difficult to undergo, he went to the Lovely Ladies Apartment, and deſir'd to ſee her. Her Servants told him, ſhe was retir'd, and would not be ſeen; but ſhe knowing his voice, commanded them to open the door, and ſo in he went; in a deep ſuſpence betwixt hope and fear, Life and Death. I cannot tell, Madam, *ſaid he*, *fetching a long ſigh*, whether my Curioſity be not too bold, and whether that boldneſs be not a crime: but however it be, I confeſs it is abſolutely impoſſible for me, not to demand the cauſe of your grief, and my Maſters anger. Ah *Zelebin*! *anſwer'd ſhe with another ſigh*, what is it that you ask me? and if it be true you love me, what is it you deſire to know, or what is it you would have me tell ye? I would fain know, Madam, *reply'd he*, whether I ſhall live or dye. For in ſuch a cruel uncertainty I dye a thouſand times, inſtead of once. Free your ſelf from that uncertainty then, and dye, *anſwer'd ſhe*, with a dire Lamentation, for the Prince has ſworn that he will ask my Fathers good will; and if my Father command me to eſpouſe him, you know what I have already ſaid as to that: for you ſhall never find me worſe then my word. But Madam, *anſwer'd the afflicted Lover*, ſince my Deſtiny is in your hands, if you have told me true, I have no cauſe to fear. For if I have the happineſs to be belov'd by you, you will never pronounce the Sentence of my Death, in pronouncing that Fatal word, that would give you to my Rival: and ſince it is no more difficult to cry, No, then Yes, you will never ſay the Latter word. Ah! unjuſt as you are, *anſwer'd ſhe*, why condemn you that in me, which you approve in your ſelf? and while you have ſo much conſideration for your Maſter, how can you imagin that I ſhould have ſo little for my Father? Is it becauſe Fortune ought to be more prevalent then Nature or Virtue? And ſince you can prefer your Honour before your Love, why would you have me prefer my Love before my Honour. Since you ſtand ſo much upon your Honour, why would you perſwade me to regard mine ſo little. Ah! Madam, *anſwer'd* Zelebin, the caſe is not the ſame betwixt us: For I ſhould quite ſhame my ſelf, ſhould I fail in my Duty and my word; but you would advance your Honour, by declaring for Virtue againſt Fortune: in taking no Cognizance of Grandeur; but preferring *Zelebins* paſſion and his Fidelity before *Audalla*'s Quality. Yes, Madam, 'tis more Noble to refuſe a Crown, than to wear one: and though the Prince were King, if that Honour which you Love be the real Honour, you ought to prefer the Sheephook before the Scepter, if he that Lov'd You were a Shepheard. Beſides, the Prince is my Maſter, not yours. You may reſiſt him; I muſt not contend with him. In ſhort, you may either ſave me or deſtroy me, both the one and the other depend upon your Election. Add to this Madam, that I ſhould be an unprofitable Offender, when the Prince has ruined me; but you may act with ſucceſs, ſince nothing can force your will of which you are the ſole Miſtreſs. I conjure ye therefore, to accompliſh this Noble Action, which I beg at your hands (*ſaid he*, throwing himſelf at her feet) and to ſave the unfortunate *Zelebin*, if it be true that he is belov'd by the Divine *Galiana*. Though you make an irrational confuſion between *Omar* and *Audalla*, *reply'd ſhe*, raiſing him up; and beleive that I will do that by the power of the one, which I will never do unleſs conſtrained by the Authority of the other, yet I grant to your grief and my friendſhip, the Oblivion of your Fault; and am reſolved to forget the crime out of my tenderneſs to the Offender. But I muſt tell you withal at the ſame time, that though I have no affection for the Prince, and have a great

a great Love for you, yet if my Father commands me to eſpouſe him, I will: and I foreſee that my Obedience will prove fatal. You eſpouſe him! Madam, cry'd the unfortunate *Zelebin*; Yes I will eſpouſe him, reply'd the Penſive *Galiana*: and the ſame reaſon that makes you act againſt your ſelf, makes me act againſt my ſelf; and prefer the hated Tyrant, before the beloved Lover, though I cannot act contrary to his repoſe, without acting againſt my Life. O Lovely Maid, Kind and Cruel both together! *reply'd he*, Yet if you will not directly oppoſe *Omurs* Authority; You may endeavour to alter his reſolution, if it prove mortal to me. You may ſpeak, I ſay, repreſent, pray, perſwade, urge and weep, if the moſt perfect Love that ever was can merit ſuch Lovely tears, I can and will, *reply'd ſhe, putting her hand before her Eyes*, though it be a thing that will trouble a Perſon of my Humor to do. But when I have done that, ask me to do no more. After I have done ſo much for Love, leave me to perform my duty to Nature, who do ſo much for Honours ſake your ſelf. Upon thoſe words perceiving a ſhower of tears ready to trickle down, ſhe made him a ſign to be gone; whereupon away he went as full of deſpair as ſadneſs. Early in the Morning *Audalla* ſent for *Zelebin* to come to him in all haſt: which earneſt order, in regard he knew not the cauſe, extreamly diſturb'd him; and made him foreſee ſome new misfortune, though he could not divine what it might be. But as ſoon as he came into the Princes Chamber, he beheld his Maſter as ſad as he, but more angry then he, though he were angry enough with his unfortunate deſtiny. In ſhort *Zelebin*, ſaid *Audalla* ſitting up in his bed, and flinging back the Curtains in a great fury, after he had commanded his Slaves to depart the Chamber, There is nothing more of conſideration to be uſed. I have nothing more to hope for from time, from *Galiana*, from her reaſon or my Love; from my perſeverance, my quality nor my merits; But my miſchief being come to the extremity, I muſt find out a fit remedy. And therefore my dear *Zelebin*, *purſu'd he with a ſigh*, you muſt find me out this neceſſary remedy for I hope for it from no Perſon but your ſelf. Sir, *anſwer'd the diſconſolate Lover*, would the ſpilling half my blood, or the expoſing my Life to ſome great danger, would advance the Cure, which your Royal Highneſs deſires, you ſhould be ſoon cured of your Love, and I as ſoon ſatisfied. Ah! no, no, *reply'd the Prince interrupting him*, 'tis not the End of my Paſſion which I ſeek after: 'tis the end of my diſcontents: the end of *Galiana*'s Obſtinacy. And therefore ſince I cannot expect it from her good Nature, I muſt endeavour to obtain it by *Omur's* Authority: and that the Father ſhould do that for me which the Daughter refuſes. For this reaſon, *added he*, my dear *Zelebin*, go you to the Governour of *Almeria* in my Name, Aggravate to him my Love of *Galiana*; make him apprehenſive of the Honour which I do him, by condeſcending to eſpouſe her; and the advantages he will reap by ſo noble an Allyance. In ſhort, omit nothing that may ſerve to bring about my deſign: and if you have any real Love for me, make haſt and ſhew it, by your happy ſucceſs in diſpatching the Commiſſion with which you are by me entruſted. But, Sir, *reply'd* Zelebin, will you ——— But, *ſaid* Audalla, *briskly interrupting him*, *Galiana* has already told me, all that you can tell him, and I have repeated it to my ſelf: and therefore obey me without adviſing, for your Counſel will ſignifie nothing. Me thinks hower *ſaid* Zelebin, that a Match propoſed without acquainting the King, is a kind of an Offence. And that ſuch a proceeding as this, with ſo little reſpect, will be ill reſented at Court, and may do your Highneſs an injury. Your Politicks will be as little regarded as your Morals at this time, *reply'd* Audalla. For ſince I take upon me the danger of the Event, you may well take upon you the beginning of the Enterpriſe. However Sir, *ſaid* Zelebin, it behoves me to take the Liberty, though my too hardy zeal ſhould appear Criminal, to put your Highneſs in mind of what I have already at other times ſpoken, concerning your Ambition. I made you an anſwer then, *reply'd the Prince*; and therefore take no more care of my Ambition, but mind my Love, which is the more tyrannical Paſſion. The conceal'd Lover not daring to make any farther reply to *Audalla*, for fear of diſcovering himſelf, made him a low obeyſance without ſpeaking a word more, and departed the Chamber: but ſo ſad, ſo diſconſolate, ſo full of deſpair, as would have mov'd his very Enemies to compaſſion. Oh Heaven, *ſaid he to himſelf*, *when he was out of the Chamber*, This very day muſt I dye, ſince this very day it behoves me to ſpeak for the Prince againſt my ſelf; for his happineſs and my Ruine. Alas! *purſued the afflicted Lover*; who ever knew an adventure like mine; I have acted againſt my own Intereſt with the very perſon that I adore; and now I muſt act the ſame part with her Father, and compleat my own miſery in accompliſhing his good Fortune. Ah! faint Heart, art thou capable of this; or if thou art, canſt thou know how to Love? And yet *reply'd he as ſoon to himſelf*, how canſt thou avoid it? or if thou couldſt avoid it, would that obſtruct the Princes purpoſe? No, no, *cry'd he, deſpairing altogether*; but yet it would provoke thy Rival; it would oblige thee to end thy dayes, and that death would be more ſweet then life. 'Tis very true, 'tis very true, *added he*, yet, dying, thou muſt leave *Galiana*, and leave her for ever. What a term of Time is that! what a ſeparation! what a misfortune! who can Love and take up ſuch a reſolution? Yes, *ſaid he*, For if

thou haſt, thou wilt ſee her in the Arms of a happy Rival; thou wilt ſee him Triumph over her and thee. Thou wilt ſee her perhaps without ſorrow; and thou wilt ſee him Joyful; thou wilt ſee her perhaps without ſorrow; and thou wilt ſee thy ſelf the moſt afflicted, the moſt diſconſolate, the moſt deſpairing Lover in the World! O Rival! O *Muſtapha*! O Miſtreſs! O Father! What ought I not to do this day in my deſpair? or rather what can I doe? Tell me, for I cannot tell, yet I ſtand in great need of inſtruction. So ſaying, he enter'd into *Galiana's* Chamber, where he found her alone: and accoſting her with a mortal paleneſs in his face, and a moſt pity-moving ſadneſs in his Eyes, Ah! Madam, *ſaid he, fetching three, or four deep ſighs one after another*, 'tis true that my deſtiny is in your hands, and that my life or death depends abſolutely upon you. If it be ſo, *anſwer'd ſhe*, your life is in no danger, and your preſervation is indubitable. Heaven grant, *reply'd he*, that what you make me hope be true; and that I may but onely be ſcared with that terrible misfortune that threatens me: For in ſhort, Madam, *added the* Illuſtrious Unfortunate, the Prince has commanded me to attend *Omar*, and to deſire leave of him for you to be his Wife. Judge you now conſidering *Audalla's* quality, whether your Father will refuſe ſo great an advantage? and whether I muſt not be the moſt miſerable among men without your aſſiſtance? No, Madam, *added he*, I have nothing to hope for, but onely from your goodneſs: ſo that if that fail me at a time of Need; I am loſt, and there is no remedy for my Evil. Ah! *Zelebin, reply'd* Galiana, it more concerns you then me to divert ſo great a Storm, ſince you are onely afraid of periſhing in it: it concerns you to make uſe of all your wit to alter your Maſters reſolution, ſince the ſucceſs of his deſign will prove ſo fatal to your Love. Alas! *reply'd the diſconſolate* Zelebin, I have left nothing undone on my part: and I have almoſt hazarded the diſcovery of my Love, by oppoſing too far the Princes affection. Let the worſt come to the worſt, briskly *anſwer'd ſhe*, you ought to have refus'd ſuch a Commiſſion, and to have dy'd before you undertook it. I will dye however after my acceptance of it, *reply'd he*: and though my duty would not permit me to refuſe it, it ſhall not ſtop my career to my Tomb, to free me from ſo great a miſchief and to repair ſo great a fault; ſince you believe it ſuch, and that it behoves me to ſubmit to whatever you believe. You may by what you are to do at preſent, *reply'd the mournful* Galiana, repair what is paſt, while you perſwade my Father, as remiſsly, as He would have you to do it vigorouſly; not adding the ſtrength of your Eloquence to the force of his Ambition, which will ſollicit *Omar* too powerfully without your aſſiſtance. Oh for that matter! Madam, I can eaſily make you a promiſe, and with more eaſie perform it. And though it be in ſome meaſure a defect of my fidelity to my Maſter, yet I find that in this affair I ſhall be but a bad agent, and the worſt Orator in the World: But impoſſibility excuſes all things. For in acting well, I ſhall act but too well againſt my repoſe and the happineſs of my Life. In the mean time, ſince my preſervation is not in my power but in yours, you muſt endeavour to ſave an unfortunate perſon, who out of his Love of Vertue and Honour, takes pains to deſtroy himſelf. I will keep my word, *reply'd ſhe*, in what ever I have promis'd, how difficult ſoever it may be. But if my Father ſpeak, I muſt hold my Tongue; if he command, I muſt obey; and I neither can, nor ought to do any more. I wiſh that Heavan may do the reſt, *anſwer'd he*, taking his leave with a deep ſigh. Upon thoſe words he made her a low obeyſance, and went away as afflicted, as he left her ſad, and as much inamour'd as afflicted. From thence he goes to *Omars* Apartment, and asking to ſee the Governour, was immediately admitted. But never was any Man in the World at ſuch a *Non-plus*, as he upon that occaſion. For though his Duty requir'd him to ſpeak, his Paſſion would not permit him to find words; and he became mute when he ſtood in moſt need of his Eloquence. But at length Honour, the Noble Tyrant over great Hearts and great Souls, overcame his Love; and the unfortunate *Zelebin* in a diſcourſe very ſhort and very much diſcompos'd, told *Omar* ſome part of *Audalla's* mind, leaving him to pick out the reſt. However, he neither enlarged upon the merit of the Prince, nor his high Quality; the advantages of the match, nor the vehemency of his Paſſion: for that was impoſſible for him to do. But he told him what he thought himſelf oblig'd to tell him; almoſt ready to expire, all the while he utter'd his meſſage. Immediately he ſaw in *Omars* Eyes a certain Flaſh of Joy that ſtruck him to the Heart, and that light was cloſe purſued by another Thunderclap that quite overturn'd all his hopes. For the Governour, in return of his meſſage, told him with a great deal of reſpect, that the Prince did him too much Honour: and that he muſt Love his Daughter very ill, to refuſe ſuch an advantageous promotion both to him and to her: Nevertheleſs, after he had loſt his hope, the unfortunate *Zelebin* recover'd it again. For *Omar* purſuing his diſcourſe; Not but that I well forſee, *ſaid he*, that ſo great an Honour will raiſe me many Enemies, and that Envy which alwaies attends upon good Fortune, will not fail to follow mine; and to croſs it, by all the ways imaginable; and therefore as you are my friend, *added he*, as well as the Princes favourite, I beſeech you to aſſiſt me with your Counſel, in ſo nice a conjuncture as this. Here, Sir, the Generous *Zelebin* had a ſtrong temptation to undergo, and all his Vertue was little enough to

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keep him from adviſing *Omur* to refuſe alliance. But he met with a greater difficulty, or rather impoſſibility, to perſwade him to accept it: and therefore taking the middle way, between two Extreams ſo equally disadvantageous to him, he onely return'd this anſwer, That *Omur* being a better Politician then he was, he durſt not preſume to give him advice in an Affair of that importance: that his age and his experience were too young: and that it was more prudence in him to be govern'd by his own more judicious inſight into things of that Nature. Were I to follow my own judgment *anſwer'd* Omur, the preſent advantage would prevail with me, beyond the fear of what miſchief may enſue. And therefore if you think it convenient, I will go my ſelf, and give my anſwer to the Prince; and tell him I am ready to ſubmit to his will: For my daughter, wanting neither obedience nor reaſon, there is no need of asking her conſent to a thing ſo advantageous. Methinks however *reply'd Zelebin*, that Lawful authority, ſhould not act like Tyranny. No, no, *reply'd* Omur, there is nothing to be fear'd in that particular, and therefore without loſing any more time, be pleaſed to take me along with you to the Prince, to the end I may aſſure him that he is the Maſter, and that it is my part to obey. Here, Sir, the unfortunate *Zelebin* being oblig'd to exchange his hopes for his fears, as he had but lately exchanged his fears for his hapes; or rather to exchange a doubtful benefit, for a certain Evil, felt thoſe terrors, not to be conceiv'd by any Perſon that has not felt them before: However he ſaid no more, becauſe he had nothing more to ſay: and he followed *Omur* to *Audalla*'s lodging, as if he had been hall'd to Execution: when they came there, they found *Audalla* alone in his Cloſet, expecting with as much impatience, as uncertainty, the ſucceſs of *Zelebins* negotiation. So ſoon as he ſaw him, he thought things had not gone right, becauſe his Favourite appear'd ſo ſad: believing that it was his Maſters ill ſucceſs that made him ſo Melancholy: So that his friendſhip toward him encreaſed by an accident, that rather ſhould have augmented his hatred, had he underſtood the true reaſon. But he was not long of that Opinion, nor did he labour long under that diſturbance; For *Omur* advancing toward him, with as much joy in his Countenance, as *Zelebin* carryed ſadneſs in his, diſſipated all his fears, and renewed his hopes. Sir, *ſaid the Governour of* Almena, had not *Zelebins* ſincerity been effectually known to me, I ſhould have been in ſome doubt of the truth of what He has told me: Becauſe the Honour which he has made me hope for, in the name of your Royal Highneſs, is ſo much above me, that my beleif can hardly conceive it. But in regard his friendſhip and his Vertue forbid me to have any ſuch ſuſpition, I am gladly compel'd to beleive that my good fortune is real, how great ſoever it be: and am ſtrictly oblig'd to teſtifie my acknowledgment to your Royal Highneſs, humbly returning you my humble thanks for an Honour which I receive with ſo much undeſert. Prudent *Omur*, You merit all things, *reply'd the Prince*, very courteouſly: and the fair *Galiana* merits no leſs, then the Prudent *Omur*: and therefore it lyes on my part to do what you have done, and to return you thanks, for a favour, which I can never acknowledge to its full worth, though I ſhould Employ all my power, and all the dayes of my life to ſerve you. But *purſu'd he with a deep ſigh*, I fear me the Illuſtrious daughter will not be ſo obliging, as the Illuſtrious Father. O, Sir, *reply'd* Omur, how is it poſſible you ſhould Love where you have not an Eſteem? and how can you have any Eſteem for her, if you believe her capable of ſo great a defect of Judgment? No, no, Sir, thoſe Honours which you heap upon her are too conſiderable, for her not to receive them as ſhe ought. Here the diſconſolate *Zelebin* could not forbear ſpeaking; and therefore addreſſing himſelf to *Omur*, Inclination, Sir, *ſaid he*, is a thing which ought to be free: and does not alwayes conſult reaſon whether to refuſe or deny. My power is ſufficient, *reply'd* Omur, to overawe her Prudence: and as I am one that never break my word, I will engage to perform what I have promis'd. But I cannot tell whether it be wiſdome in his Royal Highneſs to accept of a Hand and Heart which is given him by compulſion: If my Prudence will not allow it, my Love will, *briskly reply'd the Prince:* and provided I enjoy *Galiana*, it matters not whether I obtain her by Power or Inclination. Yet they are two very diſtinct things, *reply'd* Zelebin, and the conſequences of both are no leſs different. Peace, Propheſier of Imaginary misfortunes, *reply'd the Prince*, and trouble not my preſent felicity with the threats of what will happen hereafter. But, Sir, ſaid *Omur* to *Audalla*, you underſtand too well the Cuſtom of the Court and the power of Kings, not to know, that the firſt Princes of the Blood, are the moſt principal of their ſubjects; and for that reaſon holding the place of Fathers, 'tis not for the others to marry without their permiſſion. I know it very well, prudent *Omur*, *added he*, and I am careful of failing in ſo neceſſary a part of my reſpect, and therefore I have reſolv'd to write to the King, and *Zelebin* ſhall carry the Letter. Who I, Sir, *reply'd he very much troubled and afflicted.* Yes, You, *added the Prince*, nor do I know any Perſon ſo fitting as your ſelf to perform that Office, or in whom I would ſoones put my confidence in reference to a buſineſs of ſo much importance. In my Judgment However, *reply'd the Hopeleſs favourite*, you might pitch upon ſome other Perſon, more proper then I. For in regard the King knows the Friend-ſhip wherewith your Royal Highneſs has Honour'd

nour'd me, he'l believe it without doubt to be a plot of mine with *Omar* and *Galiana*, to ſtrengthen my ſelf in your favour by the match, and that I have adviſ'd you to it for my own Intereſt: ſo that the more I urge his conſent, the more ſhall I confirm him in his opinion; and the more I labour to ſerve you, the more unprofitable will my ſervice be. So that I am perſwaded that either *Iheroſes* or *Odomar*; *Mechmet* or *Orthobule*, would be more proper for the Employment, and more capable to ſerve your Highneſs. Not one of thoſe whom you have named, *ſurlely reply'd the Prince*, but would think themſelves highly Honour'd with ſuch a Commiſſion. However ſince you and I differ ſo much in our Politicks, and in our judgments, therefore obey without farther diſpute; as it is your Duty to obey when I command. How deſirous ſoever he might be, he durſt not preſume to ſpeak a word more; but with ſo much affliction in his mind, and ſo much reluctancy in his Heart, that he was ready to ſink at the Princes Feet, and there to dye with grief, Madneſs, and deſpair. In the mean while *Audalla*, better underſtanding, how ſtrong an Obſtinacy he ſhould meet with in *Galiana*, then *Omar* did, deſir'd him to go and ſpeak to her; and to return with all ſpeed, when he had receiv'd her anſwer. Thereupon the Governor left the Prince and went to *Galiana*'s Apartment: to whom he thus began; Daughter, *ſaid he*, you are like to be the ſecond Woman of the Kingdom in dignity, and the firſt in happineſs of condition. For there will be none but *Boandelins* Wife, when he has one, to precede, while Prince *Andalla* courts you to be his: And therefore I did not think it neceſſary to ſpeak to you, before I had engag'd my word, knowing that Honour more ſenſibly ſurpriſes us, and is moſt welcome, when moſt unthought of. For, *purſu'd he*, I think you ſo well born, ſo virtuous and ſo prudent, that though you had an averſion to the Match, you would not however diſobey your Father. You have reaſon to believe ſo, *anſwer'd ſhe*, *as pale as they that are departing*, and though I were ſure my Obedience would coſt me my life, I would certainly ſubmit to your commands. But after this ſerious proteſtation, permit me I beſeech ye, to tell ye, That you had acted with more goodneſs and Prudence, had you not ſo abſolutely promis'd me to Prince *Audalia*, till you had underſtood my reſolution therein: For Sir, it is not always greatneſs that makes men happy: Misfortune ſits upon Thrones and reſides in Palaces as well as in Cottages: and therefore when it comes to the point of making a daughter happy or unhappy, as long as ſhe lives, methinks a good Father ought to be more conſiderate; and that it had been no leſſening to his Authority, had he taken more deliberation in the affair. And therefore if the contract may be broken (which I wiſh with all the moſt ardent wiſhes of my Heart) I beg of you (*added ſhe*, *throwing her ſelf at his feet, and embracing his knees with an extraordinary tenderneſs, and bedewing them with her tears*) I conjure you, by the memory of my Mother, whom I know, you lov'd well, and by the Obedience which your Daughter had and alwaies will have to your commands, to conſider that Prince *Audalla* is an ambitious Perſon, that never had any Paſſion, but for his Cabals and his Plots; that he loves me out of a Humor, and will hate me, perhaps, much ſooner then he lov'd me: conſider that he is proud, and I am proud; and that that conformity of humour never creates a conformity in affection. My dear daughter, *ſaid he*, *raiſing her up with tears in his Eyes*, I have done amiſs, I confeſs; but there is no amends to be made for my fault, nor is it permitted me to ſeek which way to make it. If it be ſo, Sir, *reply'd ſhe*, *fetching a deep ſigh*, I muſt dye to diſcharge you of your promiſe: it being but juſt for me to reſtore my life to him that gave it. The afflicted Father endeavour'd to comfort her up; but judging well that it was for Time and not for him to do it, he left her in that perplexity, and return'd to the Prince; to whom he related, that he had got the day, but did not inform him after what manner; nor with what difficulties he had met, before he obtain'd the Victory, for fear the reluctancy of the Miſtreſs ſhould have made the Servant fall off. *Audalla* ſeemed to be tranſported with joy, and told *Omar*, that he would come and viſit *Galiana* next day, to give her thanks. But while this paſt at the Princes Apartment, the unfortunate *Zelebin* went to the Chamber of the fair Lady whom he ador'd, to tell her his new misfortunes, and to complain with her. He beheld her ſad, ſhe beheld him afflicted; ſhe beheld him ſighing, he ſigh'd beholding her; He grew pale, ſhe look d red; ſhe ſhed tears, and he wept; and their eyes reciprocally told them that all things went ill, and that there was no more hopes in their miſerable fortune. But at length after they had both lookt upon each other with a long and mortal ſilence, *Zelebin* having the ſtronger heart, began firſt, and giving paſſage to his ſad voice through the midſt of ſobs and ſighs, Alas, Madam, *ſaid he*, all is loſt, and I am undone my ſelf. *Omar* has granted *Audalla* whatever I deſired of him: He has been to return him thanks; they have agreed upon all things; and to compleat my miſery and my deſpair, the Prince has made choice of me, to carry to morrow a Letter to the King; to make him the propoſal, and get his conſent. Gueſs, Madam, at the pitiful condition I am in: and to comfort me in ſome meaſure, bewail me; for intruth I ſtand in great need of conſolation. Alas, *reply'd the fair afflicted Lady*, I am in no leſs need of it then your ſelf; yet I believe it is not in your power to afford it me, my grief is ſo extream, and ſo impoſſible it is to comfort me. For *Zelebin*, *added ſhe*, as you have inform'd

inform'd me how affairs ſtand on your ſide, you are to know this farther on my part, That *Omur* has commanded me to marry *Audalla*, and that I have promis'd to obey him. How! Madam, you promiſe to obey him! and did not you promiſe me before to oppoſe that fatal reſolution of his with all your power? and does not the firſt promiſe ſtand before the latter? Yes Madam, it ought ſo to do, and if it do not, 'tis onely becauſe you do not Love ſincerely. I have done all that I promis'd, and more then I promis'd, *reply'd ſhe*; I have perſwaded, diſſwaded, I have conjur'd, I have thrown my ſelf at my Fathers Feet; I have bedewed them with my tears; I have kept my ſelf within the bounds of my promiſes: For when I could obtain nothing, he commanded me after all and I obeyed, as I alwaies told you I ſhould do. But you, *purſu'd ſhe*, have not dealt ſo by me. Have you done your utmoſt with *Omur*, to hinder him from laying his commands upon me? have you done all you could to hinder *Audalla* from impoſing that injunction upon my Father? rather have I reaſon to think that you Employ'd all your Eloquence to perſwade the one, and your Politicks to confirm the other in his obſtinate reſolution. The iſſue makes it apparent; and what you tell me, proves it. Go then, *added ſhe*, and do as much with the King, as you have done with the Prince and *Omur*; 'twill abſolutely gain you the reputation of the beſt Agent and the worſt Lover in the World. Ah unjuſt and cruel Lady! *reply'd the diſconſolate* Zelebin. You accuſe me without a cauſe, but I blame you upon good Grounds. For my Heart upraids me with Infidelity to my Maſter, having ill adviſed the Prince, and worſe perſwaded *Omur*; ſo much has the force of my love prevail'd above the ſtrength of my duty; and I wonder that both the one and the other took ſo little notice, what made me hold my Tongue, and what made me ſpeak: inſomuch, that I look upon the ſucceſs as a prodigy, and their blindneſs to be a miracle. Had another acted more vigorouſly, he had haſtn'd your Marriage, and my undoing: I have ventur'd all things even my Honour it ſelf: Judge you then, whether I deſerve your reproaches. But you ingrateful, *purſu'd he*, what have you done? and what is there which is not in your power to do? I hazarded all, you hazarded nothing. In a word, while I fail'd of my Duty to the Prince, I became infamous; while you kept your word with me, you got Honour. Unjuſt detractor, *cry'd ſhe*, things are not as you take them to be, for between us two there is only you that are guilty. For my Father was engaged to Prince *Audalla* before he came to me, and had made a promiſe before I knew that he had made any ſuch Engagement: So that this fatal Marriage being made er'e I knew that it was propos'd, what could I do more then I have done? or what have you done, that you ought to have done? Well then, Madam, *ſadly reply'd* Zelebin, if the King conſents, you will eſpouſe *Audalla*! Well then, *reply'd* Galiana, you will go to the King, to obtain his conſent, for me to eſpouſe the Prince! You know, *reply'd he*, the duty which a Servant owes his Maſter: Nor are you ignorant, *reply'd ſhe*, what a Daughter owes to a Father. I have engaged my word, ſaid Zelebin; And they have caus'd me to engage mine, *ſaid* Galiana. I cannot fail of my word without looſing my Honour, *reply'd the Lover*. Nor I of mine without looſing my Reputation, *anſwer'd the Courted Lady*. I prefer it before my life, *added he*; and I, before the fear of death or death it ſelf, *added ſhe*. Then will I go and do my Duty, and after that dye, *reply'd* Zelebin; and I ſubmit to obedience, it may be with the loſs of my life, *anſwer'd* Galiana. I will go to *Granada*, and thence to my Tomb, *added he*; And I aſſuredly to my Tomb, ſince you go to *Granada*, *added ſhe*. Farewel then, Madam, *cry'd the hopeleſs Lover*, taking his leave. Adiew, *Zelebin*, and it may be for ever, *cry'd the hopeleſs Miſtreſs*. Having ſo ſaid, he went out of her Chamber, to hide his tears, and ſhe retir'd into her Cloſet, to conceal her weeping. The next Night was a ſad Night for both of them; For neither could they ſlumber themſelves, nor lull their own diſturbances aſleep. But the day which ſucceeded was far more cruel to the unhappy Lover; For no ſooner the Sun began his race, but the Prince ſent for him; and becauſe he knew the reaſon of the Meſſage, he met with that horrour and repugnancy, which had like to have kill'd him by the way; though there were no great diſtance between their Chambers. When *Audalla* ſaw him, he commanded him to approach, and taking up two Letters that lay upon his boulſter, he read them to him. The firſt was thus,

To the King.

SIR, I find you too ſenſible of Friendſhip, to beleive that you never were in Love. And the ſweetneſs of your diſpoſition is ſuch, that ſo ſweet a paſſion cannot be a ſtranger to it. Which makes me hope that you will never condemn that in me, which you have infallibly approv'd in your ſelf. And ſince you have ſuffer'd your ſelf to be vanquiſhed by ſo great a force, you will excuſe my weakneſs, when you ſhall underſtand that I am vanquiſh'd. Zelebin, *who knows my Conquerour, will tell you her Name and her Merit: and by that you will know, 'twas no ignominy for me to be defeated. I deſire however the permiſſion to Triumph in my turn, and*

in

in acknowledgment of your goodneſs, you ſhall meet with no Enemies, over which you ſhall not Triumph.

Audalla.

The Letter was addreſſed to *Boaudelin* in theſe words,

To the Prince.

FRiendſhip, Sir, having no leſs united us then Nature, and your years being not much above mine, I hope you will not refuſe me your good word to the King in an Affair of importance, of which Zelebin *will farther inform you; I begg of you,* Sir, *this Honourable favour; and as you are a Lover your ſelf, have pity upon a Perſon that is in your Condition: that is to ſay, upon your Brother and your Servant,*

Audalla

Here is yet another Letter, *ſaid the Prince,* which you muſt deliver likewiſe, according to the direction, before you ſee the King, that being aſſiſted by two hands, you may with more eaſe obtain what I deſire. The Prince open'd it, and then read it as follows,

To the Illuſtrious *Morayzel.*

THe advantage I have of being your Kinsman, obliges you to undertake for my Intereſt. And your Generoſity will not permit you to omit the doing thoſe things to which you are oblig'd by Friendſhip and Nature. Go then I beſeech you, and ſpeak in my behalf to the King, to whom I durſt not preſume to write. For the Honour which Prince Audalla *intends me in Eſpouſing my Daughter, is ſo far above my deſert, that I have not the boldneſs to ſpeak my ſelf to a Prince who is one of the greateſt* Monarchs *in the World. Act then for me, my dear Kinsman, where I dare not appear my ſelf. And by a favour ſo important, compleat the number of your Obligations to*

Omur.

After *Audalla* had read theſe Letters, he cauſ'd them to be Seal'd by his Secretary with flying Seals; and having given them into *Zelebins* hands, My dear Friend, *ſaid he, imbracing him*, 'tis upon your good management, that all the happineſs or misfortune of my life depends. And therefore omit nothing that lyes in your power, whereby I may obtain that favour which I beg of the King. Lay before him the Merit and Beauty of *Galiana.* Amplifie the Grandeur of her Soul, and of her Noble Inclinations; and forget not to put him in mind, that ſhe is deſcended from the Race of Kings, as well as my ſelf, and that the Alliance is no diſhonour to me. In ſhort, be careful of my Love, as I ſhall be of your Fortune; do you that which I deſire, and let me alone with the reſt. Sir, (*anſwer'd* Zelebin, *curbing a ſigh, which he could not ſtifle without ſome trouble*) my duty ſhall incite me to act, and not my Intereſt. For I aſſure you, I mind that leaſt of all, in reference to the buſineſs I am going about. But, Sir, *added he*, give me leave once more to tell your Royal Highneſs, that I know my ſelf better then you do. That I know better then you what things I am not capable to undertake. That the Friendſhip with which you Honour me, deceives you; and that aſſuredly any other perſon but my ſelf would be fitter for this Employment, as well for thoſe reaſons which I have told you, as for others which I have not diſcover'd. Becauſe, *added he*, *fearing he had ſaid too much*, they are too long to relate. No no, *reply'd* Audalla, you ſhall never make me believe a thing ſo improbable; and therefore *added he*, never contend any farther, but make haſt away. And if you intend to oblige me, go and return with equal ſpeed. Having ſo ſaid, he embrac'd him again; and the unfortunate *Zelebin* not daring to reply, took his leave of him, and immediately took poſt for *Granada:* But ſo ſad, ſo beſides himſelf, ſo ingulph'd in deſpair, and in a deep melancholy, that if the Guide had not been careſull, he had rid ſeveral times out of his way; ſo little did he mind what he was going to do, yet ſo profoundly did he contemplate what he was going about.

The ſame day that he departed, *Audalla* put on a moſt gorgeous Suit of Apparel; and after he had din'd, he went to *Omur*'s Apartment, to acquit himſelf of the promiſe he had made to come and give him a viſit; and withall to ſhew him new favours, for having allow'd his paſſion, and for having given him the promiſe of his Daughter. After a ſhort ſtay, he went to *Galiana*'s Chamber, whither *Omur* attended him as far as the dore, but did not go in, becauſe there was that very day a publick Meeting of the Inhabitants of *Almeria*, at which he was obliged to be preſent as Governour: So ſoon as he was enter'd, he found *Galiana* as negligently, as he was ſumptuouſly dreſs'd, and

and as melancholy, as he was chearful. She receiv'd him indeed with all the civility which became her condition: But with all the coldneſs, all the coyneſs, all the ſadneſs, that could appear in a Perſon that had a violence put upon her Inclinations, and was thereby likely to become unfortunate: So that it was eaſie for the Prince to underſtand that ſhe was not ignorant, what had been concluded between *Omur* and he; and to obſerve withal, that the buſineſs did not pleaſe her. However he ſeem'd to be little concern'd for that; but after he had made his Obeyſance. and had taken his Seat, Madam, *ſaid he*, I make no Queſtion, but the valiant *Omur* has acquainted you with the favourable Promiſe he has made me. But I confeſs, I make ſome doubt whether it pleaſes you ſo well as it does me. For I perceive a kind of dark Cloud in your Eyes, which confirms what I ſay, and which is no good *Omen* to me. However, *purſu'd he*, as you are endow'd with Virtue and Honour, I hope your Obedience will cauſe you to yield to that which you refuſe by Inclination; and provided I am happy, it matters not by what means I become ſo; being not very nice in that point; and as indifferent, whether I enjoy a heart freely, or by conſtraint. You have reaſon, Sir, *added ſhe very heavily*, to believe that I am endow'd with Virtue and Honour, and that out of obedience to my Father, I ſhall ſubmit to his Commands, how harſh and rigorous ſoever they may be. But, Sir, you are no leſs in the right, that my Inclination does no way correſpond with my Duty; and that I ſhall be willing to do for *Omur*, that which I ſhall never do for Prince *Andalla*; and that my Heart would diſclaim my Lips, ſhould they betray my thoughts, or pronounce the leaſt ſyllable in contradiction to what I ſay. Not, Sir, but that as I have told you already, that I underſtand your Degree, and my own Quality, and that the knowledge thereof forces me to acknowledge the Honour which your Royal Highneſs has vouchſaf'd to do me, which is aſſuredly far greater than I deſerve. And withal, I am no leſs ignorant of your Merit than of your Quality; and that I do perceive you to be ſo worthy a Gentleman, as you are a great Prince. Moreover, if you pleaſe to permit me, I will tell you, that I eſteem ye, that I honour ye, that I reſpect ye, but I cannot love ye. Ah! cruel Maid, *cry'd he*, you love not me, becauſe you love ſome other Perſon. I am the Object of your hatred, becauſe he is the Object of your Affection; you refuſe me your heart, becauſe you have given it him; and you deſire to make me miſerable, that you may render him happy. But if I can but once diſcover who this happy Lover is that renders me unfortunate, he ſhall ſuffer the puniſhment of your injuſtice. He ſhall give me an account for all the miſeries you make me ſuffer, and I will revenge my ſelf upon him, becauſe I cannot be reveng'd upon you. For I have for you a love, notwithſtanding all your hatred, and a tenderneſs notwithſtanding all your cruelty. Not, *added he*, but that I know well, that you will always love that happy Rival; not but that I eaſily fore-ſee, that I ſhall be jealous, though I know not of whom, the moſt dreadful of all torments. But 'tis no matter, for ſince you muſt be a ſharer in my affliction, that which wrongs me, will revenge my ſufferings, and that which cauſes my torment, ſhall prove my conſolation. Ah! Sir, *reply'd ſhe*, you ſpeak more like an Executioner, than a Lover; you are more fit to be hated than to be belov'd. Ah! Madam, *cry'd he*, your rigour takes away my Reaſon, and there is no man knows what he ſays when his Reaſon is gone? This ſharp and netling Dialogue had not ended ſo ſoon, they were both ſo tranſported with grief and deſpair. But ſeeing *Odomar*, *Mechmet*, *Orthobule*, *Muſtapha*, *Carallil*, *Amouda*, *Rapagy*, and *Hyamene* all coming into the Chamber at a time, they both left off, and ſuppreſt their ſorrows in their own Breaſts, or at leaſt they ſtrove to diſpel them from their eyes, and from being perceiv'd in their Countenances. Not but that the Prince was about to have been gone three or four times, when he ſaw ſo much Company, which was very troubleſome to him, conſidering the humour he was in; but fearing leaſt they ſhould divine the cauſe of his departure, he ſtayd, though at that time it was much againſt his will. However a certain Accident fell out, which very much perplex'd him, and *Galiana* likewiſe; for certain words happening to be thrown out about *Zelebin*'s departure, *Carallil* demanded the reaſon. But he ſoon recover'd himſelf, and anſwer'd in general terms, that he was gone to Court about his own particular Affairs. But to break off that Diſpute, and for fear they ſhould fall upon the ſame Subject again, he began to encline toward Love. And (excited by the indignation which he carried in his mind) he put the Queſtion, Which ſooneſt extinguiſh'd that fire, Abſence or Scorn? For my part, Sir, *anſwer'd* Mecmet, I believe the firſt. For let the Perſon belov'd be never ſo proud, and never ſo diſdainful, in regard we are apt to flatter and have a good opinion of our ſelves, we imagine that which ſeems to be a contempt not to be ſo; but that it is only a feigned Stratageme to try the patience of a Lover, and that there is nothing of reality in that falſe appearance of deſpiſal. Beſides, ſhould it be too viſible to be queſtion'd, the greater it were, the leſs would it cauſe Love to ceaſe; the more violent it were, the ſmaller impreſſion would it make upon the injur'd heart; for he that knows that nothing violent is permanent, would be in hopes that ſuch contempt would not be durable. And in regard that where there is hope, there is alſo love, ſuch ill uſage may trouble a Lover, but never make him ceaſe his Love. But

in absence it is not so. For the Eyes are insensibly dis-engag'd from the sight of one Object, how dear soever it may be, insensibly we begin to think less upon that which is absent, & at lenghth not to think upon it at all. Time by degrees defaces the pleasing Image of the Memory, when the Original is no longer in sight: And among all those that part Lovers, there are few that return so, if they have been any long time absent. Again, as the Beauty which we love, is not the only amiable Beauty, the absent Lover sees others which he can love; and in regard that what he sees in the Idea has not that strength, as that which he sees in reality, the present delight surpasses the past, and the effectual Beauty prevails over the Memory of the latter. What shall I say more, Sir, Novelty is very charming. There are few hearts that can resist it. And that which is fair and fresh, is doubly fair, and by consequence doubly amiable. Which makes me conclude, That absence extinguishes Love, sooner than scorn. I must confess, *reply'd* Amouda, that I am not of your Opinion. For the absent Lover, who was in his Mistresses favour when he parted, has a hundred things in his head, which wonderfully assist him in the preservation of his Passion, and the continuance of his fidelity. He needs no more then to call to mind the Beauty & Merit of his Mistress, her Countenance, her Lineaments, her Air, her Stature, her Gate, and all those Noble Qualities which produc'd his Love. He needs no more than recal to his mind those favourable Glances, which she has so often darted at him; all those obliging Expressions wherewith she has flatter'd his hope; all the Promises she has made him; and the Favours she has heap'd upon him; it being almost impossible to remember all this, and to forget her to whom he stands so much engag'd. Besides, if the absent Lover has but the Picture about him of the Lady whom he adores, this is yet a more powerful Preservative against Forgetfulness; which continually represents to his sight the beloved Object, reserves it still undefac'd in his heart. But there is yet another Remedy incomparably more powerful than that, which is to write often to the Party beloved, and to receive her Letters as often. For to see the pure thoughts of her Soul express'd in good Language, and written with her own hand, what can be more prevalent as well to preserve the Idea, as the affection of the Person, not only during the absence, but the life of the Party, that receives kind testimonies of her Favour. But nothing of all this sustains the Constancy of that miserable Lover who is contemn'd, nor helps him to endure the scorn. If she look upon him, it is disdainfully; if she hear him, 'tis scornfully; if she answer him, 'tis cuttingly; if he suffer without complaining, she heaps new injuries upon him; if he offer his Service, she refuses it; if he be negligent, she upbraids him; if he be too diligent, she calls him impertinent: Whatever he does, displeases her, and all things contribute to make him miserable; which makes me aver, That scorn extinguishes Love sooner than absence. For my part, *said* Carallil, *laughing*, I think if I were the Lover, that absence and scorn would equally cure me, and that I should not have constancy enough to endure either of those two neglects. They are neither of them easily to be endur'd, *said* Odomar. Nevertheless absence, where I lov'd, would not much disturb me; but I cannot say so much for contempt; for that is insupportable. You speak Reason, *said* Rapagy, and he that suffers it, deserves it. For my part, *said* Orthobule, as I never should think I deserv'd it, I should never think it real; and the more severity I met with, the bolder I should be. And the bolder you were, *reply'd* Hiamene, the more would she despise ye; so that I am deceiv'd, if I should not make ye alter your Opinion. Truly, *added* Galiana, when a man knows he is not belov'd, and continues his love, he can be none of the wisest; and if he expose himself to contempt, he has no reason to complain. Ah! Madam, *answer'd* Audalla *with a melancholy Air*, if it be a fault, 'tis excusable; for it is not voluntary; and if a man could cure himself when he pleases, I know some that would be very well, who are at present very ill. I know it, I know it, *cry'd* Mustapha: And if scorn be a Physitian, he is a very ignorant one; for he could never cure my mind. And as true it is, That Time, that other Physitian for long Distempers, has no more skill than the other, since it is easie for me to fore-see that my Malady is incurable. But *reply'd* Odomar, now ye are talking of scorn, I would fain know, which is the most unfortunate, The Contemn'd, the Absent, or the Jealous Lover? For my part, *reply'd* Audalla, if I were to undergo one of those three Evils, it should not be the last; for I hold it to be more severe than either of the other two. In short, *pursu'd he*, the despis'd Lover either dies or is cur'd; his pain endures not long. The absent Lover also has a hundred Consolations, which render his the more supportable. But the Jealous Lover never dies, never is cured, finds no comfort, no relief, which makes his Misfortune far the more burthensome, and gives him most cause to complain. In my Opinion, *answer'd* Galiana, he has the least reason to complain. For if his Jealousie be ill grounded, he deserves the mischief that he does to himself. And if it be well grounded, he deserves the Mischief which he does others, where he reaps no profit by it. And therefore in my judgment, the absent Lover most deserves compassion. Whatever torment either the scorn'd or the jealous Lover may endure, Madam, *said* Mechmet, I am sorry I cannot be of your Opinion; for as for absence, let it be never so severe, I have the art to sweeten it with those amiable Objects which I meet with. As for Contempt, I scorn again;

and

and as the taking one Poyson expels the bad effects of another, that which would have mischiev'd me, becomes my Remedy. But for Jealousie, I freely confess my self too weak to undergo it, and both look upon it as a torment beyond compare. However, the good which you have of your self, ought to take away the bitterness thereof, *reply'd Orthobule*, for all Jealousie supposes a self-contempt, and an esteem of the Rival. But while you despise all others, but your self, I cannot see, how you can be subject to that Passion, which you represent so violent. Therefore absence would be my utmost torment. So would it not be mine, *said* Carallil, for present Objects would be the Consolations for those which are absent; and I should be far more sensible of Scorn, than Jealousie. But there is a Contempt also in Jealousie, *reply'd* Amouda; and Jealousie being thus the compound of two Evils, is far more insupportable than absence. O fair *Amouda*, *reply'd* Hyamene; the Absent Lover carries something of tender and sad in his heart; so that I cannot say, whether the Scorn'd or the Jealous Lover, can endure more than he suffers. For my part, *reply'd* Odomar, who have been scorn'd, absent, and jealous, and know all their inconveniencies, I count 'em equally unhappy, and make no difference betwixt them. Ah! but there is, *cry'd* Mustapha, and a very vast one too. Nay, if there be no Jealousie in Hell, there can be no torment there; the damned are not damned, and all their pains are a sport to what I suffer. This Question, *reply'd* Carallil, occasions me to propose another: Which of the two loves with the strongest affection, the absent or the present Lover? The Learned *Mustapha* has taught us, *reply'd* Audalla, that the Object moves the Faculties. That present things more sensibly touch us, than those which only hover in our Thoughts; and that how lively soever the Memory be, how strong soever the Imagination, there is the same difference between those two sorts of Loving, as between the Person, and the Pourtraicture; between the Notion of the Thing, and the Thing it self. In short, *aded he*, the presence of the beloved Object has in it something so lively, so tender, so feeling, that assuredly nothing can equal it. For in regard that clear Presence affords them an extreme felicity to him that enjoys it, from which felicity proceeds the Love of her that is the Original of it, there is no question, but that the increase of his satisfaction, must be the redoublement of his affection; and that the largeness of the one, must be the measure of the others extent. Every Glance increases his satisfaction, and his love. Every word redoubles his Passion and his Joy. And finding so many new Charms in that beloved Object; the Heart meets also there with new fires, and new fewel for those flames. But it fares not so with the absent Lover, for he sees nothing, he understands nothing, he receives nothing, but carries all upon the force of his Imagination, and the strength of his Memory, which are oft-times infirm and limited in their power. The great distance of space between the Person belov'd, and the Person in love, works the same effect with the Figures and Images that pass up and down the Mind, as perspecting with the Objects of sight; it contracts them by removing them far off; it defaces them by little and little, till at length there is nothing to be seen, but a thin shadow or a kind of a Cloud. And for these Reasons, I believe the absent Lover cannot love with that affection as the present, and that his Passion is incomparably more the stronger. For my part, Sir, *answer'd* Galiana, I am of a clear contrary Judgment. For how choice an Affection soever a Lady may have for her Servant, a thousand inconveniences, if I may so say, share with him. He cannot see her, but he must behold them; he no sooner casts his eye upon that which he loves, but he sees the thing he hates withal; and as oft as he goes to visit her, he goes to visit them. So that if it be true that Satisfaction augments Love, 'tis as true that Discontent diminishes it, and that the vexation to see his Rival, in some measure causes him, that he cares the less to see his Mistress, and consequently to love her less. But the absent Lover, every time he recals to his Memory the pleasing Image of the Object belov'd, banishes as much as in him lies, the importunate Figure of the Object hated, he separates the Mistress from the Rival, and tastes his joys more pure and limpid. He reviews all her Beauties, when his Enemy sees 'em not. He rehearses over to himself the obliging Language of his Mistress, when it is not in his Adversaries power to be able to oblige her; and measuring his passion by his content, the one is so great, and the other is so large, that I conclude, That the absent Lover loves with a stronger affection than the present. That fashion of loving in absence, *added* Hyamene, has something in it of supernatural, which denotes the Nobleness of its Original. And the fashion of loving the present Object, *reply'd* Rapagy, has something of solid and effectual, which assures us of the longer continuance thereof. Nay, I am always present, I am always present, *cry'd* Mustapha, and I love still; and if I should see *Galiana* eternally, I should love *Galiana* eternally. Upon those words, the Prince no longer able to endure the Discourse, brake off; and retiring alone to his Apartment, he entertain'd his own thoughts with full freedom upon the Subjects of his Love, his Misfortune, and *Galiana*'s rigour. That fair Lady also took leave of her Friends to ponder upon her own Infelicities. For though *Audalla* had oblig'd her by going away, yet was she no better compos'd in her mind, nor no more complaisant company than before.

But while theſe things paſſed in *Almeria*, the unfortunate *Zelebin* poſted to *Granada*; and though he fear'd his arrival, yet he arriv'd there, and arriv'd with a deſpair unparallell'd. He made not a ſtep upon the way wherein he not deſir'd death, abhorring to live; and he approach'd that City with more reluctancy than if he had bin going to the moſt diſmal Execution in the World. However, as I ſaid before, go he did, and firſt of all he deliver'd *Omar*'s Letter to *Morayzel*; and the Illuſtrious Husband of the Illuſtrious *Semahis* promis'd him more than he deſir'd, as ſoon as he had read it. After that, they went both together to Prince *Boandelin*, whom they found encompaſs'd with *Zegris*, and in a very eagre Diſpute; and which by the Air of their Faces ſeem'd to be of great Importance: But the miſerable *Zelebin* took little notice thereof, his own Affairs hindring him from buſying himſelf in other mens; ſo that he only preſented *Audalla*'s Letter to the Prince of *Granada*, who having read it, and finding it to be only a Letter of Credence, demanded of *Zelebin*, What it was that his Brother would have him to do? Here, Sir, the miſerable Lover was at a loſs what to ſay, not having the power to tell him, that he deſir'd to eſpouſe *Galiana*, and that he deſir'd his good word to the King. Nevertheleſs there being a neceſſity for him to anſwer, he told him, but with a great deal of confuſion, what it was that *Audalla* expected from his Friendſhip. The Prince who had other Affairs in his head of more importance, would not give himſelf the trouble to examine the conſequence, but told *Zelebin* that he very well approv'd his Brother's choice, and that he would himſelf preſent him to the King, as ſoon as he had diſmiſs'd thoſe People who he ſaw with him, with whom he had ſome buſineſs yet to do, which he could not defer. Thereupon he return'd to the *Zegris*, and talking low to them as he did before, he told them that *Audalla* was about to match himſelf into one of their Enemies Families, thinking to fix them more ſtrongly to his Intereſts out of the hatred which the *Zegris* have for the *Abenzerrages*. Well, at length they went away, and the Prince taking *Zelebin* by the hand, lead him to the King, and preſented him at the ſame time. Then the unhappy Agent with a profound reſpect, preſenting *Audalla*'s Letter to the King, with as deep a melancholy, waited for the King's anſwer. The great Monarch read the Letter to himſelf, with a ſerioufneſs becoming the importance of the thing: And then turning toward *Zelebin*, It lyes on your part, *ſaid he*, to let us underſtand who this Perſon is that has vanquiſh'd the Vanquiſher of the *Caſtilians*, and could triumph over him that has triumph'd over ſo many others. There again, Sir, the unfortunate *Zelebin* perceiv'd both Language and Voice to fail him. He would have named *Galiana*, but he could ſay no more than *Ga*---- a quarter of an hour afterwards, *lia*; and not being able to ſpeak the Name out, the Prince was forc'd to do it for him laughing, and crying, What? *Galiana*. That Perſon, *ſaid the King*, is of a Family, wherein there have been both Kings and Queens, ſo that as to what concerns her Quality, *Audalla* will find no obſtruction from me; nor will he find any obſtacle from me as to her Fortune, for I know *Omar* to be Rich, and to have no other Daughter but ſhe; beſides that Kings are rich enough of themſelves to take notice whether their Wives be ſo, or no. But, *purſu'd he*, I am not ſo well ſatisfied as to the Qualities of her Mind and Body, for as they are eſſentially neceſſary for the ſatisfaction of thoſe that marry, and for that *Galiana* has bin always brought up in *Almeria*, and hardly ever ſaw *Granada*, 'tis your duty and buſineſs, *Zelebin*, to inform us what ſhe is; it not being juſt to believe a Lover in his own concerns. You may well gueſs, Sir, into what a new abyſs of trouble poor *Zelebin* was plunged, when he heard that queſtion propounded, and found himſelf oblig'd to anſwer it: For to wrong the Perſon he eſteem'd, or rather ador'd, that his heart was not capable of doing; nor did his Fidelity to his Maſter permit him to ſpeak againſt his own thoughts; and Honour, of which he made ſo great a profeſſion, forbid him abſolutely to act any ſuch foul play: Yet he knew, that the more he prais'd *Galiana*, the more he ſhould advance the happineſs of his Rival: So that having thus his own Deſtiny and *Audalla*'s in his power, and his own happineſs or miſery lying at ſtake, he ſtudied, he humm'd and haw'd, he was full of uncertainty, doubt, reluctancy, obſtacles and difficulties; he would, and he would not; he deſir'd, and fear'd; he hearken'd to Love, then to Honour; he hearken'd to Honour, then to Love: and in theſe various motions he felt himſelf upon the Torture. But at length the more Noble thoughts prevail'd, and preferring his duty before his deſires, and *Galiana* before *Zelebin*, he gave her that high Character to the King, that the King when he gave his Conſent, told *Zelebin*, that it was he alone had woed her for Prince *Audalla*, and that ſhe was oblig'd only to him for the Honour which ſhe was about to obtain. He was ready to have ſunk to the ground for grief and deſpair upon thoſe words, and had not the King and the Prince gone away before into the Cloſet, they had infallibly perceived his diſcompoſure. Thereupon having taken his leave of *Morayzel*, he retir'd to his own Lodging; but ſo enrag'd againſt his own Deſtiny, ſo angry with himſelf, that the moſt unfortunate of Men ſeem'd to be happy in compariſon of him. O Inconſiderate! What haſt thou ſaid! Madman, what haſt thou done! *ſaid he to himſelf*, Who was ever guilty of an extravagance equal to thine? O vain and ſenceleſs Orator, that thy aggravations ſhould ſo well ſucceed! and how well art thou to be paid for thy Eloquence! 'Twas thy deſire to perſwade the King, and thou haſt perſwaded him

him; thou cam'ſt about *Audalla*'s Marriage, and it is concluded; thou didſt labour to loſe *Galiana*, and *Galiana* is loſt as to thee: Thou didſt act for thy Rival, and thy Rival owes his good fortune to thee. Thou didſt not any thing omit to haſten thy death, and thou haſt nothing now to do but to die, ſince the fatal hour is come. Once more, *added he, bewayling himſelf*, O ſtupid Lunatick, what haſt thou done? Oh inconſiderate! what haſt thou ſaid? But *as ſuddenly reply'd he, fetching another ſigh*, What have I done, or what have I ſaid, that it behoov'd me not to have done or ſaid? Could I ſpeak evil of a Perſon of whom I think ſo well? Could I tax her of Deformity, whoſe Beauty I adore? Could I affirm a want of Wit in her, whoſe Ingenuity I know to be of that force and delicacy? Could I have had the injuſtice and the boldneſs to ſully her Virtue, that know how pure and exact it is? Was it lawful for me to betray my Maſter? to abuſe the confidence which he had repos'd in me? But, *added he*, ſuppoſe I ſhould have been guilty of ſo great a piece of treachery, what advantage could I have drawn from thence? Would *Audalla* have been ignorant of my Crime? Would he have known it, and not have puniſh'd it? Could he have puniſh'd it without ruining me? and could he have ruin'd me, without depriving me at the ſame time of my Life and *Galiana*. Ah! No, no! I have Honour and Reaſon as well as Love; and though I might have been a proſperous Offender, I could not have committed ſo treacherous a Crime, but muſt have preferr'd Misfortune and Death before an ignominious Life, and a ſtollen Felicity. For I love my Miſtreſs, but love my Honour; and to enjoy the one, I will do nothing contrary to the other. Thus unfortunate *Zelebin* concluded, *he fetching a deep ſigh*, there is no other relief remains for thee but death; for not being in a condition to live without *Galiana*, nor with her, thou haſt nothing more to do, than only to die. Three days this unhappy Lover lay in this diſconſolate Agony, waiting for the King's, the Prince's and *Morayſell*'s Anſwers; but he had not car'd if they had delay'd him three Ages, ſo much he fear'd the return, and fore-ſaw it would prove fatal to him. But at laſt he receiv'd all their Anſwers one after another. The firſt from *Morayzell* to this effect:

To the Illuſtrious *Omur*.

YOu had no other need of me, than only to be a witneſs of your Honour; for the King was ſo ready to ſubſcribe to the Propoſal made him, that all your Friends ſignifi'd nothing but in their intentions to have ſerv'd you. However my want of an opportunity to ſerve you, pleas'd me, and the favour ſhewn to you in particular, overjoy'd me. For whether good Fortune befalls my Friends, either by their own Merit, or by my Induſtry, 'tis always equally delightful to me; and nothing gives a greater ſatisfaction to

Morayzell.

The Prince's Letter ran thus:

To Prince *Audalla*.

CErtainly Brother, you were born under a moſt victorious Conſtellation, ſince you triumph in the Triumphs of Peace, as well as thoſe of War. The King conſents, all the Court rejoyces; and you need not queſtion, but that the Judgment of the King, and all the Court, is the Judgment of

Boaudelin.

The Letter from the King contained theſe following Lines.

To Prince *Audalla* my Son.

SInce you have got the Field, it is but juſt that you ſhould triumph; and I conſent that you ſhould receive at the hands of Galiana *the Crown which your value hath merited. I will come to* Almeria *in eight days with all my Court, to prepare my ſelf your Triumphal Arches: For it is my pleaſure that you ſhould there compleat your Honour and your Satisfaction. This is the Promiſe of the King and your Father,*

Muley Hazen.

So ſoon as the unfortunate *Zelebin* had receiv'd theſe three Letters, without ſo much as knowing what he receiv'd, his thoughts were ſo much out of order, and his very Reaſon in ſuch an aſtoniſhment: Having nothing more to do at *Granada*, yet having already done too much for his own repoſe, and to the prejudice of his life, he took Horſe, to return to his Maſter. But if the confuſion of his thoughts had expos'd him to miſtake his way, as he came his deſpair had like to have led him aſtray twenty times oftner in his return back; ſo much did the infallible certainty of his Misfortune augment his Grief, ſo burthenſome to him was the Pacquet which he carried, being well aſſur'd, that it contain'd the Sentence of his death. But let us leave him under the Protection of his good Angel, and return to *Audalla*, who impatiently

ently expected his coming back; and counted the hours of his abſence with an extraordinary diſquiet of mind. The diſſatisfaction which he had receiv'd in his laſt Converſe with *Galiana*, caus'd him to abſtain from ſeeing her one whole day; not that he was a whole day without thinking upon her; ſo that his Meditations produc'd the following *Stanza's*, which he immediately ſent her.

The Stanza's.

She's inhumane above meaſure,
In my ruine ſhe takes pleaſure;
And the more my Love confeſſes,
Still the more her hate increaſes.

My true faith ſhe laughs to ſcorn,
Though ſhe ſee me quite forlorn;
I perceive her proud diſdain:
But ſhe has not long to reign.

Let th' Ingrateful mock my Tears;
Let her ſtill deſpiſe my Pray'rs:
For a Lover, as I am,
The more danger, the more Fame.

Obſtacles, the more I find,
The more hope is ſtill behind;
For if Love be God of Love,
By ſome wonder he will move.

He with mutual flames can fire
Her's, as well as my deſire;
And for all her haughty mind,
Change her Cruel into kind.

'Tis unlikely, I confeſs;
Yet I have in this diſtreſs,
The laſt comfort of the weak;
But for hope, the heart would break.

Nay, what need have I to fear?
I will vanquiſh now, I'le ſwear.
For to tame her ſullen heart,
Love and Reaſon take my part.

Death or danger I deſie;
Yet, if daring, I muſt die:
'Tis enough that I did dare,
In an Enterprize ſo fair.

Galiana was not more favourable to *Audalla* in Verſe, than in Proſe: For theſe ſhe receiv'd with ſo much coldneſs, and gave ſo bad an Anſwer to them, that the Illuſtrious Poet could not have been more ungratefully payd for his pains, nor more penuriouſly recompenc'd for his labour. However, he would not be ſo repuls'd; but after Dinner, the ſame day that he had ſent his Verſes to her in the morning, he went to viſit *Galiana*, as much in love as before. But having foreſeen his Viſit, to ſpoyl his deſign, ſhe feign'd her ſelf to be ſomewhat ill; and had ſent for all the Ladies to come and ſit with her; ſo that when the Prince enter'd her Chamber, he found there *Carallil*, *Amouda*, *Rapagy*, *Hiamene*, *Odomar*, *Mechmet*, *Orthobule*, and *Muſtapha*; who in his mad humours, was no leſs troubleſome to him than all the reſt; *Audalla*, who made no queſtion, but that all that Company was ſent for thither by a Plot of *Galiana*'s, was vext to the Soul. Nevertheleſs he labour'd to conceal his rancor; and having taken his Seat, after a general ſalutation, he liſtened to the general Diſcourſe, which was then begun. A little before your Highneſs came in, *ſaid* Odomar, I was putting the Queſtion, Whether a Lover augments or abates his Paſſion by frequent Viſits to his Miſtreſs. Methinks, *reply'd* Audalla, that never any Queſtion was leſs to be queſtion'd than this. For in regard that he who is in love, if he love ſincerely, always diſcovers ſome new perfection in the beloved Object; thereby it comes to paſs, that he redoubles that affection which he has for it, proportionably to that new perfection which he has diſcover'd: And in regard there are no bounds to ſuch an Inquiſition, the Love which it produces is as endleſs. The more he beholds the Perſon he adores, the more he finds her worthy to be ador'd, and the more he is obſerv'd to idolize her. That which he diſcovers not to day, will he find out to morrow. That charming beauty is to him a Firmament, wherein every day he diſcovers ſome new Star or other. So that he will be ſo far from perceiving his love diminiſh'd by frequent viſits to his Miſtreſs, that the oftner he ſees her, the more will he admire; at leaſt this is my Opinion. For my part, *anſwer'd* Galiana, I believe quite otherwiſe. For beſides that all Beauties are ſubject to change; and that for that cauſe, a man may happen to find that deformed, which has ſeem'd to him before to be moſt amiable, which is no good remedy againſt inconſtancy, there is a certain nicety of Judgment, that cares not to be too frequent in Company, where it would make the niceſt diſcoveries of thoſe things which fly the ſight, where it is continually accuſtom'd to one Object. The privation of a felicity teaches us the value of it, and that variety only is the purity, the neatneſs, the delicacy, and the quinteſſence of delight. By that uninteerupted keeping of Company, the eyes are accuſtom'd, and the Soul falls aſleep. The Perſon becomes poor in being too rich, and unfortunate in being too happy. So that I hold it for an indubitable Maxime, That a Lover diminiſhes his paſſion by too often beholding his Miſtreſs, and that he augments it by ſeldom ſeeing her. I confeſs, *ſaid* Mechmet, that I adhere to *Galiana*'s Judgment; for I am perſwaded, that Suitors come to be a kind of Hus-

Husbands by visiting too frequently their Mistresses Lodgings, and grow to be troublesome to each other; & there is no Heart so freely bestow'd, but may desire to have some hours to its self. No eyes so fix'd upon one Object, that sometimes do not delight to wander abroad without the watch of Jealousie or Spies, without reproaches or rebukes. Nevertheless, *reply'd* Amouda, I should rather complain of Negligence, than Assiduity. Well, *added* Odomar, in the choice of the two, I think the best way is to do our duties, and leave the rest to Fortune: For the oftner I see the belov'd Object, the more I love it; neither do I find at any time the least luke-warmness, coldness, or disgust. I find it not so in reference to my self, *cry'd the unfortunate* Mustapha, for all the Ice of *Scythia* is not colder than my belov'd Object; I carry the Sphere of Fire in my heart, yet *Galiana* freezes; and the Salamander lives where *Galiana* must dye. *Galiana* perceiving him to be rising into one of his mad Extasies, made him a sign with her hand, to hold his Tongue, and the more to oblige him to it, she propounded another Question, Whether a Man became more blind or more quicksighted by being in Love? Truly, *said* Carallil, I believe that Love makes as many Moles as Lovers, and as many blind Men as Slaves; the proof whereof is evident from the fantastical Amours, whereof the World is full; we need look no farther than the deprav'd Appetites, and ridiculous choices of the greatest part of Mankind; as if the blind Deity communicated his infirmity to others, and that his Distempers were contageous: One loves a Woman that can hardly be said to be a Dwarf, she is so little; Another adores a Giantess, both for stature and bulk; One loves a Woman that limps, another one that is crook-backt; Some desire a Face as pale as death, another one as black as Ebony; Some would have a learn'd Mistress, out of a humour as fantastick, as peculiar; Others would have her stupid with as little reason: Nay I have seen some that have made choice of those that have been almost dumb; and others that coveted only those that talk to Eternity. In brief, there is such a fantasticalness in all sorts of Amours, that I believe we may rationally conclude, That all men in Love are blind, though we see'em walk with their eyes in their heads. Lovely *Carallil*, *answer'd* Amouda, my Opinion is directly opposite to yours, for besides that Love discovers in the belov'd Object even the smallest perfections, does not Jealousie make a Man see with the eyes of a Lynx, that which perhaps another cannot see? Does the least action of his Rival escape him? Is there the least action of his Mistress which he does not observe, consider, examine, and penetrate to the bottom of it? Does he not see into the very Heart, and discover the most conceal'd thoughts of his Mistress? And were *Argus* in his place, could he discover them more exactly. The least contempt, the least indifferency, do they not make him despair? The least favourable glance which she casts upon his Rival, the least favourable sign that she makes him with her Head or her Hand, do they not incite him even to fury? But if all those kindnesses are address'd to him, or but the least of them, does he not discreetly discern them, perfectly understand them, see them in an instant, as cheerful, as he was sad before? Which makes me conclude, That a Man becomes the more quick-sighted by being in Love. Ah! the Argument is to true on your side, *reply'd* Audalla, for I know by experience, whence my misfortune comes of seeing too well, and who they are that ought to wish themselves blind. They may be discharg'd, *reply'd* Galiana, at an easier rate, in regard they have nothing to do, but to keep their eyes off from the thing that troubles their sight. But, *answer'd he*, those things that annoy the sight, are so intermix'd with those things which are delightful to it, that 'tis no easie thing to make the separation. For my part, *added* Rapagy, I know, that were I in Love, Love would never lend me his fillet, never communicate his blindness to me; but that whether they were perfections or defects, I should look upon the verity of things, without prejudice or prepossession. For my part, *said* Mechmet, I never had that blindness in my passions, but that I could discern the bad from the good qualities of my Mistress with an unconcerned eye. But the Question is, *reply'd* Odomar, whether you love, as well as you see? Ah! *cry'd* Mustapha, I never question whether I see, or no; whether I am a Mole, or a Lynx; for I can see all my misfortune, I see the advantage of my Rival, and the rigour of my Mistress. This violence which I observe in *Mustapha*, *then said* Hyamene, obliges me to propound one Question more, Whether of the two testifies the most affection, a Transported, or a Respectful Lover? For my part, *answer'd* Audalla, 'tis my Judgment, that you compare hot to cold, little to great, imbecility to strength, and indifferency to Love, when you compare two things so opposite together: For that cold Love, which you call respectful, and I call insensible, in nothing more manifests the weakness of its passion than by that equal, grave, demure, submiss behaviour, patient even to stupidity, of which it makes use upon all occasions. Nothing moves it, nothing shakes it; it will not distinguish between Affronts and favours. He kisses the hand that strikes, as well as that which stroakes him. Whether you grant him all, or deny him all; whether you please his humour, or abuse him, he stands as immoveable as a Statue, and you would swear him to be either Brass or Marble, so void of all resentment he appears: So that his patience does not proceed from Love, but from his cold and stupid temper; 'tis not an effect of his respect, but of his remissness, his natural sloth. But the violence of a transported Lover, is a proof of his passion; the fire that appears in his choler, is kind-

kindled by the fire of his Love. He is transported, becauſe he lov's; he is impatient, becauſe he ſuffers; he gives way to his grief, becauſe it is too powerful for him to reſiſt; he looſes his Reſpect, becauſe the exceſs of his Love deprives him of it; that which diſorders his reaſon, is that which cauſes him to love ſo truly, and were he leſs tranſported, he would be more indifferent: Which obliges me to maintain, that a tranſported Lover ſhews his affection in a more extraordinary manner, than a reſpectful woer. All the reſpect I owe to you, Sir, *anſwer'd* Galiana, cannot hinder me from oppoſing your Argument to the utmoſt of my power: What, Sir, becauſe a Man was born Cholerick, violent, tempeſtuous, fantaſtical, extravagant, and tranſported, ſhall that make him a perfect Lover? ſhall his Vices ſtand for Vertues? and while he follows his natural inclination, ſhall we believe him guided by his Love? Ah, if that were true, it would be an eaſie thing to be perfect, and true Love would coſt a man little. Hence it would follow, that if he that fails in his reſpect truly loves, the leſs reſpect he ſhew'd, the more he ſhould evidence his paſſion, and conſequently that he that ſlander'd and revil'd his Miſtreſs, ſhould love her better than he that only ſhould ſhew a ſlight tranſportment; and that he that beat her ſhould be preferr'd before him that wrong'd her only in words. See, Sir, the conſequences of ſuch an unreaſonable Opinion. He that reſpects not, eſteems not at all; he that eſteems not, has no Love at all; he that has no Love, does very ill to think he ſhould be belov'd, or to deſire that we ſhould think he loves. Is it the way to adore to break the Altars where he offers? Is that the way of offering Incenſe, to abuſe the Deity which he adores? How can they be thought to look upon her as a Goddeſs, whom they hardly uſe like a Woman? And how can he be thought a Slave, that acts like a Tyrant. Yet this is the behaviour of the tranſported Lover; If the Slave durſt, he would break his Miſtreſſes head with his chains; hatred it ſelf could do no more than his extravagant Love would do. But the reſpectful Lover goes not that way to work: He is mild, civil, complaiſant, ſubmiſſive and patient; the more he ſuffers, the more reſpect he has for her that cauſes his ſufferings, and he looks upon that vertue of ſufferings as his true Character; he chaces ſadneſs from his Eyes, and locks it cloſe in his breſt, for fear of diſpleaſing her, who is his delight; he ſtifles his ſighs, for fear leaſt ſhe ſhould hear them, and be offended; If he dye, 'tis without murmuring, without complaints or reproaches: Judge you now, Whether I have not Reaſon on my ſide, in upholding, that the Reſpectful ſhews his Love far beyond the Tranſported Lover. For my part, *ſaid* Odomar, I declare poſitively for the fair *Galiana*, for in my Judgment Love and Reſpect ought to be inſeparable. I cannot tell, *ſaid* Carallil, whether Inclination proceed from Reſemblance, or no; Or whether it be becauſe I am ſomething of an uneven Temper my ſelf, that I like the ſame in another; but I muſt ingeniouſly confeſs, that I am for the bluſtring Lover, and could be very well pleas'd with his huffing. I want ſuch a Miſtreſs as you, *reply'd* Mechmet, For if mine would take nothing at my hands, I ſhould not ſerve her very long like a Mopus. Pray then, *ſaid the ſerious* Amouda, that I may be none of her; for as the tranſported Lover is not for my palate, I ſhould ſoon teach you better manners. Truly, *cry'd* Orthobule *laughing*, me thinks however it would be a marvellous convenience, If every time a Lady were too froppiſh or too proud, that it might be lawful for her Lover to give her a hundred whirrets, and to thump her into kindneſs. How many would be well cuſt, *added he*, and how many do I know that deſerve it. 'Tis a Cuſtom that will hardly be eſtabliſh'd, *anſwer'd* Rapagy *ſmiling*, and as cunning a Legiſlator as you are, you will have much ado to get it enacted. I am ſure I ſhall never ſubſcribe to it, *ſaid* Hyamene, and that if all Lovers were to be tranſported, I ſhould forſwear being a Miſtreſs. Ah! for my part, *cry'd* Muſtapha, I am patient, I am tranſported, and I count it to be an honour to be both together: The Lover that nothing endures, is no Lover, and the Lover that ſuffers too much, ſuffers too long: I am now in the midſt between the two extreams, but I know not, *purſu'd he ſighing*, whether by ſuffering or being tranſported I ſhall ever be happy, for I ſee but little likelihood.

Prince *Audalla* ſeeing no appearance of an Opportunity to diſcourſe *Galiana* in private, roſe from his Seat; and after he had made his Obeyſance to her, and the reſt of the Ladies, he went to take a walk without the City, attended by the Gentlemen of Quality and *Omar* among the reſt, Love rather than Hazard guiding him to take that Road, by which *Zelebin* was to return. He had not walk'd above an hour, before he met the Perſon whom he had ſo long expected, but ſo alter'd, ſo pale, ſo diſfigur'd, that he hardly knew him again, and thought at firſt that he had brought him ill News, and that his Affairs had gone ill. But he remain'd not long in that Errour: For the unfortunate Agent no ſooner perceiv'd him, but he alighted and gave him the King's, and the Prince of *Granada*'s Letters, whereby he underſtood that his Deſign had proſper'd according to his deſires. Thereupon he tenderly embrac'd his Favourite, who was far from being oblig'd to him for his Careſſes. However he omitted not to deliver to *Omar* the Letter which was directed to him, and the Governour of *Almeria* having ſhew'd his to the Prince, and the Prince having read his to the Governour, they made no queſtion of their good Fortune either of them, but return'd to the City, both equally ſatisfi'd. So ſoon as they were got home, *Omar* went to inform his Daugh

Daughter of the ſucceſs of *Zelebin*'s Voyage. And then he went to give his Orders for the King's reception, for Lodgings for the Court, and for thoſe magnificent Preparations wherewith he intended to treat his Majeſty of *Granada*, and Prince *Boaudelin* his Son. You may well gueſs, Sir, at *Galiana*'s ſorrow, when ſhe heard this News, and at the extremity of deſpair that ſeiz'd upon her ſpirits. She drowned her ſelf in Tears; ſhe fetch'd a thouſand Sighs, breath'd forth a thouſand ſad Complaints and Lamentations, and utter'd upon that dire occaſion all that the moſt afflicting grief could infuſe into her thoughts. She was in this deplorable condition, when ſhe was advertis'd that *Zelebin* was at the Chamber-door, and deſir'd to ſee her. She had no ſooner heard his name, but her heart began to beat, and redoubled her ſorrows; yet ſhe had not the power to refuſe his Viſit: and though ſhe knew that his preſence would but augment her deſpair, ſhe order'd him to be admitted. Preſently he enter'd, but ſo hollow ey'd, ſo diſcolour'd, ſo ghaſtly, that he was more like a Ghoſt than a Man; rather like one riſen from the grave, than a living Acquaintance. He beheld her for ſome time without ſpeaking ſo much as one word. He ſaw an extraordinary melancholy in her Eyes. She beheld mortal Symptoms in his; ſhe ſigh'd, and he mourn'd; ſhe ſhed tears, and he wept. He attempted to ſpeak, but could not; ſhe endeavour'd to open her lips, but a conſtraint of ſilence hung upon them. He lifted up his Eyes to Heaven, ſhe look'd dejectedly upon the Ground. Then raiſing up her Eyes again, moiſt as they were, and languiſhingly turning them towards him, after a forcible conteſt with her ſelf, Well *Zelebin*, *ſaid ſhe*, you have not loſt your Journey; your Agency has proſper'd, and your Eloquence has been happy. Alas! *anſwer'd he*, *fetching another deep ſigh*, My Eloquence wrought no effect, but your Merit and my Misfortune did all. The good Fortune of Prince *Audalla*, and the unhappineſs of the miſerable *Zelebin*, have concluded your Marriage, and my Death. But what have you reſolv'd to do? Madam? What have you determin'd in reference to your Deſtiny and mine? Ah!--- As for yours, *reply'd ſhe*, I leave it to the care of Heaven, of whom I beg it may be happy to your wiſhes: and as for my own, having nothing more to hope for of propitious, I only beg the end of my life. And how can you think, that I ſhould live, *reply'd the diſconſolate* Zelebin, if you dye, or live no longer mine. No, no, let it happen which way it will, the thing is equally impoſſible; for whether I ſee you in the arms of Death, or in the arms of a Rival, I ſhall have no more a part in this world, but ſhall be always dying. And therefore it is better for me to outſtrip theſe miſchiefs, than to ſtay till they come; for ſince you will do nothing in my behalf, it will be better for me to dye yours, while you yet live mine; to the end I may prevent a Torment ſo horrible, and ſo difficult to be born. O God! *reply'd ſhe*, what have I omitted to do? Nay, What is there which I am not willing yet to do? you ſhall find that preſently *Zelebin*. For thoſe things excepted, which would wound my Honour, and my Obedience to my Father, I have left nothing undone, which the moſt perfect love could inſpire into a Virgin of Noble Education. And you will ſee, Madam, that ſetting aſide my Honour, and the reſpect I owe to my Maſter, I have ſacrific'd all things without exception to your love. O God! *ſaid* Galiana, that you ſhould not ſee my very thoughts! O God! *reply'd* Zelebin, Why do you not think all that I ſee? Why is it not actually preſent in your Soul, as well as in my Mind, Adieu, my Deareſt, *ſaid ſhe*, *taking her leave of him*, for your longer ſtay will prove inconvenient. Adieu, Madam, *ſaid he*, *he kiſſing her hand upon his knees*. You ſhall ſee that though I could not be happy, yet I deſerv'd to be ſo. Having ſo ſaid, they beheld each other with Eyes that ſhot in their Breaſts both grief and pity, and pierced their very Hearts at parting, in the moſt ſenſible manner in the world. But now, Sir, admire to ſee how ſtrangely things fell out. Theſe two Lovers, both alike the Slaves of Honour and Love, not knowing how to quit each others Chains, reſolv'd to dye; and though ignorant of each others intention, they both reſolv'd upon the ſame kind of death, which was to ſtarve themſelves. In the mean time, the report of the Match being ſpread all over the City next morning, *Galiana* underwent a terrible perſecution; for all the Chief of the City came to congratulate her good Fortune, which ſhe accounted the greateſt miſery in Nature. Prince *Audalla* alſo, more ſumptuouſly habited than ever, fail'd not to viſit her; and taking more liberty than he was wont to do, he whiſper'd to her, and acted a Lover, who made no farther queſtion of ſucceſs. But ſhe return'd him very few, and thoſe very cold Anſwers, whereby it was eaſie for him to perceive, that ſhe was not ſo well content as he. But, Sir, beſides all this, there fell out one accident more, altogether extraordinary. For upon the rumour of *Audalla* and *Galiana*'s Marriage, poor *Muſtapha* ran ſtark ſtaring-mad, and threatned to ſtrangle the Prince; whereupon being put in Chains, he fell into ſuch a violent Feaver, that he was well nigh given over for loſt. Nevertheleſs he did not dye; but by wonderful Miracle, whether it were that his Diſtemper had taken its courſe, or whether the heat of the Feaver had diſpell'd thoſe thick Vapors that clouded his Brain and his reaſon; when his Body was cur'd, his mind recover'd alſo. So that all thoughs of his love, and all his Extravagancies laid aſide, he became as ſound and as diſcreet as ever. But the unfortunate *Galiana* to avoid a ſecond importunity, the next day feign'd her ſelf ſick,

kept her bed, and gave order that no perſon ſhould be admitted to ſee her. And her grief had ſo diſcompos'd her, that the miſtaken Phyſitians not knowing the Cauſe, order'd her a blood-letting. To which ſhe readily conſented, believing that the loſs of Blood would be a means to weaken her the ſooner; to which purpoſe feigning that the firſt Blood-letting had done her good, ſhe perſwaded the Doctors to open a ſecond Vein. All this while being forbid all ſolid Nouriſhment, every time that the Slave which attended her brought her any Broth, ſhe invented an Errand for her, and as ſoon as ſhe was gone, ſhe threw it into a little guilded vermilion Trunk, that ſtood under a Jaſper Table, and then return'd the empty Porringer to the Slave, as if ſhe had taken it down. This practiſe ſhe continued for ſeveral days, till at length ſhe became ſo pale and feeble, inſomuch that ſhe that counterfeited before, now began to fall really ſick. On the other ſide, the unfortunate *Zelebin* took the ſame courſe, but with much more eaſe, feigning ſometime, to avoid dining with the Prince, that ſome friend had invited him; ſometimes that he din'd in his own Lodgings; ſometimes that he was ſick and could not eat. And thus he gain'd time to haſten himſelf to his Grave. And hardly able to ſuſtain himſelf, by reaſon of his weakneſs, the ſeventh day of his abſtinence, he attended *Audalla* to *Galiana*'s Chamber, whom they found almoſt expiring in *Omar*'s arms: At the ſight of *Zelebin* her ſpirits were almoſt quite gone, not able to endure their ſuddain commotion at his appearance; and at the ſight of *Galiana* the unfortunate Lover alſo began to faint, his ſpirits retiring for ſuccour to his heart; ſo that they ſwooned both away, and all the Company thought they had bin both dead: Strangely ſurpriz'd, ſome ran to help one, and ſome to aſſiſt the other. Among the reſt, Prince *Audalla* going toward *Galiana* to do what lay in him to do, beheld a Paper in her hand, which he took, and open'd; and there read theſe following contents:

To Prince *Audalla*.

HAd my Heart bin free, Sir, your Merit and Affection would have engag'd it; but another had poſſeſs'd it before. I had the honour to know my ſelf concern'd in yours; ſo that my denial can be no injury: Nevertheleſs it being but Juſtice that I ſhould puniſh my ſelf, but more Juſtice not to bequeath you a heart which I could not give you entire: I thought it convenient rather to dye than live, and abſtinence having deliver'd me out of this perplexity, you are free from

Galiana.

The Prince was ſtrangely ſurpris'd when he had read it, and above meaſure afflicted that he ſhould be the cauſe of ſuch an Accident. But he had no leiſure to make any reflexion upon it; for they who aſſiſted *Zelebin*, perceived that he had let fall another Letter out of his hand when he ſunk down, which they took up and preſented to the Prince, as being ſuperſcrib'd to himſelf. The Letter being open'd contain'd theſe Lines:

To Prince *Audalla* my Maſter.

THe lovely Galiana *being ſo amiable as to be belov'd by you, think it not ſtrange that ſhe was belov'd by all the world, and among the reſt by my ſelf: But if ſhe had the power to vanquiſh me, I have overcome my ſelf at length: For preferring my Duty before my Intereſt or my Love, 'tis well known how I have acted for you againſt my ſelf, with a Fidelity beyond example: I beſeech you, as a dying Man, in favour of ſo eminent a piece of ſervice, forget that I was your Rival; and remember, That though I dyed your Competitor, I liv'd your Servant*

Zelebin.

The Prince was ſo mov'd at the reading of this Letter, that Pity baniſhing Love from his Heart, which *Galiana*'s coldneſs had already abated, he quitted her, and ran toward his Favourite, tenderly embracing him, dead as he thought him; and proteſting, That had he diſcover'd his paſſion to him, he would have preferr'd his preſervation before his own ſatisfaction, and the poſſeſſion of ſuch a Servant, before the enjoyment of a Miſtreſs. In the mean time the Phyſitians being come, and being inform'd what kind of death theſe two deſpairing Lovers had made choice of, ſo well obſerv'd them both, that at length they perceiv'd in both ſome remains of heat, and ſome ſlight Symptomes of life; And underſtanding that their diſtemper proceeded from weakneſs, they gave them Cordials and Reſtoratives, that by degrees rekindled that little Natural heat, which was almoſt extinguiſh'd; and diſperſing the ſpirits to their ſeveral imployments, caus'd them to open their Eyes, to recover the uſe of their ſenſes, and of their Organs of ſpeech. But the main thing which haſten'd their Recovery more than all their Cordials, Confections, or Powders of Amber and Pearls, was, that they obſerv'd the Prince had both their Letters in his hand; that nevertheleſs he appear'd no way diſcontented, but on the contrary that he was in a calm and quiet temper. *Galiana* alſo was extremely pleas'd to ſee that her Father

ther understood her affection, without shewing any marks of indignation. Nay, he was so far sorry, that he had put a force upon her, that finding *Zelebin*, equal both in Quality, Estate, and Merit to his Daughter, it was easie to perceive in his eyes more of joy than grief, more of pity than anger. But that which compleated the obligation and satisfaction of those two happy persons, was the kindness of Prince *Audalla* himself. Who turning toward *Zelebin*, obligingly chid him, for that he had so little confided in his friendship, that he had not discover'd his love. Protesting, that since she lov'd not him as he lov'd her, he would have parted with his Mistress, as well for his, as for her own preservation. Afterwards he conjur'd *Omur* to accomplish the Match: To which the Governour of *Almeria* consented with all the readiness imaginable. Then the two Lovers transported with joy, return'd a thousand thanks to the Prince and *Omur*; and *Zelebin* protested to his Master, That he would not live, but only to die in his Service. Their recovery was perfected in as short a time, as their Distemper had been growing. So that all things were prepar'd for their Nuptials. But Prince *Audalla* thinking it necessary to advertise the King of this change, that he might not take a needless progress, was preparing to have dispatch'd away an Express for that purpose, when at what time there came another from his Father, whereby the King gave him to understand, That the Prince his Brother was privately stollen from Court without taking his leave; that he was raising an Army; that therefore the Army under his Command would be very useful to stop the progress of his Rebellion: That he could not come to *Almeria*, as he had promis'd and resolv'd, but on the contrary, he desir'd him to forbear his Marriage awhile, and speedily to come away to Court to assist him in the pursuit of his Enemies. He obey'd, and *Zelebin* also was forc'd to defer his happiness; Honour being once more to be preferr'd before his love.

You know, Sir, the whole success of the War; the extraordinary Peace that follow'd, upon which *Muley Hazen* resign'd his Crown to *Boaudelin*, notwithstanding all the opposition of *Audalla*. You know, Sir, that after the Coronation of the new King, the counterfeit Marriage was celebrated between him and *Almahide*. So that I have nothing farther to say, but that *Galiana* being nearly related to the Queen, she was preferr'd to attend upon her, according to custome, where you see her at present; and that *Zelebin* continues as much in love at *Granada*, as he was at *Almeria*. And thus, Sir, you have the History of those two Illustrious Persons, which you have had so great a desire to understand.

The Great *Roderic de Narva* return'd a thousand thanks to the prudent *Fernand*, for the pains he had taken; and after he had testify'd the great satisfaction which he had receiv'd by his rehearsal, he dismiss'd him to attend the Sultaness his Mistress, whither his duty call'd him.

The End of the Second Book of the Third Part.

The Laſt Book OF ALMAHIDE: OR, THE Captive Queen.

THE great Mart of the Pirates was no ſooner over, but the King of the *Moors* return'd again in great Pomp to the *Alhambra*. But though he were a King in outward ſhew, the torments of his mind made him a Subject to his Paſſions. Having waited upon the feigned Sultaneſs to her Apartment, he ſtay'd there awhile with her, in the Company of the Princeſs *Morayma* his Siſter, and looking upon her with Eyes full of love, yet ſparkling with indignation; Madam, *ſaid he*, That you ſhould buy ſo cheap, and I ſhould buy ſo dear! I only begg'd your love, for all that Riches which you ſo freely diſpos'd to others, as if you had ſcorn'd my Gift, and look'd upon me as a Pirate indeed. Sir, *anſwer'd the lovely* Almahide, if my friendſhip were not worthy what you gave me; I never was one that put my love to ſale. Madam, *anſwer'd the King*, You gave away ſo profuſely, and reſerv'd ſo ſparingly, as if you had been afraid to provoke the jealouſie of my Rival: Had I been he, certainly I could not have receiv'd a greater conſolation, than to have beheld your prodigal diſdain of my Merchandize. Alas! Sir, *reply'd the fair* Almahide, 'Tis not for me to receive Obligations, where I cannot oblige again. Well, *anſwer'd the King very ſurlily*, Surely, in time I may find out this Tyrant that uſurps your heart, and then ----- Then you may know him, *reply'd the Queen very ſmartly*, when you give me leave to depart the *Alambre*; and perhaps when you know him, and do him any harm, you may be the firſt that may repent it. The Princeſs *Morayma* hearing theſe ſharp Reparti's, ſtept in with her wonted Pacification, telling the King, That it was below his Dignity to compel the heart of any Subject; That forc'd Obedience could be no true Love; That it was more Regal for him to perform his Promiſes and his Oaths to a fair Lady, than conſtrain her will: For I will put you this fair Queſtion, *ſaid ſhe to the King*, Whether it be not better to live in content with a meaner Beauty, than to lead a life in perpetual diſcontent with the faireſt Beauty in the World? That ne're can be, *reply'd the King*; Content will never come neer this heart of mine, while I enjoy not *Almahide*. Nor do I queſtion, but that in time ſhe may be convinc'd of the truth of my love, and be thereby reduc'd to a more gentle compliance. Leave it then to time, *anſwer'd the Princeſs*, and ſtay awhile, till thoſe dangers are over, that ſo loudly threaten your Scepter. The King paus'd for ſome time; and then turning toward *Almahide*, I ſee, Madam, *ſaid he*, that I am overcome in my own Kingdom, and that I am but half King, while another reigns in your heart; but I hope at length, you will not forget the patience of a Prince. He gave her no time to return an anſwer, but haſtily leaving the Chamber, return'd to his own Apartment. Whither he was no ſooner come, but he ſent for his old Oracle *Zarcan*, to know of him what progreſs he had made in his diſcovery, and whether he could yet make any thing of the Epigram and the Verſes,

ſes, or no? For Favourites, *continued he*, that deem it worth their while to continue in their Sovereign's eſteem, would have ſearch'd the bottomleſs depths of Hell e're this, but they would have found out the truth. Sir, *anſwer'd the cunning Favourite*, there is but one Reaſon in the world, why I cannot find out this Myſtery, and that is more than humane; for the holy *Alla* is ſo great an Admirer of *Almahide*'s Virtues, that ſhe, and all that belong to her, are under his particular Protection; ſo that he will not permit any of her Deſigns to be reveal'd or diſcover'd to her prejudice. However, Sir, *continu'd he*, although we have already try'd twice in vain, there is yet a third way wherein I think your Majeſty cannot fail of your Intention: You know, Sir, there are already ſeveral Matches brought to perfection in your Court, that is to ſay, as to the conſent of both Parties, though the Ceremony have been for ſome Reaſons delay'd; as for Example, between *Abindarrays* and *Aldoradine*, *Zelebin* and *Galiana*, *Alamin* and *Darache*, *Abdala* and *Fatima*, *Amat* and *Cadige*, *Abenamin* and *Lyndarache*, *Zays* and *Zayda*, *Orcam* and *Alicola*, *Abenarax* and *Zelindora*, *Almoraby* and *Zambrina*; My Advice now to your Majeſty is, That you Proclaim a Magnificent Feſtival, to laſt for ſeveral days, for the ſolemn celebration of theſe Nuptials. For when all thoſe Noble Perſons of Royal Deſcent are diſpos'd of, there will ſo few remain behind, that dare pretend to *Almahide*'s Affection, that you may eaſily attain the knowledge you aim at. This Advice extremely pleas'd *Boabdelin*, and he reſolv'd to follow it. But now there was no ſpace in Time for Triumphs left; the Tragedy of *Granada* began, and Fortune, or rather the Misfortune of that great City brought that to light, which all the Providence and Subtlety of *Zarcan* could not dive into. For the Animoſities between the two Factions of the *Abenzerrages* and *Zegry*'s being rekindled by the Ambition of *Audalla* the King's Brother, flam'd up to an abſolute Civil Diſſention, which the great Preparations of *Ferdinand* and *Iſabel*, and the loud report of their Approach, with a numerous Army could not quench.

In the mean time, the feign'd *Ponce de Leon*, and the ſuppos'd *Ramira* aiming at the ſame Mark, though ſteering various courſes to attain their ends, revolv'd in their minds how to make their ſeveral advantages of thoſe Combuſtions whereof they were ſo well adviſ'd. While *Almahide* on the other ſide, living in continual fear of the King's Jealouſie, conſulted nothing more than their removal from *Granada*. Yet ſtrange were the Combats between her Love and her Deſpair, the one perſwading her not to abſent from her ſight the Perſon whom ſhe lov'd ſo dearly; the other repreſenting to her Eyes the dayly Dangers that attended his beloved Life. Misfortune of Beauty! *cry'd ſhe to herſelf*, into how many miſeries has it plung'd me! My duty has fetter'd me in greatneſs, which I do not love, while uncrown'd; Love has embrac'd my affection willingly, and all for Beauties ſake. What a riddle has been all my life, and what a riddle is it like to be? A Queen, and no Queen; a Wife, and no Wife, ---- that's for my duties ſake. A Miſtreſs would be, but a Miſtreſs cannot be, that's for Honours ſake. Then farewel, *Ponce*, *Ponce*, farewel: Th'Alhambra muſt not hold thee, nay *Morayzel*'s Palace muſt not keep thee. Yet canſt thou, *Almahide*, canſt thou forget the Count of *Pegnafiel*'s long continu'd Services, his faithful Love, and his unſpotted merit? Oh Honour! that thou ſhouldſt be a Vertue, and yet be ſo Tyrannical! For I muſt part with what I love, becauſe 'tis thy imperious Command. As ſhe was thus conteſting with her ſelf, the Count of *Pegnafiel* and *Don Alvare*, who began to be more ſuſpicious of each other than ever, enter'd the Chamber. She was then alone, nor had her Lamentations ſo much as reach'd *Eſperanza de Hitta*'s ears; though preſently after the Captive return'd from doing ſome buſineſs, about which ſhe had been ſent a little before. When the fair Queen beheld the two Rivals, her Love for the one ſo diſcompos'd the whole frame of her Body, that ſhe was ready to faint away; the very thought of that dire Sentence which ſhe knew ſhe had in her mind to pronounce, had ſo melted her reſolution, and rais'd her compaſſion to ſuch a height, that ſhe had much ado to refrain thoſe tears, which ſhe knew it was not then convenient for her to ſhed: But at length aſſembling all the forces of her magnanimous Soul together, and briskly recovering her ſelf, though ſhe could not ſcatter quite the Clouds of Diſcontent that hung upon her brows, I muſt reſolve, *ſhe cry'd* ---- To leave the Alhambra, I hope, *reply'd the Count of* Pegnafiel. 'Tis excellently well reſolv'd, *merrily added* Don Alvare. No, no, *reply'd the Queen*, your Serioufneſs, *ſaid ſhe to* Ponce de Leon, and your Mirth, *to the feign'd* Ramira, are both deceiv'd; I have promis'd the contrary to the King and the Princeſs *Morayma*. They do ſo teaze me with Reaſon of State, and ſo convince me with their Politicks, that I would fain bring my ſelf off with Honour, if I could. But, *added ſhe*, let me be in the Alhambra, or out of the Alhambra, it ſignifies nothing to you two; nor can you expect that I ſhould keep my promiſe, that ſo ill perform your own. Our breach of promiſe expoſes us only to danger, *anſwer'd the Count*, yours to diſhonour. Beſides, Madam, *added* Don Alvare, Love is a great promiſe-breaker. Where is the Honour that ſhould attend him then? *reply'd the fair* Almahide; Love is the only thing that allows of Diſpenſations, *anſwer'd* Don Alvare. But my Honour allows of none, *reply'd the Queen*; and your Condition too was abſolute; you promis'd to be gone, upon condition I would let ye ſtay a Month; that Month is paſt, and now I expect you to be

gone

gone without delay or fallacy. I never promis'd to leave you in danger, Madam, *answer'd* Ponce de Leon; That, I am sure, would be dishonourable, such a foul blot in my Scutcheon, that I dare not be true to treachery. But you always said, you ow'd me Obedience too, *reply'd the Queen.* That was always when you your self commanded, *said he*, not when your fears grew imperious: For it was never my profession to obey fear. Then I must sink, *reply'd the Queen*, under the burthen of my fears, because you are more undaunted; But if you will not be so generous as to rid me of these fears your selves, I'll rid my self ---- Therefore depart from this unhappy City, and return into your own Country, where when I hear you are both in safety, I shall be at rest. Here you must not think to see my face again, unless it be to take your last Farewell--and I am sure you will not stay here in vain. I'll be going every hour, so you will take your leave every hour, *answer'd* Ponce de Leon. You will put us upon extremities, *added* Don Alvare. If you have that Love for me, which you both profess, *answer'd the Queen*, you cannot have the hearts to do me so great an injury: And indeed, I have so much confidence both in *Ponce de Leon*, and my Slave *Ramira*, that I dare rely upon their generous Natures. Having so said, she only made a short promise to *Ramira* of obtaining his freedom in a few hours, and retir'd into her Closet, which she bolted after her. The two Rivals having heard this dismal Sentence, departed the Chamber, and went to seek out *Don Fernand*, to consult with him what course to steer at such a conjuncture as that was. As soon as they met with him, they acquainted him with their final Sentence, and determination of the Queen. Ah mischievous fortune! oh perverse World! *cry'd* Ponce de Leon, which always in thy Accidents unconstant, imitates rather the volubility of thy own figure, the stability of thy frame. What avails it me to have so obstinately followed my Love, despising Father and Mother, contemning danger and my life? Thus *Ponce de Leon*, how cruel, how rash, how foolish hast thou bin, only for thy Loves sake, of which ingratitude is now the sole reward; but I will be the death of that infamous Rival, that pleases his pallat with the nourishment of my delight. Rather let us turn our fury against the Princess her self, *reply'd* Don Alvare, yet not by attempts of hazard and danger to our selves; but let us presently go and declare the whole intrigue of her pretended Marriage to *Morayzel* and *Semabis*; let us bring all the ruine we can upon *Boandelin*'s head, and then when he is gone, the Conquest will lye fairly between you and I. But *Ponce de Leon*, whatever intention he might have had before, had bin so effectually wrought upon by the very last words of *Almahide*, that he could not admit of infringing the least reliance of the Queen upon his generosity: No, *said he*, I will sooner leave *Granada*, and trust to Fate and the event of *Audalla*'s ambition, than violate my obedience to my adored Princess. For my part, *reply'd* Don Alvare, I stand not upon those punctilio's as you do, I find there is a necessity for it, and therefore since necessity requires it, I am resolv'd to make that known which you so over-religiously endeavour to conceal. *Don Fernand* begg'd, pray'd, and entreated. The Count of *Pegnasiel* us'd all the Arguments imaginable to divert him from so disastrous a Resolution; But all in vain: No, Count of *Pegnasiel*, *said he*, we have both smarted once already for following your Advice, and therefore I am resolv'd to follow it no longer. *Ponce de Leon*, finding *Don Alvare* so resolute in his intention, stole from his observance a wink upon *Don Fernand*, intimating the desire he had that the Queen might have speedy notice of *Don Alvare*'s design. *Don Fernand* understood the Language of his eye; so that after he had staid a while to avoid suspition, he took his leave, and went directly to the Queens Apartment: He enter'd the Chamber with a countenance full of Melancholy and dejection, which made the Queen the more inquisitive. Madam, *said he*, 'tis no wonder that Men should act contrary to reason, when Fate and Fortune themselves seem to have lost their Senses, by continually afflicting the Virtuous. What Calamity more is now so near us? *answer'd the Queen*, it cannot be death, *added she*, for that would be the welcome end of all. Is *Ponce de Leon* safe? Yes Madam, *answer'd* Don Fernand, *Ponce de Leon* is safe, but neither of them will depart the Town. What do they then intend to do? *reply'd the Queen*; what course does the Count of *Pegnasiel* intend to take? I know not, *answer'd* Don Fernand: But *Don Alvare*, Madam --- grows weary of his service. Go, *cry'd the Queen, interrupting him*, let him do so ---- for so well I wish him, that I wish him safe in *Sevile*. No, Madam, *reply'd* Don Fernand, he grows impatient; he threatens and vows to make good his threates, that he will divulge the whole secret of your pretended Marriage, as he has bin long projecting to do, to *Morayzel* and *Semabis*; of which I thought to give you this timely advertisement. *Almahide* was extreamly surpris'd at this intelligence, not knowing what course to take; She lookt upon *Don Fernand*, and with eyes full of sorrow seem'd to demand his assistance in so perillous a conjuncture. Madam, *said he*, your power is great, especially over those that pretend to adore your Beauty: Use it now; send for him, and expostulate with him the inconveniences of such a rashness. With that *Fernand*, by her command, went forth to seek him, and having found him, brought him to the Queens Chamber; where he was no sooner enter'd, but the fair *Almahide* beholding him with eyes full of sorrow, yet more clouded with an imperious Frown, Is it thus, Duke of *Infantada*, *cry'd she*, is it thus, that you go about to constrain my affe-

ction by attempting my ruine? Have I so long for this suffer'd your disguise, and with the forfeiture of my Honour and my Innocency, with a faith inviolable, and a friendship unparallell'd protected you, that never could aspire farther, from the eager pursuit of those that would have easily rid me of these fears? 'Tis a poor triumph, and a great sign indeed of your pretended Love, to work upon the necessities of my Affairs, and to take advantage of my Misfortunes. You know the reasons of my Conduct; I have made known to ye all the arguments of my delay; and if that will not give you satisfaction, know my heart is too great to yield to the dread of your contrivances; I will take care my self speedily to prevent your double diligence, that you shall not have the opportunity to speak with *Morayzel* or *Semahis* either; or if you should, that you shall not be believ'd, say or do what e're you can. Fair Princess, *answer'd the Duke of* Infantada, I was sent for hither, yet I came willingly, and I am come to comfort you with the spectacle of my death; you shall see at the last minute the fidelity of a heart, that will choose to dye, that it may cease to afflict you with its Love; it behoves me to deprive my self of that Beauty, wherein my eyes beheld their Paradise. Oh spiteful constraint! Oh powerful necessity! For I cannot live to see my constancy deluded with new scorns. With those words, he tore up his Doublet, and presenting her his Poniard, which he always carried privately about him for his own defence: Madam, *cry'd he*, here I am, that lov'd ye once, and love ye still; take from me that life, which if preserv'd, may prove injurious to your Honour and your Innocency; for I cannot, must not live, and see my Rival, my Rival in possession, though ne're so great a Soveraign, flourish. The Queen observing so much generosity in a person that she never lov'd, yet never hated, turn'd away her Eyes, and not knowing what to say, or do, retir'd into her Closet; resolving however to put a stop to *Alvare*'s Fury, and the eminent dangers that hung over her head.

But Fortune had otherwise order'd the Destiny of both: For *Mohavide* still burning with anger and desire of revenge for his own disgrace and the Victory of the fair Slave, still continu'd his former practises with the female Slave, which he had subborn'd, and so ply'd her with Gifts and Promises, that never was the Queen's Cabinet or *Ramira*'s pocket more narrowly or more vigilantly watch'd; so that at length (for Destiny fools all the care of Mortals) she met with another piece of the feign'd *Ramira*'s Poetry, which he had dropt in pulling out his Handkerchief in the private Place in the Garden, where he was always accustom'd to entertain his encumber'd thoughts, and never minded, being either disturb'd or hastily call'd from his contemplations. This the Slave, who diligently watch'd all his privacies and Retirements, coming presently after upon the search, took up with as much joy, as if she had found the greatest Treasure in the World; and perceiving it to be but fresh written, she brought it to the haughty *Zegry*, with such a smirking Countenance, as gave him to understand, she had done him no small piece of service. After she had told him where she had it, and who had left it, he hastily open'd it, and with a greedy eye survey'd the following Lines:

What! though I remain a Slave to your
Beauty?
There, Slave, is a Name
Of Credit and Fame;
For still I am free in my Duty.

What! though I am forc'd to live in
disguise?
'Tis a pleasant deceit,
A Rival to cheat,
With his Lynx's *and* Argus's *eyes.*

A God was once glad of the shape of a
Swan,
And appear'd like a Bull,
Europa *to gull;*
But a Slave, though a Slave, is a Man.

Then Tyrant, in vain dost thou hunt,
though a King,
And a Figg for thy Spies:
For Love in disguise,
Has got the invisible Ring.

Not so invisible as you think for, *mutter'd* Mohavide *to himself*; and then addressing his speech to the suborn'd Hireling, he gave her a thousand Thanks, made her a considerable Present, and bid her go on with those fair beginnings of hers, upon the credit of his rewards and Promises; & having dismiss'd her, immediately went to find out *Zarcan*. As soon as he had met with him, Ah! *Zarcan, said he*, you have been long endeavouring to do your Master's Business, and yet are never awhit the nearer; but if you will lend me your assistance, if you will help me in those Revenges which I seek, I will do you that kindness, which you cannot set too high a value on. Renown'd *Mohavide*, *reply'd* Zarcan, 'Tis not for my advantage to be an Enemy to Persons of your worth, nor to protect Strangers from the just anger of so great a Subject; and therefore you may be assur'd of all the Service and Assistance you can require of me. Those whom I prosecute, *answer'd* Mohavide, are Strangers, so that my revenge will be the less prejudicial, and the more easie to be by you obtain'd. You know how I have been triumph'd over by *Morayzel*'s Slave: Preach to the King my ample Merits, the infamy of my Disgrace, and the reason

reason he has to do me Justice; do but this effectually, and for a fair begiuning, I will now discover who it is that is the Kings Rival, and so vigorously delays his happiness. At those words *Zarcan*'s Ears were big with Attention, and transported with a sudden extasie of joy, he embrac'd *Mohavide*, protesting to him, That if he had been an Angel come to have offer'd him Kingdoms, he could not have brought him more welcome Tidings. For now shall our Sovereign be at the end of all his Misfortunes; and you *Mohavide*, by whose ingenuity this comes to pass, shall enjoy the highest Blessings of his favour, while *Zarcan* must willingly yield to your better Fortune. With that *Mohavide* produc'd the Verses, which the suborn'd Hireling had brought him; telling *Zarcan* how he came by them, and who was of necessity the Author of them, by all the circumstances, which were eatie to be gather'd, by the favour the Queen shew'd him, by his more than ordinary Wit and Meen, which shew'd him more than an ordinary Person; by comparing his Stature with his who had been Victor at the last publick Sports. All these, *said* Zarcan, are evident circumstances, but there is one more will easily convince us, *added he*, Let us go therefore and compare this hand with that Writing which the King has in his own Custody. With that away they posted full of satisfaction to the King's Apartment, making so much haste for joy, that they were past the door, before they thought they could have been there. But finding their mistake, and laughing at it, in they went; where they found the King alone, taking large strides in the Room, and chafing against *Zarcan* (for he did not mind them presently) for a Dunce and a Fool not worthy of his Favour. But turning about hastily, and spying *Zarcan* and *Mohavide* both together, with Countenances so far different from his; *Zarcan*, *said he*, there's no News which thou canst tell me, can allow that Mirth which I behold in thy face; no though thou brought me word that *Ferdinand* and *Isabel*, and my Brother *Andalla* were dead. I have brough your Majesty better than all this, *reply'd* Zarcan, for they are your open Enemies. But I must confess, it was not to my sedulity that Fortune destin'd her favours; the Generous *Mohavide* is become her darling: 'Tis he that has laid the Foundation of your happiness. My happiness ----- *reply'd the King*, my happness depends not upon *Mohavide* ---- Let him take his Verses again, for I do not find they signifie any thing. But he has others that do, *answer'd* Zarcan. Suppose he had a Cart-load, *cry'd the King*, if your Politicks cannot find out the Author of it. Sir, *answer'd* Zarcan, his Politicks have out-done mine in this; for he has found out the Author, and your Rival. My Rival? *reply'd the King*, How is it possible that he should be so quick-sighted, and you so heavy-headed? Sir, *then said* Mohavide, *addressing himself in most humble manner to the King*, 'Twas only my good Fortune to think of one Person that *Zarcan* had forgot. The same Person that help'd me to the former Epigram and Stanza's which you have in your custody, brought me also this. And having so said, he deliver'd the Verses into the Kings hand. Those Verses, *continu'd he*, were certainly made by *Ramira* the Queen's Slave, they were dropt by him in a private place of the Privy-Garden, where he usually kept his haunts, and were immediately taken up after he was gone, by a Person that I procur'd, to keep a continual watch upon him. Now, Sir, Compare but the hand with the Writing which you have already, and the Truth will be easily evinc'd. Thereupon the King immediately stept to his Cabinet, and fetch'd the two former Copies, and comparing the three Papers together, they found the Writing of the Stanza's in both Papers to agree exactly in all the shape and proportion of the Letters; so that it being clear that *Ramira* writ the latter, it was as evident that he wrote the former. The King being glad of this discovery; after that he was very pleasant in reading the Verses, and very merry in descanting upon the words *Slave* and *Spies*, but most sharply Satyrical upon the word *Tyrant*, saying, That he had tyranniz'd over a King long enough, he might give a King leave to tyrannize over him for a little while. The King frown'd and smil'd both at the same time, and shew'd his satisfaction and his discontent at the same minute. Have I, *cry'd he*, been thus long tormented only with a Slave? Have Chains and Fetters thus long robb'd me of my rest? All *Spain* shall not ransome him, when once I have seiz'd him. Well *Zarcan*, *added he*, be sure you lay him fast and keep him safe. Then turning toward *Mohavide*, Now faithful *Mohavide*, *said he*, (For I know you have some request) what favour is it you desire of me? Nothing, *answer'd* Mohavide *with a low obeysance*, but that I may have justice and satisfaction for the disgraces done me by *Morayzel*, and the affranchiz'd Stranger, once his Slave. Faithful *Mohavide*, *reply'd the King*, Expect whatever may be expected from the acknowledgment of a King, for a Service which he prizes above all other Services that could have been done him. At those words *Mohavide* bow'd, not deeming it convenient to press the King farther, at such a busie time, when he was going to consult which way to subdue the great Enemy of his repose. And thus was the Count of *Pegnafiel* involv'd in the same calamity (though upon different grounds) with the Duke of *Infantada*; from whence it was impossible for any, but an Omnipotent Power to rescue them.

Mohavide being retir'd, the King took *Zarcan* along with him into his Closet, there to consult, how to carry their business, so as that they might not displease the Queen. For the King was so pleas'd with the satisfaction which

which he had of knowing his Rival, and having him in his power, that he then began to consult more mildly; and that mild consideration soon represented to his thoughts the inconveniencies that would befal him, should he too precipitately exasperate that courage and haughty Resolution which he had always found in *Almahide*; and which the more he consider'd, the more he dreaded. *Zarcan* finding him in that temper, gladly layd hold of the opportunity; thus addres's'd his humble speech to him. Sir, *said he*, Were it at a time, wherein your Sovereignty stood more firmly fix'd, and dis-ingag'd from Enemies, I would give your Majesty advice far different from that which I am now about most humbly to offer. For on the one side, you are not ignorant with what an open secresie your Brother endeavours to undermine your Throne, and overturn it, and how strong to that end his Party is. On the other side, you know with what impatience the Sultaness expects the performance of your Promises, so solemnly engag'd to her. So that if it be true, that this feign'd Slave be the Person that reigns in her Breast, and obstructs your Felicity, you may be sure she will never forsake the Person, whom she loves, in danger of his life: And you have as much ground to fear her resentment of any rigour which you shall use toward him; and that she will certainly her self make that discovery which you dread so much. Which if once made known by her, what will *Morayzel* and *Semahis* not do to revenge themselves, especially having so fair opportunity? Not but that I hold it convenient that the feign'd *Ramira* should be apprehended; but my counsel is, That, when you have him in hold, you cause him to be gently us'd; and that when the Queen comes to hear of it (as I know not how such a thing can be conceal'd from her) you do not disclose to her the true cause of your displeasure; but rather pretend to her some private reason of State, grounded upon some particular Intelligence which you have receiv'd from your Spies in the Court of *Spain*. For if he be that Person upon whom the Sultaness has settled her affection, you may be sure he is of no inconsiderable Quality in that Kingdom. And if it be so, should the worst come to the worst, should Fortune favour the Arms of *Castile* and *Arragon* with success, you have in your hands an advantage to make the better conditions of a future Peace, while your oblig'd Enemy becomes your Interceder. The King listned to *Zarcan*'s Reasons: So that it was concluded that the feign'd *Ramira* should be apprehended with as little noise as might be, and committed to the *Albayzin*, there to be kept without any other hardship, but that of his restraint, till the Storms that threatned him were over, and that he saw himself establish'd in an absolute Dominion. Thereupon he sent privately for the Captain of his Guards, and giving him Command to follow *Zarcan*'s Orders, he presently dismiss'd them both together.

In the mean time the feign'd *Ramira* missing the Paper of Verses out of his Pocket, which was now in other hands than he intended, stood like one dismay'd, altogether at his Wits end, what should be become of them. He ran into the private place in the Garden, where he last had been; but after a diligent and tedious search, when he saw he could find nothing like it, he curs'd his own negligence, he call'd himself Traytor to himself: He accus'd *Ramira* of being treacherous to Don *Alvare*; he accus'd Don *Alvare* of being false to *Ramira*. Then reflecting upon the fatal Consequences of the discovery; he ran to the Queen's Apartment, thinking to have made her acquainted with her Misfortune and his own Ruine. But then asham'd to discover his own weakness, he made a stop before he had got half way thither; and full of rage and revenge, Heavens bless me! *cry'd he*: Was I either mad, or drown'd in Wine? Where have I plung'd my self? To what dire Necessities am I reduc'd? If I am discover'd I am lost, and the fair *Almahide* must suffer. Now, Fortune, succour me, who art always assisting to the Bold. Perish Don *Alvare*, perish, or by some noble Act, fit to be talk'd of in future Ages, redeem the Honour thou hast lost, and prevent the fatal discovery of thy shameful Errour. It is better that *Boabdelin* dye, than that the lovely *Almahide* should shed one tear, or waste one sigh for thy Miscarriage. Thereupon he was fully determin'd to have kill'd the King in the midst of his Guards, though he were cut in a thousand pieces himself. With this resolution he made toward the King's Lodgings in a great Fury. Then making another stop, and yet, *cry'd he*, Why should I embrue my hands in Royal Blood? Though he is a *Moor*, a *Mahumetan*, he is still a King. No, I will live, and revenge my self, and triumph in my own revenge. Let a *Mahumetan* murther another. Let him fall by the hands of his own friends, that he has so highly injur'd; whose Daughter he has made the Stale to his love and pitiful Amours, and still dishonours with the Pageantry of a Counterfeit Sovereignty. Thus resuming his first resolution, he determin'd without any more ado to withdraw himself out of the *Alhambra* to *Morayzel*'s Palace, there to secure himself under the shelter of his fully intended discovery. But as his choler was swiftly posting him along to the execution of his Design, the Captain of the Guard met him, and surrounding him on a sudden with a select number of his choicest men, they made sure of both his Arms, and then of the Weapon which he carried in his Pocket; and immediately took from him all the probability of defending himself. Thus was the poor surpriz'd *Alvare* forc'd to submit, full sorely

againſt his will to the King's Warrant, and was immediately carried by the Captain of the Guards and his Attendants to the *Albayzin*-Tower. He was met at the Door by the Keeper, who receiv'd him in; and by a Gentleman who was ſent on purpoſe from *Zarcan*, to aſſure him that the King had no ill intentions againſt a Servant of the Queens, eſpecially to one for whom he had obſerv'd that the Queen had ſuch a particular favour. But that he was conſtrained to do what he had done, for certain Reaſons beſt known to himſelf. After that, he gave the Keeper a charge in the King's and *Zarcan*'s name, to uſe him with all the civility that might be. The feign'd *Ramira*, ſenſible of his condition, for the preſent ſuppreſt the choler that boyl'd in his Breaſt, and would not vent it againſt thoſe that made ſo gentle a uſe of their power. But being carried to his Chamber, and the Key turn'd upon him, he made ſeveral reflexions upon the ſudden change of his Fortune; from a Captive in an appearance, to a real Slave: from a ſeeming loſs of Liberty, to a forc'd confinement: from being a Slave to the Queens favour, to be a Captive to the Kings anger. Which being evils in themſelves, and the bad *Omens* of others to come, cou'd not chooſe but mortally afflict him. He could not think that his Verſes were yet diſcover'd, believing that the ſight of them would have inflam'd the Kings jealouſie to a more cruel and ſpeedy revenge. Which made him bend his thoughts againſt the Queen, as imagining that ſhe might have caus'd his impriſonment, to hinder him from making that diſcovery, which he had ſo abſolutely threatned to do, contrary to the obedience which he ow'd her; and this he the rather conjectur'd to be true, by reaſon of the King's Lenity, and gentle charge which was given to the Keeper in his behalf. But on the other ſide, not being able to divine what Accuſation the fair *Almahide* could frame againſt him, to procure the Kings Warrant, and well knowing how uncapable ſhe was of forging any thing of pretence that was not real, he concluded, that his Verſes were diſcover'd, that the hands were compar'd, and that he was the Perſon that was to be ſacrific'd to the King's revenge. But in this variety of concluſions, not being able to conclude any thing certainly, he gave Mony to one of the Souldiers that attended without his Chamber-door, bidding him go, and privately find out *Fernand* the Queens old Slave, and bring him along with him to the Priſon. The Souldier had no ſooner told the aged Captive his Errand, but the prudent Don *Fernand* felt ſuch a chilneſs upon his heart, as had almoſt benumm'd his Vitals, not being able to gueſs at firſt in that confuſion of his Animal Spirits, whether the Souldier meant *Ramira*, or *Ponce de Leon*. But immediately recollecting himſelf, as one that did not think it convenient that his ſurprize ſhould be too openly taken notice of, with a heart ſtrangely diſatisfy'd, and incumber'd with melancholy thoughts, he follow'd the Souldier at a diſtance to the *Albayzin*. As ſoon as he beheld the feign'd *Ramira* a Priſoner, there was nothing that reſtrain'd his Tears, but the private joy which he had, that it was not his belov'd Pupil upon whom this Misfortune was befallen. However, as ſoon as the Souldier was retir'd (which he did out of reſpect to the Perſon of *Ramira*, who had again amply rewarded him for the faithful delivery of his Meſſage) the aged Don *Fernand* could not chooſe but tenderly lament his condition, and as tenderly enquire into the cauſe of his commitment. The unfortunate *Ramira* then related to him all that he knew of the loſs of his Verſes, the Subject which they contain'd, and all that he could conjecture of the conſequences of ſuch a ſurprizal of his Paper. Don *Fernand* grew pale at the rehearſal, and the feign'd *Ramira* bluſh'd, expecting a ſevere rebuke, equal to what his negligence had merited. But the prudent *Fernand* not deeming it convenient to add affliction to his affliction, rather apply'd himſelf to the conſolation of the Illuſtrious Captives miſery, aſſuring him of the utmoſt of his faithful endeavours, and diligence to break the violence of the Storm, which threatned him. Thereupon it was concluded between them, that the whole Story ſhould be made known to the Sultaneſs, who might then make uſe of her Authority, as ſhe thought moſt proper for his enlargement. Which being thus agreed upon, Don *Fernand* departed, leaving the feign'd *Ramira* to his hopes and fears.

In the mean time, the King conſcious of what he had done, and being afraid leſt the News of *Ramira*'s impriſonment ſhould come to the Queens ears, before he could come to appeaſe her juſt indignation, by laying before her thoſe Reaſons which *Zarcan* and he had form'd between themſelves, hatted with his Favourite to her Apartment. And entring the Chamber with a Countenance more than uſually ſerene, Madam, *ſaid he, with a low Obeyſance*, As I have laid my Crown and Scepter at your feet, it is but reaſonable that I ſhould conſult your Advice for the preſervation of that which is more yours than my own. Now if I have diſcover'd any who are Enemies to both, I would fain know your Opinion, how I ſhould diſpoſe of their Perſons. This Queſtion no way pleas'd the Queen; for by *Zarcan's* appearance, ſhe apprehended that there muſt be ſome bitter Pill that lay roll'd up in the Sugar of thoſe words; and therefore ſhe return'd him this cold Anſwer: Sir, *ſaid ſhe*, It may be you think you have no greater Enemy than I am, and ſo I may be drawn in to give advice againſt my ſelf. However, Sir, *continu'd ſhe*, If I muſt give Counſel againſt my own life, I adviſe you to deprive me of thoſe Crowns and Scepters which you boaſt of, that your Enemy may be the leſs able to work

work any thing to your prejudice. Madam, *answer'd the King*, You are too unjuſt, to think ſo, nor have my proceedings bin ſo undutiful as to give you any ſuch ſuſpition. But why, *reply'd the Queen*, muſt I be troubled with your Enemies, that deſire ſo little to be troubled with your Friendſhip? becauſe they are under your protection, *answer'd the King*. I harbour none ſuch, *reply'd the Queen*, nor would I have you harbour me any longer, if you think I cheriſh Traitours: But this is one of your Friend *Zarcan*'s Plots, that will do you no good; theſe are idle contrivances againſt my Honour and my Virtue, which the World will be eaſily convinc'd of. The King perceiving her impatience begin to ſwell, thought it not convenient to ſay any more of the main matter, but to bring himſelf fairly off: Madam, *ſaid he*, it may be I may have committed an Errour, and if I have, I heartily implore your pardon; Nay, if though the Party concern'd ſhould be never ſo Criminal, if you defend his cauſe, he is already acquitted, and I ſhall take no farther notice of him: Yet it may be there are ſome, *continu'd he*, that would be better in their own Country than here. Upon thoſe words, he made haſt out of the Room, not giving the Queen any time to return an Anſwer; and going to the Princeſs *Morayma*'s Chamber, he related to his Siſter what he had done; how he had apprehended *Ramira* the Qeen's Slave, who was no Slave, but a Noble *Spaniard* diſguis'd, and held a correſpondence with his Enemies under that pretence. Then he deſir'd the Princeſs to take a calme opportunity to tell the Sultaneſs the truth of the matter, and to aſſure her that he had no ill intentions againſt him, but would ſet him at Liberty, when ever the neceſſity of his Affairs would permit. Having ſo ſaid, he haſtily left the Princeſs, in a ſtrange confuſion of thoughts, what ſhould be the meaning of ſo abrupt a riddle: However, conjecturing by the King's fears, that there had bin ſome falling out between the Sultaneſs and him, and that there was a neceſſity for her to make up the breach, knowing how much it concern'd her to keep the Ballance even between the Jealouſy of the King, and the Pride of the ſuppos'd Queen, half inſtructed as ſhe was, away ſhe haſted to the Sultaneſs's Apartment: At her firſt entry ſhe diligently obſerv'd the Queen's Countenance, but finding by her looks that ſhe was neither very much incens'd, nor very well pleas'd, ſhe was at a loſs which way to bring in the ſtory that ſhe had to tell, or how to ſound out the nature and ground of the Quarrel; As for the Sultaneſs, ſhe underſtood more than the Princeſs could tell her: For while the King had bin with *Morayma*, *Don Fernand* had bin with the Sultaneſs, and had inform'd her of the true reaſon of her Slaves Commitment from *Ramira*'s own mouth. Thereupon ſhe was ſo over-joy'd that *Ponce de Leon* was ſafe, that ſhe had almoſt forgot her reſentment for the Injury done to *Ramira*; beſides, that ſhe ſaw herſelf by his Impriſonment rid of the trouble of preventing him, by other means, from doing her the prejudice wherewith he had threaten'd her: However, partly out of the remembrance of the Love he had born her, and the dangers he had expos'd his Life to for her ſake, partly that ſhe might not be ſeen to give the leaſt inch of ground to the King, ſhe reſolv'd to ſtand upon her punctilio's, and to demand the Liberty of her impriſon'd Servant; yet not ſo zealouſly, but that ſhe would be ſatisfi'd, ſo that ſhe might be ſecur'd his Life and Liberty when the danger of his diſcovery ſhould be over. Perceiving therefore the Princeſs *Morayma* in that deep contemplation which I have already mention'd, ſhe reſolv'd to break the Ice for her herſelf: To which purpoſe, Madam, *ſaid ſhe*, I am very much miſtaken, if you have not now ſome excuſe, or other to make for the King; but knowing his offence to be very great, you cannot tell how to begin. 'Tis a ſtrange thing, *continu'd ſhe*, that I, who, ere this, expected the full performance of his Promiſes, to be free from his impertinent Courtſhip, muſt ſtill thus tamely be confin'd to have Injuries upon Injuries heap'd upon me by him, from whom I have leaſt deſerv'd them; Nor ſhall I ever take your word again, who have fail'd to often in your undertaking for him. *Morayma* being ſurpris'd at ſo ſharp an Attack, was more at a plunge than before, but immediately recovering herſelf, Madam, *ſaid ſhe*, I am ſo far from excuſing the King for what he has done amiſs, that I am ignorant what it is he has done; and therefore I am come to you, to be better inform'd: for I muſt confeſs ingeniouſly, I have heard but one ſide yet. Bid him then, *ſharply reply'd the Queen*, reſtore my Slave *Ramira*, whom he has illegally impriſon'd. Madam, *answer'd* Morayma, If that be the buſineſs, as you have hitherto ſhew'd your patience to the height, let me beg of you to conſider the reaſon of his proceeding, e're you ſuffer your ſelf to be too much tranſported. What greater Injury, *reply'd the Queen full of indignation*, could he have recompenc'd my ſufferings for his ſake withal, than to publiſh me the Refuge and Sanctuary of Traitors to the Kingdom! Was I ſo much beneath him, that I could not be made acquainted with his Deſign, eſpecially when it ſo neerly concern'd my own Honour, and Reputation of a Servant, that the more I had favour'd, the more it behov'd me to ſee him juſtified or condemn'd? Had I ſo little ſence or reaſon, that I was not able to judge whether the proofs were regular, or no? Madam, *ſaid* Morayma, many times Reaſons of State require ------ Reaſons of State! *reply'd the Queen very fiercely*, I have bin ſo long cajowl'd with theſe Reaſons of State, that I will liſten no longer to thoſe Chimera's. Reaſons of State keep me here, to act the part of a Player in the *Alhambra*; Reaſons of State muſt deprive me of my Servants: I wonder what

affront, what indignity Reaſons of State have next to put upon me? But, *anſwer'd* Morayma, what can be more dangerous, than to correſpond with an Enemy juſt under the Walls of our City; or what extremity of care can be blam'd, that diſcovers and ſeizes ſuch a Criminal? The Sultaneſs, who perceiv'd that they durſt not lay the complaint where the Shoe moſt pinch'd, and well underſtanding the pretended Accuſation to be really falſe, reſolv'd to take her advantages, as they took theirs; and either to free her ſelf out of the Alhambra, or to ſet her Slave at Liberty. Well aſſur'd of this, that though ſhe could obtain neither the one nor the other, yet that ſhe ſhould preſerve the Life of her Slave, till ſhe could otherwiſe procure his eſcape; Thereupon in anſwer to *Morayma*'s laſt words, Madam, *ſaid ſhe*, Though the burthen of this Accuſation lie upon the ſhoulders of my Slave, yet I am not ſo ſtupid as not to diſcover the Mark at which the King's inveterate Jealouſy aimes; who ſince he cannot vanquiſh my Reſolution, is reſolv'd to exerciſe his revenge upon my Perſon: But however I come by my end, I am reſolv'd to leave a Name behind me, as ſpotleſs as my Innocence: Tell therefore the King, and tell him from one that ſpeaks her mind with the ſerious calmneſs of a moſt ſubdued and vanquiſh'd Paſſion, That unleſs he produce thoſe pregnant Proofs to make good the Accuſation he has laid upon my Slave before this time to morrow, I do require his Liberty, and publick ſatisfaction for the wrong I have receiv'd: Which if he delay to grant me, tell him again, The Daughter of *Morayzel* and *Semahis* will be no longer fool'd. *Morayma*, who knew that the Sultaneſs was never worſe than her word, and the ill conſequences of her determination, ſhould ſhe be conſtrain'd to put it in execution, gave her all the fair hopes ſhe could expect from her Interceſſion with the King; and promis'd withal, That either the King ſhould come and give her ſatisfaction himſelf, or that ſhe would be the faithful Meſſenger of his Anſwer.

Morayma being charg'd with ſuch an important Commiſſion, took her leave of the Queen and retir'd to her own Apartment, there to conſult upon the ways and means how to carry herſelf ſo, that there might be no breach of either ſide, but that all things might be order'd to the Queen's ſatisfaction, and the King's advantage.

While ſhe is laying her Deſign for her own and the Queen's Honour, let us return to *Ponce de Leon*; who hearing of *Don Alvare*'s Impriſonment, was as much troubled at it, as you may believe a Rival might be at a Rivals Misfortune; yet his innate Generoſity could not but move him to pity the Condition of a Perſon of his Quality and Merit; But then again conſidering aright, that the King would not be rigorous toward a favour'd Servant of the Sultaneſs for fear of offending her, he began to be ſomewhat better pacified, and to look upon the Impriſonment of his Rival as an act of his kind Fortune, that had rid him of a Companion that would have troubled the Deſigns which he had in his Head; Finding therefore his Rival faſt from doing him any harm, which was the only miſery he fear'd in this World; and ſeeing himſelf baniſh'd from that Miſtreſs whom above all things in the World he moſt ador'd, he bent his thoughts wholly upon miſchief, reſolving, if he could, by any means to wreſt that Treaſure out of the Tyrant *Boandelin*'s hands, which he could not get by any other means.

As he was in that deep Meditation, he ſpies *Don Fernand* coming toward him; who no ſooner approach'd him, but with a Countenance that had much more of ſorrow than ſatisfaction in it, he related to him the misfortune of the Duke of *Infantada*: But, Sir, *ſaid he*, this is my comfort, that the Queen takes care to preſerve his Life; and I could wiſh, *continu'd he*, *more mournfully beholding* Ponce de Leon, that you were as Nobly and as ſafely convoy'd back to *Sevile*, as I am ſure, he will be by the particular care of the Sultaneſs. You are very kind, *Don Fernand*, *anſwer'd* Ponce de Leon, to wiſh me ſo cunningly with *Don Alvare* in the *Albayzin*; and yet I do not think the fair *Almahide* wiſhes me there her ſelf: No, *Don Fernand*, I have not leiſure now to be coopt up. Doſt thou not ſee the Clouds that are gathering about *Granada*? Here muſt I lye *perdu* for all advantages; and if I loſe the leaſt that offers it ſelf, may I looſe the happineſs which I labour to enjoy? *Don Fernand* not being able to dive into the depth of his Imaginations, begg'd him to have a care how he caſt away that Life, which as he well knew, he durſt not acknowledge to be his own. I know it is not my own, *reply'd the feign'd* Leonce, and therefore I muſt endeavour to make it hers, to whom it really belongs: And there is no other way to bring it about, but either by a moſt dreadful ſtorm of War, or by a ſmooth calm of Peace, among the *Moors*: For in War, perhaps, I my ſelf may do ſomething that may proſper my Deſigns; in Peace, it may be *Boandelin*, being out of fear, may quit his Love, when he ſees the fair *Almahide* ſo obſtinate in holding him to his Promiſe. They are the bold alone whom Fortune favours; then let us be bold, and leave the reſt to Fortune. Upon thoſe words, he quitted the Company of *Don Fernand*, and went directly to the Palace of *Morayzel*, where he then had his abode.

There we muſt leave him a while, and return to Prince *Audalla*: Who having diſcontinu'd his Suite to *Galiana*, for his Favourite *Zelebin*'s ſake, fell in Love with the fair *Cadige*, the Miſtreſs of the valiant *Amat*. She finding herſelf courted by the Prince of the *Moors*, and one that was in a fair way of diſpoſſeſſing his Brother, in regard his Ambition was always contriving againſt him, as ſhe was a Woman of a haughty and aſpiring Spirit, Does *Audalla*

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court thee ? *ſaid ſhe to her ſelf*, wherefore then do'ſt thou not ſubmit to the Brother of a King? Is it becauſe thou would'ſt not be true to *Amat?* And yet has *Amat* chang'd more than once already; How then canſt thou be aſcertain'd of his conſtancy? Why then ſhould'ſt thou ſtand upon ſuch a Punctilio for once, with one who has been ſo often guilty? Is it not better to be a Queen and ceaſe to love the inconſtant *Amat*, than to be faithful, and continue only bare *Cadige?* Well, but let him be a King firſt —— ſo he ſhall be —— For as he is, I am more a Friend to the Merit of *Amat*, than *Audalla's* Quality. Whilſt ſhe nouriſhed ſuch ſoaring thoughts as theſe full of Ambition, full of Conſpiracy, and full of Hopes, the proud *Audalla* courted the more haughty *Cadige*. But for all his Ambition, all his high Attempts, and all his Hopes, ſhe ſtill kept her diſtance; pleading her former Promiſes to *Amat*. Nevertheleſs he made her frequent Viſits; nor did he ſcruple to Court her openly, whether it were that he preſum'd upon his high Quality, or that he did it to pleaſe the *Zegrys*, who only ſupported his Intereſts, of which Faction the Parents of *Cadige* were deeply engag'd. One day, amongſt the reſt, finding her alone, Madam, *ſaid he*, Wherefore is it, that you take ſo little notice of a Prince, who is ready to lay down his life at your feet? Pardon me, Sir, *ſaid ſhe*, you tax me of a Crime, of which I am nothing guilty: And you have ill thoughts of a Perſon whom you pretend to love, to think ſhe ſhould be ſo rude to the Brother of her Sovereign. Did your diſdain, Madam, *anſwer'd he*, reach to all the World, it would be a comfort to my Misfortune; but give me leave to complain of your cruelty, when you beſtow that ſo frankly upon others, which I am forc'd to beg, ſtill anſwer'd with ſcorn and denial. Sir, *reply'd ſhe*, the heart you crave was given away long before, and therefore if you cannot be contented with my eſteem and friendſhip, I am ſorry I have no more to bequeath. I know *Amat's* worth, *reply'd the Prince*; but tell me, Madam, *continu'd he*, are you by Promiſe, or by Contract his? The Engagement, *anſwer'd ſhe*, is only in my love, but that's a Tye, which no Prince upon the Earth can ever undo; and you would hate me your ſelf, ſhould you find me unconconſtant to him, that has been more conſtant to me, than all the women in the world. However, *reply'd* Audalla, Your Promiſe has not ty'd you to an hour or a day, do but at my inſtance delay the accompliſhment, and there may come a chance which may authorize a lawful breach. Sir, *anſwer'd the haughty* Cadige, As *Amat* is a Subject, I prize his worth above all others in the world. So that while I look upon you only as a Subject, though a Prince; pardon me if I eſteem his affection equal to yours; and therefore I beg you to give over your ſuit; for there is nothing but a Kingdom, nothing but Sovereignty ſhall make me prove inconſtant. Had I Crown, *reply'd the Prince*, all that I would magnifie it for, would be only that it was in my power to lay it at your feet. Had you that Crown, *anſwer'd ſhe*, I cannot tell how my reſolutions might change. The Prince upon theſe words finding her begin to waver, reſolv'd to put a home Queſtion to her, and therefore addreſſing himſelf to her once more; But, Madam, *ſaid he*, were my Brother dead, and I King, would you then accept of my affection. I would accept of yours, or any man's affection, *cry'd ſhe*, upon that condition; and though I had you not, I would be yours upon thoſe terms. Upon thoſe words *Audalla* made her a low Obeyſance, and an offer to have kiſs'd her hand; but ſhe deny'd him, telling him with a diſdainful look, That that favour was to be granted to none but thoſe that ſhould put the Scepter into her hand before they kiſs'd it. The Prince thus repuls'd, forthwith return'd home, ſometimes full of hope, ſometimes full of anger; yet before he was out of her ſight, his affection was ſuch, that he could not chooſe but look back upon her, and obſerving her to give him a ſmile, a ſubtle provocative to encourage thoſe reſolutions which he had taken; he increas'd his hopes, and mitigated his anger for the time. Being return'd home, and alone in his Chamber, Low ſpirited, *Audalla, cry'd he to himſelf*, is this the fruit of all thy ſoaring Thoughts? are theſe the proofs of thy Ambition, thus in the midſt of all thy great Deſigns to ſuffer thy ſelf to become a Captive to a Woman, and whil'ſt thou ſeek'ſt to Command others, to permit thy ſelf to be a Slave to a Female-controul, that tyrannizes over thee with more violence, than the Tyranny of man could imagine to exerciſe? But alas! there are Charms in Love, which deſcend from Heaven, and which Mortality cannot reſiſt, for that very reaſon. She gave me a Smile. What's a Smile? —— Nothing from all the Beauties in the world beſide, —— But from her, ſo great a Bleſſing, that to enjoy ſuch another, I would dethrone my Father, were he alive: Dethrone my Father for a ſmile! Yes, for a Smile of *Cadige's*. Oh, Love, how boundleſs is thy power! But we conſider not the Reaſon: There is but one thing that urges Mortals to great Attempts, That's Honour. And there is but one thing for which we proſecute Honour, and that's Love. Love makes men Victorious, and Victory makes men Honourable. Love makes me ſeek to be a King, and aſpire to Sovereignty, which is the greateſt thing in the World. *Cadige* incites, *Cadige* encourages my Ambition, ſhe tells me, I muſt be that I would be, and I will be what I would be, becauſe ſhe tells me, I muſt be ſo. I muſt be a King, or I muſt not enjoy her; then I will pleaſe her humour to gratifie my own. No more, then Amorous *Audalla*, no more, thou ſhalt uſurp thy Brothers Throne; and ſummoning up together

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all the contrivances that wickedneſs can inſpire thy ambitious Breaſt withal, thou ſhalt be the Tyrant of *Granada*, or periſh in the attempt. With this reſolution he haſted where the Heads of the *Zegry's* were ſate in Council, where, after he had ſpoken many things, and exaſperated them, who were ſufficiently exaſperated already, he urg'd his Title to the Crown, by telling them, That he he was the true Heir, in regard his Brother was born when his Father was a private Perſon, and that therefore he was right Heir to the Crown, being the firſt-born after his Father was in poſſeſſion of it. Then he urg'd the great power of *Abyndarrays* and *Morayzel* with the King, who being *Abenzerrages* govern'd all things to the diſhonour and ruine of their Faction; Which laſt incentive inflaming their revenge, eaſily perſwaded them to applaud his firſt pretentions, ſo that now being all fully determin'd what to do, the only thing remaining was, to conſider the time and manner how to go about it; which while they are debating upon, the feign'd *Leonce*, being then in *Morayzel's* Palace, had various combuſtions in his thoughts. Sometimes tormented in his mind for the loſs of his beloved *Almahide's* Company, he began to accuſe her of levity and ingratitude; but then again reflecting upon all that he knew of her forc'd ſufferings, he call'd home his roving thoughts; and finding himſelf at liberty to act as his own Valour ſhould inſpire him, he began to rechear his Spirits, hoping to find out ſome opportunity to oblige one or the other Party, that the one out of gratitude, or the other out of generoſity, ſhould be forc'd to grant him the Boon, which then it was not ſeaſonable for him to deſire. But that which was his greateſt comfort, was, the advance of the *Caſtilian* King toward *Granada*; whoſe Succeſs he knew, could not prove diſadvantageous to him. Of which he did the leſs doubt, by reaſon of a certain Prophetie which he had heard or ſeen of one of the *Alphakes* or *Mooriſh* Prieſts; That when *Zahara* ſhould be ſurpriz'd by the *Moors*, the Kingdom of *Granada* ſhould be ſoon after at an end: which indeed happen'd to be true; for that City being ſurpriz'd in the Reign of *Muley Hazen* by the *Granadins*, gave occaſion to King *Ferdinand* to intend a Conqueſt, which he proſecuted with his utmoſt Force, and a moſt reſolute perſeverance. This kept the feign'd *Leonce's* Arm from any particular revenge, believing the Publick to be near at hand. So that now he ruminated only which part to take. *Morayzel* and the *Abenzerrages* he knew were for the King, and they the weaker ſide. To this he thought it was moſt juſt and moſt generous to adhere; in regard he ayded a Sovereign againſt Rebels, and the Party which where leaſt able to defend themſelves. On the other ſide, if by his aſſiſtance the *Zegry's* ſhould get the better, and that *Boandelin* ſhould fall in the Publick Quarrel, he could not conjecture at any one that would contend with him for the Guerdon he expected. But at length, *cry'd he to himſelf*, Art not thou Don *Ponce de Leon*, one of the Grandees of *Caſtile*, and would it not better become thee to be in the Army of thy Sovereign, than to be ſhut up here, to help thy Enemies in a City, againſt which thy native King is marching with his Enſigns diſplay'd? Was not thy Father Don *Pedro Ponce de Leon*, one of the firſt that enter'd *Granada* with Fire and Sword, took *Albama*, and perform'd many other great Exploits, that got him renown, againſt thoſe Enemies whom thy Valour defends? But, *reply'd he to himſelf again*, my Life and Soul are here. What Service can I do my King without a Life or Soul? Here I fight with vigour; and beſides, which Party ſoever ſhall be weakned by my Courage, while the front of both deſtroys each other, I ſhall do my Country the ſame Service, as if I were in the Field. While he was peſter'd with theſe perplexities, Don *Fernand* found him out, and gave him no ſmall relief for the preſent; for he brough him recommendations from the fair *Almahide*, and the Token of a Letter, more pretious to him than all the Jewels in *Boandelin's* poſſeſſion. The words were to this effect:

To the Generous *Ponce de Leon.*

I Am not yet Boaudelin's, *but by conſtraint; and therefore while you obſerve your Engagements to me, I will be better than my word to you: I know it as much afflicts you to be out of that Company you were wont to enjoy, as it grieves me to want my Truſty Slave. However, lay next your heart as much of me, as I can at preſent afford, till my Deſtinies have otherwiſe diſpos'd of me. Do nothing that may injure your ſelf or me; but above all things, have a care of that Life, which is ſo precious to*

ALMAHIDE.

This Letter had ſo entranc'd the over-joy'd heart of the feign'd *Leonce*, that had he been then to have encountred the Obſtructers of his Felicity, they would have felt the double effects of his united Love and Valour. He tenderly embrac'd Don *Fernand*, and gave the fair *Almahide* a thouſand thanks for her kind remembrance of him, in the perplex'd condition he was in. He would have return'd her an Anſwer: But Don *Fernand* aſſuring him that it was the fair *Almahide's* deſire that he ſhould not give himſelf the trouble, to avoid all ſuſpition of holding any correſpondence together; he only requeſted the

the prudent Slave to teſtifie his acknowledgment of the great favour he had receiv'd, and to give her his Engagement, that upon her very firſt injunction, he had laid aſide all thoughts of doing any thing contrary to her Reputation and Convenience; and that he was reſolv'd to uſe no other means now for the recovery of her Liberty, but what his Valour ſhould make way for, and his Courage prompt him to; wherein he ſhould ſo obſerve the Rules of Honour and Juſtice, that her Love ſhould have no cauſe to complain. After that, he enquir'd of Don *Fernand* how Affairs ſtood with the feign'd *Ramira*. The prudent Slave return'd for anſwer, That the Duke of *Infantada* had no reaſon to complain of any ill uſage in his confinement, in regard the Queen took more than ordinary care of his ſafety; and for that *Boandelin* had not leiſure to ſhew his Authoriy, while he found his Enemies preparing to diſpute it with him, whether he had any Authority or no. Really, *ſaid the Noble* Ponce de Leon, for my part, though he has been my Rival, notwithſtanding the many differences that have been between us, notwithſtanding the many hours of trouble wherewith he hath perplexed me, the fears and jealouſies wherewith he has tormented me, there is no Perſon in the world for whoſe life and liberty, I would not venture my own more fairly, than for his. And therefore I beg of you, to the end ſhe may be the leſs oblig'd to *Boandelin*, to the tell the Queen, that my requeſt to her is, That ſhe would only be mindful of his good uſage, during his ſtay where he is, and that I will take upon me the reſt. Don *Fernand*, after he had promis'd punctually to perform his Commands, applauded his generoſity, and told him withal, That certainly the Heavens had ſome particular Proſperity in ſtore for ſo much a Goodneſs and Magnanimity, which after he had wiſh'd him with all the devotion imaginable, he took his leave and departed; ſo ſoon as he was gone, the feigned *Leonce* open'd the Letter again, read it over and over, and kiſs'd it a thouſand times: Then buttoning it up next his heart, he began to think with himſelf, whether it were not a private *Item* from the lovely Queen, who knew that the Illuſtrious *Ponce de Leon*, would not be idle if he ſtaid in Town, to aſſiſt the *Abenzerrages*, of whom her Father *Morayzel* was the Chief. Thereupon led by a conjecture, made rather according to his deſire, than according to truth, he went to *Morayzel*, and finding him alone, he enter'd into a diſcourſe with him upon the preſent conjuncture of Affairs. Certainly, *ſaid* Morayzel, *ſhaking his head*, never did ruine more vigorouſly threaten *Granada* than now it does. The long Peace of *Muley Hazen*'s Reign has begot two ſuch Factions, that will never give over, till they have deſtroy'd each other. However this is my comfort, *continued he*, that yet I do not find the laſt part of the great Aſtrologer's Propheſie to be true, wherein he tells me, my Daughter *Almahide* ſhall be the ruine of her Country; for I find her no way concern'd in all our Hurly-Burly's as yet. On the contrary, if the *Abenzerrages* prevail, ſhe may live to be a Publick Benefit. For, then ſhe will have the management of the King's Ear for her Countries good, which I dare ſay, ſhe will never neglect. I ſhould be very ſorry, *reply'd the feign'd* Leonce, that the laſt part of the Propheſie ſhould ever prove true; and therefore I hope the Aſtrologer was in an Errour. But, Sir, If my Aſſiſtance can give any ſuccour to the *Abenzerrages*, the valiant *Morayzel* may be ſure, that his Servant *Leonce* will never forſake his old Maſter. 'Tis an offer, *reply'd* Morayzel, which I ſhould be too imprudent to refuſe, who have had ſo much experience of your Valour. With that he caus'd a Noble Suite of Arms to be brought him, together with a Target and Cymitar, fit for the Execution of his hand. Receive theſe Arms, moſt Valiant Freeman, *cry'd he*, —— But then, *continued he*, *with a deep ſigh*, I wiſh to the holy *Alla*, they may not prove diſadvantageous to our Country, by the fatal havock they will make, fatal, even to the Victor's themſelves. For the loſs of Defendants expoſes a Kingdom to eminent danger. The feigned *Leonce* was about to have return'd an Anſwer, when a dreadful noiſe of Warlike ſhouts invaded their Ears. Out they ran, and the firſt they met, were the united Bands of the *Abenzerrages*, led by *Abyndarrays*, haſt'ning towards *Morayzel*'s Palace, for their Captain. They were over-joy'd when they ſaw the renown'd Free-man by *Morayzels* ſide; and as it were inſpir'd with a confidence of Victory, they march'd back to the *Vivarambla*, fully reſolv'd to encounter their Enemies. *Boandelin* was then in the Chamber of the lovely Sultaneſs, but having receiv'd Intelligence of the Tumult, he had no longer time than only to expreſs himſelf in theſe words. Madam, *ſaid he*, I know not how the Deſtinies will deal with me before the Sun goes down. It may be, you may wiſh my fall; but I wiſh to the holy *Alla*, that you may not find my Brother *Audalla* more imperious than I have been. I have more reaſon, Sir, *reply'd the lovely Queen*, to pray for your ſafe return, that your Proſperity may releaſe me —— The King could not endure the unpleaſant ſound of the word *releaſe*; which made him haſten, without ſtaying to hear the reſt, to his Guards, that ſtayd for him at the Gate of the *Alhambre*. And being mounted, he rode directly to the great *Piazza*; where he was no ſooner come, but he ſaw the two eager Factions ready to grapple. The King immediately threw himſelf between the two Bodies: And firſt, he conjur'd them by their Allegiance to hold their hands. Then he laid before them the imminent danger to which they expos'd the whole Kingdom, in the Bowels whereof they beheld ſo powerful an Enemy already enter'd. He beſought them to turn their

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fury upon the common Foe: Alas: *cry'd he*, this is but what the Chriſtians ſtand and laugh at; to ſee you fight their Battels, and facilitate their Conqueſts. But *Mohavide*, of the *Zegry* Party, remembring how he had been vanquiſh'd by the Illuſtrious *Ponce de Leon*, while we went for a Slave, and the ſhame he had undergone thereby, ſeeing his Enemy at the head of the *Abenzerrages*, burning with revenge, flew toward his Enemy, with all the vigour he could ſummon up. But the valiant Free-man met him with a Courage and Strength which had been always ſuperior to his, and ſlew him before any Aſſiſtance could come to his relief. Thereupon the King immediately flies in with his Guards, cauſes the Noble Stranger to be ſeiz'd, and diſarm'd, and gives a poſitive Command, that he ſhould be immediately put to death. Never was the Illuſtrious *Ponce de Leon* in ſuch an apparent danger in his life, among all the hazards which he ever underwent before; diſarm'd in the midd'ſt of an arm'd throng, who were leading him to the ſlaughter. But the greatneſs of the danger did but exaſperate the Courage of the Valiant Stranger. So that finding his opportunity, he ſnatch'd a Weapon out of the hands of one of the Souldiers; and with that ſo beſtirr'd himſelf, that he ſoon made his way through the midd'ſt of the Guard, and got ſafe to the *Abenzerrages*, who gladly receiv'd him into their protection. *Morayzel* and *Abyndarrays* hearing the King's Command, had offerr'd their own lives to ſave his, while he was in the hands of the Guards. They told the King, how ſhameful and unworthy a thing it would be, to put ſuch a valiant Perſon to death, whoſe Virtue he knew, and whoſe life he had ſav'd himſelf before for his Valour. That he was the Stranger, that had honour'd him ſo far at the laſt Carrouſel; and at laſt they declar'd to him flat and plainly, That if any harm befel that Perſon, they would forſake his Party. The King, glad to underſtand what *Zarcan* and he had ſo long ſought to know, and willing to take the opportunity of a more open revenge, as well to gratifie himſelf, as to pleaſe the *Abenzerrages*, remanded his former Order in all haſte, and ſent for the Noble Stranger. But the Meſſenger ſoon return'd, and told the King, That the Priſoner had reſcu'd himſelf already from the Guards, and was in the Head of the *Zegry's*; that he went to him thither, and had deliver'd his Majeſties Meſſage: To which the Noble Stranger return'd for Anſwer, That he would not fight for thoſe that knew not how to value his Courage. And farther, *ſaid the Meſſenger*, he Commanded me to tell your Majeſty, That your Scepter was not your own, while he forſook your ſide. *Morayzel* and *Abindarrays* were very much troubled at the News, but the King much more; for he knew that the loſs of the *Abenzerrages* was his ruine; nor could he imagine, the weaker Party would be able to reſiſt the ſtronger, yet ſtronger grown by the recruit of ſo irreſiſtable a Courage. He reſolv'd therefore to put off Majeſty, and to move that by Entreaty which he could not obtain by his Authority. For the *Zegry's*, encourag'd by the preſence of the Valiant Stranger, were mad to have fallen on. They never miſs'd *Mohavide*, nor never minded his Revenge, though they ſaw him lye dead before them, believing they had got five hundred men by his loſs: And certainly there had bin a very great ſlaughter of the *Abenzerrages* that day, had not the Generoſity of *Ponce de Leon*, mad to ſee a King conſtrain'd to be ſubmiſſive below his Dignity, put a ſuddain and unexpected ſtop to the Fury of his new Party: For *Boaudelin*, fearing the rage of his new encourag'd Adverſary, rode up to the Heads of the *Zegry's*, and having entreated ſilence, with a penſive Countenance and a ſubmiſſive Look, Friends, *ſaid he*, Behold your King, that comes not with any armed Force to withſtand your improvok'd Fury; I ſay improvok'd, becauſe you never had any cauſe to complain of *Boaudelin*, but with praiſe and intreaty. Do not overturn that Ancient Throne, which your Anceſtors and you your ſelves have hitherto ſo ſtoutly defended. Paſt Injuries, if I have done ye any, forgive; and let not the Chriſtians, your mortal Enemies, triumph over your Diviſions. If *Audalla* deſires the Crown, let him ſtay till he be ſure whether *Granada* ſhall continue a Kingdom, or no: In the mean time, let me beſeech ye, if not as Subjects, yet as my fellow Country-men, to ceaſe your Arms againſt one another, and to turn them upon the common Foe. Conſider, that a King entreats ye ----- Enough, Sir, *cry'd the Illuſtrious Stranger*, interrupting him, touch'd with a generous compaſſion upon ſtooping Soveraignty; and then turning toward *Audalla*, Prince, *ſaid he*, and what I ſpeak to you, I ſpeak to the reſt; the raſh and unadviſed Acts of Multitude may be buried in Oblivion, but for Subjects to ſtand irreverently ſmiling at the Supplications of their Prince; to ſee him on his bended knees, and not immediately to melt into Obedience, ſhakes the very Order of Nature, and pulls up the very Foundations of the moſt Heav'n-born Government. Injur'd as I was, diſarm'd and commanded to death, I could have fought him in the heat of Blood: But as he is a King, as I am the Subject to a King, I cannot hear him pray. Let it never then be ſaid, that your Soveraign beſought you his Subjects; but let us meet his entreaties with our prayers, and beg of him to accept of our return to ----- Beg of him, *cry'd the haughty* Gomel, *interrupting him*, No, we muſt firſt revenge our dead, e're that be done. That will not be to day, *reply'd the Illuſtrious Stranger, retiring to the Kings Guards*; and then approaching *Boaudelin* himſelf, Sir, *ſaid he*, When you commanded me to death, I was your Foe, but I will never aſſiſt thoſe Subjects that will ſuffer their Soveraign to beg

beg of them, and not ſubmit. Having ſo ſaid, he advanc'd toward the *Zegry's*, and with a haughty utterance, and an aſtoniſhing preſence, Your King has done praying now, *he cry'd*, and now commands ye to lay down your rebellious Arms; or if he does not, 'tis I my ſelf will be obey'd at this preſent: And therefore let no man dare to ſtir a foot that will not meet his certain ruine. He ſpoke thoſe words with ſuch a Majeſtick utterance, that the whole Battalia of the *Zegry's* cried out, Long live King *Boaudelin*; ſo that the Heads of the Faction were forc'd to retire to new Conſultations.

Boaudelin having thus got a little breathing time, ſpent it all in tormenting the lovely *Almahide* with his former importunities; But as *Boaudelin* was conſtant in the proſecution of his Amours, ſo was the fair *Almahide* no leſs ſtedfaſt to thoſe Reſolutions ſhe had always adher'd to, for which ſhe had the greateſt Plea, in regard of the unſettledneſs of the Times: On the other ſide *Audalla*, fuming that he had loſt the opportunity of falling on before *Boaudelin* had cool'd the Valiant Strangers Revenge by his Submiſſion to the *Zegry's*, ſtudied night and day to regain what he had loſt, to confirm his old Friends, to make new ones, but eſpecially to recover the Illuſtrious Stranger to his ſide, commanding *Muley Hamet*, the Brother of *Cadige*, to make that his ſole Buſineſs. Nor did the near approach of *Ferdinand* and *Iſabel* at all diſcourage him in his Enterprize; though it freed the lovely Sultaneſs from much vexation, in regard that *Boaudelin* was continually employ'd in making preparations againſt a potent Enemy, that was advancing to inveſt him in the chief City of his Kingdom: For now King *Ferdinand* with an Army of ten thouſand Horſe and threeſcore thouſand Foot, having in his March deſtroy'd the Valley of *Aletin* together with all the plain Country of *Granada*, and forc'd the Paſs of *Alpunterras*, was advanc'd as far as *Goſto*, where he pitch'd his Camp in the form of a City, which he call'd *San Foy*; whither alſo came the famous *Iſabella* with her Children; for *Ferdinand* was reſolv'd to take the Town, or periſh in the Enterprize.

Boaudelin had a hard task to reſiſt ſo potent an Enemy without, and ſo terrible an Adverſary within; and yet for all this, his deſtiny was ſuch, that though he had had daily experience of the Valiant Stranger's Valour in every Sally which he had made, to the Infinite ſatisfaction of the People, yet he diſoblig'd him for a Trifle: For the Generous *Ponce de Leon* having undertaken to himſelf to ſet the Duke of *Infantada*, his Friend, although his Rival, at Liberty, one day among the reſt, when the King was enlarging upon the Merits of the Valiant Stranger, and proffering him all Recompences that lay in his Power, the Generous *Ponce de Leon* deſir'd of him, as the Reward of all his Services, the Liberty of the Queen's Slave, that was in the *Albayzin*. *Boaudelin* was ſtrangely diſcompos'd at the Requeſt, and the Illuſtrious *Ponce de Leon* as much admir'd at his Refuſal. But *Boaudelin* was unwilling to let go that Perſon whom he had found by ſeveral circumſtances and conjectures, to be highly favour'd by the Sultaneſs, and was the only formidable Rival, as he thought, which he had in the World; not knowing what Accidents might happen while the fair Sultaneſs had a Lover in the Spaniſh Camp: However, that he might not altogether diſſatisfy the Stranger, who had ſo much oblig'd him, he crav'd the reſpite of his Anſwer for two or three days; which the Generous *Ponce de Leon* readily conſented to. The next day he made a Sally upon the *Spaniards*; the Parties on both ſides were very conſiderable, and the Conflict was as ſharp; but the *Moors*, being inſpir'd by the example of their Leader, got the Victory; while he, having ſpied the Chief Commander that led the Party, made ſuch havock to come at him, that the *Spaniards* were forc'd to give ground. In ſhort, the two Commanders met, they fought, and the *Spaniard* was taken Priſoner by the Valiant Stranger. Thereupon the *Spaniards* ran, leaving many ſlain, and many Priſoners behind them. The Valiant Stranger having brought his Priſoner to *Granada*, he knew him not to be the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, General of the *Spaniſh* Army; ſo much had Time and Age worn the mark of his Phyſiognomy out of his Memory: Nor did the Duke know him, by reaſon of the alteration of his Habit and Years; however, the Generous *Ponce* took care that he ſhould be Nobly provided for, judging him to be a Perſon of no mean Quality, and in a few hours went to viſit him himſelf: That Viſit produc'd ſeveral Diſcourſes of the King of *Spain's* Army, of the Valour of the *Granadines*, and of the laſt Skirmiſh wherein the Duke was taken; at the concluſion whereof, Well, Valiant Youth, *cry'd the Duke*, I never thought Fortune to be a Courter of Old Men, but I have the moſt reaſon to complain of her in the World, to be here coopt up in the Infancy of a Siege, when ſo many Noble Exploits were expected from me. But why ſhould I repine? For we are too apt to think we can do better the next time. Sir, If you think you can, *reply'd the Illuſtrious* Ponce, you ſhall not ſtay here an hour, for I will go immediately and beg your Releaſe. Valiant Youth, *anſwer'd the Duke in an extaſie of joy*, I take you at your Word, and to morrow morning I will with my Sword repay your Courteſie to the full. Thereupon the Valiant Stranger went to *Boaudelin*, and beſought the Liberty of his Priſoner: But the King unwilling to let go a Perſon that had ſhew'd more than ordinary Valour, and whom he thereby judg'd to be none of the leaſt conſiderable of his Enemies, gave the Generous *Ponce* an abſolute denial, telling him, It was not then a time to let ſuch Priſoners go. *Ponce* incens'd at his refuſal, meets with *Muley Hamet* in the height of his diſcontent; who well obſer-

ving anger in his Countenance, and underſtanding the reaſon, for the Noble Stranger was not ſhie to tell it, declar'd to him, How *Audalla* intended to ſurprize his Brother the next Night, and that there was nothing wanting but his powerful Aſſiſtance, which would render the Iſſue of the Deſign infallible. The inrag'd *Ponce de Leon* burning with revenge, was eaſily perſwaded to joyn with the Prince, who receiv'd him with all the marks of Honour and Eſteem imaginable; and having unfolded to him all the bottom of his Deſign, he preſented him with a Scimitar and Buckler of an extraordinary Value.

All this while, the captiv'd Captive, the feign'd *Ramira*, hearing of the approach of the *Caſtilian* Army, and finding it impoſſible for him to reſiſt the powerful Aſcendant which *Ponce de Leon* had over him, reſolv'd to content himſelf only with the Friendſhip and Eſteem of the lovely Sultaneſs, and to forego his former pretenſions to her: And now being fully determin'd to be reveng'd upon the whole Nation of the *Moors* for her ſake, he grew impatient of that Servitude and Confinement which he had hitherto endur'd. In the midſt of theſe thoughts *Don Fernand* came to viſit him, and brought him the welcome News of *Ponce de Leon*'s intentions to procure his Liberty. And does my Rival continue his old Cuſtom of Generoſity ſtill ſo briskly? *cry'd the overjoy'd* Ramira; Can he forget the Quarrels between us, the Vexations, the Fears, the Jealouſies wherewith I have all along diſturb'd his Quiet? Will he truſt me in the Service of the fair Sultaneſs, while he is baniſh'd from her preſence? Certainly, *Don Fernand*, ſuch a friendſhip is not to be injur'd; Go, tell him I have reſign'd all my Intereſt in the fair *Almahide*, to him that better deſerves her; Tell him, that now my Sword's my Miſtreſs, with which I intend to court Honour only in the *Caſtilian* Army, whither I intend to haſten, ſo ſoon as I ſhall become indebted to him for my Liberty. The prudent Slave promis'd to ſollicite for him with all the diligence that he ow'd to his Birth and Quality; and gave him an Account withal of the Diſſentions that were in the City, and the great Alterations which were like to fall out: For, *continu'd he*, certain it is, that *Boaudelin* has a ſecond time idly diſguſted his beſt Friend, *Ponce de Leon*, who now ſits in Counſel with *Audalla*, and the reſtleſs *Zegri's*, which preſages no good to the King. And indeed, never was Conſpiracy more cloſely carried on in the ſame City, where the King himſelf reſided, and in the ſame City, where he has all his Forces about him, inſomuch that, had it not bin for an Accident, *Boaudelin* had bin ſurpriz'd without ſtriking ſo much as one ſtroak for his Crown: For *Amatt*, as fierce, as *Cadige's* haughty, enrag'd to ſee her ſo franckly admit the Viſits of *Audalla*, reſolv'd to interrupt them both as much as lay in his power. To which intent his diligence was ſo watchful, that yeſterday he perceiv'd *Cadige* giving *Audalla* a ſmile, which ſhe thought ſhe had ſtole from his ſight, upon the probabilities which the Prince had given her of being King in a few days. *Amatt* grew enrag'd, and when the Prince was gone, he began to ſchool her for her Infidelity: Are theſe the Fruits of all your Vows? *ſaid he*, Are theſe the effects of your plighted troth, to be ſo prodigal of that which is none of your own? A ſmile's but a ſhadow, *reply'd the haughty* Cadige; You have the ſubſtance, *Amatt*, for you have my Heart. The ſubſtance and the ſhadow are both mine, *anſwer'd* Amatt, you have nothing to diſpoſe off, I will not reſign one wink to any Man living upon the Earth. Will you not have me civil? *reply'd* Cadige. Not to my Rival, *anſwer'd* Amatt; to him you ought to have bin rude. Hold, *Amatt*, *reply'd Cadige with a diſdainful frown*, When did I give you this large power to regulate my Looks or Smiles? When you reſign'd your Heart and your Affection to me, *anſwer'd* Amatt; then it was that you gave me this large power. That power, *ſcornfully anſwer'd* Cadige, this very minute I recal. This very minute then, *anſwer'd* Amatt, do I diſannul all my Vows and Proteſtations; Henceforth I am no longer yours. Upon thoſe words he flung out of her Chamber; and in the firſt place to revenge himſelf upon her Party, being a *Zegry*, he went in all haſt to the *Alhambre*, where he found *Boaudelin* and the greateſt part of Ladies and *Abencerrages* in the midſt of their Mirth: For the King had that Night prepar'd a moſt magnificent Ball, on purpoſe to divertize the fair Sultaneſs. Immediately he call'd the King aſide, and declar'd to him the whole progreſs of *Audalla*'s Conſpiracy, and the terrible danger of a ſurprizal, wherein he was that Night. The King amaz'd and terrified, ſtood like a Statue for a while: The conſternation that ſeiz'd his ſpirits was ſuch, that he was hardly ſenſible of the danger he was in. He ſtar'd, look'd ghaſtly, trembled, not being able to ſpeak a word; which when the Illuſtrious Company obſerv'd, they were all at their wits end, not knowing what the matter ſhould be: But preſently came running in Meſſenger after Meſſenger, with terrour and diſtraction in their Faces, and the loud cries of *Treaſon*, *Treaſon*, in their mouths, quite out of breath to ſay any more; By and by recovering themſelves, they told the King, That *Audalla* was at hand, that he had already maſter'd half *Granada*, and was proclaim'd King by the ſhouts and acclamations of the People, who all along as he went cry'd, Long live King *Audalla*. That the Valiant Stranger, like a Hurricane, drove all before him, and had plac'd the Enſigns of the new King upon the Walls of the *Albayzin*. Such Thunder-claps as theſe, had almoſt overwhelm'd the King, but being of a great ſpirit, as if the nearneſs of the danger had put

new

new life into him, he call'd for his Guards, and Commanded the Gates of the *Alhambra* to be ſhut. The Ladies every one ſhifted for themſelves, as well as they could, and the fair Sultaneſs retir'd to her Apartment, with the prudent *Morayma*, *Boandelin*'s Siſter, where ſhe ſate bewayling the Misfortunes of her Country, and wiſhing ſhe had either dy'd in *Spain*, or that the Jealouſie of the Duke of *Infantada* had not made a diſcovery of her Parentage. But *Amatt*, ſeeing the King in that perplexity, more out of revenge than fidelity, Sir, *ſaid he*, If you would know the cauſe of my revolt, and the diſcovery I have made, I have but a little time to tell you, That 'tis to be reveng'd upon that Uſurper, your Brother, who would not only uſurp your Throne from you, but tear from me the fair *Cadige*, who has already given me, as you well know, the poſſeſſion of her heart. Grant me therefore but one Band of your *Abenzerrages*, and I will either periſh, or bring you the Uſurpers head; I am doubly arm'd with Revenge and Loyalty: and if I do not now expiate my former diſobedience, ſacrifice me afterwards to your injur'd Majeſty. The King glad of his aſſiſtance, gave him leave to take what Forces he pleas'd. Nor was the fierce *Amatt* long without a noble Company of Volunteers, that reſolv'd to ſtick by him. With thoſe he iſſu'd out of the *Alhambra*, impatient to meet his Rival, who had deſpoyl'd him of the only Treaſure which he had in the World. Having encourag'd his Followers, he boldly advanc'd toward *Audalla*; but all the good he did, was only, that he put a ſtop to the Prince's fury, and gave the King more time ſecure his Palace. For Ambition being moſt commonly better accompani'd than Revenge, notwithſtanding all the bravery that ſurrounded him, and his own perſonal Valour, he was overpowr'd by Number, his Men were cut in pieces, and he himſelf bravely encountring his Rival, vigorouſly aſſiſted by his Adherents, was run through in many places, and fell mortally wounded, a Victime to his Miſtreſſe's Inconſtancy. But as he fell, Puſillanimous Prince, *he cry'd*, that didſt not dare to fight thy Rival ſingly, Enjoy the Reward of thy Cowardize, and may that falſhood which has been my ruine, puniſh thy Unjuſtice. On the other ſide, the Wonderful Stranger, like a Prodigie of a Tempeſt, clearing all before him, tore down the Gates of the *Albayzin*, and was ready to enter with an irreſiſtable ſlaughter, when the appall'd Enemy, ſtruck with a panick dread, preſently ſubmitted. So ſoon as he had made all things ſecure, he went immediately to the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, and having order'd him a Convoy to conduct him forthwith to the *Caſtilian* Camp, he diſmiſs'd him with all the Civility and Marks of Honour, that the Hurly-burly would permit. Sir, *ſaid he*, What the Ingratitude of thoſe that were oblig'd, would not ſuffer me to perform ſooner, I have perform'd this day. For I ſhould be glad to meet ſuch Enemies always in the Field. And I will never keep thoſe Valiant Men in Chains, that are able to find me ſuch ſport as you did. Go freely, Sir, and make uſe of your Noble Valour in the beſt manner you can; for I would be glad that all the King of *Caſtile*'s Army were ſuch. Noble Youth, *reply'd the Duke*, Believe a Souldiers word, thou ſhalt have that thanks, when e're we meet again, and thoſe beſt Returns that *Spain* can make thee; Thanks ſutable to thy Valour, and the Courage of him that makes the Promiſe. Upon thoſe words the Duke took his leave, bowing to his Middle-bowe, with a noble Grace to the Valiant Stranger. He was no ſooner gone, but the Generous *Ponce de Leon* went to the Duke of *Infantada*, and after he had tenderly embrac'd him, Noble Friend, *ſaid he*, I bring you that, which had you not been ſurpriz'd, you never could have wanted, your Liberty. You are not to look upon it as a Gift, but as a Duty which I ought to have perform'd long before. For as you are not my Captive, I do but only reſcue you from Power and Number, having Number and Power to do it. Renowned *Ponce de Leon, anſwer'd the Duke of* Infantada, You have obtain'd a double Victory, you have won my Friendſhip, and won me from my Love. Enjoy the fair *Almahide*, as the Reward of your Conqueſts, and may your Conqueſts never end till you enjoy her. The Count of *Pegnafiel* would have return'd him an Anſwer, but that the noiſe of new Encounters call'd him away; ſo that he had only time to provide him another Convoy with ſtrict Command to obey the Orders of the Perſon that they conducted.

The Valiant Stranger having thus given ſatisfaction to his Friendſhip, he began to hearken to the tender calls of his Affection. The Image of the fair *Almahide* ſometimes ſeem'd to implore his aid; then again to upbrayd his ſloth: Sometimes he thought he ſaw her ſuffering under the deſpairing revenge of *Boandelin*, for his ſake; ſometimes he thought he beheld her in the rude hands of the inrag'd Souldiers, who had forc'd the *Alhambre*, and were ravaging in the Sanctuary of a Palace, which his Sword ought to have preſerv'd inviolate. Then he thought he had an opportunity to ſnatch her from the Arms of him that kept her in a Captivity, which ſhe ſuffer'd ſo much againſt her will; and to lay new Engagements upon her, in reſtoring her her Liberty. In this diſtraction of thoughts, his Valour re-inforcing his Love, he ran, like a Winter Torrent, without any oppoſition to tne *Alhambre*; but being to go a back-way to the Caſtle, ſome paces before he came near it, an unuſual Spectacle ſtopt the fury of his ſteps. He ſaw ſome half a ſcore Women, clad after the ſuppliant manner of the *Moors*, fearfully moving toward him. For *Boandelin* being reduc'd to utmoſt extremity, in ſuch a Pell-mell of Confuſion,

knew not what course in the World to take. But inspiring danger, soon put him in mind of his Sister, the prudent *Morayma*, with whom he immediately went to consult. Her Advice was, That there were but two ways for him to choose, either to dye honourably, or else to seek a condescending Composition with his Brother. Alas! *reply'd the dejected King*, D'you think, Sister, that *Audalla* puff'd up with his good Fortune, and driving absolutely at my ruine, will admit of any Composition, considering the Advantages he has got. Brother, *said* Morayma, I am perswaded, there is yet that Noble sence of Honour, that prevailing compassion, that magnanimous Generosity still remaining in the Breast of the Magnanimous Stranger, that if you would but acknowledge the Injuries you have done him, he would yet hearken to Reason, and mitigate *Audalla*'s fury. You know the affection which he has to the fair *Almahide*, (knowing now that it was he that maintain'd her Honour at the Carrousel) Let her supplicate in your behalf, and I am sure he can deny her nothing. Alas! *reply'd the King*, the Remedy is worse than the Disease: For, then must I surrender all that which is dearer to me than my Crown or Life, into the hands of my Rival and my Enemy. Vertues are to be made of Necessities, *answer'd the prudent* Morayma; I know not how to help it. But you have this to comfort your self withal, *continu'd she*, that you may be sure the fair Sultaness will act nothing to stain her Honour, or contrary to the Promises which she has made you, while you are in a condition to make good your Engagements to her. Besides, you had better venture your Affairs upon this hazard, than to stay till she be taken from you by force, for then she will be certainly irrecoverable. The King induced more by his Necessities, than her Arguments, gave her full Commission to act according to her own prudence: No, *answer'd* Morayma, I will not go without your Majesty, for I fore-see there will be those Promises expected from you, which I am not able to engage on your behalf. Thereupon *Morayma* and the King went both together to the Apartment of the Sultaness. And *Morayma* undertaking to speak, Madam, *said she*, There is no Person has Power in the *Alhambra*, but you: For you sit here a Victrix, and triumph in the Conquests of him that adores your Beauties. He wins, knowing that while he wins, we must be forc'd to pray. Nor have we any other Remedy to stop the bleeding wounds of our Country, unless you will be pleas'd to drop the Balm of your Intercession into them. Alass! *reply'd the pensive Queen*, I hardly know the Prince *Audalla*, how can I intercede to a Person that I hardly ever convers'd with in my Life? Oh! Madam, *cry'd* Morayma, 'tis his better Genius that you are not to implore, but to Command. He that Commands the World, obeys you; and if your Love but whisper, he will drop that fatal Sword, that threatens a Monarch's ruine. Madam, *answer'd the feign'd Sultaness*, as for that Person whom you mean, if he had any kindness for me, it was that which I never durst take notice of; and indeed as my Father had bestow'd me, it was not for my Honour to do otherwise than to carry my self with a cold behaviour toward him. So that if I then rejected the free proffers of his Service, what can I look for now, but to be recompenc'd with his just resentment of my seeming Ingratitude. He will now disdain my Prayers, as then I slighted the addresses of his Love. But, Madam, *answer'd* Morayma, he receiv'd the noble Guerdon of his Victory in the Carrousel at your hands. That was no Gift of mine, *reply'd the Sultaness*, it was no more but what was propos'd to others, only his Valour won it; and so it became his due: It was only that which I was but intrusted to give, and could not refuse him. Oh! Madam, *answer'd* Morayma, You need not question but he bears that Gift about him still, and looks upon it as the Charm that carries him invulnerable through so many surrounding dangers, which his Sword still overcomes. Can you think that he will fore-goe the Honour of having you his Suppliant? No, no, Madam, I am confident he is too generous to triumph in such a Victory. Madam, *then cry'd* Boaudelin *with tears in his eyes*, If I delay'd the performance of those Promises to which I engag'd my self, blame not *Boaudelin*, blame my love, blame that tender affection which I have to your Person: For, who being in possession of so many rare perfections both of Body and Mind, would not endeavour to preserve them to himself, if it were possible? But if you think my love, that has been so great, cannot deserve your pity, stay; for I desire not to live. And indeed, wherefore should I live? I may say, to discharge my self of those Promises and Obligations which I have made; but you will Answer, There will now be no need of that, when my death and utter ruine will rid you of my amorous Importunities, and give you that Freedom, from which I have been so long your hindrance. Sir, *answer'd the compassionate Sultaness*, could I serve your Majesty with my life, I would lay it down at your feet; for I am above measure griev'd to see a King, to behold a lawful Sovereign to be trampel'd on by the feet of Usurpation; but for a Woman to encounter men in Arms in the heat of Battle, in the violence of Pursuit, before the Conquest be fully assur'd! Ah! Madam, *reply'd the King*, You are not the first among Women, that in the height of Massacre, have stopp'd the fury of the Conquerour, and enthrall'd the Victor to the preservation of their Country. But you have a more easie Task; not being to meet a Forrein Victor, but one, that in the midd'st of all his Successes, is already your Captive; one that fights only for your sake,

and

and for your preſervation. That this is a Truth, *added* Morayma, I am ſo well aſſur'd, that I will beg to be your Companion in the danger; nor would I refuſe to adventure with you, though I knew the peril to be far greater than it poſſibly can be at this time; and therefore I beſeech you, Madam, liſten at length to the loud Cries of a King's calamity. Well, Sir, *reply'd the Sultaneſs*, I will not urge you now to any farther Obligations, Subjects owe their lives to their Sovereign; and whatever becomes of me, I can but pay the debt which my Allegeance exacts. But, Sir, when you return to your Proſperity, remember that I once was ſerviceable —— Alas! Madam, *anſwer'd the King, haſtily interrupting her*, I have already loſt thoſe glorious Hopes I had; I am now going to ſurrender you up to him that has the poſſeſſion of that heart which you have deny'd me, and which I am not worthy of without a Crown. For it was to make you Sultaneſs, that I implor'd your love; but receiving that Crown again at your hands, I am then your Subject, and below your affection. Upon thoſe words, the Sultaneſs deſir'd the King to retire; and while ſhe, the Princeſs *Morayma*, and the reſt of the Ladies that were to accompany them, who were immediately ſummon'd together, attir'd themſelves in ſuch Habits, as were moſt proper for the Occaſion, the King ſent forth of the *Alhambra* certain Spies, to try if they could make any diſcovery of the victorious Stranger, and which way he bent his force; whether he had an Enemy before him, or whether the Street were clear'd of oppoſition. Upon whoſe return and relation, the King went back to the Princeſs *Morayma*, and told her, how that the valiant Stranger had clear'd all the way before him, and in the Head of his victorious Party, was making the back-way directly toward the Palace. Thereupon the Sultaneſs and her Train were let out at a private Sally-port, to try their Fortune in the Street. Nor had they gone far, before they beheld the inflam'd Battalia's of the *Zegry's*, and in the Head of them, the Magnanimous Stranger. Who, amaz'd at ſuch a ſudden and unexpected ſight, firſt, made a ſtand with his whole Body. Preſently, advancing before the reſt, he made another ſtop; and there taking a full view of the Perſons and their Sex, that ſtill approach'd him, his Eye of Love ſoon diſcover'd the Majeſty, Gate, and Graces of the lovely *Almahide's* Proportion, though under the Cloud of that mournful Dreſs, wherein ſhe was habited. The fair Sultaneſs obſerving the ſudden ſtop of the Valiant Stranger, came boldly forward, and being within his hearing, ſhe fell upon her knees, as did all the other Ladies behind her, and unveyling her ſelf, Stay, Mighty Sir, *ſhe cry'd*, ſtay awhile, and if you never had any juſt reſentment againſt the inconſtancy or diſdain of Woman-kind, for the ſake of that Love which you ſtill retain, perhaps for ſome one of their Sex, liſten to the Cryes of the miſerable. If you have the Patience in the heighth of your Conqueſts, to ſtop at Womens tears, my Prayer ſhall be but ſhort; for I will only beg —— Hold, lovely Queen, *cry'd the Renown'd Stranger, flinging away his Sword, and there he ſtopt.* For the ſtrong Paſſions of Love and Joy, upon the ſight of *Almahide*, ſo vigorouſly conteſted with his warlike fury, that at firſt he had not the uſe of his own confuſed thoughts, nor the power to ſtir. But ſo ſoon as he could recover himſelf, he ran to the lovely Princeſs, and raiſing her up, with a reſpect anſwerable to his love, Madam, *cry'd he*, Nature will not endure that the Sovereigns ſhould kneel, and the Captive be ſought to: That you ſhould have ſo little confidence in the Charms of your Virtue, ſo little truſt to the ſtrength of your Chains, to kneel to your Slave! No, Madam, no, But ſay what 'tis you'd have, and then Command it to be fulfill'd. And whatſo'ere it be, it ſhall be within my power to perform. For, for your ſake, I'll compel Fate and Deſtiny it ſelf. 'Tis Peace, Sir, *reply'd the virtuous* Almahide, that I deſire; Peace to *Boaudelin's* Throne. That Prince, *anſwer'd the valiant Stranger*, has been unkind to you, and ungrateful to me. Yet he's *Granada's* lawful King, *anſwer'd the Sultaneſs*; and your great Courage, if I may be free to ſpeak, do's not ſo well correſpond with thoſe Noble Acts, for which the *Moors* admire the renowned Stranger, while you aid an Uſurper againſt his King, his Brother, and his Sovereign. Madam, *reply'd the Count of* Pegnafiel, ſhould Heaven not liſten to your Prayers, I ſhould ſay it were unjuſt. *Boaudelin*, ungrateful *Boaudelin*, ſhall have Peace, ſince you Command it; at leaſt, there ſhall not one blow be ſtruck more, till there be ſome ways found by overture of Accomodation to ſatisfie both Parties. In the mean time, Madam, the *Albayzin* is in my power, where you, and the reſt of theſe Ladies ſhall be ſafe, till the Storm be over, and then free to diſpoſe of your ſelf, as you ſhall judge moſt for your advantage: More I would offer, and much more I have to ſay, in accuſation of my Misfortune, which made me the Author of ſo much grief and trouble to the faireſt Princeſs in the world. But having receiv'd your Orders, it behoves me not to delay a minute longer the performance on my ſide. Having ſo ſaid, he conducted the lovely Sultaneſs with all her Train back to the *Albayzin* Tower. So ſoon as he was enter'd, Madam, *ſaid he*, 'tis not convenience, but ſafety and protection which here I can undertake to promiſe. Nor is it any longer a Priſon: For, *contin'd he with a low voice*, I have ſet the feign'd *Ramira* at liberty, and ſent him away according to his deſire with a Convoy: More than that, he has promis'd me, *continu'd the Inamour'd* Ponce, *with a joyful ſmile*, to ſurceaſe troubling you with any farther impertinencies of his diſplea-

ſing affection. Upon theſe words the lovely Sultaneſs bluſh'd, but return'd no Anſwer, ſeeming with her Eyes to haſten the renowned Victor, where the urgent occaſions of Neceſſity call'd him. Thereupon the Noble *Ponce de Leon*, with a low Obeyſance took his leave, giving ſuch Orders to the Guard for the conſervation of that ineſtimable Treaſure which he had in his poſſeſſion, as his Love inſpir'd him withal, wherein there was nothing of reſpect or duty wanting. And when he had us'd all the care and diligence imaginable in reference to that affair, he haſted with his victorious Bands to the place where he underſtood *Audalla* was.

The Prince had newly dis-ingag'd himſelf from his encounter with *Amat*, and ſwell'd with the ſucceſs which he had againſt that fatal Lover, was marching directly toward the *Alhambre*, being the only Tower of five, that fortifi'd *Granada*, which held out againſt him. But hearing that the valiant Stranger was coming to joyn with him, he made a ſtand, as well to receive him with gratitude, as to conſult him in the Storm of the Palace. When they were both together, Renowned Conquerour, *cry'd the Prince*, our work is almoſt over, there remains now only the Place that harbors my Competitor, which now our hands are in, we ſhall eaſily carry in a few hours. In my Opinion, *reply'd the Valiant Stranger*, we have done enough for the preſent; five Towers in poſſeſſion, and all *Granada* taken, but the *Alhambre*, is a task that may well tire a more numerous body than ours. And therefore let the Souldiers breathe awhile, and take a little reſt. The morning light will dawn too ſoon for the ſmall Party which is within, if they have ſo much obſtinacy to ſtand the Aſſault. But I rather believe they will open their Gates before day, and ſave us the labour. I rather thought, *cry'd* Audalla, you would have encourag'd me to have gone on, now our Enemies are all in fear and diſtraction. Their fears will be no leſs to morrow, *anſwer'd the Valiant Stranger*, neither is it poſſible for them to have any ſuccour or Recruits from any part in the World, and therefore ſince we may compleat our Conqueſt without the loſs of men; I think it the more nobler deſign, to ſave rather than ſquander away the Lives of your Subjects. *Audalla* notwithſtanding his impatience, thought it a ſmall thing to oblige the Stranger, by following his advice at a time when the delay did him no prejudice; and therefore in complaiſance to his Counſel, Sir, *ſaid he*, it were injuſtice to think your advice unequal to your Courage, and therefore I freely condeſcend to what you propound. Thereupon, after they had conſulted where to ſet their Guards, which they ſo contriv'd, that the *Alhambra* ſeem'd to be in a manner beſieg'd, the valiant Stranger retir'd to the *Albayzin* Tower, while *Audalla* went to give his Miſtreſs, the haughty *Cadige*, an Account of the progreſs of his proſperous Armes; He told her withal, How the fierce *Amat*, her Lover, had revolted to the *Abenzerrages*; but, *continu'd he*, his Treaſon had but ill ſucceſs, for he was ſlain, and all his Party cut to pieces within this hour, by the Party which I lead: Nor was it any wonder, that ſo proud a Lady, as ſhe, ſhould be ſo little concern'd at the death of a Lover for whom ſhe was ſo indifferent, hearing the boaſts which the ſucceſsful *Audalla* made, and how near ſhe was to the Throne of *Granada*.

The valiant Stranger, being return'd to the *Albayzin*, went to viſit the fair Sultaneſs, and caſting himſelf upon his knees, Live ſecure, *Madam*, *ſaid he*, for you are now in the hands of one that lives, & fights, and conquers only for your ſake. I dare not ſee my Preſerver kneel, *reply'd the fair* Almahide, raiſing him up. 'Tis to the Throne of all perfection, Madam, *anſwer'd* Ponce de Leon, and I cannot forbear it. Alas, Madam, *continu'd he with a low Voice, while the reſt retir'd out of reſpect*, Could you think I could ever forget the Image of that Celeſtial Beauty, which I carry in the Temple of my Heart, and worſhip with a perpetual Adoration? No, Madam, no, I am none of thoſe pieces of Inconſtancy, that cannot ſtay a while for ſuch a Reward of my patience, as you are. You cannot think me ignorant, *reply'd the fair Sultaneſs*, of the great Services you have done me, nor of the continual dangers to which you have expos'd your Life for my ſake; for I ſhould be the moſt ungrateful perſon in the World, not to bear them always in mind: For who can alter the Decrees of Fate? for I fear we are not ordain'd each for other. I cannot tell, *reply'd the Noble* Ponce de Leon; I have ſeen ſtranger Revolutions of late, and ſome which me thinks fairly tend to the concluſion of my misfortunes, which I am ſure, can never end but with the enjoyment of the fair *Almahide*, whom I adore above all the World. Alas, Sir, *ſaid ſhe*, You know the ſecrets of my thoughts, and the proteſtations I have made, which as they depended upon my Duty to my Parents, I cannot tell how you can unlooſe the knot which *Morayzel* has conſented to tye. Y'are now, Madam, at Liberty, *reply'd the Illuſtrious* Ponce de Leon, and out of *Boaudelin*'s Juriſdiction. As I am your Captive, 'tis very true, *anſwer'd the fair* Almahide; otherwiſe nothing but a Divorce, as publick as the ſeeming Matrimony, can free me from the King, nor any thing, when that is done, but *Morayzel*'s conſent can give *Almahide* to *Ponce de Leon*: Beſides I promis'd *Boaudelin* to return. Suppoſe the Prince, *anſwer'd* Ponce de Leon, ſhould command me not to let you go. He dares not, *reply'd the fair Sultaneſs*, refuſe ſo ſmall a Recompence for the ſignal Services which you have done him. Madam, *anſwer'd the Illuſtrious* Ponce de Leon, I dare not ſay you are not free, ſince it is within my power to let you go; and I will, and dare releaſe you again, free and ſafe as you came: But, Madam, 'tis not yet time to talk

of that, till I have *Audalla*'s Anſwer, in reference to the Mediation which you have undertaken, moſt certainly *Boaudelin* muſt reſign, or the Prince, already ſaluted King, will yield to nothing; If he give him Life and Liberty, 'tis all he can expect, with an Eſtate anſwerable to the change of his degree. I am not to impoſe conditions upon Conquerours, *reply'd the feign'd Sultaneſs*, yet I could wiſh *Boaudelin* might keep his Right. That's becauſe you begin to Love *Boaudelin*, *reply'd the inamour'd Count*, and to hate *Ponce de Leon*. No, no, *reply'd the Sultaneſs*, 'tis becauſe he has ſolemnly promis'd me (and the Princeſs *Morayma* is my Witneſs) ſo ſoon as he recovers his former proſperity, to reſign *Almahide* to her own diſpoſal. Were I ſure he would keep his word, *anſwer'd the generous* Ponce de Leon, I would make him not only King of *Granada*, but of all *Spain*. Unleſs he keep his Throne, *reply'd the fair* Almahide, 'twill not be a boon worthy of my Interceſſion, or your Beſtowing: For 'tis below the invincible *Ponce de Leon*, to beſtow leſs than a Kingdom upon a Prince. I'll go, and try his Brother by perſwaſion, *anſwer'd he*; If that fail, I dare undertake for no more than I have promis'd already, Life and Being; which I do not believe *Audalla* will deny me. Upon thoſe words, he took leave of the Sultaneſs, and went to ſeek out *Audalla*. So ſoon as he had found him, *Audalla* was very real at firſt, and gave him all the applauſe that he could imagine ſo high a Valour deſerv'd, and yielded to him all the Honour of his Victory. The renown'd Stranger modeſtly reply'd, That it was only a bare ſurprize upon a naked Enemy, not worth the taking notice of, and wherein his Merit or Conduct had the leaſt ſhare. *Audalla* was ſo far from leſſening his deſerts, that he told him, he had not Favours great enough for the Services he had done him. You are ſo far from not having anow, *reply'd the generous Stranger*, that I deſire but one. 'Tis an Obligation, that you will vouchſafe to ask, *anſwer'd* Audalla; Take then moſt gladly what ere you demand, for 'tis your own before you ask it. Sir, *reply'd the valiant Stranger*, after I had taken the *Albayzin* Tower, and was marching the back-way to the *Alhambra*, I met a Train of Ladies, that as ſoon as they came near me, fell at my feet: The foremoſt of all was the moſt incomparable *Almahide*, who out of compaſſion to the diſtreſſed King your Brother, is come forth of the *Alhambra*, and has thrown her ſelf into your power to mediate on his behalf: 'Tis of her Liberty that I beg the diſpoſal, upon the compleating your Conqueſt, if her interceſſion ſhould prove ineffectual. *Audalla*, who had no greater reſpect for *Almahide* than for another, eaſily granted his Requeſt, declaring to him withal, That ſhe was his lawful purchaſe by the Right of War. But the words were no ſooner out of his mouth, when *Muley Hamet*, *Cadige*'s Brother, relying upon *Audalla*'s affection to his Siſter, and confident of the ſervices which he had done in the late Revolution, comes to the new King, and after he had extoll'd his own Merit, craves of him the poſſeſſion of the fair *Almahide*, as the reward of his great Actions. The valiant Stranger trembled for madneſs, to hear ſuch an unexpected Petition, which begg'd from him the greateſt happineſs that he had in the World; and his Choller overcoming all his other paſſions but his Love, he had not patience to ſtay for *Audalla*'s Anſwer, but furiouſly told *Muley Hamet*, That if ſhe were a Priſoner, ſhe was a Priſoner by the Laws of War to none but him; and that he had already promis'd her her Liberty, which no perſon living ſhould dare to deprive her of: Beſides, *continu'd he*, *in a ſurly tone*, Thou haſt not Worth nor Merit enough to deſerve ſo great a Gift; all the Actions that thy Valour can boaſt of, are not of ſufficient value to purchaſe ſuch a Recompence. The haughty Moor incens'd at the expreſſions of the valiant Stranger, told him, That how ſlight ſoever you might eſteem his ſervices, he thought them as great as his, and ſwore by the holy *Alla*, that ſince the fair *Almahide* was become a Priſoner, ſhe ſhould not have her Liberty: And then turning toward *Audalla*, he put him in mind of the promiſes he had made, to let him ſhare in the advantages of his Conqueſts. The valiant Stranger vow'd, That though he and all the World withſtood him, he would keep his word: For, *ſaid he*, *looking ſternly upon* Muley Hamet, 'tis not all the power which thou canſt bring, that can compel me to break it. *Audalla* not able to ſatisfy both, was ſtrangely diſturb'd to hear ſo brisk a conteſt between two Perſons, who, as he thought, had both ſo equally deſerv'd at his hands. On the one ſide, he was unwilling to diſoblige the Brother of *Cadige*, which might prove an obſtruction to his Love. On the other ſide, he thought it a high piece of injuſtice to ſlight the aſſiſtance and ſervices of the valiant Stranger. He long conſider'd with himſelf what courſe to take; but at length the Reaſons of his Love prevailing, he conſented to *Muley Hamet*'s Requeſt, begging the valiant Stranger's pardon, and telling him withal, that he hop'd to give him that ſatisfaction which he ſhould confeſs to be juſt & reaſonable. The generous ſtranger, ſeeing himſelf ſo ſlighted, burn'd with Revenge; and not having the patience to return an Anſwer, he flung out of the Room in a paſſion equal to the indignity which had bin put upon him. Nor was *Audalla* eagre to purſue him; whether he thought he had no longer need of him, or that he was willing to be rid of *Almahide's* Mediation, which conſidering the advantages he had, he had no great mind to liſten to.

But the Valiant Stranger thus repuls'd, and meditating nothing more, than to turn the ſcale of *Audalla*'s Victories, went firſt of all to the *Albayzin*, thinking to have carried away with him the fair *Almahide* to the *Alhambre*;

hambre; but when he came there, he found the Guards chang'd, and all admittance deny'd him. With that he poſted to the *Alhambre*-Gate, and call'd to ſpeak with the King, *Morayzel*, or *Abyndarrays*. They were not long determining whether they ſhould let him in or no, judging that if he were an Enemy, they might ſoon oppreſs him, in regard the number was but ſmall that attended him; but that if he were a Friend, there could not a greater Bleſſing befal them at that time. Being let in, the King receiv'd him with all the marks of ſubmiſſion and reſpect imaginable. Valiant Stranger, *ſaid he*, I cannot think you are come hither as a Foe; yet wonder not to ſee me thus ſurpriz'd at your unexpected return, to aid a Perſon that has ſo often abus'd your Generoſity. Sir, *anſwer'd the Generous Stranger*, 'Tis true, I was, and had reaſon ſufficient to be your Foe, but I am now your Friend; though you were unjuſt, your Brother has exceeded your injuſtice; and therefore before to morrow's Sun be far advanc'd you ſhall not only ſee him remov'd from theſe Walls, but chac'd out of *Granada* it ſelf. *Boaudelin* embrac'd him with all the Marks of joy and affection, which ſuch an alteration could produce, and would have return'd an Anſwer: But the Valiant Stranger told him, Time was pretious, that it rather behov'd his Majeſty to go and chear the drooping ſpirits of the Souldiers, and to give requiſite Orders for the defence of the Palace, which he knew would in the morning be vigorouſly aſſaulted.

The noiſe of the Noble Strangers deſertion of the *Zegry*'s Party ſoon was divulg'd among *Audalla*'s Troops, which bred a preſent conſternation among them, believing that there would a change of their fortune attend the alteration of the renowned Strangers reſolutions. This diſturbing News no ſooner reach'd *Audalla*'s Ears; but he flew among the Souldiers, to recover their Courages, telling them, That the Valiant Stranger had not deſerted his Party as an Enemy, but only to bring about a contrivance which was form'd among themſelves, which ſomewhat rais'd their Spirits for a time. But what was worſt of all, a great Body of his Forces that were Neuters to both Parties, and only follow'd the Fortune of the Valiant Stranger, miſſing their Leader, made a total Revolt, and advancing to the Palace, call'd out for their Chieftain, proffering him their Service, and publickly declaring, That they would never forſake the proſperity of his Conduct and Valour. The generous Stranger ſoon appear'd among them, diſcover'd the cauſe of his deſertion, the juſtice of his Revenge, and the injuſtice of *Audalla*'s Uſurpation: To which they anſwer'd with loud Acclamations, proteſting their zeal to ſtand by him in ſo juſt a Cauſe, to the laſt drop of their Blood. The Renown'd Stranger return'd them a thouſand thanks; and being unwilling to let ſlip ſuch an opportunity, return'd to *Boaudelin*, told him what had happen'd, and adviz'd him not to ſtay till he were aſſaulted, but now to be aſſailant himſelf. Thereupon having receiv'd full Commiſſion, he gave all requiſite Orders for the Encounter; and led the eager *Abenzerrages* directly toward *Audalla*, who had not been idle, but, inſtigated by his Ambition, and his former ſucceſs, came boldly on to meet him. The Charge at firſt was very furious, while the one fought for a Crown, the other for the poſſeſſion of the fair *Almahide*. But when *Audalla*'s men perceiv'd the ſlaughter which the Valiant Stranger made, and the great Revolt of their own Party to them, their Courages began to fail, and they retreated in a moſt haſty diſorder; which *Abyndarrays* perceiving, fell in among the diſorder'd Troops, and put them to a total Rout, while the Valiant Stranger went to ſeek out oppoſition more befitting his Courage. *Audalla* endeavour'd all he could to ſtop them; he pray'd, entreated, threaten'd, encourag'd them by his own Example, but all to as little purpoſe; for he was carried away by the crowd that ran, and preſerv'd rather by their Cowardice, than his own Valour. While *Muley Hamet* in another place, led by a more fatal Deſtiny, to challenge a provok'd Rival, fell by the hands of the renowned Stranger a Victim to his Folly, and the vain Opinion he had of his own Merit. In ſhort, *Audalla*'s Party was utterly defeated, and all *Granada* quite clear'd of ſuch a turbulent Faction in leſs than four hours.

Audalla thus thrown headlong from ſuch a pleaſing probability of Sovereignty, tormented himſelf with inward grief and deſpair, and not caring how he came by a Crown, ſo he could obtain it, he at length reſolv'd to implore the Chriſtians Aid, and to be a Suppliant to thoſe very Enemies that had deſign'd the Ruine of his Country; chooſing rather to hold a Kingdom in Homage, than to let his Brother reſt in quiet. Thereupon he rally'd as many of the ſcatter'd Remnants of his broken Troops, as he could, who had now no other hopes, but only their dependance upon his Fortune; and approaching the Chriſtian Camp, he ſent to King *Ferdinand*, beſeeching him to receive as a friend, one that was driven out of his own Country, and therefore had no reaſon to be other than an Enemy to it. *Ferdinand* well knowing the hatred that was between the two Factions, and the Ambitious and irreconcileable Antipathy which *Audalla* had againſt his Brother, and believing for theſe Reaſons that it might be of advantage to him to aſſure to himſelf ſo great a Party of the *Moors*, under the Conduct of a Perſon whom they had already proclaim'd their King, receiv'd him courteouſly, receiv'd him as King, promis'd him fair, and bid him expect Rewards anſwerable to his Services and Fidelity.

In the mean while, the Valiant Stranger being now Maſter of all *Granada*, as ſoon as the

the ſlaughter was over, and the noiſe of the Tumult began to grow ſtill, made haſte at the inſtigation of his Love, to the *Albayzin*-Tower, where he had left the fair *Almahide*, when he went to *Andalla*; and coming into her preſence, he fell upon his knees, and with an Aſpect free from terrour, but full of love and mildneſs, Madam, *ſaid he*, At length you are free, you are free to go where e're you pleaſe, I know your intentions are to return to the *Alhambra*. Go thither then, but let the King know, how well your Mediation has ſucceeded. Let him underſtand that from your hands it is, that he once more receives the Crown of *Granada*. Sir, *ſaid the lovely Sultaneſs*, You have ſhewn your Valour, now you ſhew your Virtue. And I make no queſtion but *Boaudelin* will at length remember thoſe Promiſes, the performance whereof can only eſtabliſh him in the poſſeſſion of a Kingdom, to which your Conqueſts have reſtor'd him. But, Madam, *anſwer'd he*, that falſe Tye you have ſo often mention'd, that feign'd ceremony perplexes all my hopes. From that, *reply'd the Queen*, *Boaudelin* will ſet me free himſelf, or elſe he muſt be perjur'd. Well, Madam, *anſwer'd the renowned* Ponce de Leon, With your permiſſion, I will try *Boaudelin*'s Faith my ſelf: Surely, when he ſees me return with Victory and You, he cannot deny me the ſhare of my own Conqueſt: but if he ſhould deny me —— He cannot, *reply'd the Queen, haſtily interrupting him*: Nay, I am aſſur'd, that if he ſhould, Heaven it ſelf would be his Enemy. Upon theſe words, the renowned *Ponce de Leon* took the fair *Almahide* by the hand, and conducted her with all her Train back to the *Alhambra*. He was no ſooner enter'd the Gate of the Palace, but his Eye was upon *Boaudelin*, at the Head of his Guards; who no ſooner beheld his Noble Defender, but he advanc'd toward him, embrac'd him, and in the ſmootheſt Language in the World, Sir, *ſaid he*, That Valour which took my Crown from off my Head, has now reſtor'd it to me again. But now my Gratitude is at a loſs, for I find my ſelf too poor to propoſe a recompence for a Merit that is certainly above all price. Sir, *anſwer'd the Generous Stranger*, You ſee I have perform'd my promiſe to a tittle; your Foes are all either ſlain or fled, and you are now ſole Monarch of *Granada*. Give all the ſwinge to your deſires, as far as Mortal wiſh can reach, they cannot ſoar too high a pitch: For by the Holy *Alla*, ſo may I proſper hereafter, if I give a denial to your Requeſts whatever they are. Then, Sir, *reply'd the Victorious Stranger, bowing with one knee*, I beg your Majeſty to releaſe the fair *Almahide*, as you have promis'd, to the end ſhe may be at her own and *Morayzel*'s diſpoſal. Oh! Noble Stranger, *reply'd the King*, You have ſtruck me to the heart; you have requeſted the only thing I cannot do; yet take my Crown inſtead of her —— Alas! Sir, *anſwer'd the Valiant Stranger*, Crowns are trifles; I could have ask'd that firſt of all by the latitude you gave me. Nay, I can win a Crown when e're I have a mind to one; I urge the Promiſe of a King: Take heed *Boaudelin*, you have ſworn. She is my Miſtreſs, *reply'd the King*. What then, Sir, *anſwer'd the Victorious Stranger*, You courted her only with gawdy Titles, I with the hazard of my life, and expence of my blood. Forgive me this, *reply'd the King*, all other Recompences are your own. The Victorious Stranger inflam'd at this delay, or rather flat denyal, let go the reins of his Paſſion, and call'd the King Ingrateful and Perjur'd; and the more to touch him to the quick, bid him remember, there was yet another Enemy at the Gates. *Boaudelin* ſtruck more with the terrour of thoſe laſt words, than out of any ſence of thoſe Services which had been ſo lately and ſo ſignally uſeful to him, would not ſtay to return him any anſwer, but went his way, more tormented with the effects of his new Victory, than he had been with the gaſtly appearances of his approaching ruine; leaving the Renowned Stranger in ſuch a Paſſion, as might have prov'd fatal to him, had not that little reaſon which he had left him put a curb upon his fury.

Boaudelin having thus withdrawn himſelf from a conteſt with the Valiant Stanger, more dangerous than the conflict with his Brother, retir'd, to repoſe himſelf for ſome few hours. But when he thought to reſt, Gratitude, Love, Jealouſie, Ingratitude, all aſſail'd him at once, and with their various Arguments ſo perplex'd him, that not knowing what to reſolve, Unhappy Victory, *cry'd he to himſelf*, where a King muſt be beholding to his Subject for the Conqueſt; eſpecially when there is yet more to be perform'd by the ſame hand. What ſays my Gratitude? He has reſtor'd me my Crown, and there is no recompence which I can well deny him. What ſays my Love? He ſeeks thy Crown that begs thy life: What ſignifies my Crown without my Life? The fair *Almahide* is my Life; without her *Boaudelin* is but a Body without a Soul. But after all this, what ſays that little *Peccadillo* in a King, Ingratitude? He call'd thee Perjur'd, Ungrateful; and that has cancell'd all what e're thou owd'ſt him. Ingratitude! *then cry'd he*, Thou art no Crime, ſince thou ſpeak'ſt with ſo much juſtice: I'll take thy Counſel, and baniſh the Diſturber of my quiet for ever from my ſight, and at the ſame time pay the Debt I owe him, by letting him go unpuniſh'd for his Inſolence. On the other ſide, *Ponce de Leon* having found out a convenient place to vent his Paſſion, To Swear, *cry'd he*, and be forſworn, is a Crime ſo much beneath a King, that it degrades the Vulgar Race of humane Kind, and makes them worſe than Beaſts: Kings ceaſe to be Kings, when they forfeit their Majeſty by Perjury. *Boaudelin* is then no King, at leaſt he deſerves to be none. Go then, *Ponce de Leon*, go hence, and leave him naked without defence or ſtrength: Take thy Succeſs and Fortune

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from him; but take thy *Almahide* along with thee too. If he reſiſt, purſue him as a Traytor to Heaven, and falſe to thee; and let him call to his Holy *Alla* in vain to his Aſſiſtance. While thus the inamour'd *Ponce de Leon* was determining what courſe to take, the King ſending for the Captain of his Guards, Commanded him forthwith, with a ſelect Company of his men, to ſeize the Valiant Stranger; and when you have him ſecure, *continu'd he*, let him underſtand from me, That I have pay'd him the Debt I ow'd him, by ſparing his life; but tell him withal, That I baniſh him for ever from *Granada*; when you have ſo done, conduct him ſafe without the Walls, and there leave him, to make uſe of his Valour where he pleaſes. The Captain having receiv'd this important Charge from the King, promis'd him upon his Allegiance to execute it, with all fidelity. Whereupon the King not queſtioning the ſucceſs of his Deſign, and believing himſelf already abſolute in *Granada*, went to the Apartment of the fair Sultaneſs, and after he had tir'd her with his former Importunities; I am now come, *ſaid he*, to the Temple once more, and from thence to a Crown. How, Sir, *cry'd the feigned Sultaneſs, with a diſdainful look*, Is it thus that you requite all my kindneſſes, by ſuch foul Breaches of your Royal Word? Madam, *ſaid he*, Kings that are abſolute, are not the ſame, as when under the Obligations of Neceſſity; and therefore though you neglected then your duty to your Prince, You muſt now underſtand, that I look for that ſubmiſſion from you, which is due to me from a Subject. The Sultaneſs incens'd at theſe words, Sir, *anſwer'd ſhe*, I neither can nor will ſubmit; and as it is a thing unworthy Majeſty to conſtrain me, ſo it is impoſſible for you, to make me yield. The King was about to have return'd her a ſurly anſwer, when he was interrupted by a ſudden noiſe below. For the Captain of the Guards could not ſo privately ſeize the Incomparable Stranger, but the report thereof ran like lightning through all the City. Thereupon not only *Morayzel* and *Abyndarrays*, and the Chief of the *Moors* that adhear'd to the Valiant Stranger, but alſo the common People in *Granada* ran tumultuouſly to the *Alhambra*, threatning to ſeize the King's Perſon, and fire the Palace, unleſs he ſet the Valiant Stranger at Liberty, under whom they had ſo ſucceſsfully fought, and upon whom they rely'd for the defence of their City. *Morayzel* alſo and *Abyndarrays* more ſoberly put the King in mind of his Ingratitude, and begg'd of him to conſider the ſtate of his own condition, if he regarded not theirs; bidding him not wonder if they made conditions for themſelves, if he deſerted not only them, but himſelf. *Boaudelin* ſeeing no remedy, ſent out *Morayzel* and *Abyndarrays* to appeaſe the Tumult, and to give the Valiant Stranger his Freedom. Who being at liberty, embrac'd his two Illuſtrious Friends, and return'd his thanks to the People with ſuch a Majeſty, that they proteſted to live and die with him; and if Victory favour'd them, not to ſtir from him, till he had juſtice done him to the full recompence of his Merits, and his own Wiſhes. The Valiant Stranger mov'd with their Generoſity, aſſur'd them of his aſſiſtance to the laſt drop of his blood. After that he retir'd to take ſome reſt till morning, not having ſlept for two nights before. But as if he had not bin to reſt, till his Misfortunes were all at an end, New thoughts began to diſturb him; For now, *ſaid he*, the Conteſt is not between *Moors* and *Moors*, between *Zegry's* and *Abenzerrages*, but between *Moors* and *Spaniards*, Infidels and Chriſtians; I muſt now fight againſt my King and my Native Country. But there is one way left, *continu'd he*, I will go throw my ſelf into the thickeſt of my friendly Adverſaries; and by the death of *Ponce de Leon*, procure an Eaſie Victory to my Soveraign's Sword. The diſcourag'd *Moors* will ſoon flie, when they behold thy fall. But, Ah! *Ponce de Leon*, *added he*, thy life is not thy own; the fair *Almahide* has not given thee leave to dye. 'Tis for her ſake (and without her what ſignifies King or Country to me?) that I muſt live and fight, and meet perhaps my own Father at the head of his Troops. Propitious Heaven grant me but that occaſion to throw away my Sword in the heat of fight, to the end I may beg a generous quarter for my Friends, that I cannot otherwiſe forſake in their Extremity.

In the midd'ſt of theſe his diſtracted thoughts, a hot Alarum rang quite through the City that the Enemy was at hand, lead in three great Parties by King *Ferdinand* himſelf, the General of the *Spaniards*, and *Audalla* now acknowledg'd by the *Caſtilian* Camp for King of *Granada*. Immediately came the Chief of the *Moors* to receive Orders from the Valiant Stranger, who at firſt would have refuſed the Dignity which they offer'd him, but was at length conſtrain'd to undertake the Command of thoſe Troops that had ſo faithfully ſtood by him upon all Occaſions.

As the Alarum was no falſe one, the bloody Diſpute ſoon began; and though the *Moores* defended their Walls for a time with a moſt incomparable Courage, yet at length *Audalla*, on that ſide, animated by his Ambition and Revenge, as his Men were embolden'd by Deſpair, drave them from their Battlements, brake down the Gates and Enter'd, as the *Caſtilians* encourag'd by the preſence of their King, had done upon their Quarter. Nor was the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* leſs ſucceſsful where he attacqu'd; againſt whom *Boaudelin*, oppoſing himſelf, had the ill fate to fall by the hand of an unknown *Zegri*, the laſt Monarch of *Granada*. *Audalla* found a more ſtout reſiſtance, and was two or three times beaten back with loſs by the Renowned Stranger. But news coming that *Boaudelin* was ſlain, and that the *Moors* were no longer able to reſiſt the *Spaniſh* General, the Generous Stranger flew where his preſence was moſt requir'd, giving

King

King *Ferdinand* and *Audalla* an opportunity to overwhelm the reſt of the City with a deluge of blood and ſlaughter. The Renowned Stranger immediately ſtopp'd the flying *Moors*, rally'd them again, and with his own freſh Succours conjoyn'd, gave the *Spaniards* ſo furious a Charge, that he not only put them to a ſtand, but to ſuch a diſorderly retreat, that the Victors but now, ſeem'd then to be purſu'd. Thereupon the Duke ſent for more Forces, and looking about with aſtoniſhment, to ſee if he could find out the cauſe of the ſuddain Alteration of the Battel, he ſpy'd the Valiant Stranger performing thoſe Atchievements that were almoſt above wonder. At which without delay, he made way through his own Troops to get at him, and challenging him with a loud Voyce, *Valiant Youth*, ſaid he, *'tis againſt me that thou muſt this day win Honour, and therefore turn thy Sword againſt him that promis'd to thank thee for the Liberty thou gav'ſt him. For it ſhall never be ſaid that the Duke of* Medina Sidonia *was ever worſe than his word.* The *Valiant Stranger* at that Name recoyl'd; and inſtead of anſwering him with his Sword, after he had ſtood awhile, Oh Sir, *cry'd he*, I wiſh you had met me by any other name than that by which you call your ſelf: For that Name has quite enfeebled my Arm. I am Coward all over, and dare not fight againſt a Father. With that, he flung away his Sword, and falling at his Father's feet, Forgive me, Sir, *ſaid He*, the Parricide I was abont to commit: or, if you think a Son that held a hand againſt a Parent's Breaſt, unworthy to live, take from him that life which you gave him, in ſatisfaction of his Offence. If you but knew this Mark, dear Sir, *continu'd he, unbracing his Arm and ſhewing him that portraiture of a Heart, which Nature had imprinted on it, in his Mothers Womb*, You know —— I know, I know, *anſwer'd the Illuſtrious Duke, caſting his Arms about his Son's Neck*, I know my beloved Son *Ponce de Leon*, the Joy of my life, whom Heaven has reſtor'd me in the midd'ſt of my Enemies. Propitious Heaven! —— Sir, *ſaid the Generous Stranger*, Then ſtay your Victorious Hand, and if I have obtain'd your Favour, give noble Quarter to theſe unfortunate Souldiers, who have been alwaies my faithful Friends and Adherents. That and what ever elſe lyes within my power, *reply'd the Duke*. Thereupon a Retreat was ſounded on both ſides, and the Generous *Ponce de Leon* taking along with him *Merayzel*, *Abindarrays*, and ſome few others of his chief Friends, accompany'd by his Father, who march'd through the Young *Ponce de Leon*'s Party that ſtood with the points of their Swords turn'd toward the ground, to find out the King. The King was then in the *Alhambra*, upon the Gates whereof he had rear'd the Standard of *Caſtile*, in honour of the Illuſtrious *Iſabella*, having vanquiſh'd all Oppoſition that withſtood him, while the Souldiers in all other parts, revell'd in the ſlaughter of their Enemies, but where the Duke had given Quarter. Immediately the *Spaniſh* General advanced toward the King, and having given him a ſhort relation of all that had happen'd, preſenting to him the Renowned *Ponce de Leon*, Sir, *ſaid He*, here is that Son, whom I had ſo long loſt: But Heaven was juſt by ſo ſtrange a diſcovery to make your Victory eaſie. For if I may be proud to ſay ſo, I found no oppoſition, but where he appear'd. Juſt Heaven indeed, *reply'd the King, courteouſly Embracing the Count of* Pegnafiel, that has given me ſuch a ſupport to preſerve the Conqueſts I have gain'd. Sir, *anſwer'd the Noble Count*, I know the Crime of my ſo long abſence from your Court and Perſon to be unpardonable, that it is a grace beyond what I could ever expect to be receiv'd again into your Majeſtie's protection. The King for the preſent gave him no anſwer; but calling to him the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, gave him Orders to ceaſe the Slaughter, and ſettle the Peace and Quiet of the City, while he, together with the Illuſtrious *Iſabella*, took poſſeſſion of the Stately Palace of the *Moreſco* Kings.

The City thus won, and the whole face of the Government as quietly eſtabliſhed, as the time would permit; ſome part of the Army was ſent away to diſſipate the Enemy, and purſue the Conqueſt ſo far already made. In the mean time the Victorious King, and the Illuſtrious *Iſabella* ſtay'd at *Granada* to repoſe themſelves. The renowned Count of *Pegnafiel* was acknowledged and careſſed by all the *Caſtillian* Nobility with all the teſtimonies of eſteem and reſpect imaginable. The Queen no leſs deſirous to ſee the famous *Ponce de Leon*, whoſe noble Qualities with admiration, had been ſo much admir'd all over *Spain*, but more eſpecially having heard the Relation which the King had made her from the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*'s own mouth, requeſted the King to ſend for him, being deſirous indeed to hear the ſtories of ſo celebrated an Amour, from the lips of the Lover himſelf. *Ponce de Leon* being come into her preſence, ſhe received him with a moſt tender and obliging grace; After that with an obeyſance anſwerable to the dignity of her Perſon, he kiſs'd her fair hand: Then ſtill continuing on her knees, Madam, *ſaid he*, favours like theſe are too great to be multiply'd upon an offender: I deſire your favours and not your ſmiles. But, Madam, if the great *Ferdinand* himſelf glories in the poſſeſſion of the moſt renowned *Iſabella*; I am at your Majeſties mercy to conſider whether my ambition were Criminal or no, while I ſought to enjoy the faireſt and moſt virtuous perſon in the World, next to the Queen of *Caſtile*, *Arragon*, and now *Granada*. I follow'd her with my Services and Perſeverance, loath to looſe a prize ſo ineſtimeble; and though at length I was ſure of her affection, the rude hand of power detained her from me, which was the cauſe that detained me from my Allegiance. No more *Ponce de Leon*, *repl'd the generous Queen*, raiſing him up, The crimes of Love are eaſily pardon'd: And indeed if any perſon were too blame for depriving *Spain* of ſo renowned a Warriour,

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'twas I, since it was my self that sent her away when I might have kept her. Having so said, she caus'd the fair *Almahide* to be sent for, and as soon as she was come into her presence, Madam, *said she, beholding her with a most gratious Aspect*, the reward of Constancy is Love, and the reward of Love is Constancy; and therefore since you are so mutually engaged to each other, it shall never be my fault that you enjoy not the fruits of so innocent an Amour. Madam, *reply'd the fair* Almahide *kneeling*, I must confess, that besides the favours which I received in the Family of the Illustrious Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, the generous Qualities of the Noble *Ponce de Leon* were such, that before I knew what it was to give away my Heart, he had beguiled me of it: Yet if a Captive may have the liberty, to speak those resolutions which her duty once infused into her, I implore your Majesty, That, since my Father is living, though your Captive as I am, his Chain's may not deprive him of his Paternal Authority over a Person as Unfortunate as himself. Your request is granted with the Great *Ferdinand*'s leave, *reply'd the Queen. Ferdinand* cannot deny the grants of *Isabella*, and the King. Thereupon *Morayzel* was sent for; To whom after he had bowed to both their Maiesties, Sir, *said he*, if your Daughter will receive a Coronet of *Spaigre*, there is nothing wanting but your consent to that, which I would not impose upon your Daughter, till you had Licensed the Choice. Most renowned King, *answer'd* Morayzel, had I known the Quality of that Valiant Stranger, whose worth has been so Signal among us, and his design of confining himself to those sufferings of which I have been witness, I would have prevented your Majesties most Gratious and condescending request. Be free then, *cry'd the King*, and peaceably enjoy whatever you possess in this Our Kingdom of *Granada*: *Morayzel* transported with joy, bow'd to both their Majesties, and then embracing *Ponce de Leon*, he gave his hand into the fair *Almahides*, while the Illustrious Queen gave *Almahides* to *Ponce de Leon*; and after she had perform'd the Ceremony, All Blessings, *said she*, and all Happiness attend you both, and may you both live to Honour *Isabella*'s Approbation.

The next day the King made a most Sumptuous Banquet in the *Alhambra*, which being done, the King received the Homage of the Chief *Granadines* to whom the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* had given Quarter, at the request of his Son, who were afterwards dismissed with freedom and liberty to enjoy their own, while they continued obedient to the Crown of *Spain*. Only *Abyndarrays*, and *Zelebin*, were taken Notice of by the Great *Ferdinand* and *Isabella*; of whom the Generous Count of *Pegnafiel* return'd such an ample Character to their Majesties, that they immediately gave the Noble *Ponte de Leon* the liberty to exercise his Generosity. Upon that the Noble Count retir'd a while, but soon return'd with the two fairest Couple in *Granada*, *Abindarrays* and *Zelindora*; *Zelebin* and *Galiana*; and presenting them to their Majesties: Most Gratious Soveraign, *said he*, the merit of these four persons your Majesty will soon understand, and of the Equality and Innocency of their Flames, the fair *Almahide* has been a sufficient witness; so that there remains only your Majesties Grace and Favour, without which all Earthly felicity is imperfect, to compleat their Happiness. *Ferdinand* and *Isabella* pleased with the sight of four such united Lovers, bid them rise, enjoy their Loves, their Freedom, and the full of their Estates. The four *Moors* touched with the unusual and unexpected Generosity of Two such great Princes, embraced the Christian Faith, and the Ceremonies of Baptism were immediately perform'd to the great joy of the two Victorious Kings. The Consort of so many joynt consents being thus fortunately tun'd, the King and Queen put off the Harmony of the Nuptials till his return to *Sevill*; deeming it more convenient to celebrate his Triumphs among his own people. Then to satisfie *Audalla*, the King agreed with him, to give him an honourable Stipend for his Entertainment, and to live in the Lands and Cities which he held in the time of his Father *Muley Hagen*, forbearing the Title of King of *Granada*. Thereupon the Haughty *Cadige*, seeing it unlikely for her to advance her self any higher, condescended to his affection, and was soon after married to him.

Not long after, the Victorious *Ferdinand* and *Isabella* finding their longer stay in *Granada* needless, return'd to *Sevill* with the greatest part of the Army, attended by the Valiant Count of *Pegnafiel* and the four Proselyte *Moores*. His Entry into the City was the most Pompous that ever was seen; but much more Sumptuous the Nuptials of three the fairest and most deserving Couple in the World, which the King celebrated with all the Magnificence and State imaginable. Nor was it long after, that the King made the re-Renowned Count of *Pegnafiel* Governour of *Granada* it self; where he continued to the terror and utter subjection of the *Moores*, and where his beloved *Almahide*, as the Spouse of the Kings Lieutenant, appear'd in as much Splendor as if she had been *Boaudelins* Sultaness; while *Abyndarrays* and *Zelebin* stay'd behind at *Sevil*, as well to avoid suspition, as to Establish themselves in the Kings favour, by the continual display of their Worth and Merit.

FINIS.